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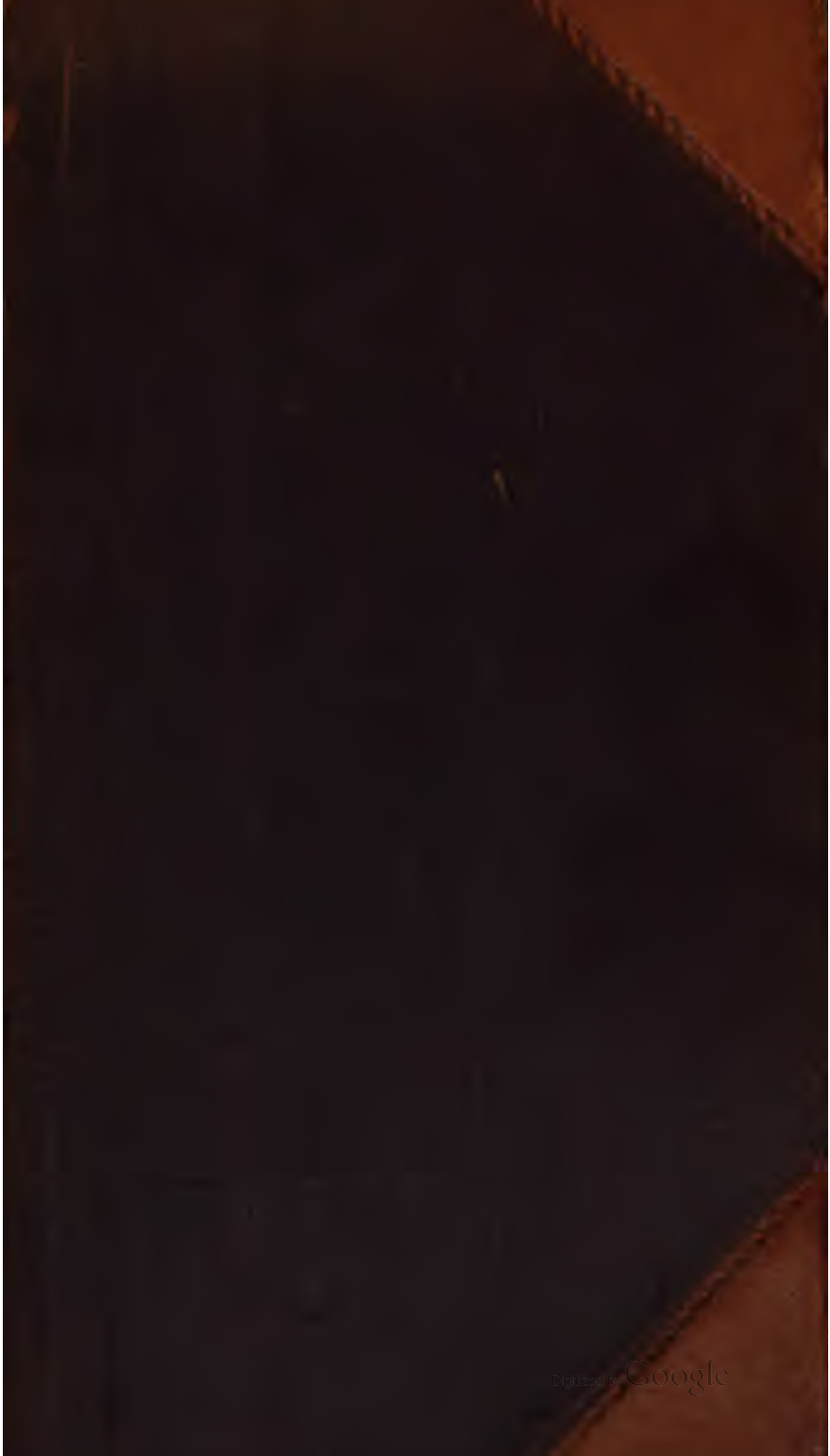
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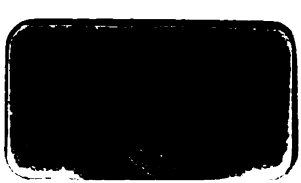

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

M DCCC LVIII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER.

"IF GOD REVEAL ANY THING TO YOU BY ANY OTHER INSTRUMENT OF HIS, BE AS READY TO RECEIVE IT AS EVER YOU WERE TO RECEIVE ANY TRUTH BY MY MINISTRY; FOR I AM VERILY PERSUADED—I AM VERY CONFIDENT THE LORD HATH MORE TRUTH YET TO BREAK FORTH OUT OF HIS HOLY WORD. FOR MY PART I CANNOT SUFFICIENTLY BEWAIL THE CONDITION OF THE REFORMED CHURCHES, WHO ARE COME TO A PERIOD IN RELIGION, AND WILL GO AT PRESENT NO FURTHER THAN THE INSTRUMENTS OF THEIR FIRST REFORMATION. THE LUTHERANS CANNOT BE DRAWN TO GO BEYOND WHAT LUTHER SAW; WHATEVER PART OF HIS WILL OUR GOOD GOD HAS IMPARTED AND REVEALED UNTO CALVIN, THEY WILL RATHER DIE THAN EMBRACE IT. AND THE CALVINISTS YOU SEE STICK FAST WHERE THEY WERE LEFT BY THAT GREAT MAN OF GOD; WHO YET SAW NOT ALL THINGS! THIS IS A MISERY MUCH TO BE LAMENTED."—*Robinson's Advice to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

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ANALYTICAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

American School System, Illustrations of the, 493.

Bailey's, Mr., New Work, 536.
Blue-Book, the, on Spiritual Destitution, 509.

Canon of the New Testament—how it was formed, 23.
Castle of Saint Angelo, the, 659, 715.
Christian Common-place Book, the, 50, 117, 180, 249, 308, 372, 439, 496, 566, 688.
Christian Doctrine and Controversy—Judas Iscariot, 453.
Constitution of the Apostolic Churches, the, 734.
Crystallization of Character, the, 651.

Difficulties and Encouragements of Sabbath School Work, 620.

Early Fathers, the right use of the, 53,

Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, 364, 435.
Family Unity and Responsibility—a Homily, 549.
Fine Arts, do the, morally instruct mankind? 421.
Fiji and the Fijians, 764.
Flies, a Chapter on, 592.

German Pulpit, the, 242.
German Theologians—Hengstenberg, 402.
——————— Twesten and Nitzsch, 519.
——————— Tholuck, 462.
Gosse, Mr., and his Guesses, 34.
Government Education, the results of, 1857, 229.

Hive of Drones, the, a Dream, 112
Holiday and its Dream, a, 381.
Humbug, a Catechism of, 295.

Indian Question, on the study of, 104.

Jesuits, the Present Tactics of the, 95, 169,

Kingsley's and Helps's Poems, 266.

Landor, Walter Savage, 670.
Life in the German Universities, 580.
Life, on the Method of, 129.
London Missionary Society, a word concerning the, 418.

Means of Life, the, 15.
Millennium, the Doctrine of the, 356.
Milton's History of England, 41.
Missions, Record of Christian, 63, 119, 182, 251, 310, 375, 441, 498, 626, 689.
Modern Congregational Literature; its Lights and Shadows, 301.
My Congregation and I; Passages from a Young Minister's Diary, 573, 637, 707.

Natural History, a Chapter in, 338.

One of the Forgotten Dead, 148, 201.

Paine, Thomas, 484.
Pastor and Deacon, 276.
Pew Rents—another Testimony, 113
Politics of Dissenters, the, 257.
POETRY—
  A Prayer for the Troubled, 114.
  Jacob's Dream, 178.
  Peace, 249.
  The Benefactions of Little Christel, 779.
Poverty and the Pulpit, 220.
Prayer, an encouragement to, 167.
Preaching to the Poor, 194.
Psalter, the, 347, 431,

Digitized by Google

Real, the, and the Ideal, 328.
Revision of the English Bible, 698.
Revival, the American, 283.
Responsibility for the Moral Condition of others, 772.
Retrospect, Monthly, 123, 188, 315, 503, 570, 633, 693, 790.
Robertson's Sermons, 445.
Russian Church, the Old Believers of the, 643, 755.

Sermons on Public Worship, 470.
Sinlessness of Jesus, the, 726.
Sermons in Trees, 349.
Spiritual Songs of Novalis, 367, 413.
Spurgeon, Mr., 156.
Spurgeon, Mr., anent, 321.
Students and Colleges, 587.
Sunday Mornings' Musings, a, 399.

True Method, the, of Christian Progress, 598.

Warrington, George; or, Where shall he go to? 1, 69, 135, 208.
Wanted, an Independent Minister! 477.
Weekly Penny Literature, 678.
Wichern and the 'Inner Mission' of Germany, 748.
Woman's, a, Thoughts about Women, 81.

Xavier and Domenech, Priests of the Past and Present, 528.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JANUARY, 1858.

George Warrington; or, Where shall he go to?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was the afternoon before Christmas-day, in a year which must not be more nearly designated than by saying it was in the present century, and among the forties or fifties. The curtains were drawn; there was a cheerful fire burning in the grate, and burning so briskly, and with so blue a flame, as to indicate the clear frosty weather which, 'when we were boys,' we always looked for at Christmas. The evening lamp, however, remained unlit, and so the room was in that delicious parlour-twilight, or domestic gloaming, so favourable to peaceful and tender musings, and home-feelings of every kind, while a sense of vagueness and mystery steals over one as the shadows flickering on the walls seem to intimate the nearness of the spirit-world.

Mr. Spencer was sitting in a low easy chair, almost afraid to move, lest he should waken his youngest child, who, after romping with him, as a four-year old darling may, and taking liberties with 'Papa' which men in the outside world would have looked at with amazement, was now fast asleep in the deepest rosiest sleep imaginable, little dreaming of the eyes that were fixed on her, much less of the paternal feelings which, all alive in that evening hour, were vainly trying to picture the possible future of the dear one that lay in his arms. Mrs. Spencer sat watching her husband and child, and, as a mother lives in a world or sanctuary of her own, into only the forecourt of which it would be possible for even the tenderest of husbands to enter, she, too, had thoughts which cannot be put into words. From her youngest

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child her eyes wandered to her eldest boy, Duncan, a youth of some eighteen or nineteen years, who was at home for the vacation, and then rested on her first-born, a daughter, in her twentieth year. The former was kneeling in front of the fire, and looking intently into it; while his sister, unable to read or work till the candles were lit, sitting on the music-stool, and dreaming very likely, as maidenhood will dream, every now and then, scarcely touching the keys, played softly just some favourite bar or two, in a sort of tender musical whisper, and then was silent again. At last Duncan said, in a tone which intimated that, at least, *his* reverie was ended—

'I am so glad Mr. Warrington is coming. The lake is all frozen hard, and there will be capital skating. Won't he enjoy it?'

But neither the remark nor the question elicited any rejoinder. By-and-bye, however, Nora said, and just as if the name had not been so recently mentioned—

'I am so glad Mr. Warrington is coming, for I have met with two or three passages in Dante which I can't at all understand, and I know he can make them plain.'

'Do you think he'll mind skating to-morrow, Nora?' asked Duncan.

'Christmas-day! I don't know, I'm sure,' said the sister, in reply.

'Oh! I should think Christmas-day was no more to him than any other day, now he has left the Church. You know there's no good reason for supposing it to be the birth-day of our Lord.'

'No; but Mr. Warrington may consider it right not to seem even to pour contempt on the religious observances of others, and especially of those among whom his whole life, till recently, has been passed.'

'Bosh!' ejaculated Duncan; but instantly added, 'No, I did not mean to say that either; at least, not to you, Nora, for you are a dear good sister; but remember what your favourite Tennyson says—

"Cut prejudice against the grain,"

you know, eh? I promise myself a glorious bout to-morrow, I can tell you; but, of course, Mr. Warrington will please himself.'

'Please himself,' interposed Mrs. Spencer; 'I should think he'll study rather how to please others, or else he's more changed than is at all likely.'

'Well, you know what I mean. He'll do what he thinks right, and so shall I, you know.'

'Duncan, my boy,' said the father, 'let me congratulate you that to do right is with you the same thing as pleasing yourself. Hold hard by that, and you'll ever be our own dear Duncan.'

The boy was silent, but presently said—

'I shall get him to examine me in my mathematics, and see if I'm as well up as I should be. What a pity he is not a college-tutor, or something of that sort, he's such a capital fellow at teaching, is not he?'

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'Because he begins at the beginning of everything, and goes on step by step, and is so thorough,' said Nora.

'I suppose, my dear,' said Mrs. Spencer, 'you'll get Mr. Warrington to take one of the services for you on Sunday?'

'Certainly I shall. It will be indeed a pleasure to some of us, at all events, to hear him.'

'But, I say,' interposed Duncan, 'what will some of the deacons say to that? or are they got a little wiser since I have been away?'

There being no answer to this boyish escapade, he presently turned to his sister—

'I say, Nora, do you remember Stonehill's cutting out of the vestry without speaking a word the last time Mr. Warrington preached for us, and keeping away from the week-night services for a fortnight or more? What a Solomon! Do you remember?'

As his sister gave him but a monosyllable in reply, he amused himself with whistling a tune in an undertone while drawing in his breath, but presently broke out with another interrogative—

'What was the reason Mr. Triggs would not let Mr. Warrington preach for him when he was ill, and wanted a supply, and had to send to London for one? Because he had lived some time in Germany, wasn't it?'

'Something of the sort, I believe,' answered the sister, after a pause, and seeing neither Mr. nor Mrs. Spencer replied,

'Well, that's what I call enlightenment,' said the youth; 'that looks like progress and the march of mind, that does, upon my word! Not let a capital fellow like Mr. Warrington preach for him because he's well up in German! What a——' he supplied the blank by a sort of half-whistled 'fwhphew.'

'Mr. Warrington has preached in German, hasn't he, papa?' asked Nora, knowing Mr. Spencer did not relish the weaknesses of his brethren being commented on in his own family.

'I believe he has, my dear.'

'And that Latin sermon of his, addressed "Ad Cleros," did he ever preach it, or only write and print it?' asked Duncan.

'Wrote it only, I suppose; for I don't see what audience he would be likely to have for it, orally delivered.'

'Why, I declare,' exclaimed Duncan, looking at his watch, 'if it is not almost time he was here! He was to come by the half-past five train, and it only wants a quarter. I'll be off to the station.'

The boy's announcement and movement roused the whole party. Little Lucy woke out of her sleep. The candles were lighted, the fire replenished, and a few little feminine touches soon put the room into 'apple-pie order,' that everything might contribute to make the reception of the looked-for guest the more cordial and welcome.

We will take advantage of the quarter of an hour which must elapse before his arrival, to give the reader some account of Mr. Warrington, especially seeing he is the chief subject of our narrative.

In his youth he had been a pupil of Arnold's, and was not likely ever to forget that he had been at Rugby. Arnold's enthusiastic love

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for Oxford made Warrington decide on that university for himself in preference to the sister one; and so he passed four years as a gentleman commoner of Oriel, having for his college companions some who have since made for themselves a name in the world. After he had taken his degree, which he did with honours, he devoted himself to the study of the law, and everybody augured for him a successful and not improbably a brilliant career. But after two or three years, a combination of circumstances led him to contemplate resigning the chances of ultimate distinction at the bar. The chief, however, of all the causes that influenced him in this direction might be ranked under the head of 'religious.'

He did not remember the time when he was without a more or less deep sense of reverence for God. He had been conscientious from his boyhood upward, while his conscientiousness was of that kind which one often wishes were more common among the talkers about conscience; for, while some would have pronounced it identical with 'the fear of God,' the less religious of his acquaintance always said that 'Warrington had as nice a sense of honour, and was as true a gentleman in all his feelings, as any man in England.' Indeed, I remember when Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' first came out, portions of it were being read aloud in a circle in which he was well known, and when the cxth was finished—

'——————————— but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less, but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use;'

one remarked, 'That will do for Warrington.'

There was a gradual deepening of his religious character while at Oxford; and without identifying himself with either of the religious parties there, the more earnest of each of them enjoyed and valued his intimacy, though without being able to enlist him as a proselyte. I think his theological sympathies were rather with the Evangelicals, while the Puseyites perhaps commanded more of his respect; but, even then, the Broad Church party, had it existed, would possibly have obtained a larger measure of his concurrence than either. He was a Churchman, as a matter of course, from birth and training;

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and no question concerning the propriety, and indeed necessity and perfect naturalness, of a national church having ever been raised in his world, it was from habit and feeling rather than conviction that he deemed himself a true son of the Church of England.

He had always, too, been more or less conscious of a vague wish to devote himself to the ministry; but, in proportion as he became more deeply conscious of the blessedness of personal religion, and so had a still deeper yearning to impart to others the knowledge and the joy of salvation, his idea of the necessary qualifications and solemn responsibility of the preacher's office rose, and he resolved, in humility, as he believed, to adopt a civil profession, and glorify God in private life.

But after he had entered on his legal studies, which he pursued with characteristic earnestness, the religious life that was in him continued to deepen; and as he thought of the multitudes who, however conversant with the outside of religion, seemed to have no deep sense of the nature of the spiritual life, the yearnings within him began to take so definite a form, and to become so peremptory, that the idea of abandoning his recently-adopted profession stood before him with a growing distinctness that eventually compelled him deliberately to examine and decide. And thus, in about the third year of his legal course, all visions of a silk gown in the future, and of more dignified possibilities in the still further distance, faded entirely away, and he turned from the great lawyers to the theologians and divines.

Till now, he had never entertained a doubt that to become a Christian minister and to become a clergyman were one and the same thing; but as he studied the canons of the Church, and re-examined the familiar formularies and the ordination service, as from a new stand-point, because with a reference to his own personal action and responsibility, he began to be aware of difficulties that he might never have been called to face as a layman. Perhaps it may be some clue to his after-course, to state that his very central idea of Christianity and all religion was, that it is, above all things—LIFE. Not a form, not a creed, but a Life—the life of God, received into the soul, through the only Mediator, who was 'the Life manifested.' Receiving this life, he had also received power and freedom. Ecclesiastical, and even theological, restrictions and enclosures began to appear as unallowable barriers and hindrances. The bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites were worrying Evangelicals; and Evangelicals, in the same spirit, seemed bent on casting out Puseyites from the Church. He shrunk from the idea of being at the mercy of either the one or the other. And the Church, which he had ever fondly spoken of as a 'mother,' and as the 'ark' of safety, began gradually to appear to him in a more questionable light. His position was one of painful embarrassment. On the one hand, inwardly impelled to testify to the truth, that he might bless men and glorify God; on the other, prevented from doing it in the only way he had ever hitherto contemplated. His soul was filled with sadness. And, as he well knew how all his old college friends would counsel him, and, moreover, shrunk from possibly

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bringing on them the same burden he found so heavy for himself, he looked about for some adviser who, from a different point of view, might perhaps throw an independent light on the question that was now beginning to press for some solution.

Mr. Spencer was an old friend. Indeed, he had received from him his earliest instructions, previously to going to Rugby. And Mr. Spencer was a Nonconformist too; the only minister out of 'the Church' that he had any knowledge of. And all his impressions of his early tutor were pleasant. He remembered how 'very religious' he used, as a boy, to think him; and all that he recalled of him served only to increase his respect. He renewed the acquaintance, and found a sympathizing friend and wise counsellor. Mr. Spencer said not a word to urge him to quit the Church of his early associations and affections. Earnest Dissenter himself, he was not solicitous to make proselytes, but to deepen in every one a loving reverence for the Truth, and to increase the power of perceiving it. The sum of his advice had been that, as Mr. Warrington was clear on the first point, viz., that of renouncing the law and embracing the vocation of a religious teacher, but all beyond was impossible to be shaped as yet, he should take a fair period of time for calm thought away from all near and disturbing influences; and, as he could afford the time, being then only twenty-six, he advised him to go to Germany for a year or two, and continue his studies at one of the universities there. The entireness of the change might prove everyway favourable to the formation ultimately of a judgment not to be subsequently repented of, and the knowledge he would gain there would be for ever useful to him as a Christian teacher, whatever Church he might ultimately join.

Mr. Warrington had thoroughly approved this counsel, and acted upon it; only prolonging his period of residence to three years, and not only making the acquaintance and even acquiring the friendship of some of the best living divines there, but eventually, saying nothing of his Oxford degree, taking another, I think at Halle. During his German period he came gradually to feel it impossible to surrender his personal Christian freedom so much as would be involved in becoming a clergyman of the Church of England. The life that was in him refused to be clipped, and trimmed, and trained just so. He had no notion of answering, in writing, some eighty questions on baptismal regeneration, and kindred topics, to the satisfaction of any prelate whatever. Nor did he like, as a man who prayed for the gift of the Holy Spirit to himself, the permanent promise of Christ to the Church, to be bound quite so rigidly as articles and other formularies would bind him. Negatively, his course was quite clear. Dearly as he loved the memory of his *alma mater*, and deeply as he felt the full force of the many associations and attractions of the church of his childhood and youth, yet, as a man, owing his first loyalty to truth, he could not surrender himself so absolutely as he must do if he would minister at her altars. Yet—the Dissenters! How would he fare among them? Would nearer acquaintance increase his satisfaction,

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or make him regret the former things? And if he joined them, which of all the sects would afford him the freest scope for honest labour? And thus, at the age of nine and twenty, the question still was, *Where to go to?*

On his return from Germany, two years prior to the time at which this chapter opens, he had requested the Spencers to receive him as an inmate of the family for a year, that he might now have a fair opportunity of observing and studying the principles and working of Dissent near at hand. Mr. Spencer had not felt himself justified in declining the proposal, and so Mr. Warrington had been his intimate companion for several months. During this period he had preached occasionally for Mr. Spencer, and for various other ministers of both sections of the Congregational body, being regarded as a gentleman 'studying for the ministry.' Some of the more earnestly denominational ministers had often urged him to enter one or other of the Dissenting colleges as the best way of securing a future pastorate, at all *events* of securing 'a good one.' But his friend Spencer had quite sufficient reasons for refusing to entertain this idea for an instant. In fact, there was something almost ludicrous about it; for, as he was an M.A. of Oxford, and had taken a still higher degree in Germany, it is to be feared that American diplomas would scarcely have commanded his confidence. Besides, he was now nearly thirty, a mature man and experienced Christian, as well as a ripe scholar.

During his twelve months' residence with Mr. Spencer, he had given a large portion of his time to visiting the poor, had formed classes of young men, and had variously practised himself in ministerial duties. It is true that he every now and then found himself shrinking sensitively from things and persons that evidently belonged to quite another sphere than that he had once been accustomed to. He had attended 'church-meetings,' and 'prayer-meetings,' and 'tea-meetings,' had even been present with his friend Spencer at 'deacons'-meetings,' and at 'anniversaries,' &c.

'Well, and what did he think of it all?' A very natural question, no doubt; and one that perhaps ought to be answered in due season. Indeed, it would often do us all perhaps more than a little good, to know just how our proceedings strike an intelligent and impartial stranger. Perhaps we must admit that it would take some time to reconcile a quondam member of Oriel College to our interesting little peculiarities. But yet it is to be remembered that in Mr. Warrington the Christian was paramount over the scholar and (conventionally speaking) the gentleman. 'Well, then, as a Christian, unaccustomed to such things, how did it all strike him?' Well, if the reader insists on knowing, his curiosity must be gratified, I suppose. And yet, if his Dissenting *amour propre* be *very* hugely developed, and he be one of those who deem that religion would come to an end if all those interesting peculiarities above referred to were to be at a discount, it might be as well not to press Mr. Warrington too pertinaciously.

But Mr. Spencer had been so many years at Lamberton that, though there was no tropical warmth of affection among the people, and his

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church was not free from a class of men who ought to have seceded and formed themselves into a sort of 'Hey-fellow-well-met' society of their own, in some Cave of Adullam, or Grumble-tone-alley, yet, on the whole, there was much that a sincere Christian might well rejoice in; and such a one, who had been much abroad among 'professors of religion,' might, when brought into close association with Mr. Spencer and his flock, regard himself as led by the Good Shepherd into green pastures and beside still waters.

Mr. Warrington, then, had spent a year or so at Lamberton, and seen a good deal of Dissenting life and manners. At the end of the period he was naturally anxious to be at work in some part of the great field given by the Master to his Church to 'subdue and replenish.' But the question still was, Where to go to? and it was time it received some satisfactory answer. But no answer came. He had supplied two or three 'vacant churches' during his residence at Lamberton, but nothing grew out of those engagements. Mr. Spencer scarcely knew what to advise; the chief difficulty, I apprehend, lying in the very excellences of the candidate; a fact to which we shall have to advert subsequently.

However, having invitations to 'supply' one or two 'destitute churches,' as well as to preach for three or four ministers who anticipated needing assistance, he left Lamberton, and spent rather more than another year in fulfilling these engagements, and others to which these introduced him, taking every opportunity, when not so occupied, of hearing the ministers of greatest repute in town and country.

At the opening of our narrative the Spencers are anticipating his return, after rather more than twelve months' absence. He had kept them acquainted with his movements, and thus they knew that he was returning to them as far as ever from knowing what his future plans were to be. But being free now from all engagements, and a good deal depressed, he had longed to find himself once more under Mr. Spencer's peaceful roof.

I shall leave the reader to imagine the meeting, though I suppose Mr. Warrington himself must be formally introduced. In person, then, you may picture him as rather tall than otherwise, and well made; naturally graceful in his movements and easy in demeanour; a gentleman outwardly, because such within. A sculptor pronounced the head 'well formed, and well set;' it was covered with a profusion of brown hair, soft and fine. The forehead was clear, open, and refined; I have heard it characterised as 'an elegant forehead,' and should acquiesce, only desiring the idea of perceptiveness and strength to be added. But the chief feature you noticed, indeed the only one for a time, was the eye; large, and often brilliant, it had a strange power of irresistibly fixing the individual whom he looked at. Duncan Spencer used to say 'it lightened.' If the reader has ever observed the eye of the falcon close at hand, especially when excited, he may understand the peculiarity I refer to, and which I have never known so decidedly exhibited except in two other men. There was a sword-like beauty in it. I have seen a man fidget about uneasily without

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scarcely knowing why, when Warrington was addressing him on even an ordinary topic; and have heard of individuals in the congregation becoming suddenly confused by his merely looking at them while preaching. Indeed, I have sometimes thought a person had need be free from every secret consciousness of wrong to bear that eye fixed on him. One of Mr. Spencer's flock said, 'Mr. Warrington's eye do go through one like;' while an observer of a different kind remarked, 'How much of latent enthusiasm there is in that man's eye! What fire, but yet under what control! I can imagine it would be grand to see and hear him under circumstances that fully aroused the whole man, and called out all his power.' His voice, in addressing all women and children, or afflicted or aged persons, was soft and low. 'If I was sick, or in trouble,' said a poor woman once, 'and Mr. Warrington was only to read the multiplication table to me, it would comfort me, I'm sure it would.' In public speaking there was both great compass and great power in it.

If I could suppose such a thing as that the readers of the 'Christian Spectator' have remained ignorant of 'good society,' I might apprehend some of them would begin to think I was drawing rather too perfect a picture; but I may rest assured that most of them, for certain, know that an English gentleman, well educated, and accustomed from childhood to associate with the cultivated and refined, is, when the man and the gentleman are the basis of the scholar and the Christian, one of the finest specimens of humanity that God has put upon this earth. And Mr. Warrington was all that.

I have said nothing about his circumstances. They had always been what is termed 'easy;' but, during his abode in Germany, some of those changes in the value of property which occasionally occur, and the disgraceful failure of a large banking firm, had reduced his income to something under two hundred a-year. And as an only sister had no other near relative than himself to lean on, he had an additional reason for wishing to see his permanent position and work in the world clearly ascertained and fixed.

Such, then, was Mr. Warrington, as he was once more welcomed by the Spencers on that Christmas-eve, and looked again on those kind familiar faces, and glanced round the accustomed apartment, made 'all ship-shape and snug for the night,' as Duncan said.

I think, seeing I am not writing a volume, but only an article that ought not to extend to more than three or four numbers of the 'Spectator,' I must omit all mention of the evening's chat, all Duncan's share of his society, and even Nora's somewhat hesitating inquiries about 'Dante,' &c., &c., and confine myself to those matters which are strictly related to my title, viz., Where shall he go to? and let the reader see what he makes of the case. To the writer it is not without significance. For here we have a man, anxious, and even eager, to work, shrinking from no toil, but exulting in the idea of devotedness to a high and sacred calling. A proved Christian, who, with all sufficiency of training, and more than ordinary competency for his work, is standing, at the age of thirty-one, in the market-place, as it were,

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unemployed, like the labourers in the parable; likely to make a capital workman, and yet—and yet—Where shall he go to? For more than a year he had been looking out for work, yet here he stands, fully equipped, intellectually and morally strong for work, nay, the man has a keen appetite for work; he craves it as eagerly as some men crave pleasure, as the miser gold, or the starving man food. He could live on work. There is but one gift he asks of any man, 'Give me work!'—and yet—and yet—Where shall he go to? The churches are ever and anon urged to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers into the great work-field. But what to do with them if the good Lord should hear their prayers? One sometimes thinks the churches mean 'labourers' after a particular fashion, and that, as goods are ordered 'to pattern,' so a pattern-type is put before the Lord of the vineyard, and that he may as good as not send any if they are 'not according to pattern.' Of all the teachers of religion in this age, of all the churches, I do not know more than a dozen that I should rank as Warrington's equals, and yet—and yet—Where shall he go to? I confess it looks as if—nobody wanted him. And he was beginning to think so himself, and was trying to pierce with his eye the gloom in another direction.

There was much for the two friends to talk over. There was all that, during the past year or more, Warrington had observed and experienced among the Dissenters, and what he thought of them. And, on the other hand, there was what the ministers and churches he had been among had observed and thought of him, and of which Mr. Spencer had been pretty well informed, having received ample communications from the pastors and deacons, and others, to whom he had introduced him.

In the course of the evening's chat they touched upon a thousand things—books, men, affairs, the present time, the past, the future. I do not know whether they did not borrow the wings of the morning, and sweep through space, and make the compass of the universe. They had been grave and gay. They had conversed in pensive under-tones, and had laughed right merrily. Warrington had a fund of funny experiences gathered during the past year's tour among the churches; and, while Duncan thought he touched too lightly and good-humouredly the weaknesses and absurdities, or graver faults, which had come under his notice, Nora thought the half-playful treatment of the foibles of some of the less pleasing specimens of the Dissenting community a proof of his genial nature and strength. Duncan 'wished that "Punch" would just put on a white choker and become a Dissenting brother for one twelvemonth, and then, for another devote himself to showing up the beggarly—' He paused, for he caught his father's eye fixed regretfully upon him. Mr. Spencer might, perhaps, have intimated a reproof, but remembered that his children had been aware of too many things that could not but act unfavourably on their minds in reference—not indeed to the principles of Nonconformity—but to the manner in which those principles are too often worked out, and feared the effect more especially on the

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boy's mind. Seeing Duncan's confusion, Mr. Warrington interposed with the suggestion, 'whether, on the whole, *Paul redivivus* would not be better than Aristophanes?' And so the subject was turned into a consideration of the moral effect of satire, and the tendency of looking at things only on their ludicrous sides.

But, when Mr. Warrington was alone with Mr. Spencer the next day, he referred to some of these things more seriously, and was half-inclined to think that a wee bit of Duncan's comic notion might be carried out with some ultimate advantage. And so the two friends plunged at once *in medias res*. Mr. Spencer had previously spent an hour that morning in looking over the various letters he had received touching his friend, and found that they arranged themselves under three classes. There were some quite enthusiastic in their expressions of admiration; some as decidedly unfavourable, you might almost say, hostile; while others exhibited the writers as curiously perplexed to know what to say or think about him. Sometimes letters of all these three kinds came from the same place, so that it was not without significance to find the same man, the same sermon, or line of conduct, spoken of so oppositely. Truly, the question, after all, is not so much —What is said? as, Who says it?

'I have been hesitating,' said Mr. Spencer, 'whether or not to read the greater part of these letters to you, for they all relate to you; and I do not know that the writers considered themselves as addressing me confidentially. Still, it is possible they would not have been so unreserved, if they had supposed any other eye than my own would see them.'

'Perhaps they will assist you in getting at particulars, which might not occur to me to mention. Let me see; when I left you—rather more than a year since—I was going to preach at Water-Hampton for a month.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Spencer, and smilingly selected three letters from his packet. 'You were not sorry, you wrote me, when that engagement terminated.'

'True. There was an all-pervading tone of discomfort ran through everything. The deacons were vulgar, well-to-do men, sharp and successful in business, and fain to judge of all things connected with even a Christian church, and the spiritualities of religion and worship, on shop principles, and even those questionable of their kind. I almost expected them to call "our people," as they used to call their fellow-worshippers, "our customers." Actually, they made a sort of capital out of your unfortunate friend's antecedents, and put an advertisement in the local papers, that "So-and-so, late of Oriel College, Oxford (in all the dignity of large caps), would occupy the pulpit at Pinchbeck Chapel for a month," but I cannot repeat the nauseous terms in which they characterised me. There, read for yourself.' And he drew from his pocket-book the advertisement, which Mr. Spencer read in silence, and not without an expression of intense mortification.

'Well, one of the firm, deacons, I mean, read the hymns, and in so

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loud and coarse a voice, and so irreverently, that it did much to untune one's spirit for leading the devotions. And, to intensify the evil, the singers corresponded to the clerk. Unseemly tunes, with no relation to the sentiment, and the most absurd repeats, sung most vociferously, not heartily. Then, there was an incessant bustling about during the service. One of the triumvirate was, without exception, the fussiest mortal I ever saw. Out of his pew, down this aisle, up that, in the vestry, then up in the gallery, and, at last, just before I announced the text, he skipped up the pulpit-stairs, leant over the side, and, putting his face close to mine, asked me, in a mysterious whisper, whether I would be at the prayer-meeting next evening. And as I assented, what did my gentleman do, but, as soon as the hymn-spoiler had announced several meetings in the vicinity, and that application for pews might be made to Brother Bubb, &c., &c., added, from the middle-stair of the pulpit, with a flourish of trumpets, that your humble servant "would preside at, &c., &c.;" then looked up graciously at me, as one who had done something towards helping me, and with much complacency took his seat, and, with the air of a connoisseur, prepared to listen to "So-and-so, late of Oriel College, Oxford." I think I could preach in Smithfield Market, or on a fashionable promenade at a watering-place, and not feel half so distracted as by all the accessories at that Pinchbeck Chapel of theirs. I have a creeping sensation all over my frame when I think of the place.'

'I found there were no "elective affinities," likely to make Water-Hampton your sphere of labour.'

'What, I wonder, was their report?'

'In brief, that you were "a gentleman-preacher," too "dainty as to modes of proceeding," refusing to "make a splash," and "not caring about popularity," "not what we should call in business a good salesman, &c., &c."'

'Is it possible? Yet I am not surprised, either. And one prominent reason for dissenting from the National Church, is the desire "for something more spiritual!" Now, tell me, is this Pinchbeck Chapel a fair specimen of a class?'

'Of a class, it may be. But I sincerely hope not a large one, and also that you have been more fortunate elsewhere.'

'Most undoubtedly. But I assure you, Pinchbeck Chapel and its diaconate affected me very unpleasantly.'

'I am not surprised. But was it all nought, even there?'

'By no means. I met with some truly religious people among the poor; indeed, with more intelligent piety than I had ever found among the same class before. I came, in the course of the month, quite to esteem some of them. And, by the bye, I fell in with two or three of Luke's "honourable women;" but, excepting those I have referred to among the poor, all the men were very sorry specimens of redeemed humanity.'

'You were at home with Mrs. Colonel Marriott, I suppose?'

'Mrs. Colonel Marriott! One of the happiest specimens of a

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Christian lady I ever met with, and I learnt something from her too. She is tortured, I am sure, in every nerve by the manner in which things are done, and yet on principle remains connected with the people; aye, and she is doing a good work among them, too. If that church is ever regenerated, it will be by the Maries and Priscillas among them. By the way, I have—in some other places, too—found the happiest influences being exerted by intelligent and cultivated Christian ladies. And, indeed, I spent a fortnight with one church in which the primitive order of deaconesses was recognised, and, as I was told, with very great advantage.'

'"Deaconesses!" Why, what in the world were their functions?' inquired Mr. Spencer.

'Oh, the deacons were too much engrossed in their own businesses, to have much time for devoting to all the detail that often requires such prompt attention, and these excellent women—who were not unlikely to have got mentioned in an apostolic epistle, if we had any St. Paul among us to write one—made themselves, as the advertisements say, "generally useful." They visited the sick, kept a sort of oversight over the younger females, and, by their knowledge of the whole female portion of the church, could keep many things from growing up to serious evils, while by their means the minister also could always know whatever was desirable touching nearly all the flock.'

'Good,' said Mr. Spencer. 'Worth trying, I should say. Only, we had need have the right sort of women. Injudicious, talking women, recognised as holding a sort of offices, would be worse than undesirable deacons. But, if you could secure the women whom Bunyan places in his house called "Beautiful," namely, "Prudence, Piety, and Charity," I can conceive they might be eminently useful.'

'The deaconesses in the two churches I refer to,' said the other, 'collected the chief part of the subscriptions, and, by their punctuality in such matters, staved off a great deal of discomfort, I was told. And as pecuniary discomfort is certain to lead on to still graver complications, they must be considered as greatly contributing to promote the peaceful state of things I found in those churches.'

'I like the idea,' said Mr. Spencer. 'Indeed, it has sometimes occurred to my own mind; but it is not every congregation, or church rather, I must say, that can furnish women of the right kind. And better none at all than unfit ones, I am sure.'

'Well, to return; the church at Water-Hampton is to be congratulated on having a Mrs. Colonel Marriott among them, though she holds no such office, and her influence is rather felt like the fragrance of the sweet-briar after a shower, than seen like light. Her very tones, and even presence, served, more than once, I observed, to bring those unfortunately constituted deacons into something like a pleasant mood. God send a noble woman, or two, into all such churches, I say.'

'She writes of your visit to Water-Hampton as peculiarly valuable

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to her, and that you have given her strength for months to come. Indeed, I should judge the month well bestowed if no other good accrued from it than the great help and furtherance you were to this one Christian lady, who, I know, is engaged in a true life-work. After all, the highest spiritual good is the least definitely reportable, I suppose. But, what was your next engagement?'

'Oh, I have not half done with Water-Hampton yet. But my next place was as delightful as this was ungenial. Indeed, it is written down in my memory as the "Happy Valley," and one of the most favourable specimens of a Dissenting church I have met with. But, by the way, what a wretched designation for a church of Christ—a *Dissenting church!* I would counsel the utter abandonment of it at once, and for ever. To me it is exceedingly repugnant, irredeemably offensive. I would never name a part of that church which He hath purchased with his precious blood' [speaking very softly] 'from any feature of antagonism to another. I shall never frame my mouth to utter it pleasantly, I am sure. However, Darlingham was my next place. But I should like to reserve my account of this pleasing church till Duncan comes, for he seems to have a deep prejudice against your whole body. And, indeed, I did not go there immediately on leaving Water-Hampton, for, having to pass through London, and having two or three weeks at liberty, I availed myself of the opportunity to hear as many of the ministers there, and attend as many of the public meetings, as I could. But what say you to a walk?'

'With all my heart; but what ministers did you hear?'

'Oh, several. There was—let me see—Mr. Binney, of course; Dr. Leifchild; Mr. Stovel; well, then—oh!—Mr. Hinton; and a gentleman at Holloway, Mr. Morris; and a minister, near Guy's Hospital, at a place called Maze Pond—I forget his name; black hair—'

'Aldis?'

'That's the name. It would have gratified me to—but come, we can walk and talk.'

And I think, seeing these ministers are happily still among us, it may be better to let the two gentlemen have their chat about them to themselves. So, with the simple remark that Mr. Spencer was much gratified by his friend's discriminating admiration of them and several others not here enumerated, I invite the reader to a peep in next number of Mr. Warrington's 'Happy Valley;' that is to say, the church at Darlingham.

'Baptist, or Independent?'

'Upon my word, sir, I don't know. Is it of any consequence?'

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The Means of Life.

One of the most pathetic things in Boccaccio is the well-known story of the Hawk and the Lady. A young gentleman of good means paid passionate court to a beautiful girl, and made himself conspicuous in the city by the splendour of the entertainments he gave for her sake. After a brief career of prodigal expenditure he broke down, and the lady's friends would not hear of her marrying a bankrupt cavalier. She married a richer man, who soon died, and left her with a son. In her widowhood she retired to the country, and, as it befel, to an estate adjoining a secluded farm to which her former lover had fled to hide his regrets and practise economy,—all the property he had in the world being a favourite falcon, with which he went a-hunting daily for his dinner. One day he met the little boy in the fields, and the pair took a morning's sport together, and then parted. This was enacted over and over again, till at last the young gentleman conceived a passion for the hawk of whose cleverness he had beheld so much. By-and-bye he fell sick of a malaria fever, and, in his delirium, raved incessantly for the hawk; nor in his delirium only, for in his lucid moments he still longed for the wonderful bird, and prayed his loving mother to get it for him. The physician assuring her that the boy would die unless he were allowed to have what he coveted, the lady resolved to pay a visit to the farm of her old lover, and ask him for his bird for the love of heaven,—not knowing, to be sure, that his pet hawk was his sole purveyor in his poverty, though she judged he would naturally be very fond of it. And when the lady, along with an attendant, presented herself to the young cavalier, he received her with infinite courtesy, and bade her stay and partake of such hospitality as his *menage* could afford, to which she consented. The bountiful-hearted lover, almost beside himself with conflicting emotions, withdrew to consult his housekeeper about dinner, and, after an anxious consultation over ways and means, till the *pièce de existance* was fixed upon, returned to his guests, with whom he chatted of things indifferent till dinner was served, when all seated themselves at the table, and the meal passed off merrily enough, though the courses were few, and the flagons poorly filled. And when she had eaten and drunk, the lady opened her business, in full reliance on the generous heart and old friendship of her host. Her boy whom he had often played with was very ill; he longed with a deadly sickness for the falcon; would Frederigo bestow it for the love of heaven, and for pity of a mother's heart? Then the young man burst into tears, and for a long time could not speak a word; upon which the lady, thinking his grief was at the thought of parting with his beloved falcon, began to excuse herself: but he, interrupting, explained that she had partaken of the poor bird in the pasty just served—in proof of which he produced the feathers, the feet, and the beak! Wondering much and pondering in her heart the limitless generosity of this faithful lover, the lady went sorrowing home to her son, who, indeed, died in a few days. But

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eventually she married the ducatless friend of her youth, saying to her expostulating brothers that she preferred a man without riches to the riches without the manhood.

A cruel story, my masters, and I think unnecessarily so. If I had been the inventor I would have made a good genius of the old housekeeper, and arranged that, with that sibylline wit so often attributed to aged women, she should find another victim for the spit; and, just as Frederigo had burst into tears and announced the fate of the poor falcon, she should bring him on her finger in beautiful feather. It is long since I read the 'Bride of Lammermoor' but I think Caleb Baldertone does things quite as extraordinary for his master. However, it is very striking, the part poverty plays in the drama of human existence, as presented in history, biography, and fiction,—including under this latter title even the child's fairy tale. Curious to note how much of the interest and pathos of life depends upon the difficulty in obtaining or keeping the *means* of life. More than curious to note how frequently the struggle to live crosses with duty or effection, and how in that fact lies the real 'curse of labour.' And wonderful, too, to trace in one's own consciousness,—sometimes in sudden flashes,—the aboriginal confidence of the human mind that the means of living *are to be had*, make the endowment what you please, so long as personal liberty be left to the man.

Mr. Emerson somewhere regrets or wonders that *we* 'cannot fling ourselves into the charmed circle in which the young ravens are fed when they cry.' But there is an illusion here; and if we take up the wonderment there is forgetfulness too. We have better oracles—'If God so clothe the grass of the field—' and 'Of more value than many sparrows.' Is there, in fact, such a 'charmed circle' for ravens, or are we all within the same circumference of one Bountiful Will? I apprehend we are. Very idle, as it seems to me, is all talk of special and general providence. In Him we live and move and have our being, and when that is said, all is said upon the subject of providence. It does not follow, because a bank-note comes to me just in the hour of my need, that God does not, as Plato says, 'geomotrise.' No, not if I had asked for it, and if the chain of circumstances by which it reached me was strikingly visible in all its lower links. As for my asking, and expecting, and thanking, I cannot help either; for He it was who made me what I am, and taught me to ask and to thank; and in that, too, He assuredly 'geometrised.' Sometimes I have a clearer glimpse than usual of His designing will in the mechanism of creation; sometimes of the same designing will in that more complicated mechanism into which human intelligence and feeling enter as elements, and which we call providence. In the one case I exclaim, 'how wonderful are thy works, O Lord, in wisdom hast Thou made them all,'—in the other, 'goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' As I do not believe in a God who wound up the world and retired from it, but in a present living God, who is, moreover, my revealed Father, the distinction between general and special providence vanishes, as a matter of speculation.

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Practically, that is a 'special providence' which makes me specially conscious of the general providence: when I give thanks for the most startlingly appropriate bounty, I do not change my stand-point; I only see more clearly where I am, in the light of a particular fact. Let it be added that the 'Bank of Faith' idea (whoever may have garnished it with vulgarities and fooleries) is not in itself ridiculous. No one can dare to say how far God may please to make himself visible as a present God, accessible to importunity to him who will wait upon him in simplicity and submission, *as* such a God. He may, for what we can tell, do this with an emphasis which shall comprise all the logical boundary-lines we draw between what is 'natural' and what is 'supernatural'—and yet in all things 'geometrise.'

In the life of great cities, it is seldom that one is called upon to sacrifice his necessary falcon by a *single* act at the bidding of duty or affection. Yet something like it is common enough. For love or for right a man may have to open his energies to the very boundary-line of destruction—as it seems, and as it sometimes proves. But there is no such boundary-line to be laid down *a priori*, so that there is always a corner for hope; and it takes a great deal to kill a man, or to emasculate for ever a manly mind. Not unfrequently also, light arises out of darkness in the most startling manner. Nothing is more calculated to point the lesson, 'Be still, and know that I am God,' than the fact which any body may notice in his own little life as well as in the lives of others and in history, that though God keeps the cup of hope at our lips, and actually uses our own energies (in some way) in helping us, yet His deliverance not always comes from the quarter in which we had expected it to come. With infinite intelligence and infinite power behind the scenes, the chances at any moment in the drama of life are past calculation. There is a fable of Meissner, in which a traveller, with mountains on one side and a great river on the other, is surprised by a tiger swooping down upon him from the hills. He naturally resolves to plunge into the river and swim for his life, when a crocodile pops his head out of the flags on the border. 'Miserable man that I am!' cries the traveller, 'turn which way I will, destruction awaits me!' But, even while he speaks, the tiger makes a plunge—into the jaws of the amphibious brute on the other side! The moral is obvious, but the practical use of the consolation implied in the 'when things are at the worst then begin to mend' principle is marred by that love of something definite and that aptitude to make direct applications which are natural to persons in great straits. It is only a favoured few who in utterest peril can rely upon 'something turning up.' For example, if I were to go and tell this crocodile and tiger story to a friend bedridden with influenza, and sued simultaneously by his baker and his butcher, he would, I feel sure, reply—'How in the name of wonder can my butcher fall into the jaws of my baker?—the fable don't apply.' But the fable does apply. It is a little too bad that when one has taken the pains to illustrate a principle by an imaginary state of facts the principle itself should be bound down to the Procrastes bed of the illustration. My friend impatiently asks,

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'How am I to be rescued?' Well, if one could answer that, one would have quite a different message to deliver. The possibilities of difficult situations are practically infinite, but tabulated they cannot be. Nor is it certain, supposing rescue is at hand, that the *next* hitch will be the happy one. The tiger and the crocodile may actually go so far as to make common cause, and still the traveller escape. There is a situation at chess, often proposed as a lesson for beginners, in which the game is taken up at the most desperate point by a pundit whose genius for 'combination' out-Fakreedeens Fakreedeen. He directs the losing player to make a particular move *by which he loses another piece.* And so on, for several moves, a piece going at every move. The player trembles; his enemy knows better—*he* foresees that the wily pundit would not go losing at that rate for nothing. His foresight, however, cannot save him. He is *forced* by the pundit to rush headlong on his own ruin, and loses to his opponent, who is guided by that terrible pundit, the game which lately was within his grasp!

It is impossible for one who has learned to say, 'Abba, Father,' ever to feel, except in darkest moments, that he has lost his game. The utmost misfortune that can happen to him is to lose an odd trick or two. His game is always to be won, and the stakes are in safe hands. But suppose the worst to happen. Suppose in the struggle to obtain a living some very serious distress comes down upon him—he will find that it is with many troubles, the majority indeed, as it is with death from a wild beast: it looks worse than it is. The eleventh hour of men's anxieties, of whatever sort, is terrible, but the reaction of its later moments is so great, that the stroke of twelve—when the clock strikes Ruin—finds one partially numbed. Jules Gerard, and Livingstone, and many other travellers, will tell you that a man under the paw of a lion is at first in a sort of trance—like a mouse in the embrace of the cat—and does not think much, or feel all that those terrible talons might seem calculated to inflict. It has been settled as nearly as it can be that refined torture sometimes overshoots the mark, and causes pleasure instead of pain. This way of looking at trouble is not sufficiently in vogue with moralists. Their leading topics are of an indirect and external character only. 'This, that, and the other comfort will remain, and you will have bought experience.' Far better take the bull by the horns, and say at once, 'It won't hurt half so much as you think'—or, supposing twelve to have struck—'It *don't* hurt so much as you think.' I am satisfied many a sufferer would then look up, and say, 'Well, now you mention it, it *don't!*'

Nor is this all theory. In actual practice, our friends *do* tell us when we are in trouble—not in words, but in their behaviour—that it 'don't hurt' so much after all. Does their sympathy ever satisfy us? Seldom. Foolishly we complain, but of what? That our friends *will* see us at our best and happiest, and hold us more superior to our environment than we are! It is all for the best; too much of the 'poisonous having sweetness' (as Jean Paul calls it) of sympathy would undo us. Who shall say how much of our hopefulness in trouble is drawn

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from that assumption of the hopefulness of our position which peeps out in the *measured* sympathy of others? It is inconceivable what would be the consequence if we saw our own melancholy faces reflected all around us. Better as it is; and all fair too. Our joys outnumber our sorrows, and *they* cannot be wholly shared; let it be so, too, with our troubles.

The downright unreality of many troubles once struck me with peculiar force in the light of friendship. A friend observed to me, that nearly all the best people he and I knew, best in mind and best in heart, the very people we should wish to see at ease, were strugglers with circumstance. At the time, I echoed his sigh, and only said 'yes' —running over in my mind the list of common acquaintances who led beautiful lives, and yet were puzzled with the *honestum* of external things. But the next morning when I woke, it flashed across my mind that this same money trouble amounted to very little. It made no difference *at all* in the images of my friends, which I cherished in my thoughts. I could not conceive it making any—it was a circumstance quite inappreciable from the height at which I thought of them. Two or three, of whom I knew it for a fact that they have money troubles, live, to the heart's eye, 'like Uriel, in the sun.' I talk to them of their difficulties; I strive, perhaps, not to be behind in helpfulness or sympathy—but, O thou Fountain of all goodness and Giver of every perfect gift, does not all this seem to pass as in a dream, for them and for me? It is dust in the balance, it is less than nothing, and vanity. It must be the same with those who honour me, and think *I* live, 'like Uriel, in the sun.' They see me, and my troubles, if I am in trouble; and they see aright. It remains to put up the aspiration—

> 'O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves *as ithers see us*,'

on those occasions especially. If we could only enjoy a change of stand-point! Some American wag, quoting Gray's lines in the Eton College Ode—

> 'To each his sufferings—all we were
> Condemned alike to groan;
> The tender for another's pain,
> The unfeeling for his own'—

added, *par parenthese*—'The tender bear their share of the suffering as well as could be expected.' Thou profane one! how would thou have them bear it? Why do we wish to see our friends when we are in trouble, but that we may by a temporary substitution of mood learn to bear our share as well as could be expected? The friend who, by his cheerful manner, tells another who is in money trouble that it 'don't matter,' invites him to that wholesome self-exertion which, in an artificial society, impecuniosity of all things so much impairs—tells him that in the main he will pass for what he *is*, under all circum-

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stances—and, in that, is a right sagaman. To the man who has such a friend, it can never strike twelve; there is always hope at the bottom of his Pandora's box.

It is said of Campanella that he could so abstract his thoughts as to suffer very little pain from the rack itself. Scarcely anything is more important to be remembered by persons in trouble, about the means of living, than the lesson taught by such facts. There are, assuredly, situations in life in which one can only 'stand and wait,' as far as all action bearing directly upon the exigency is concerned; but there is no situation which leaves a man only his misfortunes to think of and to busy himself about. It must be owned, however, that many troubles, when present and pressing, are peculiarly unfavourable to activity of all kinds. Not merely in the case of debt,—which is not the thing chiefly in hand in these paragraphs,—but in that terribly common case among the lower ranks of the mesocracy,—living from hand to mouth. Still, for my own part, I am so thoroughly convinced of the medicinal and protective value of employment, that if I were to be in a situation which at once tied my hands behind me and worried me as if they were free, I would rather learn columns of words out of a foreign dictionary, or do mental arithmetic, than eat my heart out in moping idleness. There are always tangible little things to be seen to, besides. Books and papers want arranging; a shelf wants nailing up; or, better still, there is some small act of mercy ready to one's hand which will cost nothing but the doing. There is no obvious connexion between performing such things and getting ready for the landlord next quarter; but who are we that everything should be obvious to us? and how do we walk, by faith or by sight? A friend of mine assures me, that his best and lightest days were when he was under the necessity of cleaning his own boots every morning; that somehow the 'preparation of the heart' and mind for duty came to him on that operation as it has never come to him since. Now, I recommend no man in money (or other) trouble to go out of his way to clean his own boots, but I do recommend him to do whatever lies next to his hand, and if nothing lies next, to find out something that must be done to save time, and antedate its performance, rather than be idle.

But do the means of life constitute a difficult problem to nearly everybody, so that, in sitting down to write about them, one slides naturally into the assumption that all the world is puzzled to make both ends meet? It would indeed appear so. It seems to be so all over the world, from the fastness where the savage watches for his game, to the 'civilized' hothouse, where the coddled trader in his embarrassment asks, 'What is a Panic?' I am one of those who entertain strong opinions about that; who think that it would be a good thing for us if an inaudible fiat were some night to sweep our tills and purses bare of every coin, and teach us by main force on our awaking that a 'pound' is only an abstraction. But difficulties in providing the means of life lie deeper than the currency, whether the 'medium' be corine-shells, coins, or paper. To the aboriginal difficulty of production, human error and greed always add superincumbent difficulties

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of distribution. We have all our own private crotchets in political economy, which are neither here nor there in a discussion of non-sectarian character like this; but one thing is certain to all men of insight,—that the 'principle of competition' and the 'principle of concert' may, and some day *must*, kiss each other. And much more may be foreseen, that will make the means of living easier to get in civilized society. And what then? If the human voice will never become good by (what Foster called) the 'hopeful process of exhausting its own competitors,' will it ever become happy by the hopeful process of exhausting its inconveniences? We shall all agree that the worst part of our monetary difficulties lies in their moral ramifications.

With one consenting voice teachers and observers maintain that the happiest and most favourable position as to money matters is that of a servant,—using the word in its widest sense—an *employé*. There must be some deduction to be made from this in a society in which the 'flunkey,' liveried or unliveried, is the type of all unmanliness, and the 'governess,' the image of slighted poverty. But after all such deductions (and even after allowing space for the query whether one human being performing *menial* offices for another for money or out of any motive for love or reverence is not an abnormal position, which must deteriorate his *morale*) it remains most true that a servant who is paid fixed wages is, among those who earn their bread, the happiest, the healthiest, and the most likely to live long—unless there be something specially unhealthy or galling in his occupation. It is a great thing to know positively that one may reckon on a certain sum at certain times; it diffuses a feeling of security and steadiness over the whole character, which is favourable to all the soberer virtues.

Dr. Johnson noted the true heroism there must be in a poor widow who struggles to keep a family of orphans on the profits of a little shop. There is, one doubts not, heroism behind counters as well as at the cannon's mouth, or tied to the stake; and that poor widow in particular, and such as she, will not miss their crowns. But the career of a tradesman does seem very unfavourable to the growth of a noble character. Perpetually looking after gain, picking it up bit by bit, as a small shopkeeper must do, is unhopeful for him; and then there is the degrading superstition that the receiver of money is always the obliged person, and bound to touch his forelock to the customer. The Christian life may be lived everywhere—it is its glory—and it is in fact lived everywhere,—over the till and the string-box as well as in the closet; but, though I have known some noble souls in trade, I never knew one that succeeded in it, *to the length of laying by much money*. And while the small trading population of a country is the stronghold of the 'party of order,' it seems to be always the refuge of the most obstructive forms of sordid ignorance.

It is otherwise with those whose means of living are the wider forms of commerce. *Their* temptation is not to sordidness, but to that laxity of practice which always dealing with abstractions seems to generate. The whole system of discounting, advances, 'hypothecations,' &c.,

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tends to puzzle the boundary lines of 'mine and thine' in average natures, and, alas! it *does* puzzle them as we see.

I do not think attorneys, barristers, and medical men seem to exemplify individually, so much as men in other walks of life, the characteristic dangers of their pursuits. Medical men are so often not materialists as you might expect; neither are lawyers commonly heart-dried men of the world. It is among young barristers and young surgeons that we find the most touching struggles with circumstance when they begin to apply their means of living; but the moral atmosphere of the professions seems on the whole healthy, judging by the men they turn out.

There remain those who live by voluntary teaching—ministers, schoolmasters, literary men. Schoolmasters are, in share-list language, 'looking up,' and as their profession does not expose them to any great moral temptations that we know of, and they *can make definite bargains*, we have not much sympathy for them. It is otherwise with ministers and literary men, whose bargains never can be honestly made definite, and whose relations with the taught are of a much more delicate order. Whoso undertaketh to teach adults, and at the same time to keep himself, his wife, his children, *and* a conscience, undertaketh a great work. His moral temptations are peculiar. Two, in particular, are not commonly taken into account: 1. The necessity under which such a teacher lies to vary and *adapt* his matter forces him to watch his own moods, in order that he may seize and transfix their prodfictive tendencies for the purposes of the hour; and this (which need not include insincerity—a danger that *must* be crushed) inevitably leads to habits of undue introspection. And what does that lead to? Ask, if you so please, those the worst part of whose daily struggle no one denies; but do not rely upon being answered! 2. Men who are 'apt to teach,' are men under the dominion of Ideas, and *pro tanto* inapt for the commonplaces of social relationships. Wives of men of Ideas find this out, unless they are women of Ideas, and can deal with their husbands as their peers. It must often appear to overlookers that the artist *uses* everything and everybody in a very ruthless fashion—

'Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!'

And so I have dreamed with the philanthropist* and the 'devoted' minister. When I was a child I used to think I should dislike above all things, if I were a woman, to be the wife of 'the minister.' Now, to the natural tendency of even the most affectionate Idea-man to absorb everything unto himself, apply the screw of impecuniosity! You have then a peculiar style of tyrant, at war with himself and the whole frame of things, whose best kindness a loving woman will find cold unless she have larger brains and better education than most

* Hawthorne has illustrated this in the 'Blithedale Romance.'

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women, or unless she is one of those (rare) creatures who can worship a man, and believe in him for what he does, comparatively regardless of what he is. Well, it will not do to say that paid teachership in every form is bad; but it is certainly full of danger. It is a most deadly thing for a young minister to feel himself under an implied bond to supply a certain article in exchange for his salary; it is nearly as deadly to the literary man to be bound to write at certain times whether he will or no. It is some comfort to reflect that teachers of religion and imaginative writers are, as a body, long-lived, and usually retain their cheerfulness and faculties to the last! Yet, it is they who, of all others, have to offer up the necessary hawk over and over again—not always, let us hope, without acceptance by the powers which will take 'the man without the riches,' but not 'the riches without the manhood.'

The natural relation of the human soul towards God, which sin, and sin only, can break up, and for the restoration of which God was manifested in the flesh, is that of *trust*. Simple, naked trust,—not that this shall be given, or the other, bread and water, or meat and furniture,—but the undifferentiating trust of a child *in Him*. A confidence which does not splinter off into expectations and doubts, but lives and moves, and has its being *in Him*. This is not playing upon words. There is an enormous difference between a trust that analyses, and a trust not *in* or for *things*, but simply *in Him*. This is the mood which should underlie firmness in action, and submission in suffering; the mood which alone can carry the weak through the struggle for the means of life. And it is not pitched too high. There was a time when we said, 'Now, my heart is fixed. Once for all, for ever and ever, I *trust*. I shall never be confounded.' And there we must keep, for life and death. We are sure to have plenty of dark times, without reckoning for them; but we are the children of the light: the clouds are accidents, the sun keeps his place.

How the Canon of the New Testament was formed.*

THE form and type of the New Testament collection, as well as its immediate point of historical connexion, are to be found in the Old Testament canon. The Old Testament, as testifying of and completed in Christ, was given by God as the basis of the doctrines of Christ and his apostles, and of the Christian church. The lessons read from the Old Testament in the synagogues were, in all probability, retained during the Apostolic age. This would readily lead to a similar use of the New Testament lesson, and to the formation of a New Testament canon. Let us see whether we can find any traces of this in the New Testament itself. In Colossians iv. 11, Paul directs that his Epistle to the Colossians be also read in the Church

* Abridged and revised from Herzog's 'Protestant Encyclopediæ.'

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of Laodicea, and the converse. Other adjacent congregations seem to have made similar exchanges, especially after copies of the originals were multiplied (Polycarp, Ep. ad Philip. c. 13.; Eusebius, H. E. III. 36, 37; V. 25). But it cannot be shown, and seems improbable, that the Apostolic Epistles were regularly read during public worship, in the same manner as the Old Testament lessons (Thiersch, 'Versuch d. Herstellung d. hist. Standp. fur d. Kritik d. N. Test. Schriften,' 345).

The Apostles assert the divine authority of their doctrine upon their possession of the Holy Spirit, and prove what they teach partly by the Old Testament, partly by authentic traditions concerning Christ (1 Cor. xi. 23; xv. 3—7). If, therefore, occasional references are made to their own epistles (1 Cor. v. 9; 2 Cor. vii. 8; 2 Thess. ii. 15, &c.), they do not mean to declare their writings, as such, sacred, or, by desiring them to be read, to have them placed in the same category with the Old Testament writings. Thiersch, indeed, thinks —though upon internal grounds—that the natural activity of the early churches and their leaders led to the formation of the original canon, during the first century, by a simple unanimous recognition of the authenticity of the several books, not by a synod or formal law. But whilst we concede that the Apostolic age was productive and constitutive as compared with the more conservative period which succeeded, it does not necessarily follow that the canon was then formed, or that it may not rather have been the work of the more conservative period. This now, as far as possible, is to be proven. We first turn to what is said in the 'Writings of the Apostolic Fathers' in reference to the use of the New Testament in the congregations. The assertion, that those writings often allude to a New Testament collection, and its normal character, needs limitation. Citations from New Testament epistles mostly occur without marks and without the name of the book, or the author, and cannot always be identified as Scripture quotations. Clemens Romanus (Ep. I. ad Cor. c. 47) mentions Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians; Polycarp's epistle to the Philippians alludes to Paul's to them; Ignatius to the Ephesians to Paul's to them. In other cases we find, ordinarily, only a silent use of the quotation, or an indefinite form of citation; the most remarkable that of Polycarp, in which a passage from Ephesians is quoted according to the Latin translation. Gieseler's inference that the Apostolic Fathers in these cases cite merely from oral tradition, seems natural. But, if even written sources be assumed, we cannot certainly affirm that any particular passage is quoted from our present canon; or, if even that were claimed, the existence of a collection, or canonical dignity for it, cannot be assumed. The most that can be ascertained is, that the collocation of Old Testament with New Testament passages seems a bridge, over which the idea of canonicity passed from the Old Testament to the New Testament Scriptures.

But we have seen that the Apostolic Fathers furnished positive evidence of the existence of a New Testament collection. That a complete collection—with canonical authority—is not to be thought of, is confirmed by the fact that Justin quoted other Gospels as canonical.

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Whether Semisch has proven that Justin also used the gospel of the Hebrews, &c., may be doubted. But, if his variations and additions are even to be attributed to oral traditions, the canonical dignity of the ἀπομνημονεύματα would only be lessened. An essential reason for the non-existence of New Testament scriptures with canonical authority lay in the high value still attached to living tradition, as preserved in disciples of the Apostles, and to the supposed sufficiency of the Old Testament as a norm of faith. Thus, Papias (Eusebius H. E., 3, 39): οὐ γὰρ τὰ ἐκ τῶν βιβλίων τοσοῦτόν με ὠφελεῖν ὑπελαμβανον ὅσον τὰ παρὰ ζώσης φωνῆς καὶ μενούσης. Papias unquestionably alludes to the gospels, and not to productions of his own times. So Hegesippus (Eusebius H. E IV. 22) finds the orthodoxy of the church in its adherence to the law, the prophets, and to Christ, but never refers to the Apostolic writings as a norm. Of the same bearing is the fact, that Melito (Eusebius, IV. 26) was greatly concerned for the Old Testament canon, but not for the New Testament (Weber, 'Beitrage, z. Gesch. d. N. Test. Kanon); but too much must not be drawn from the statement of Eusebius. It seems, therefore, the want of a New Testament canon was not definitely felt. But peculiar difficulties lay in the way of forming a canonical collection, occasioned by the absence of ecclesiastical confederation and union, so that the single collections were rather made by individuals or single congregations; and these would severally be characterised by the divers tendencies of Jewish and Gentile Christians. Some strong pressure was needed to bring the church to the formation of a definite canonical collection. The heretical, and especially the Gnostic movements of the second century, furnished this (Reuss, 'Gesch. d. hist. Shrift d. New Test., § 566;' see 'Gnosis'). It is absurd, however, to say that Marcion made the first attempt at forming a New Testament canon, as his treatment of the Scriptures he quoted proves that he attached no divine character to them. Marcion's collection, therefore, does not merit the critical importance recently ascribed to it. The fact that the Gnostics, instead of assailing the authority of the New Testament scriptures, adopted a more pernicious course, is said to furnish evidence of the existence of a fixed canon. But it was not their interest to attack the genuineness of those Scriptures in which they rather sought a μαρτυρία of their doctrines. Their conduct, consequently, only proves the existence of those Scriptures; that they were not then first written, but not that of a fixed canon; for, if this had been fixed, how could they have produced and remodelled gospels as they did? If then these heretical movements caused the relative position of the church towards the New Testament scriptures to change, who can wonder at it? Not that orthodox teachers now began to regard those Scriptures more highly, still less to gather them; but the abuse of them led them more clearly to see their value, and to place them under the canonicity of the Old Testament. Th arbitrary manner in which Apostolic writings were treated and Apocrypha forged, led them more rigidly to separate and keep together what was original and genuine. This object was clearly

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promoted by the gradual consolidation of the church and its transition to Catholicism. And yet it is questionable whether this placing of Apostolic writings on the same level with the Old Testament, and thus their canonization, was the result of a blunting of the contradiction between Jewish and Gentile Christians, and of the obscuration of the antithesis between letter and spirit, as well as the dispelling of the difference between the Old and New Testament revelation.

That the canonizing of the New Testament scriptures was not the work of an express convention of prominent men in the church, is self-evident. The process obviously started simultaneously from different points, although Asia Minor (Reuss, l. c. § 298) may have been specially active; but the unanimity of the result sprang not merely from the living outward union between the chief churches, but from the internal necessity of the case. To ridicule the idea that the church should suddenly, as by inspiration, have come to a clear understanding in regard to the canon, or that some spiritual instinct came to its help, is wrong. An instinct it doubtless was, but the instinct of truth, in which an overruling Providence conceals himself, which, amid all seeming chance and in spite of all human error, leads the church onward in true knowledge. This view of the Christian certainly possesses more internal probability and historical reliability, than the supposition of a primitive canon formed by Apostolic sanction, a theory, which, however palpable, is historically impalpable, and merely floats as a *mouche volante* before the sickly eye of eager criticism.

The general fact that the notion of canonicity now passed over to the New Testament scriptures, is undeniable. The gospel canon was undoubtedly first fixed on account of its greater importance for the church. With the other New Testament scriptures it was otherwise. But the Acts, thirteen Epistles of Paul, one of Peter, one of John, and the Apocalypse, are chiefly quoted as Apostolical, whilst they waver as to the epistle to the Hebrews; and 2 Peter, 3 John and James are not expressly cited, and the citations of 2 John and Jude leave it doubtful whether they were in the collection. But, in order to form a correct judgment concerning this collection, we must take notice of another phenomenon—the frequent use, both for doctrinal proof and public lessons, of non-apostolic writings. We will not premise Justin's appeal to the Sibylline oracles and the Hystaspes (Cohort. ad Græc., and Apol. I. 'Comp. Semisch's Justin,' I. 224; II. 208), as according to the idea then prevalent of the universality of prophecy; those books may not have been regarded as sacred. More significant is the citation of books written within the church, but not Apostolical, as 'Shepherd Hermas,' by Irenæus (Euseb. V. 8), with the formula: καλῶς εἶπεν ἡ γραφή, and by Clemens Alexandrinus in like manner. Clemens Alexandrinus calls the author of the epistle of Barnabas, and Clemens Romanus the author of the epistles to the Corinthians, Apostles. It is remarkable, also, that Clemens Alexandrinus commented (Euseb. VI. 14) on the epistles of Jude and Barnabas, as canonical scriptures, though in other works he may show his sense of a difference between

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genuine canonical writings and others, as in the case of the Gospel of the Egyptians (Strom. III. 436). Tertullian is more cautious than the Greek fathers, but even he vindicates the book of Enoch as an inspired *judaica literatura*. The public use of non-apostolic writings also characterises this period. Dionysius of Corinth notifies the Romans (Euseb. IV. 23) that at Corinth the epistles of their Bishops Clemens and Soter are read to the congregation on Sunday; but this may have been done simply for their local allusions. And yet the first epistle of Clemens to the Corinthians was ranked nearer to the canon than any non-canonical books (Euseb. III. 16); it was included in the Codex Alexandrinus of the New Testament, and reckoned among the New Testament scriptures in the 'Apostolica Constitution,' canon 85. The only just conclusion, therefore, is, that the idea of canonical dignity had not yet become so exclusive. The same fact underlies the doctrinal use made of non-apostolic writings by the fathers. Though these may be called 'writings,' they still distinguished them from Apostolic writings; in a word, the fathers drew from a twofold source—Scripture and written tradition. This leads us to another question: *Upon what principles the Fathers of this period fixed the canon.* If we look at facts unprepossessed, we must admit that oral tradition of Christian truth—as obtaining in the church and comprehended in the rule of faith—constituted the first rule for determining the value of existing Scriptures. Of course, as the true doctrines were only those delivered by the Apostles, those scriptures which were written by the Apostles, or by apostolic men, were regarded as the principal witnesses of those doctrines; and this not merely because they were immediately taught by Christ, or were eye and ear-witness of his works and words, but chiefly because they were inspired. The canonicity was determined by their apostolicity. But how could apostolic origin be ascertained? It is one-sided to affirm, only by a dogmatic rule, which decided whether the book contained the apostolic truth believed and taught by the church; it is one-sided to deny an Irenæus all historical judgment and value, only because he says much that seems insipid, playful, and unhistorical, and happened to be no modern critic. But it would be still more one-sided to disregard the fact, that the first thing was not historical criticism and learned investigation, which indeed was not always possible, but the acceptance upon doctrinal evidence of writings which cannot be assumed to have been delivered by the Apostles. But this decision, according to dogmatic evidence, is also qualified by its subordination to living traditional truth as it obtained in the church.

We have now followed the history of the canon to the period in which it assumes a firmer, though by no means an accurately defined and fixed form. It remains to follow its gradual construction upon the basis thus laid. The first historical data, regarding the development of the canon, are furnished by the ancient Syrian version of the New Testament, the 'Peschito,' which contains, besides the books cited as canonical by Irenæus, Tertullian, and Clemens Alexandrinus,

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the epistles of James and Hebrews, but omits the Apocrypha. Cosmas Indicopleustes (A.D. 560) also reports that the Syrian church had only 1 Peter, 1 John, and James in the 'Peschito;' and the Nestorian metropolitan Ebed Jesu (A.D. 1020), adds, that 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, Jude, and the Apocrypha, were not in the 'Peschito;' so that their being in the Bodleian MS. Peschito and in a Leyden MS., proves nothing. Hug's opinion, that, though originally in the 'Peschito,' they were omitted in the fourth century, is untenable. The exclusion of the Apocrypha from the 'Peschito' may be variously explained, but especially by a dogmatic antipathy which then already existed, and was afterwards cherished by many Antiochian theologians. The admission of Hebrews arose from the presumption that Paul was its author, and that of James from a mistake which ascribed the three Catholic Epistles to the three witnesses of the Transfiguration. The importance of the 'Peschito,' for our purpose, must not be underrated. Its admission of the scriptures named presupposes their general acceptance by the church, as being of undoubted apostolic origin. On the same ground, another collection, the 'Muratorian Canon' (discovered early last century in the 'Ambrosiana,' in Milan, by Muratori, first published in his 'Antiq. Ital. Medii Ævi,' t. iii., p. 854; see Guericke, 'Einl. in's N. T.,' 589), would be important for us as springing from the church in Rome, were not its text so irremediably corrupt. It distinctly names the Gospels of Luke and John, Acts, thirteen Epistles of Paul, two of John, Jude, and the Apocrypha, but has no trace of James. Some have tried, but with doubtful success, to find 1 Peter and Hebrews in this canon (Comp. Hug, Guericke, Thiersch, p. 385). The absence of Matthew and Mark is easily explained, as the text indicates a chasm, and Luke is designated as the third gospel. These Muratorian fragments probably belong to A.D. 170—180, or a somewhat later period; and many things in the text point to Rome as the place where the catalogue originated, even if the catalogue was originally written in Greek. That Caius, a presbyter in Rome, A.D. 200, was its author, as Muratori argues, is contradicted by Caius' opinion concerning the Apocalypse; Bunsen ascribes it to Hegesippus. But all this gives us the judgment of only one church, which would be important as harmonizing with the rest, and as furnishing the oldest catalogue of accredited books.

If we descend to the third century, after the time of Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement Alexandrinus—Origen is the most important source of information. His eminent qualifications for the critical study of our subject, and his deep interest in it, give great weight to his opinions. But, in order to determine correctly the value of those opinions, we must keep in mind his ecclesiastical and theological stand-point. Origen declares most decidedly that, in reference to the Holy Scriptures, we must follow the tradition of the church, over which Providence seems to have watched. He always adheres to those New Testament scriptures which were recognised by the church, though sometimes expressing an opposite critical opinion. He expresses his opinion regarding all the New Testament scriptures, and

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sets down the Apostles and the whole twenty-seven subsequently canonized books, as '*dejectores* of *omnes idolatricæ machinæ et philosophorum dogmata*,' and thus seems to assume the New Testament canon as complete; and yet, in other places, he refers explicitly to the wavering character of tradition regarding some New Testament books. But what position does Origen maintain in reference to other non-apostolic writings? This question is especially proper, as he has been charged with honouring such writings with canonical respect; thus, he calls the epistle of Barnabas a 'Catholic circular.' The term *Catholic*, however, may simply refer to its circulation. He nowhere places Barnabas on an eqality with Apostolic writings. His citing a passage from 'Actis Pauli' as the words of Christ (t. in Joh. xx. 522), does not prove an acknowledgment of the book, since he refers 'be expert money-changers' also to Christ. In regard to the apocryphal gospels, he is more cautious than his teacher Clemens, and pronounces them not inspired. His favourable opinion of Hermas, however, which he calls an inspired and useful book, may seem strange, but he also cites it as φερομένα μὲν ἐν τὺ ἐκκλησία γραφὴ οὐ παρὰ πᾶσι δὲ ὁμολογουμένη θεῖα εἶναι. It does not follow, therefore, that he reckoned them with the canon; he rather distinctly separates from them those Apostolic writings which form the canon of true doctrine, and which he, like Clemens, included under Gospel and Apostles, designating these with the Old Testament ἡ διαθήκη, and the books belonging hereto τὰ ἐνδιαθήκα. And if he speaks of other inspired books besides these, it may be understood as meaning that he regarded them as a second source of divine wisdom, but also that the principle of tradition was considered by him, as partly by Clemens, a διαδοχὴ τοῦ πνεύματος (t. in Joh. xxxii. 420, 431). Indeed, Origen makes a similar distinction among the books of the Bible, setting up a canon within a canon (t. in Joh. i. 4), giving preference to passages in which God and Christ speak. This, in Redepennig's opinion (Origen, i. 252), was the beginning of the later distinction between the Scriptures and the word of God. Altogether, therefore, it will be seen that, whatever merit Origen may possess in reference to this subject, his critical studies are not as valuable as many have declared them to be.

But what position did Eusebius occupy in regard to these writings? Does he give his own critical judgment, or only the prevailing view in the church? Primarily, of course, he reports—as a historian—the sentiments of those of whom he writes; but, at the same time, he expresses thereby his own views. But the relation of these opinions of his to tradition and the judgment of the church must be carefully ascertained. Because he carefully weighs the historical evidence at hand, and exercises some critical judgment, we dare not stamp him a critic of modern cast, his criticisms concern only the facts touching the judgment and usage of the church, so far as he desired to present them faithfully. But whether he sought, or was able, to subject the written and oral traditions of the church to a purely objective criticism, is another question. When tradition was unanimous, he at

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once followed it; but in cases of uncertainty and diversity, he reports accordingly, and his own opinion is the result of a fair balancing of conflicting views (Lucke, l. c. 35, &c.), and partakes of the undecided character of the traditions, as in the case of the Apocalypse (iii. 25, compared with 24, 39), and in part with Hebrews (iii. 25, comp. with 3, 14, 38. Cf. Bleek. Einl. 149). The statements of Eusebius, therefore, are valuable as setting forth the judgment of the church in his day concerning the canon, and the gradual separation which took place among the various books used for doctrine and edification. This separation must have changed the position of Eusebius' middle class, which left the idea of canon and canonical undefined. Those books (antilegomena) which seemed entitled to a place in the higher class, and grew in favour on account of their authorship and public use, gradually attached themselves to the canon. After A.D. 350, a definite term, 'canonical,' was introduced to express the idea involved in the above separation of the different classes of scriptures.

In the Latin Church, the New Testament canon acquired a fixed character about the close of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century. At first it was affected by the doubts of the Greek Fathers, as in the case of Hilary of Pictav. (A.D. 368), who does not cite the five disputed Catholic Epistles. How far the doubts concerning 2nd and 3rd John, and 2nd Peter, and Jude, which Jerome mentions, were entertained by the Latin Fathers, cannot be determined. Of special importance is the peculiar position of Jerome, and then of Augustine, towards the canon. Jerome seemed abundantly qualified to investigate the subject scientifically. But he aimed far more at extensive knowledge than scientific accuracy. He, furthermore, lacked the character and courage necessary to enable him to oppose erroneous traditions and popular opinions; and he seemed anxious to preserve his credit for orthodoxy. He consequently mediated between the views and customs of the Greek and Latin churches. He seems to assume quite independent ground, affirming, that, in reference to Hebrews, he did not follow the *consuetudo latinorum*, nor, in reference to the Apocrypha, the Greek Fathers. The doubts regarding the assailed Catholic Epistles he names, but does not seem to adopt them.

Augustine differs from Jerome in being decided and consistent, in following tradition implicitly, but still, in accordance with his theological views and tastes. All that the Church has delivered to us as apostolic writings are to be retained as canonical. Only in reference to Hebrews he expresses doubt, because it was suspected by the Eastern Church, and remarks: 'Magis me movet auctoritas eccles. orient., quæ hanc quoque in canon. habent.' His *indecision* in sometimes citing it as Paul's, and again as the work of another person, concerned only the authorship, not the canonical dignity of the Epistle. Beyond this, the *dubia* does not trouble him; for it is not the testimony of the Church, or of churches, but his conviction of the agreement of the contents with the Catholic faith, which decides for him the canonicity of the Scriptures. Augustine's opinion ac-

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quires importance, because his influence and name secured its adoption by the Church. The Council of Hippo (A.D. 393) confirmed the twenty-seven books of the New Testament. The Council of Carthage (A.D. 397) reiterated this decision, excepting that it has 'Epistola Pauli, numero XIV.,' whilst the Council of Hippo says, 'Pauli ap. Ep. XIII., ejusdem una ad Hebr.' This decision was confirmed by Innocent of Rome a few years later, which was followed by a decree, ascribed to the Roman bishop, Gelasius. Thus, in the West, also, the canon was formally concluded. The opinion of many Romish theologians, that this did not establish an official canon of Revelation, but only one for ecclesiastical lections, is based upon an erroneous distinction, one which Augustine especially did not recognise.

This leads us to a more general consideration of the mutual relation of the Greek and Latin Churches in their completion of the canon. The Latin Church showed less critical judgment than the Greek Church, by admitting the Apocrypha into the Old Testament, and thus abolishing the previous distinction of *ecclesiastica* and *canonica scripta*, and putting the impress of canonicity upon whatever seemed edifying, and had become sacred by long use in the church; whilst the Greek Church admitted those books only whose Divine origin could be legitimized, although, in the case of the New Testament, it overcame its doubts concerning the antilegomena, in consequence of their use in public lections, and also of a feeling that the antilegomena, in their contents, stood nearer to the canonical Scriptures than the Old Testament apocrypha. Concerning the order in which the primitive Church places the New Testament scriptures, we shall offer but few remarks, referring the reader to special articles in the Encyclopedia. The gospels, which were first placed together, were arranged chronologically—Matthew first, and John last; Mark preceded Luke—Irenæus, Origen, Jerome, and Augustine affirming its chronological priority. But sometimes they are arranged according to their official rank, viz., Matthew and John before Luke and Mark. Acts is generally ranked with the Gospels as the last historical book, but is sometimes found in other positions. The Catholic Epistles mostly follow Acts in Greek writers; the Latins, on the contrary, as Jerome, Augustine, &c., place Paul's epistles first. The position of Hebrews is least fixed. The order of Paul's epistles also varies; Marcion seems to have adopted what he thought a chronological arrangement, but subsequently they were arranged—though not uniformly—according to the rank of the party addressed. The order of the Catholic Epistles, also, is not always the same—Jude is generally last; the Greeks place James before Peter, the Latins the reverse.

Resuming the history of the canon, we find that during the trasition-period to the middle ages, from A.D. 550—1200, there was neither disposition nor power to change the Church's position in regard to the canon. Not only single individuals, like Cosmas (A.D. 535), Junilius (550), Isidore of Seville (636), Nicephorus of Constantinople (828), stirred up the old doubts, whilst John of Damascus reckoned

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the Apostolic canons with the adopted twenty-seven books; but even synods, like that of Aix-la-Chapelle (A.D. 789), fell back upon the canon of Laodicea, omitting the Old Testament apocrypha and the Apocalypse. But the practical effect of all this amounted to little, since during this period the Bible and its use yielded more and more to tradition.

The Reformation imparted new interest to the idea of the canon, by adopting the principle that in matters of faith and practice, Divine authority—exclusive of all human dicta—must be the ruling norm, and such authority can be ascribed only to the pure word of God. Reasons for this are also given in some Reformed symbols. In such matters, however, the Church possesses no authority to frame doctrine, but merely to decide upon historical evidence, or, at most, to express its doctrinal views, but does not thereby acknowledge any authority of the Church, or of tradition, but merely assumes the canonicity as a *concessum*, without affirming on what it rests. On the whole, the old position, occupied by the abandoned church, was maintained. If that church based the canonicity of the New Testament books far less upon historical evidence of their Apostolic origin than upon their Apostolic contents and agreement with the rule of faith, and thus gradually overcame doubts affecting the antilegomena, the Protestant Church assumed a similar position by making the testimony of the Holy Spirit the criterion of canonicity, but placed the matter on a safer footing by making the Church stand back in such things, and binding the testimony of the Spirit to the word, which must thus legitimize itself. It is true, full *scientific* certainty and proof were not thus obtained until the *analogy of faith* in the application of this criterion was objectively confirmed, and until, on the other hand, it was corroborated by historical proofs of the origin of the respective books. This last point, especially, was involved in the very principle of Protestantism upon this subject.

This position was also recognised and observed by the leading men of the Reformation. Luther assumes especially the dogmatic ground, making the canonicity of a book depend upon the evidence it bears of Christ, and the doctrine of justification by faith. Hence he does not reckon Hebrews, James, Jude, and the Apocrypha, among the principal books. His unfavourable opinion of James was expressed in the solution (1519) of the Leipsic theses. In 1522, he expressed himself more mildly, but urges external critical objections to James being its author. But in 1524, he pronounced it an epistle of straw. His objections to Hebrews, and his acknowledgment of the excellent things it contains touching Christ's priesthood, he balances by ascribing it to a disciple of the Apostles. It is remarkable that Luke does not mention 2 and 3 John, and 2 Peter, among the principal books, but still he does not reject them. As, however, he admitted the said books into his version, he ascribed to them at least a second place in the canon.

Luther's attack upon James' epistle, called forth 'Carlstadt's de Can. Script.,' Vit. 1520, which possesses some merit, but did not help

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the matter much. He chides Luther's arbitrary treatment of the New Testament scriptures, fearing that the canon as delivered will be thus broken to pieces, and insists upon making the decision of the primitive Church the rule of canonicity. Mainly, he adopts the canon of Jerome, in opposition to that of Augustine. In spite of Carlstadt's protest, the doubts awakened by Luther against the above-named books found sympathy among his followers, as with Melanchthon in the Magdeburg, with Flacius, and especially with Chemnith, who firmly adheres to the distinction between canonical and apocryphal writings, and even refuses at once to consider all the New Testament scriptures as canonical; and hence adduces all the *dubia* concerning the New Testament antilegomena; and further shows, how unjustifiable it was for the Council of Trent to settle doubts by a mere fiat.

The Reformed symbols include in their catalogue of canonical scriptures the New Testament antilegomena, thus placing them beyond doubt. Zwingli, at the Berne disputation, pronounced the Apocalypse no Biblical book, but Hebrews canonical, even though Paul was not the author, as true believers knew through the Spirit. Calvin, on the contrary, found nothing exceptional in James and Jude, thought Paul was not the author of Hebrews, nor Peter, 2nd Peter, but allowed nothing derogatory to their canonical dignity, and cited the Apocalypse as canonical. Beza agreed with Calvin. Later orthodox Lutheran theologians also adopted this view. The Reformed theologians do not notice the distinction made by the Lutherans. Although in this way the primitive critical spirit was slumbering, the principle that the Divine and not the human author of the book was the principal thing, was relatively modified in deciding upon the canon and canonicity, even if the question as to human authorship may not be disregarded. The defectiveness, in this respect, of the early Protestant doctrine concerning the canon, will appear if we briefly consider on what they based the canonical character of a book. The canonical authority of the Holy Scriptures rests, objectively, on the fact that they were given by the Holy Spirit; and subjectively, on the testimony of the Holy Spirit, since all internal and external criteria only establish *fidem humanam*, not *divinam*. Protestants maintained this against Romanists, who made the authority of the Bible dependent on the decision of the Church.

The importance thus attached to the witnessing and judgment of the primitive Church, by no means implies its infallibility, but merely its external and internal qualifications for bearing reliable testimony. Thus far the case may seem very simple: but difficulties arise in particular applications. It has been asked, whether the opinion of the older Lutheran theologians is that each person must attain to the Divine faith in regard to every single book of the Bible; in opposition whereto most theologians speak of the testimony of Scriptures, only when inquiring into the ground of a *fides divina*. Chemnitz does not mention the testimony of Scriptures in regard to particular books. The views of our theologians, therefore, do not seem clearly settled

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(Schmid, 'Luth. Dagmatik,' 3, Aufl. p. 59). It was observed above that the principle that canonicity is determined by the Divine, not human authorship, is relatively right, so that a free course is opened for historical criticism. Schleiermacher may therefore say,—'Die Authentie d. Schrift besteht nicht darin, dasz jedes Buch von d. Person herrühre, der es beigelegt wird, sondern darin, dasz in den von d. Kirche überlieferten Kanon nicht Bestandtheile aufgenommen wurden, welche einer häretischen oder apocryphischen Richtung angehören. Die kritischen Fragen müssen d. grösszten Freiheit u. strengsten Gewissenhaftigkeit anvertraut werden.' The question concerning the *auctor secundarius*, therefore, is not so unimportant as some orthodox Protestant theologians seem to regard it; for canonical, inspired, and apostolical, are interchangeable ideas; and inspiration, according to Protestants, is limited to the period and circle of the Apostles and of Apostolic men. And that this historical question possesses essential importance for the establishment of the canon and of canonicity, is clear, since the dogmatic opinion concerning a book must find, not only its confirmation, but restraining curbs in the testimony of history. This appears in the fate of the Apocalypse, which vindicated its claims on historical ground against doctrinal objections.

The state of the canon in the Church of Rome may be briefly stated. The Council of Trent confirmed the Augustinian-Carthaginian canon, smote down all doubts (even now yet not quite silenced) by the decree of Sess. IV. 8, in which it stamps the impress of œcumenical authority upon all the books named, including the earlier antilegomena. This forbade all further doubt, and critical investigations were allowed no further than to confirm the Church's decree, and are unnecessary. The decrees of Trent immediately displayed their reflex influence upon the Greek Church in its canonization of the Old Testament. The Swedenborgians hold, in regard to the New Testament, the four Gospels and the Apocalypse alone to be inspired, and, therefore, canonical, and place the other books in a secondary rank, according to the grade of inspiration. Critical investigations possess no value for them.

Mr. Gosse and his Guesses.*

For many years past Mr. Gosse has been a special favourite with us; we mean as a pleasant companion in book readings on natural history. With him we have rambled through *Canada*, and found it a far finer country than we imagined in its dreaded cold climate. More enjoya-

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* Omphalos; an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., with fifty-six illustrations on wood. London: Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

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bly still have we read that charming book of his, entitled 'A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica,' and can verify that none of its pictures are over-coloured, nor its descriptions of West Indian life overstrained. With him we have had our 'Rambles on the Devonshire Coast,' in which the 'things innumerable of the great and wide sea' are described and painted with exquisite beauty. Nor must we omit 'The Aquarium, or Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea,' bringing back to us our boyish recollections of, and wanderings about, that too much neglected, but most beautiful seaport, Weymouth, eclipsed, alas, by the flunkeyism of Margate and Ramsgate, or by cheap trips and low company everywhere; and to this list must be added, 'Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday,' which, last year, received such high praise from our somewhat splenetic contemporary, the 'Athenæum.' In all these works of Mr. Gosse's prolific pen, to say nothing of his lighter contributions to our serial literature, and books, apparently written to order, for certain religious publishing societies, no one could fail to be struck with their high aims and strong peculiarities. So accurate an observer, so patient an investigator, so thorough a disdainer of mud, rain, wind, wave or tide, where any new 'sea-beast' or sea-weed could be found, so genuine a lover of his amphibious toils, and withal so truly Christian a philosopher, we certainly have found nowhere else. We cannot give too high praise to the books whose names and characteristics we have thus rapidly mentioned, nor can we wish for any one visiting our sea-coast, man or woman, boy or girl, supposing such an one goes there for some higher purpose than to sport the last fashion, or to lounge over the last love-sick novel, and seeks some better *recreation* than can be found in the saloon of 'The Crown,' or the conversation rooms of the lady's promenade, a better guide and a pleasanter companion than our best marine zoologist, Mr. Gosse. The sea-side has a new charm as each wave rolls up a new marvel, and *sea-weed* is transformed into sea-*flowers* of exquisite beauty, beneath the magic touch of the revealer of their life and functions. That jelly-shaped sea anemone that just now our children were afraid to touch, is become a 'dear,' and a 'love,' and 'such a beauty,' as they go to Mr. Gosse and learn its habitat and habits; and our once tidy parlour is already transformed into a small museum of marine zoology, whilst the young people prepare their aquarium for a 'heap of live things from the sea,' as the housemaid calls them, to play therein, or to pass through their transformations.

Oh, Mr. Gosse, why didn't you leave well alone? We have been obliged to read 'Omphalos,' for the obvious purpose that compels us to write this article, but we must hide it from our boys and girls, or they will think that many aquaria have made you mad, and they will be afraid to go to the sea-side with you next summer in those classes you are forming for the purpose. Certainly, without a medical certificate, we should hesitate to allow our interesting eldest daughter, or either of our talented sons, to be under the daily tuition of a gentleman who can write 'Omphalos,' and call it an attempt to '*untie* the geological knot.' Some ancient, we believe, *cut* another knot, called the Gordian; but Mr. Gosse's attempt beats everything we ever met

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with in rash madness and silly impotence. Here is a Christian gentleman—for Mr. G. is one of that select circle who roll up both sexes into one and call themselves Plymouth *brethren*—who, in his 'Omphalos,' gives us another most amusing, but most ridiculous phase of the Pharisaic and pretentious tendencies of this silly and sentimental segment of religious life. In *religion* they are to all existing denominations what the Tsetze fly is in Africa: it never attacks *wild* beasts, it reserves its strength for the *domesticated* animals. So our friends of this curious ilk never think of City Arabs or of Central Africans; their sphere is nearer home; where Christian men and women do already congregate there they go, and 'compass sea and land to make one proselyte'—not worth much before, and worth nothing after; and then, at the top of their voice, they shout, 'The temple of the Lord are *we*.'

They bear the same relation to philosophy. Of science, many of them (*e. g.* Mr. Gosse) know much; of philosophy, they know nothing; facts, they can patiently accumulate; deductions, they are unable to make; they can see, but they cannot think; they can describe, but they cannot classify; they have plenty of analytic power; of synthetic, they are helpless as a baby. And having accumulated a mighty series of details, they turn round in logic, on

'Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools,'

and, in geology, on Sedgwick, Buckland, Pye Smith, Lyell, and Ansted, as tolerably clever, but wanting sadly in the key to the wards of a different lock, or, as we should express it, in the knife that can cut the knot geological or knot any-ological.

But it is time we said something about 'Omphalos.' Mr. Gosse, we presume, means the Circle, and quotes, as a Christian man, old Aristotle as a motto, to suggest and authenticate his strange and wild theory.

Αυξάνεται δὲ τὰ ζῶα πάντα, ὅσα ἴχει ὀμφαλόν,
διὰ τοῦ ὀμφαλοῦ.

There *is*, as our readers know, a very real geological *knot*, and one that a good many people have tried to untie. To a certain extent it *is* untied, and though many difficult and perplexing facts still remain, yet, for all scientific and theological purposes, we have long rested quietly on the conclusions of such men as those already named. Here is the 'knot.' We examine the crust of the earth very carefully, and come to the conclusion that it is of a certain and very limited thickness, as compared with the earth's entire diameter of 8,000 miles. We find it composed of two kinds of rocks, the igneous and aqueous, or unstratified and stratified; *i. e.* those formed by the action of *fire* and those formed by the action of *water*. In the igneous rocks we find no traces of organic structure; no fossils of any kind whatever. Who has ever found a fossil in the granite,

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.or instance? But in the stratified or sedimentary rocks we find fossils in the greatest abundance; some of them requiring a lens to be revealed, so minute are these fossil curiosities; others, the remains of great huge beasts and reptiles whose bones and jaws fill us with strange awe and horror. On a closer examination other facts reveal themselves, which, to make our future course intelligible, we must briefly indicate. These water-made, or sedimentary, or stratified rocks are, in the first place, all in a certain order; we can tell which comes first and which is last; they are not always perfect in their *series*, some may be wanting; but they are always perfect in *order*. If it be not always 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c.—if 3 or 5 have dropped out, the other numbers maintain their relative positions. But what is more remarkable—to the young student of geology it has often a most surprising effect—there is an ascending scale in these fossils as we rise from the lowest to the highest strata of these sedimentary rocks. At the very bottom we find crustaceous, such as trilobites; a little higher, fishes (such as Hugh Miller, in his 'Old Red Sand-Stone,' has described with such vigour and poetry); a little higher we come to the remains of great monstrous giants of air-breathing reptiles, fellows that could stretch across Oxford-street, or take in a dragoon, cap and all, at a bite; these in turn go out of the old world, or seem to go out at least, as we have none of them left now; and then as we rise higher we find huge mammals, to whom a good sized elephant would be little larger than a terrier; these perish, and then comes man, the immortal, intelligent, and responsible creature, priest of a magnificent temple, and lord of a glorious palace.

But there is a third peculiarity: these fossiliferous remains are never mixed. The fossils of the mountain limestone are not found in the seas; nor the fossils of the oolite in the old red sandstone; nor the fossils of the chalk in the tertiary system. So that whenever we go into a district and ascertain its geological character, we know to a certainty the fossils we shall discover before we light on any one of them; besides which, these fossils are not only all arranged in perfect order, but they are all in exquisite preservation; the minute spines on the echinus, or the delicate tidal mark and the shells of the oolite, the beautiful fronds of the fossil fern, or the marks on the stigmaria ficoides, all being as patent to the eye as they would have been when in luxurious life, they had their joy of being in (as we presume) the pre-Adamite earth. But this is to anticipate. Please, courteous reader, to obliterate that last piece about the 'pre-Adamite earth.' All these facts Mr. Gosse admits, and then he propounds the knot. Here are the fossils, numerous, different, and most perfect. How did they come into the crust of the earth? 'Shall we accept the *antediluvian* or the *diluvian* stratification? The six *ages* or the six *days* of creation? The irruptions of internal fire that occurred chiliads *before man was made?* Those during his protracted *paradisaic state*, or those at the time of the Flood? The extension of the Mosaic record to *universal nature*, or its limitation to a region of *South Western Asia?*' (P. 28.)

So Mr. Gosse states the question; we don't suppose he means it unfairly, but our readers will observe that all the theories that have

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been propounded for the reconciliation of geological facts with Scripture statements, are all jumbled together as if of equal credit, although we presume Mr. Gosse knows that no geologist of past or present celebrity has adopted either the 'antediluvian, or diluvian, or paradisaical' theories. Hugh Miller's 'six ages' is believed in only by a minority, and those not our first-class geologists; while the prevalent conviction, as established by the reasonings and deductions of the most learned and Christian men England has ever possessed, is, that these fossils, vast and innumerable, are all of them *pre-Adamite*, not placed there by 'irruptions of internal *fire*,' (no, Mr. Gosse, that's another bit of dishonesty) but certainly deposited there 'chiliads of ages' 'before Adam delved and Eve span.'

This theory vexes and perplexes Mr. Gosse.

It is contrary to 'the plain statement' of Scripture; for Scripture* says in 'six days God created the heavens and the earth,' and these days, therefore, were not ages, nor could there have been any ages before the six days. Well, then, how did the fossils get there? Listen to our Newton in the worlds below. 'I venture to suggest in the following pages an element, hitherto overlooked, which disturbs the conclusions of geologists respecting the antiquity of the earth. Their calculations are sound on the recognised premises; *but they have not allowed for the Law of Prochronism in Creation.*'

That law Mr. Gosse develops or enunciates on pages 124 and 347; and we will quote his own expression of the law of Prochronism, lest we should be unintentionally unjust:—

'Perhaps it will help to clear my argument if I divide the past developments of organic life, which are necessarily, or at least legitimately, inferrible from present phenomena, into two categories, separated by the violent act of creation. Those unreal developments whose apparent results are seen in the organism at the moment of its creation, I will call *prochronic*, because time was not an element in them; while those which have subsisted since creation, and which have had actual existence, I will distinguish as *diachronic*, as occurring during time.' (Pp. 124-5.) That is, the ichthyosaurus, &c., are *prochronic*, not pre-Adamite; but man is *diachronic*, because '*time was an element*' in his creation. This is step the first towards cutting, or, as Mr. G. says, 'untying' the geological knot.

There are two chronologies in the earth's history. The 'macrochronology' and the 'brachy-chronology' (long and short time, or big and little chronology, dear reader), and these shall be expounded by Mr. Gosse himself, for we feel incompetent to the task of putting it into our own words.† We have always felt the attempt to realize the

* Mr. Gosse is very funny about the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture. The author of the 'Protoplast had said "Adam was nine hundred and thirty years *old*:"' on which Mr. Gosse grows angry, and says, 'Not a word is said of Adam's being nine hundred and thirty years *old*; the plain statement is as follows:—"And all the days *that Adam lived* were nine hundred and thirty years'!!—*Note*, p. 23.

† In a note to p. 353 Mr. Gosse anticipates the effect of his theories. 'It will at first sight appear ridiculous, and will probably be represented as such; *but truth is truth.*' Undoubtedly 'truth is truth,' and theory is theory, and goose is goose. Nothing can be plainer.

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idea of *creation* most painfully difficult. To try and imagine the *becoming* of something that was not before; the starting into life, lusty and vigorous, of man, or beast, or bird, or stately tree, or arrowy cane, has always been an awful problem. We have rested gladly upon the statement of the ancient record, and there found, not the solution of our difficulties, but the ground of our faith. '*He spake, and it was: He commanded, and it stood fast for ever.*' In these words we found repose. The conditions, hard and exacting, of our *reason* might not have been satisfied, but it was 'a blessed mood of mind' to take on trust the declarations of inspired truth, and to wait for more light hereafter. 'By *faith* we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.'

Mr. Gosse is anxious to *explain* Creation. It shall no longer be 'by *faith* we understand,' but by 'Gosse we understand:' instead of all things being made of things that do *not* appear,' Paul made a mistake, at least the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews did, for all things were made of things that *do* appear, and from the Christian point of view we may believe in the eternity of matter. Let us hear the new philosophy. After saying that 'it is evident that there is no one point in the history of any single creature, which is a legitimate beginning of existence,' he adds, 'Creation solves the dilemma; creation, the sovereign fiat of Almighty power, gives us the commencing point, which we seek in vain in nature. But what is creation? *It is the sudden bursting into a circle.** . . . The life history of every organism commenced at some point or other of its circular course. It was created, called into being, in some definite stage. Possibly, various creatures differed in this respect; perhaps some began existence in one stage of development, some in another; but every separate organism had a distinct point at which it began to live. Before that point there was nothing' (except the circle into which Creation made a 'sudden bursting'); 'this particular organism had till then no existence; its history presents an absolute blank; *it was not.* The whole organisation of the creature thus newly called into existence, looks back to the course of an endless circle in the past.'

This theory Mr. G. expounds by several diagrams, which are simply large circles, in which he gives the 'endless circle' of a 'scarlet runner,' a 'fern,' a 'moth,' a 'polype,' and a 'cow.' Almost in despair of conveying Mr. G.'s notions correctly we will give one illustration of his 'endless circle,' or perpetual development, of which 'creation solves the dilemma.' Instead of Creation, read 'possibly,' and 'perhaps,' two most serviceable words in Mr. G.'s dialect.

cow

heifer	ovum
calf	germ vesicle
fœtus	embr. vesicle

embryo

* The italics are not ours. Where was the circle before creation?

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And so on for ever and ever and a day before! And from this and similar diagrams our philosopher adds in large capitals, 'Permit me, therefore, to repeat, as having been proved, these two propositions:—

'All organic nature moves in a circle.

'Creation is a violent irruption into the circle of nature.'

Mr. G. may 'repeat' this as long as he likes, or can catch ears to listen, but to talk of its '*having been proved*' that creation was rude enough to make a 'violent irruption' into nature's quiet circle, whose circumference wished creation a mighty long way off, is just so much misconception on Mr. G.'s part, arising out of that fully developed self-esteem which is so prominent a characteristic of the religious party with which he is identified.

Still there are men of science, and believers in revelation also, who want to know what are all these fossils we find in the earth; who ask, as Livingstone asked of the quarryman, 'However did these shells come into these rocks?' and are not satisfied with 'the Turk-like philosophy' that replies, 'When God made the rocks he made the shells in them.' Besides which, there are not only '*shells*' in the rocks; are there not great huge creatures, ichthyosauri, and pleisiosauri, and enaliosauri (great *lizards*, dear friends; saurians they are called by the learned, nearly as big as a church), and the megatherium and deinotherium, and lots of other theriods (great *beasts*, four-footed mammals, that could eat up a forest for dinner, and take a plantation afterwards for dessert); and frogs as big as a dining-table, and oysters, one of which would have been a meal for a large family, and fish (if Hugh Miller is to be believed) most singularly made and weapon-provided, and heaps of other things, we have them here close by us in our cabinet, 'too numerous to mention;' we say, are there not all these things, and who made them, and what were they made for? We have been accustomed to regard them as the *real* creatures whom God made in far distant periods of this earth's history, who had their term of life, fulfilled their functions, until in due course they were superseded by other orders of beings.

We find we were mistaken. These creatures never lived at all. Those marvellous eyes of the trilobite never saw the refreshing light. Those saucer-like sockets of the ichthyosaurus never gazed out of the lazy river for an incautious pterodactyle. Those coprolites are not fossil undigested food. This beautiful terebratula never had life; and this marvellously ornamented ammonite never floated on a tropic sea with its companion nautilus. All these 'were *unreal* developments, whose apparent results' we witness. 'The actual commencing point of the world's history was subsequent to the occurrence of such things in the perfect ideal whole, and hence these phenomena would appear precisely as if the facts themselves had been *diachronic* instead of *prochronic*, as was really the case.' (P. 353).

It has given great pain to write this article; personally it has been an affliction to speak so severely of the author of 'Omphalos,' who has long been our guide, philosopher, and friend, in many departments of

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natural history; but on public grounds we have felt compelled to say what we think of the pretentiousness and absurdity of the stupid theory of Creation now submitted to the judgment of the nineteenth century. If ever words without wisdom were written they are in this book; and although Mr. Gosse intends it not, his 'Omphalos' is the most recent phase of that melancholy mood of mind which overlooks a living personal God, as the true King and Lord of all things and all beings, because He is their Creator and Preserver, and which finding itself surrounded by the great difficulties with which the idea of Creation must ever be associated in our feeble minds, resorts to a theory purely arbitrary and perfectly absurd, and accounts for all the grandeur in the colossal remains of pre-Adamite ages, and all the glory of the present modern condition of our planet, by telling us that 'Creation is a violent irruption into a circle.' Mr. Gosse is a good naturalist but a poor philosopher, and this is one of his many books—we trust it will long continue to be the only one—which wise men will laugh at, sceptics rejoice in, and Christians deplore.

W. G. B.

Of John Milton's History of England.

Of the few books in our library of libraries, the *select* few of what we are afraid would be considered a rather 'miscellaneous assortment,' there is one known at a glance by its old brown sheep-skin cover and red leather title. It bears the following on its first page:—

The HISTORY of BRITAIN, That Part especially now called ENGLAND, From the first Traditional Beginning, Continu'd to the NORMAN CONQUEST. Collected out of the Antientest and Best Authours thereof by *JOHN MILTON*. The Second Edition.

London, Printed by J. M. for *Mark Pardoe* and are to be sold at the *Black Raven* over against *Bedford House*, in the *Strand*. 1678.

A priori, a book nearly two hundred years old, and that a book by John Milton, must have had a history. What old Puritan, of whose original dust not a molecule now remains, first bought it? Who was he? What was he? Where did he live? Was he married? And, did he have children? These are vitally important questions in the real—that is, the subjective history of a book, because the book is a different book as these questions are differently answered. Thus, a married man's book is worth more than a single ditto; and a book owned by a man with a family worth a great deal more than the same book would be if the man had no such gods in his household. The same rule, in fact, holds good with regard to what may be called the

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Economy of Books, as with light-houses, and furniture. The sun increases in value, in real commercial value we mean, every day; and so does the house over our heads with every child that may be born in it. On this principle, then, we decide that our copy of Milton has been a valuable book. Its first possessor bore the plebeian name of John Thomas. Puritan John had evidently a very high esteem for the object of his purchase, and so used it, as we use family Bibles, for the purpose of recording therein the events most interesting to himself and household, presuming, no doubt, that the book would go down from generation to generation as a family heirloom. After informing us that this is 'his book,' and that 'the price is five shillings, 1685,' he proceeds to state, after the manner of the Hebrew Bible, by beginning at the last page, that John Thomas, junior, was borne y^e^ 21th day of March, in y^e^ year of our Lord God 1682-3,' and that 'James Thomas was borne y^e^ 2nd day of July, in y^e^ year of our Lord 1684, about 10 in y^e^ morning.' We regret to say that this is all that John Thomas communicates concerning himself and his family. We only know what we have stated, but we surmise that the old Puritan was also a man of some education and position in society. He writes not only as though he knew how to write, but as if he were quite conscious of the superiority of his caligraphy to the general handwriting of his age.

But the Puritan had two sons, and into the eldest son's hands the book before us evidently fell at the time of his sire's decease. We decide, without a doubt, that John Thomas, junior, was educated for the 'long robe,' as Lord John Russell would say. The book contains two lines in his handwriting, which re-assert the facts and circumstances of his own and his brother's births. They are written in the fine legal hand of the seventeenth century, by one who had evidently enjoyed considerable practice in bonds, mortgages, and abstracts.

Whether John Thomas, junior, followed his father's example, and entered into the bonds of matrimony, we cannot say, although perhaps some one of the writers in 'Notes and Queries' could probably inform us if we would inquire. The book, however, certainly passed out of the Thomas family, and became, sometime, we may suppose, in the reign of the third George, the property of Mr. 'Thomas Kettle,' about whom we feel no sort of interest whatever,—Thomas Kettle having had great difficulty, after making several base attempts, in writing his own name as owner of the volume. We judge that Thomas Kettle, his executors, administrators, and assigns, sold this precious volume by auction—it may have been to a bookseller, or possibly to the party whose name stands next on the cover—WILLIAM GODWIN, author of the 'Political Justice,' husband and father of Mary Wolstonecroft, and father-in-law of Shelley. To this great possessor we are inclined to attribute a few notes in the margin of the pages and on the blank spaces, notes which indicate the hand of a well-read and competent literary man. But Godwin died, and on the 18th June, 1836, Mr. Sotheby, of Pall Mall, sold his library, and with it this volume. The book again passed into the hands of strangers, and six months ago was picked up by the present writer, and bought for the price of 'an old song.'

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If the reader be at all of an imaginative or sentimental turn of mind, he will, before he proceeds further with this notice, faithfully supply all the gaps in the above history. He will imagine John Thomas and his son as they appeared in the age of the Restoration; he will see Mr. Thomas Kettle trying to write his name; he will think of Godwin's thoughts, and wonder whether little Mary Wolstonecroft ever laughed at the worn-out volume. We, ourselves, are reluctantly compelled to forego these pleasures of the imagination, and pass at once to the substance of the book.

We may, perhaps, safely assume that few of our readers have met with the work of which we intend in the following pages to give a brief account. Most of the biographers of Milton have dismissed it in brief words, and it is printed in only one or two of the numerous collected editions of the great author's prose works. Yet it is a book which contains some of the grandest thoughts of the greatest prose-writer of England. For purely historical purposes, however, it is almost valueless. No man perhaps ever wasted so much power in collecting together such a heap of rubbish as is contained in the first two books of this volume. But it is rubbish containing many jewels, which we have found to have been worth searching for, and which we think are worth re-setting for the ornament of modern literature.

We gather from Milton's correspondence, that he began his history immediately after writing his 'Observations on the Articles of Peace with Ireland.' Soon after its commencement the author was interrupted in his work by receiving the appointment of Latin secretary to Cromwell's Council of State. The discharge of the duties of this office, the noble vindications of the English people, and the troubles of the Restoration, seem to have taken up his time for many years, for it was not until 1670, only four years before his death, that the first edition of this history was published.

There can be no doubt, as Symmons states, that it was Milton's purpose, when he commenced his work, to bring the narrative down to his own times. One can hardly imagine otherwise what could have induced him to write such a history at all. Excepting in a few paragraphs it helps to do none of the work which Milton seems to have considered himself especially bound to do. It illustrates no principles of government, and confirms not a single great maxim of State policy. We shall see that it is made to bear on several of the finer laws of Justice, and the author does not seldom hesitate to turn his reflections round to his own times, and draw historical parallels by no means complimentary to the later generation, but as a history it is destitute of every quality which is now considered necessary to secure approbation or influence. If it was not written for mere amusement or relaxation, or for the poetical suggestions which it might furnish to his own mind, we can conceive of no adequate motive which the author could have had for undertaking such a laborious and comparatively profitless work. He himself, indeed, says, in writing of the pre-historic and fabulous periods of British history, that he tells the old fables,

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'if for nothing else, but in favour of our English Poets and Rhetoricians, who by their art will know how to use them judiciously,' and so suggests that his history is intended for poets rather than for statesmen. If it was so, we may express a regret that the poets have used it so sparingly. Other historians have written for statesmen with such help from the imagination that one would suppose the poets only to have been readers of history. Milton was more just, and when he wrote for poets said so, and if he wrote to please his fancy rather than his judgment, can scarcely, considering his aim, be visited with censure.

Fanciful and fabulous indeed are the tales of early British History which his industry has collected together. Not a statement of the most amusing of monkish historians does he omit to chronicle; but it is to be noted that, like the father of profane history, he by no means professes to believe all that he sets down. Beginning with the flood, he first narrates how Britain is said to have been peopled two hundred years thereafter by a fourth or sixth son of Japheth named Samothis. Two pages are devoted to this race, and then Geoffrey of Monmouth's veritable history is taken up. Milton commences to draw from this historian at the birth of Brutus (whence 'Britain'), grandson to the Æneas of Homer and the Trojan war. It may be new to some of our readers, not given to the perusal of the monkish historians, to be informed that this isle is indebted to the goddess Diana for its name, its fame, its race of kings, and the promise of its power and glory. The story runs that the Trojans, under Brutus, having been undecided what to do or where to go, requested Brutus to ask counsel of Diana. The goddess graciously replied as follows:—

> 'Brutus, far to the West, in th' Ocean wide,
> Beyond the realm of Gaul a Land there lies,
> Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
> Now void, it fitts thy people; thether bend
> Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
> There to thy Sons another Troy shall rise,
> And Kings be borne of thee, whose dredded might
> Shall aw the World, and Conquer Nations bold.'

We next come upon Magog, one of the race of giants, to whom the goddess alludes, and after a few generations to King Lear—whose story the great dramatist has raised above the immortality of history itself. The first book ends with the reign of Cassibalannus, and the promise of facts upon the high authority of Julius Cæsar himself.

Here the author wisely forsakes the guidance of the monkish historians, whom in leaving he dismisses with no very flattering compliment. 'Left,' he says, in an after part of the history,

> 'Left only to obscure and blockish Chronicles; whom *Malmsbury*, and *Huntingdon*, (for neither they than we had better Authors of those times) ambitious to adorn the History, make no scruple oft-times, I doubt, to interline with conjectures and surmises of thir own: them rather than imitate, I shall choose to represent the truth naked, though as lean as a plain journal. Yet *William of Malmsbury* must be acknowledg'd, both for stile and judgment, to be by far the best Writer of them all: but what labour is to be endur'd, turning over Volumes of Rubbish in the rest,

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Florence of *Worster*, *Huntingdon*, *Simeon* of *Durham*, *Hovedon*, *Mathew* of *Westminster*, and many others of obscurer note, with all their Monachisms, is a penance to think. Yet these are our only Registers, transcribers one after another for the most part, and sometimes worthy enough for the things they Register. This travail rather than not know at once what may be known of our Ancient Story, sifted from Fables and Impertinences, I voluntarily undergo; and to save others, if they please, the like unpleasing labour; except those who take pleasure to be all thir life time, rakeing in the Foundations of old Abbies and Cathedrals.'

'Sometimes worthy enough for the things they register.' Milton had a conceit expressed in one of the noblest passages of this history, that Providence always finds a great narrator for a great deed—an inverted expression of the fact that a great historian will naturally choose to display his skill in the narration of great events—a Gibbon choosing the Fall of the Roman Empire, a Prescott the History of Ferdinand and Isabella, a Lingard the reign of Elizabeth, a Macaulay the Revolution (stopping for ever, it is said, at that threshold of dulness, the reign of the first George), and a Carlyle the histories of Cromwell and Frederick the Great. 'For worthy deeds,' says our author, 'we are not often destitute of worthy relators. As by a certain fate, great acts and great eloquence have most commonly gone hand in hand, equalling and honouring each other in the same ages.'

'He,' he continues in the passage to which we have referred—

'He whose just and true valour uses the necessity of Warr and Dominion, not to destroy, but to prevent destruction, to bring in Liberty against Tyrants, Law and Civility among barbarous Nations, knowing that when he Conquers all things else, he cannot Conquer *Time* or *Detraction*, wisely conscious of this his want as well as of his worth not to be forgott'n or conceal'd, honours and hath recourse to the aid of Eloquence, his freindliest and best supply; by whose immortal Record his Noble Deeds, which else were transitory, becoming fixt and durable against the force of Yeares and Generations, he fails not to continue through all Posterity, over *Envy*, *Death*, and *Time*, also victorious. Therefore when the esteem of Science, and Liberal Study waxes low in the Common-wealth, wee may presume that also there all Civil Vertue, and worthy Action is grown as low to a decline: and then Eloquence, as it were consorted in the same destiny, with the decrease and fall of Vertue corrupts also and fades; at least resignes her office of relating to illiterat and frivolous Historians; such as the persons themselvs both deserv, and are best pleas'd with; whilst they want either the understanding to choose better, or the innocence to dare invite the examining and searching stile of an intelligent and faithfull Writer to the survay of thir unsound exploits, better befreinded by obscurity han Fame.'

There is one characteristic of this history which, but for the dignity of style and matchless eloquence of expression of all the writer's thoughts, would strike a modern reader as amusing. We allude to the constant cropping out of the republican and puritanic sentiments of the author. There is scarcely a paragraph in which you do not detect these shibboleths. In one place, Picts and Scots are compared with the warriors of the author's time; in another, the modern style of dress derives an illustration from the painted bodies of the ancient Britons (what would he say now?); further on, a comparison is drawn between ancient Saxon and modern Presbyterian clergy, by no means to the latter's advantage. Here are two comparative illustrations of manners and customs. 'They' [the ancient Britons], he says—

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'Painted with woad in sundrie figures to seem terrible as they thought, but pour-su'd by Enemies, not nice of thir painting to run into Bogs, worse than *wild Irish*, up to the Neck, and there to stay many daies holding a certain morsel in thir mouths no bigger than a bean, to suffice hunger; *but that receit, and the temperance it taught, is long since unknown among us.*'

A little farther on follows a similar remark :—

'Yet gallantrie they had, painting thir own skins with several Portratures of Beast, Bird, or Flower, *A Vanitie which hath not yet left us, remov'd only from the skin to the skirt behung now with as many colour'd Ribands and Gewgawes.*'

The Arian synod of the fourth century gives occasion for a not less 'odious' comparison in disparagement of the Westminster Assembly of Divines :—

'At last *Constantius* appointed a *Synod* of more than 400 Bishops to Assemble at *Ariminum* on the Emperors charges, which the rest all refusing, three only of the *British*, poverty constreining them, accepted; though the other Bishops among them offer'd to have born thir charges: esteeming it more honourable to live on the Publick, than to be obnoxious to any private Purse. *Doubtless an ingenuous mind, and far above the Presbyters of our Age; who like well to sit in Assembly on the Publick stipend, but like not the poverty that caus'd these to do so.*'

A remarkable passage of this character was expunged by the public censor from this work, which was not allowed to be printed unless the author would consent to allow the Protestant expurgators of Charles the Second's reign to have their way with his productions. It was therefore left out, and does not appear in the copy from which we have been quoting. In 1681, however, it was separately printed, and was re-admitted in its proper place into the collected edition of Milton's prose works, published by Birch in 1738. The subjects of the author's denunciations in this instance were the Long Parliament and the Westminster Assembly, towards neither of which did Milton, at any time, bear much good feeling. Symmons, one of the most devout admirers and conscientious biographers of the author, terms it one of the most spirited and brilliant 'passages of the book;' and, although a Churchman, indignantly exclaims against the 'barbarian caprice' of the licensers, which led to its exclusion. If the licensers, however, had been æsthetic instead of political inquisitors, we could understand and justify the manner in which they dealt with the obnoxious paragraphs. Who but Milton, justly indignant though he might have been, would have thought of inserting angry invectives against the political and ecclesiastical bodies of the early part of the seventeenth century into a narrative of the state of the Britons under Honorius, in A.D. 418? We could, more aptly perhaps, quote them in the 'CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR,' in1858, as containing words of a reformer and anti-state-churchman, not without profit to those who may wisely read even two hundred years after they were written. We have extracted them as they are printed in Symmons' Life. First of the Long Parliament and political immorality of those days :—

'For a parliament being called, to redr ess many things, as it was thought, the people, with great courage, and expectation to be eased of what discontented them, chose to their behoof in parliament such as they thought best affected to the public good, and some indeed men of wisdom and integrity; the rest (to be sure the

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greater part) whom wealth, or ample possessions, or bold and active ambition (rather than merit) had commended to the same place.

'But when once the superficial zeal and popular fumes that cited their new magistracy were cooled and spent in them, straight every one betook himself (setting the commonwealth behind, his private ends before) to do as his own profit or ambition led him. Then was justice delayed, and soon after denied; spight and favour determined all; hence faction and treachery, both at home and in the field; everywhere wrong and oppression; foul and horrid deeds committed daily, or maintained in secret or in open. Some who had been called from shops and warehouses, without merit, to sit in supreme councils and committees (as their breeding was), fell to huckster the commonwealth. Others did thereafter as men could sooth and humour them best; so he who would give most, or under covert of hypocritical zeal insinuate basest, enjoyed unworthily the rewards of learning and fidelity; or escaped the punishment of his crimes and misdeeds. Their votes and ordinances, which men looked should have contained the repealing of bad laws and the immediate constitution of better, resounded with nothing else but new impositions, taxes, excises, yearly, monthly, weekly; not to reckon the offices, gifts, and preferments bestowed and shared among themselves. They, in the mean while, who were faithfullest to this cause, and freely aided them in person or with their substance, when they durst not compel either, slighted and bereaved after of their just debts by greedy sequestrations, were tossed up and down after miserable attendance from one committee to another with petitions in their hands, yet either missed the obtaining of their suit, or though it were at length granted (mere shame and reason ofttimes extorting from them at least a show of justice), yet by their sequestrators and sub-committees abroad, men for the most part of insatiable hands and noted disloyalty, those orders were commonly disobeyed; which for certain durst not have been without secret compliance, if not compact with some superior able to bear them out. Thus were their friends corporate in their enemies (while they forfeited their debtors to the state, as they called it, but indeed to the ravening seizure of innumerable thieves in office); yet were withal no less burdened in all extraordinary assessments and oppressions, than those whom they took to be disaffected. Nor were we happier creditors to what we called the state, than to them who were sequestered as the state's enemies.

'For that faith which ought to have been kept as sacred and inviolable as anything holy, "the Public Faith," after infinite sums received, and all the wealth of the Church not better employed, but swallowed up into a private gulf, was not ere long ashamed to confess bankruptcy. And now besides the sweetness of bribery, and other gain, with their love of rule, their own guiltiness, and the dreaded name of Just Account, which the people had long called for, discovered plainly that there were of their own number who secretly contrived and fomented those troubles and contentions in the land, which openly they sat to remedy; and would continually find such work as should keep them from being ever brought to that terrible Stand of laying down their authority for lack of new business, or not drawing it out to any length of time, though after the ruin of a whole nation.'

Next of the Westminster Assembly, ecclesiastical corruption, and false State Churchism:—

'And if the State were in this plight, religion was not much better; to reform which a certain number of divines were called, neither chosen by any rule or custom ecclesiastical, nor eminent for either piety or knowledge above others left out, only as each member of Parliament or his prrvate fancy thought fit, so elected one by one. The most part of them were such as had preached and cried down, with great show of zeal, the avarice and pluralities of bishops and prelates; that one cure of souls was a full employment for one spiritual pastor, how able soever, if not a charge rather above human strength. Yet those conscientious men (ere any part of the work done for which they came together, and that on the public salary) wanted not boldness—to the ignominy and scandal of their pastor-like profession, and especially of their boasted reformation—to seize into their hands, or not unwillingly to accept (besides one, sometimes two or more, of the best livings) collegiate masterships in the universities, rich lectures in the city, setting sail to all

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winds that might blow again into their covetous bosoms, by which means those great rebukers of non-residence, among so many distant cures were not ashamed to be seen so quickly pluralists and non-residents themselves, to a fearful condemnation doubtless by their own mouths. And yet the main doctrine for which they took such pay, and insisted upon with more vehemence than gospel, was but to tell us in effect that their doctrine was worth nothing, and the spiritual power of their ministry less available than bodily compulsion; persuading the magistrate to use it as a stronger means to subdue and bring in conscience than evangelical persuasion; distrusting the virtue of their own spiritual weapons, which were given them, if they be rightly called, with full warrant of sufficiency to pull down all thoughts and imaginations that exalt themselves against God. But while they taught compulsion without convincement, which long before they complained of as executed unchristianly against themselves, these intents are clear to have been no better than antichristian; setting up a spiritual tyranny by a secular power, to the adorning of their own authority above the magistrate (whom they would have made their executioner to punish church delinquencies), where of the civil laws have no cognizance.

'And well did their disciples manifest themselves to be no better principled than their teachers, trusted with committeeships and other gainful offices, upon their commendations for zealous and (as they sticked not to term them) godly men, but executing their places, like children of the devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and (when not corruptly) stupidly. So that between them the teachers, and these the disciples, there hath not been a more ignominious and mortal wound to faith, to piety, to the work of reformation, nor more cause of blaspheming given to the enemies of God and truth, since the first preaching of the Reformation.'

There are other passages that one would scarcely expect to find in a work by such a writer. Repeating, concerning A.D. 975, the familiar story of Athelwold and Elfrida, he takes occasion to justify the murder of Athelwold by Edgar. Edgar, having invited Athelwold to a hunt, shot him dead with an arrow. This is Milton's comment:—'Some censure this act as cruel and tyrannical, but considered well, it may be judged more favourably, and that no man of sensible spirit but in his place, without extraordinary perfection, would have done the like.'

There are passages also of marvellous strength of expression and compactness of composition. We extract one on the retribution of Providence in the case of our Saxon rulers—a passage that, like others we have quoted, may apply with some force to the events of our own day:—

'But when God hath decreed servitude on a sinful Nation, fitted by thir own Vices for no condition but servile, all Estates of Government are alike unable to avoid it. God had purpos'd to punish our instrumental punishers, though now Christians, by other Heathen, according to his Divine retaliation; Invasion for invasion, spoil for spoil, destruction for destruction. The *Saxons* were now full as wicked as the *Britans* were at thir arrival, brok'n with luxury and sloth, either secular or superstitious; for laying aside the exercise of Arms, and the study of all vertuous Knowledge, som betook them to over-worldly or vicious Practice, others to Religious Idleness and Solitude, which brought forth nothing but vain and delusive Visions; easily percoav'd such, by thir commanding of things, either not belonging to the Gospel, or utterly forbidden, Ceremonies, Reliques, Monasteries, Masses, Idols, and to these ostentation of Alms, got oft-times by rapine and oppression, or intermixt with violent and lustful deeds, somtimes prodigally bestow'd as the expiation of cruelty and bloodshed. What longer suffering could there be, when Religion itself grew so void of sincerity, and the greatest shews of purity were impur'd?'

This leads us to another remark, viz., that Milton never forgets his Christianity, and never fails to bring the highest of Christian principles

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to bear upon his subject. Besides the paragraph we have quoted, we have another on the condition of the Britons after the Romans had forsaken the island:—

'Wherein we have heard the many Miseries and Desolations, brought by a Divine Hand on a perverse Nation; driv'n, when nothing else would reform them, out of a fair Country, into a Mountanous and Barren Corner, by Strangers and Pagans. So much more tolerable in the Eye of Heav'n is Infidelity profess't, than Christian Faith and Religion dishonoured by unchristian works.'

His skill and aptitude in the delineation of character are not least remarkable. Could there possibly be more fulness with equal brevity than we find in the sketch of King Alfred?—a sketch, as all will see, scarcely true with regard to the subject; for Dr. Pauli and others have recently exhumed some facts that very considerably detract from the goodness of the great king's reputation,—but wonderfully steady and clear in the drawing:—

'He was of person comlier than all his Brethren, of pleasing tongue and gracefull behaviour, ready wit and memory; yet through the foudness of his Parents towards him, had not bin taught to read till the twelfth year of his Age; but the great desire of learning which was in him, soon appear'd, by his conning of *Saxon* Poems day and night, which with great attention he heard by others repeated. He was, besides, excellent at Hunting, and the new Art then of Hawking, but more exemplary in devotion, having collected into a Book certain Prayers and Psalms, which he carried ever with him in his bosome to use on all occasions. He thirsted after all liberal knowledge, and oft complain'd that in his Youth he had no Teachers, in his middle age so little vacancy from Wars, and the cares of his Kingdom, yet leasure he found sometimes, not only to learn much himself, but to communicate therof what he could to his People, by translating Books out of Latin into English, *Orosius*, *Boethius*, *Beda's* History and others, permitted none unlern'd to bear Office, either in Court or Common-wealth: at twenty years of Age not yet Reigning, he took to wife *Egelswitha*, the daughter of *Ethelred*, a *Mercian* Earl. The Extremities which befell him in the sixt of his Reign, *Neothan* Abbott told him, were justly come upon him for neglecting in his younger dayes the complaints of such as injur'd and oppress'd repair'd to him, as then second person in the Kingdome, for redress; which neglect were it such indeed, were yet excusable in a Youth, through jollity of mind unwilling perhaps to be detain'd long with sad and sorrowful Narrations; but from the time of his undertaking Regal Charge, no man more patient in hearing Causes, more inquisitive in Examining, more exact in doing Justice, and providing good Laws, which are yet extant; more severe in punishing unjust Judges or obstinate Offenders. Theeves especially and robbers, to the terrour of whom in cross wayes were hung upon a high Post certain Chains of Gold, as it were daring any one to take them thence; so that Justice seem'd in his dayes not to flourish only, but to triumph: no man than hee more frugal of two precious things in Man's life, his Time and his Revenue; no man wiser in the disposal of both. His Time, the day, and night, he distributed by the burning of certain Tapours into three equall portions: the one was for Devotion, the other for Publick or private Affairs, the third for bodily refreshment: how each hour past, he was put in mind by one who had that Office. His whole Annual Revenue, which his first care was should be justly his own, he divided into two equall parts; the first he imploy'd to Secular Uses, and subdivided those into three, the first to pay his Souldiers, Houshold-Servants and Guard, of which divided into three Bands, one attended monthly by turn; the second was to pay his Architects and Workmen, whom he had got together of several nations; for he was also an Elegant Builder; above the custome and conceit of *Englishmen* in those days: the third he had in readiness to releive or honour Strangers according to thir worth, who came from all parts to see him, and to live under him. The other equal part of his yearly

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wealth he dedicated to Religious uses, those of four sorts; the first to relieve the poor, the second to the building and maintenance of two Monasteries, the third of a School, where he had perswaded the Sons of many Noblemen to study Sacred Knowledge and Liberal Arts, some say at *Oxford;* the fourth was for the releif of Foreign Churches, as far as *India* to the shrine of *St. Thomas*, sending thether *Sigelm* Bishop of *Sherburn*, who both return'd safe, and brought with him many rich Gems and Spices; guifts also and a letter he receav'd from the Patriarch of *Jerusalem*, sent many to *Rome*, and for them receav'd Reliques. Thus far, and much more might be said of his Noble Mind, which render'd him the Miror of Princes.'

There is one other passage which we crave permission to lay before the reader, a passage which one of the greatest and most eloquent of English writers—we refer to no less a man than Bishop Warburton—affirmed to be without an equal in English literature, excepting the conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World. It is at the end of the second book of the History, and runs as follows:—

'Henceforth we are to stear by another sort of Authors; neer anough to the things they write, as in thir own Countrie, if that would serve; in time not much belated, some of equal agc; in expression barbarous; and to say how judicious, I suspend a while: this we must expect; in civil matters to find them dubious Relaters, and still to the best advantage of what they term Holy Church, meaning indeed themselvs: in most other matters of Religion, blind, astonish'd, and strook with Superstition as with a Planet; in one word, Monks. Yet these Guides, where can be had no better, must be follow'd; in gross, it may be true anough; in circumstance each man as his judgment gives him, may reserve his Faith, or bestow it. But so different a state of things requires a several Relation.'

Milton's History ends with the Norman Conquest, terminating, as Symmons remarks, 'just at the moment in which it was to become interesting.' Occupied almost exclusively with the fables of early history, and the wars of Britons and Romans, Saxons and Danes, it possesses no other claims to a permanent renown than its great painstaking, scholarship, and the occasional grandeur of its style and dignity of its thought. Hitherto, these qualities do not seem to have been considered sufficient to secure for it either a publisher or a public. The reader, from the extracts we have given, will be able to judge for himself whether the verdict passed upon it by this silence and neglect has been on the part of the author deserved, or on the part of posterity just, fair, or intelligent.

A Christian Common-Place Book.

'WISDOM THAT IS HID, AND TREASURE THAT IS NOT SEEN—WHAT PROFIT IS THERE IN THEM BOTH?'—*Jesus the Son of Sirach.*

FEW men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy—that which should be spent in action spends itself in words. The fluent boaster is not the man who is steadiest before the enemy: it is well said to him that his courage is better kept till wanted. Loud utterance of virtuous indignation against evil, from the platform or in the drawing-room, do not characterise the spiritual

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giant. So much indignation as is expressed, has found vent, is wasted, is taken away from the work of coping with evil: the man has so much less left. And hence, he who restrains that love of talk, lays up a fund of spiritual strength.—F. W. Robertson.

It cannot be denied that religious opinions, apart from the realizations of faith, are a matter of grave importance. But there is like to be little straightness in them, till the obliquities of sin begin to be straightened by a regenerate experience; and for just this reason I suppose it is, that the Scriptures omit even to name orthodoxy or straight opinion at all, deeming it enough to insist that we walk straight-footedly in the gospel of truth (Gal. ii. 14), and make straight paths of self-sacrifice and duty to accommodate the lameness of our feet (Heb. xii. 3); on the wise principle, I suppose, that, being cleared of our prejudices and the obliquities of passion, having a single eye that looks right on, and living in a life of simple trust and devotion to the will of God, we have that which is better, in fact, than argument, to straighten our opinions; for the head will never stumble, if the feet do not.—Dr. Bushnell.

Christians have often been taunted by infidels with the bearing of the evangelical system on the good and wise of ancient paganism. 'Then you mean,' say they, 'to send Homer, Aristotle, Plato, and all the great men of antiquity, to hell!' Our answer is, 'No. Plato, Aristotle, Homer, and all other men, will be judged equitably, according to their works. If their light was small, their responsibility also was small; if their light was none, their responsibility was none; and the responsibility thus absolutely varying with, and being exactly proportionate to, the light enjoyed, there cannot be an act of injustice done to any man.' In this view, common sense is not against God's government, but on its side.—J. H. Hinton.

Gower.—Go out into the woods and valleys when your head is rather harassed than bruised, and when you suffer from vexation more than grief. Then the trees all hold out their arms to you to relieve you of the burthen of your heavy thoughts; and the streams under the trees glance at you as they run by, and will carry away your trouble along with the fallen leaves; and the sweet-breathing air will draw it off together with the silver multitudes of the dew. But let it be with anguish or remorse in your heart that you go forth into Nature, and instead of your speaking her language, you make her speak yours. Your distress is then infused through all things, and clothes all things, and Nature only echoes, and seems to authenticate your self-loathing or your hopelessness. Then you find the device of your sorrow on the argent shield of the moon, and see all the trees of the field weeping and wringing their hands with you; while the hills, seated at your side in sackcloth, look down upon you prostrate, and reprove you, like the comforters of Job.

Atherton.—Doubtless, many of these stricken spirits suffered such disappointments at some early period of their history. Failure was inevitable, and the disease was heightened. How Coleridge felt this, when he says so mournfully, in his Ode to Dejection—

> It were a vain endeavour,
> Though I should gaze for ever
> On that green light which that in the west:
> I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

—R. A. Vaughan.

Christ was severe only with corruption. On other occasions, his burning censures fell only upon the hypocritical and wicked professors of religion; he had nothing but tenderness and tears for the simply evil; he poured his hot displeasure only on the hardened wretches that covered their real sin with seeming sanctity. And it is remarkable, also, that his approaches to force were always directed to the exposure of this class. He never forced men into the temple, says Milton—he only forced men *out* of it.—A. J. Morris.

What is the religion of many of you? Is it not a buying and selling in the temple? that is, while you have religious sentiments, and perform religious services, is not your great end profit and advantage? is not gain godliness, in the highest sense? are not your chief motions derived from fear and hope? Are the infinite blessedness of being a Christian, the grace and

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glory of God, the excellence and beauty of spiritual truth, the boundless love and forbearance shown to you, the rightness and justice of divine service, the inherent charms of holiness—are these the things that most govern and stimulate you? Mere regard to your safety or your profit can no more make a spiritual man, than you can hire an unmusical ear to be ravished by melody, or bribe a vitiated palate to delight in sweetest viands. . . . . And when that which is spiritual is thus treated—when the supreme care is happiness and security, and Divine favour and human obedience are regarded mainly in their relation to them; when a man asks only, not how he may be heavenly, but how he may get to heaven—not how he may be like God, but how he may escape his wrath; when the highest view of Christ's redemption is that of a clever device to abolish misery and danger, and prudence is the peculiar excellence of godliness; when religion appears as a ladder set up between heaven and earth for all God's angels to descend and minister to man, but not for aspirations and holy communications to ascend from man to God; when Christianity is contemplated as a sort of gigantic scheme of political economy, and the Lord of all is regarded chiefly as the most useful being in existence—we may condemn the merchant Jews that defiled the temple, but we make our hearts, designed for the holy places of the Most High, the scenes of an infinitely more degraded and disastrous traffic.—A. J. MORRIS.

A Mother's Hymn.

My child is lying on my knees,
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss,
If heaven is in my face;
Behind it is all tenderness,
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

If true to her, though dark with doubt
I cannot choose but be,
Thou, who dost see all round about,
Art surely true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap
My waywardness around,
And hold me quietly on the lap
Of love without a bound?

And so I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee.

G. MACDONALD.

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The Right Use of the Early Fathers.*

If the *material* principle of the Reformation, JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH ALONE, has always been justly esteemed the glory of the Lutheran branch of Protestantism, its *formal* principle, THE BIBLE ALONE, THE RULE OF FAITH AND PRACTICE, has from the first been no less the especial badge of the Reformed or Calvinistic communions. Of course in saying this it is by no means meant to affirm that either of the great twin truths has, at any time, been the exclusive property of but one wing of the anti-papal host, but simply that as the right division, with the monk of Wittenberg at its head, first stormed, and has since bravely held against all opposition, the one commanding post, so the defence of the other has been mainly the business of the left. It is, doubtless, to their profounder conviction of the sole authority of Holy Scripture, as the unique depository of the revealed will of God, that we are to trace the simpler worship and the less hierarchical polity which distinguish the Reformed from their Lutheran, and, we may add, their Anglican brethren. For the Church of England in these, and in other respects as well, is the insular counterpart of Lutheranism on the continent—the same in its proud exclusiveness and in its exaggerated notions of ecclesiastical office and sacramental grace. In like manner, the Reformed there are the type of the Dissenting opposition here.

It was quite in the spirit of the communion to which he belonged that JEAN DAILLE, one of the most learned theologians of his age, and the brightest ornament of the French Reformed Church of the seventeenth century, wrote his celebrated work, 'On the Right Use of the Fathers.' First composed in his native language, and published in 1631, it afterwards appeared in Latin, with his latest corrections and additions in 1656. It has since been translated into several modern languages, including our own, and has been often reprinted. It is acknowledged on all hands to have been what our German neighbours are wont to call an *epoch-making* work, and to have been the heaviest blow ever struck at the superstitious reverence in which the Fathers had till then been held, even amongst the Protestants. Luther and Calvin indeed, and others of the Reformers, had thrown out many *obiter dicta*, far from respectful to these worthies. The first in particular was very unceremonious at times in his language about them. Thus in his 'Table-talk' we hear him saying, 'Behold what great darkness is in the books of the Fathers concerning faith; yet if the article of justification be darkened, it is impossible to smother the grossest errors of mankind. St. Jerome, indeed, wrote upon Matthew, upon the

* 'On the Right Use of the Early Fathers; Two Series of Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity.' London: Murray. 1857. 8vo. Pp. xvi. 650.

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Epistles to Galatians and Titus; but, alas! very coldly. Ambrose wrote six books upon the first book of Moses, but they are very poor. Augustin wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith, for he was first roused up and made a man of by the Pelagians in striving against them. I can find no exposition upon the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians wherein anything is taught pure and aright?' He says, 'they often stumbled and went astray, and mingled in their books many monkish things;' and ridicules, amongst other instances, Gregory's explaining the five pounds in the parable to be the five senses, 'which,' as the Reformer maliciously observes, 'the beasts also possess.' 'The more I read the books of the Fathers,' he adds, 'the more I find myself scandalized; for they were but men, and, to speak the truth, with all their repute and authority, undervalued the books and writings of the sacred apostles of Christ.' It would be easy, were it necessary, to match these occasional outbursts of impatience from the writings of the Swiss and French Reformers. But this was not the usual way *in* which even these heroic men were wont to speak of the Fathers, and still less, before the appearance of Daillé's work, was it that of their followers. It was reserved for the systematic and elaborate assault so skilfully planned and so learnedly executed by the friend of Milton's 'noble Du Plessis' to bring about a disenchantment in this respect, no less complete than the awakening from the nightmare of mediævalism, effected by the stinging satire of Cervantes. If to anyone belongs the honour of having smitten from its pedestal the idol of patristic authority, it is to Daillé.

Accordingly, when in the glow of the Tractarian controversy, ten or a dozen years ago, the party which imagined the safety of the Establishment to depend on its being revolutionized in a so-called Catholic sense, were moving heaven and earth to set this Dagon up again, it was found necessary for this purpose to bring into discredit Daillé's masterly work. This task the Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge took upon himself in the first of the two courses of lectures of which the volume before us consists. It was delivered for the first time in the October term of 1845, and was repeated, as occasion served, with additions and alterations, till his recent death. The second series treats more *positively* of the 'Right Use of the Early Fathers.' We may make this the text of a subsequent paper on the same subject. At present, it will be possible only briefly to notice the assumed confutation of Daillé and his ally, Barbeyrac, Professor of Jurisprudence at Groningen, who, in 1728, published, a similarly damaging work on 'The Morality of the Fathers.'

Daillé's elaborate treatise is arranged under two general heads. He first undertakes to show that the testimony of the Fathers, owing to various causes, which he details at length, is vague, uncertain, and obscure; and he next takes the high ground of principle, challenging their worshippers to prove why, even were it not so, their authority should be held decisive of our modern controversies. The counts of the indictment under the first division of the subject are such as these —the *paucity* of their extant writings, especially of those of the Ante-

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Nicene Fathers—their necessary *irrelevancy* to the questions agitated in modern Christendom, particularly to the Romish controversy—their *carelessness* and *dishonesty* as evinced in their frequent citation of *forged* and *apocryphal* documents—the *interpolations* and *suppressions* with which their texts have been defaced by unscrupulous transcribers and editors—and the *obscurity*, shown to be often *wilful*, in which they shroud the most important doctrines and rites of the Church. This last topic, of course, involves the discussion of the so-called *Disciplina Arcani*, or the practice prevalent in ancient Christendom, of studiously concealing from the ears of the heathen, and even from the Christian catechumens, the most vital truths of Christianity, *e. g.* the Atonement, and especially the Sacraments. It will afford any one who is but moderately versed in Patristic literature a pretty fair idea of Professor Blunt's thorough-going determination to concede nothing to his opponent, if we mention that he actually as good as denies altogether the very existence of the *Disciplina Arcani* in the ancient Church. We note, by the way, this glaring instance of his flying in the face of notorious facts when the exigency of his argument demands it, because it is strikingly characteristic of his general method of dealing with Daillé, and because our limits forbid our criticising in detail our author's answer to the learned Frenchman's stubborn case.

Daillé supports his second proposition, viz., that even supposing the testimony of the Fathers to be clearer than it is, it is not of authority to decide our controversies,—by weighty considerations, both general and special. The former, *e. g.* that they were like other men, liable to error; that they have often a bias of their own towards this conclusion or that, which may mislead them in stating what they pretend to be the judgment of the Church; that their authority must rest on the same ground as that of other teachers; and that it is impious to put them on the same footing as canonical Scripture—these *general* impeachments, we say, Professor Blunt puffs away with the flippant remark that 'they carry along with them their own answers.' This is the usual way with special pleaders in meeting the unmanageable points of an adverse case. The principal of the *special* disqualifications of the Fathers to be our interpreters of the Bible brought forward by Daillé are two, viz., their *notorious ignorance of Hebrew*, with one or two partial exceptions, and *their childish fondness of allegorizing*. Neither of these facts, either of which would be alone fatal to their character as expositors, is their Cambridge advocate able to deny. He admits the first allegation fully in the following passage, and even adds fresh illustrations to those adduced by his opponent:—

'There is another class of errors on which Daillé animadverts, as shaking the authority of the Fathers—those which beset them through their ignorance of Hebrew—ignorance which he finds betrayed more particularly in their attempts at etymology. Some instances he gives; many more he might have given. Thus Justin derives the word "Satanas" from Satan (σατὰν), an apostate, and "nas" (νὰς), a serpent; Israel, from "Isra" ("Ισρα), a man, and "El" ("Ηλ), power. Irenæus says that, in the Hebrew tongue, Jesus signifies "that Lord who contains heaven and earth." He has equally strange interpretations of Sabaoth and Adonai; the former of which, he says, means "voluntarium," the latter "nomi-

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nabile," or, perhaps, it should be read "innominabile," a substitute for the unutterable name, which Irenæus mistook for a word having the actual sense of "innominabile." Other stumbles, of the same kind, may be remarked in him. Clemens Alexandrinus tells us that Jacob was called "Israel," because he had seen the Lord God; and that Moses was so called, because, in the language of the Egyptians, "water" is μῶυ, and "Hosanna" means "light, and glory, and praise, with supplication to the Lord," and that "Rebecca" is equivalent to "patience" (ὑπομονὴ), where he speaks with Philo, from whom he very often borrows his derivations, yet he elsewhere says that it is equivalent to "the glory of God." Theophilus of Antioch, who had an unhappy taste for etymology, seems to consider the Hebrew word "Sabbath" exactly translated by the Greek word ἑβδομάς; though, certainly, in his interpretation of the word "Eden," and of the word "Noah," he is not liable to the same animadversion. There seems some reason to think, I will add, that even Origen—the single one of the Ante-Nicene Fathers whose works have come down to us supposed to have had much knowledge of Hebrew, had but a limited amount of it; for, though his "Hexapla" proves that such as he had he turned to the best account, and though the loss of that work is, perhaps, the heaviest of any that Biblical criticism ever sustained, still his writings yield incidental evidence that his acquaintance with Hebrew was not profound. Thus his correspondent, Africanus, having started an objection to the authority of the history of Susanna and the Elders, that it bore internal marks of not having been written in Hebrew; for, that, when one of the elders said he had seen Susanna in the act of adultery under a holm tree (ὑπὸ πρῖνον), Daniel's answer was, that the angel would saw him asunder (πρίσειν); and, when the other said, "under a mastic-tree" (ὑπὸ σχῖνον), Daniel's answer again was, that he, too, would be cleft in twain (σχισθῆναι)—the similarity of the Greek words πρῖνον and πρίσειν, σχῖνον and σχισθῆναι, suggesting the turn of the sentence, which similarity did not exist in the Hebrew; Origen replies, that, "finding himself at a loss, he had referred the question to Jews not a few, asking them what πρῖνος was called in their language, and what πρίζειν, how they would translate the plant σχῖνος, and they would render σχίζειν; and though they profess themselves unable to tell him what trees were indicated by these names, and so far Origen might seem not more imperfectly informed in Hebrew than themselves, seeing that, what was a difficulty to him, was a difficulty to them; yet, no doubt, these Jews could have readily given the meaning of πρίζειν and σχίζειν in the Hebrew, which Origen, it should appear, could not; and altogether his mode of putting the case argues that he had no confidence in his own judgment on this occasion, or in his possessing the means of forming one. Elsewhere he considers Sabaoth as in itself one of the names of God, and couples it with Adonai as another. And it is remarkable that, though the first two books against Celsus profess to be an answer to the objections of a Jew against Christianity, not a single argument in them turns upon the Hebrew, or touches on it; and yet this work was written after the greater part of his "Commentary" on the books of Scripture, perhaps after the whole, except that on certain of the Prophets; so that we have here proof that the compositions, which have come down to us, were principally framed by Origen when his Hebrew scholarship was such as I have intimated.'

And now what is our author's plea in arrest of judgment against his ignorant clients?

'But allowing that the early Fathers, with one or two exceptions, were ignorant of Hebrew, or, at least, imperfectly acquainted with it, that circumstance does not shake their authority as witnesses of the practices and doctrines of the primitive Church. It may make them in themselves less able expositors of the Old Testament, but that is not the question. The value of the primitive Fathers arises chiefly from this, that living soon after our Lord and the apostles, soon after the times when the Holy Ghost was most active in the church, leading the disciples into all truth, and being themselves trusted by the church with high offices, they can scarcely fail of reflecting in some considerable measure the impression which

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the church had taken, and must in the main communicate the notions of doctrines to be taught and ordinances to be observed, not which they themselves had derived from their Hebrew or other scholarship, but which had been imparted to them from even a higher source.'

Very well, say we, the Fathers, then, are to be given up as safe exegetical guides, which is all that Daillé had contended for, and they are only to be resorted to as witnesses of the practices and doctrines of the Church of their times, against which no sane Protestant, and least of all, that excellent Patristic scholar, has anything to object. Still, how does this abandonment of the Early Fathers as *authoritative interpreters of Scripture* square with the following passage from Waterland, cited with approbation at the close of the very same lecture?

'"We allow no doctrine as *necessary*," to use the words of one of the soundest of our divines, Dr. Waterland, "which stands only on *Fathers*, or on *tradition*—oral or written; we admit none for such, but what is *contained* in Scripture, and *proved* by Scripture, *rightly* interpreted. And we know of no way more safe in *necessaries*, to preserve the *right* interpretation, than to take the *ancients* along with us. We think it a good method to secure our *rule of faith* against impostures of all kinds, whether of *enthusiasm*, or false *criticism*, or *conceited* reason, or *oral* tradition, or the assuming dictates of an *infallible* chair. If we thus preserve the true sense of Scripture, and upon that sense build our faith, we then build upon Scripture *only*; for the sense of Scripture is Scripture. Suppose a man were to prove his legal title to an estate, he appeals to the *laws*; the true sense and meaning of the laws must be proved by the best rules of interpretation; but, after all, it is the *law* that gives the title, and that *only*. In like manner, after using all proper means to come at the *sense* of Scripture (which is Scripture), it is that, and that only, which we *ground* our faith upon, and *prove* our faith by. We allege not Fathers as *grounds*, or *principles*, or *foundations* of our faith, but as witnesses, and as *interpreters* and faithful conveyers.'"

'That,' immediately subjoins the Margaret Professor, 'is the aspect in which the Church of England contemplates the Early Fathers.'

Our author is no less forced to admit the *allegorizing mania* of the Early Fathers, and is equally infelicitous in his endeavour to *blunt* the edge of the argument.

'Another feature in the writings of the Fathers, which Daillé produces as impairing their authority, is their heedless use of allegory. Here, again, Daillé's instances are drawn, as usual, from the works of Post-Nicene Fathers: but I have no wish to avail myself of that escape from his argument. The same taste exhibits itself in the Ante-Nicene authors so universally, that if any one thing more than another can be predicated of the primitive Church, it is that in the explanation of Scripture, and especially of the Old Testament, it was governed by a principle of figurative interpretation; but it is figurative interpretation for one object almost exclusively, viz., to show that the Scriptures from first to last, even in their most ordinary details, are filled with the subject of a Saviour. I shall have a better opportunity of pointing this out by examples at a future time, when I come to speak of the interpretation of Scripture, and of the cast given to it by a knowledge of the Fathers. At present I will content myself with saying, that this allegorical mode of understanding Scripture and the facts recorded in Scripture, however indulged in by the Fathers, and especially by the later Fathers to excess, is certainly in itself of the very earliest date in the Christian Church. For not to speak of the Epistle of Barnabas, written within forty years of our Saviour's death, which is full of it; the "senior quidam," to whom Irenæus refers from time

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to time (not always, perhaps, the same person, but necessarily contemporary, or all but contemporary, with the apostles, indeed, called on one occasion "senior apostolorum discipulus") is clearly actuated by it; finding, as he does, in the extension of the arms of Jesus on the Cross, an emblem of the purpose of God to gather unto himself two people, the Jews and the Gentiles. So that the principle itself was no weakness in the Fathers, no hallucination of theirs, but, however used by them, or even abused, was, as I have said, unquestionably a prominent feature of the theology of the primitive Church, to which they merely gave expression. The tendency to this peculiar character of exposition in the early Church was augmented, as it should seem, by the reluctance observed in the Jews, at least with the exception of those of Alexandria and of the Alexandrian school, to discover in Scripture any meaning beyond the literal; whereby they cut themselves off from much of the evidence it contained for a Saviour to come, and hardened themselves in unbelief; nay, often involved the law in positive contradictions; the language of it, when figuratively intended, not answering to a strictly literal sense; and was further augmented by a similar effect the same adherence to the literal sense was seen to produce on the Ebionites, for they too disparaged the Saviour; and by the manner in which it was perceived to pave the way for heretics in general, to claim the authority of Scripture for doctrines the most extravagant; arguing, for example, as they did, against the resurrection of the body from the text "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" and this not in a few instances, but in so many, that more heresies, it was said, might be referred to the process of expounding Scripture by the letter, than even to the lusts and passions of mankind.'

Mr. Blunt is even compelled to grant to Daillé, that in some instances we have something more than a fond imposition of a second, allegorical sense upon the letter, viz., an evaporation of the letter altogether, real *disbelief* in it, although he tries hard to vindicate the Fathers before Clement of Alexandria from this serious imputation of *rationalism*.

'Strong, however, as the appetite of the Fathers certainly was on all these accounts for figures, I do not think any instance can be produced from those before Origen of the literal meaning of a passage of Scripture being evaporated in the figurative. The Epistle of Barnabas, replete as it is with allegory, always betrays that its author regarded the incidents of the law, on which he founds his figures, as matters of fact. With Justin it is the same. He may have his theory, for instance, of the battle of the Israelites with Amalek, and of the esoteric meaning it conveyed, but he evidently believes that the battle was fought, and was attended by the circumstances recorded in holy writ. Or he may find a deeper sense than the apparent one in the milch kine conveying the cart which contained the ark to the house of Joshua; but he had no suspicion of the transaction itself being ideal. Theophilus reviews all the details of the creation as recorded by Moses, and detects a mystical sense under almost every one of them; but he still regards the whole as a substantial history, and rebukes the Greeks for the fabulous nature of their cosmogony. Irenæus abounds in mystical applications of Scripture incidents, but still he cannot justly be charged with resolving the fact into the figure. Take the history of Lot and his daughters, a history which he construes allegorically (or rather the presbyter does so, whose words he adopts); and still it will be discovered, that he considers it as an actual event in that patriarch's life. And this, be it observed, belongs to a class of the most trying cases of all that I could have named; the offensive character of the act putting the commentator under a temptation to refine it into a parable. Still, I say, the transaction is quoted as a real occurrence. It is expressly branded as a sin; and we are invited to give God thanks for having provided a pardon for such sins as the patriarch's by the Advent of our Lord. Tertullian has his allegories, but not the annihilation of the facts they grow out of. The wise men, when they offered Jesus gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, intimated that the curious arts of magic were all to be surrendered, now that the infant Saviour had appeared. And the command given them to return from Bethlehem

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by another way, was expressive of the better course in which they were to walk for the time to come. But the journey of the wise men is considered to be a fact, for it is argued on as such in the self-same passage.

'It is not till we come to Clemens Alexandrinus that we have any misgivings whatever on the subject before us, or that our suspicions are awaked of the real being sunk in the allegorical. Alexandria, indeed, was the very focus of the figurative exposition of Scripture, under the influence of Philo, the Alexandrian Jew, to whom Clemens refers, and from whom he largely borrows; and of Aristobulus, a commentator on the books of Moses of a still earlier date, he also of Alexandria. That Clemens finds mysteries in the incidents both of the Old Testament and of the New, in great abundance and in very trivial matters, and refines on them to excess, is certain; but whether he ever actually loses sight of the letter in the spirit, may still be doubted, though it perhaps may be allowed that he does so write as to pave the way for Origen, who succeeded him in the same school, and who also was a great admirer of Philo, to do so in some instances, and he is the first of the Fathers, of whom it can be said that he refines the fact away in the allegory.'

Thus the damaging fact is not denied, as, indeed, it could not be, that the Fathers had quite a rage for this sort of thing, and sometimes indulged their taste for it even to the sacrifice of the inspired letter. It is admitted, too, that their applications of the allegorizing method were often very silly, but then it is oddly enough maintained, that for that very reason they have all the better right to lord it over our faith, and to impose the same method upon us. And next, as though this were not pretty well for one dose, it is argued, quite in the spirit of the Philadelphia lawyer, with his contradictory pleas about the kettle, that these allegories are no interpretations at all, but only *pious uses!*

'We may not be disposed to acquiesce in the reasonableness of every allegory which every Father discovers, or thinks he discovers, in Scripture. The Fathers themselves do not expect it. Origen expressly says, that, though we may be sure a fact is typical, we cannot be sure that the type we see in it is the right one: we may suppose, *e. g.* fearlessly, that the Tabernacle in general is figurative, but in applying the figure in detail we may be more or less mistaken. But this general conclusion at least we may draw from testimony so concurrent, that the spirit of the primitive Church, in its interpretation, was to deal largely in allegories, by which the text was made continually to point to the Saviour; or, in other words, that an evangelical construction of Scripture was the construction sanctioned by the primitive Church. And though the authority of the Fathers, as individual interpreters, might be damaged by any extravagance in an allegory, whilst they were in pursuit of this leading object; their authority as witnesses, that the interpretation of Scripture went very much upon that principle, would not suffer by it; nay, would be rather promoted. And this, we must always remember, is the matter at issue, what authority is due to the Fathers as witnesses of the character of the primitive Church. A child may produce more conviction in the minds of a jury than the greatest wit, and certainly would do so if his position happened to give him advantages, which the other had not, for bearing testimony to the question in dispute. Besides, there is another light in which these allegories should be regarded, as has been well observed by Dr. Waterland, viz., that they were, probably in most instances, not so much intended to be *interpretations* of Scripture, as *uses* or *improvements* of it; pious *meditations* upon Scripture, spiritual exercises calculated, perhaps, beyond any other lessons to attract attention and win the multitude of hearers. How popular are the contemplations of Bishop Hall, which are of this character!'

Barbeyrac's serious quarrel with the Fathers, on the score of *their very defective morality*, embraces a good many particulars, amongst the principal of which are *their exaggerated estimate of the merit of martyr-*

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dom, which prompted them to urge men to rush into the flames uncalled, and *their equally inflated appreciation of celibacy and disparagement of marriage.* With respect to the former, it will suffice to convince any one at all acquainted with the subject, how disingenuous and reckless Professor Blunt's defence is, when we say that besides endorsing all the Patristic nonsense about the baptism of blood, &c., he undertakes the vindication of even Tertullian and Origen from this charge. Their repugnance to marriage, which more than anything else was influential in poisoning their whole ethical, and even their doctrinal system, he explains by the pressure of persecution, whereas it is notorious that, along with their false asceticism in other matters, it arose from their philosophic bias, and their Platonic horror of matter.

Our readers will now be in a position to judge with what right our author flings about his insinuations against the pious and excellent Daillé, on the score of want of candour, and having sinister ends to serve in writing his great work on the Fathers. Thus, in the following passage, amongst many similar ones, where he compliments his French opponent's learning at the expense of his ingenuousness :—

'I have too much respect for the reading of Daillé to believe that he was writing in ignorance ; but most strongly suspect *that he was deliberately misleading people*, who were not likely, he thought, to look into authorities for themselves ; and accordingly his book has been in the vogue it has with that uncommonly large class ; and, I believe, has been recently republished as if the times called for it ; but what times can call for artifice, or what cause prosper by disingenuous defence ?'

Elsewhere our author includes in the same charge all the Dissenting communities at home. It seems we are dreadfully afraid of the ferules of these same terrible Fathers, against whom, and their favourite, Mother Church, we have so wickedly revolted.

'I cannot persuade myself to believe, that the outcry against these Fathers raised by Daillé and the foreign churches, and joined in by Dissenting communities at home so loudly since, and, to this day, is altogether prompted by apprehensions of Rome, however it may be convenient to make that the pretext. I suspect that this jealousy of them arises from the opposition they evidently offer to the latitudinarian notions on religious matters which have established themselves, both abroad and in this country, since the Reformation, through causes which I enumerated in my first lecture, and which notions had not occupied the minds of the Reformers themselves. How can non-Episcopalians and anti-Episcopalians bear such phraseology with patience, as χωρὶς τούτων, *i. e.*, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, ἐκκλησία οὐ καλεῖται—and observe them representing, as a matter of course, secession from the Episcopal Church as heresy and schism? How can they do more than pity the pains they take to trace the succession of the Bishops in the Churches up to the Apostles themselves, and the stress they lay upon the continuity being unbroken? However, how can the various sects with which the country abounds lend their countenance to writers, in whom are found such passages as the following, passages which, if they do not reflect upon their own practices throughout, they must feel do so in many particulars. "In the first place, it is a matter of uncertainty who is a catechumen, who a believer; they assemble alike, hear alike, pray alike—heathens with them, if such chance to come in. They throw what is holy to the dogs, and give their pearls, though not real ones, to the swine. They call that simplicity, which is, in fact, the prostration of discipline; and our concern for it, pandering. They are for peace everywhere, with everybody; for they care not what differences there may be among themselves, pro-

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vided they co-operate for the destruction of the one simple truth." "The catechumens are perfect before they are taught. The very women are heretics; and how saucy are they! how bold are they to teach, to contend, to exorcise, to make promises of healing, perhaps even to baptize. Then the ordinations of these heretics are rash, light, inconstant. Now, they appoint neophytes; now persons employed in secular affairs; now apostates from us, in order that they may hold them by the love of distinction; seeing that they cannot by truth. Nowhere is promotion more easy than in the camp of the rebels; for to be found there is enough to secure advancement. Accordingly, one is Bishop to-day, another to-morrow: he is to-day a Deacon, who is to-morrow a reader; to-day, a Presbyter, who is to-morrow a layman (laicus); for they assign priestly offices even to laymen. And what shall I say, touching the ministration of the word; their object being not to convert the heathen, but to subvert us." Is not a sentence like this enough to condemn the author of it in the eyes of multitudes of persons in this country, letting alone the question of Popery, which is the side more convenient to attack him on? And the whole tract, "De Præscriptione Hæreticorum," one of the most valuable of his works, is written in a spirit like this. What quarter could Tertullian expect with such a vein in him as we have here? How should those who are not impressed with the great dignity of baptism be satisfied with those who call it the laver in which we are regenerated: the ordinance by which, through the Spirit, there is regeneration to God; the bath which cleanses away the filth of the soul; that by which the likeness of him who was first formed after the image of God is restored; that by which sin, whether original or actual, is removed; and who describe it in numberless other phrases, which I may produce hereafter, when the question of baptism comes before us, all calculated to enhance the importance of this great mystery? Or how shall those who regard the Eucharist as no more than a commemorative supper, be content to give currency to the opinions of those who speak of it as an ordinance consisting of two parts, an earthly and a heavenly; as in some sense or other an oblation—perhaps such in the consecrated elements, perhaps such in the representation of the passion, or perhaps such in both; or again, who love to enlarge upon it as the communion of the body of the Lord, the communion of his blood; as that which, having received the Logos of God, imparts it to the soul, and, through it, immortalizes the body; with more to a like effect, which may be examined on a future occasion? How can those whose theology inclines them to depress the virtue of the Sacraments as the appointed means of grace, look with favour upon authors who exalt those Sacraments so emphatically? Or how, again, can those who either reject our Book of Common Prayer, or partially assert it, or consent to bracket it, regard with any other feelings than those of distaste primitive writers, who bear witness both to the general style of it, as well as to the early observance of saints' days; of daily prayers in the congregation; of fasts; of an offertory; and much more? How very few of our newspapers, by which our theology is now a good deal regulated, would approve of any part of this evidence; or have any opinion of men who had left such matters on record!'

Our *censor morum* is somewhat more specific as to *Daillé's* alleged want of candour, in his objection of forgery against the Epistle of Barnabas and the Shepherd of Hermas.

'Possibly one reason why Daillé and those of his school attacked the authority of these two works with such acrimony is (as Bishop Bull suggests of Blondel's dealing with Hermas], the testimony one of them, at least, supplies against him on the subject of episcopacy; as the other also does on the subject of the freedom of the will; and that which both of them bear to the life-giving or regenerating power of baptism. We may suspect this the rather, because though the same Clemens quotes on two occasions the Epistle to the Corinthians of his name-sake of Rome, and ascribes it in terms just as express to the apostolic Clemens, and though, at least, as much might have been made by a perverse interpretation of the

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reference to the phœnix contained in that epistle, as is made by him of the reference to the Sibyl found in Clemens Alexandrinus; yet inasmuch as the Epistle of Clemens Romanus is not calculated to alarm so much any of Daillé's prejudices or those of his persuasion, he suffers this peccadillo of his author to escape scot-free, and accounts it, apparently, no matter of charge, that Clemens should give his sanction to this primitive document.'

But the crowning instance relates to Ignatius.

'We may the more freely draw this inference (our author proceeds) from the turn his argument now takes against another primitive author, who would, of all others, be the most natural object of his aversion, as being the most opposed to all his ecclesiastical notions, Ignatius. His attack upon this Father is made with all the dexterity of a polemic. He endeavours to excite an evil impression of the genuineness of the Letters in the first instance, by devolving upon them the suspicion attached to all antiquity whatever, which he had excited in the minds of his readers by an accumulation of the examples it supplies (many of those which he names very far-fetched) of fiction or fraud. Having created, therefore, this prejudice against the Epistles of Ignatius *in limine*, as he might against any ancient document whatever, and given them a bad name, he feels the way paved for the introduction of a specific objection, founded on the silence of the ancients with respect to them; confessing indeed (for he will be candid), that it is possible for one, or even many, Fathers to be ignorant of a previous writer; or, knowing him, through inadvertence or design to make no mention of him; but still contending that, if a grave and learned author was altogether silent respecting the writings of one who was prior to him in date, when there was good reason for his not being silent about them, when those writings were celebrated either on account of the name of the writer or the subject of his argument, the probability is, that no such writings were then in existence. He then applies this reasoning to the case of Ignatius, and maintains, that had the Epistles of which Eusebius speaks been extant in the time of Irenæus, he must have known of them; and treating, as he did, of the Godhead of the Creator, and the verity of Christ the Son, he would have produced out of them evidence against the heretics; as he actually does make use of Clemens' Epistle to the Corinthians, and Polycarp's to the Philippians; whereas he never mentions these at all. Neither would these Epistles, if they had been genuine, have escaped the notice of Clemens Alexandrinus, who frequently quotes even aprocryphal books, nor of Tertullian; neither of whom speak of them.'

Now, will it be believed, that the man who could thus heartlessly seek to filch away Daillé's fair fame, has been guilty of a suppression in relation to Ignatius, of any allusion in these lectures to the most memorable and important of the literary discoveries of our time,—we mean, the bringing to light of the long lost Syriac copy of his famous Epistles? Dr. Cureton's first publication of that version issued in the very year at the close of which this course was delivered. Is it possible that it could have remained unknown to a professed Patristic scholar, actually preparing to lecture on the Early Fathers, in the Divinity Schools of Cambridge? Moreover, Professor Blunt made additions to his manuscript up to the time of his decease, and a work, 'Brown on the Articles,' is quoted at p. 6; which did not appear till 1850, whilst, on the other hand, in the second course, contained in the volume before us, which was delivered in the October of 1846, a year after the first, the Syriac Ignatius *is* mentioned. Hence, there can be no doubt about the curious fact, that an early copy of Dr. Cureton's Syriac Ignatius—cashiering as it does four out of the seven Epistles, and so reducing the rest as to render it *demonstrable* that

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Ignatius has been interpolated wholesale, and that, too, for the very purpose of foisting prelacy upon the Church—was in the Margaret Professor's hands quite in time to be referred to, at least in the first repetition of the course against Daillé. Yet the posthumous volume appears, and the dead silence is significantly maintained, whilst the infamous inuendos against Daillé, whose critical sagacity, as well as his honesty, has been vindicated in so marvellous a manner, have been allowed to remain uncancelled. We could not dismiss the present course of Lectures, without thus branding, with the reprobation it so richly deserves, this abominable piece of impudent injustice. In noticing the second course, as we hope shortly to do, we shall have more to say about Ignatius, and the way in which Professor Blunt slurs over the new evidence which has so unexpectedly but opportunely turned up, as to the extent to which that Father's writings were tampered with in the ancient Church.

Record of Christian Missions.

The most interesting paper in connexion with missionary operations which we find in the journals of this month, is devoted to the present condition of Christian missions in China. It appears in the 'North China Herald' of September 5th. The writer—apparently one of the Church missionaries in China—has taken occasion, from the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity in that country, to give a very complete and comprehensive summary of the history of the missions. In the pages of the 'Christian Spectator,' the account may seem rather long; but it is so full and exact, and it illustrates so vividly the power and progress of the gospel, that our readers, we think, will be glad to have it laid before them in full.

'The whole number of labourers,' says the historian, 'sent by Protestant churches is now about four hundred. Of these, nearly one-half have been ordained ministers of the gospel; a few have come out as medical missionaries or secular agents; the others have been either the wives of the missionaries, or unmarried ladies, nearly all of whom, both the married and unmarried, have engaged directly in the work of education or other missionary duties.

'Coming as these have from twenty and more different boards or associations, Protestant Christians of almost every denomination, and in nearly every part of Christendom, have here their representatives; consequently, a very large amount of personal interest is concentrated on this field of labour, in magnitude second to no other on earth, whether regard be had to the work to be performed, the numbers to be acted upon, or the good results certain to follow in due time.

'The increase in the numbers of labourers has been very gradual. During the first ten years they were but four, counting only the men; in the second, fifteen; in the third, thirty-nine; in the fourth, one hundred and five; while during the last decade of years, the numbers have nearly or quite doubled.

'At present, in Shanghae, there are two-and-twenty ordained missionaries, three missionary physicians, and one lay agent; also four unmarried and sixteen married ladies, with five-and-twenty children; or say, seventy-one in all.

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'Means are not at hand for giving more than an approximation to the exact numbers now at the other stations.

'At Ningpo, say sixteen ordained missionaries, seventeen ladies, and twenty-six children.

'At Fuh-chau, seven missionaries, three ladies, and ten children.

'At Amoy, eight missionaries, six ladies, and thirteen children.

'At Hong Kong and Macao—there being none at present in Canton—say twenty-two missionaries, eighteen ladies, and twenty children.

'Besides these—237, more or less—there are several families and others now absent from China, yet still in connexion with the missions here, and expecting ere long to return to their respective stations.

'The labours performed, from first to last, have been so various and in such diverse circumstances, that, for the most part, none but general estimates can be set down at all. The acquisition of this language in its numerous forms and dialects, and the preparation of linguistic apparatus to aid therein; the daily labours of oral preaching in churches and chapels, in temples and on the highways, in their own residences and from house to house, in tours on land and while in junks or boats on the rivers; often to solitary individuals, occasionally to vast congregations, but most frequently to small audiences of a few tens; the translation of the sixty-and-six books of the Old and New Testaments into the general language, and parts thereof into several of the dialects, together with printing of the same and the getting ready the material means for that purpose; the preparation of Christian tracts, and the distribution of these and of the sacred Scriptures; also the establishment of boarding-schools and day-schools, with the writing of books for the same; the organizing of Bible classes and meetings of inquiry; the conducting of catechetical services and the examination of candidates for Christian baptism; watching over infant churches, instructing the ignorant, and striving to reclaim the wanderers; visiting the sick and the blind, and distributing medicine and alms to those in need; likewise, collecting and publishing various information, and the preparation of journals and letters, for public bodies and private friends;—all these, and other such like things, make up the catalogue of labours which, during the days and nights of the last fifty years, have given ample occupation to the hands and the heads of all these four hundred men and women, who have entered on this wide field.

'These labours, taking them all in all, have been very abundant, well directed, and are not wanting in good and great results. It should be borne in mind that many of the labourers have but recently entered on their work, and that it is still rather the seed-time than the harvest. In the essentials of Christianity—its cardinal doctrines and facts, a large amount of instruction has been communicated to the Chinese. In such a field as this, where the term of service is so short, the labourers cannot expect to see but a part, and often it must be only a small part, of the legitimate good fruits of their work.* Enough, however, they can see to

* 'In one of the missions at Amoy—that of the London Missionary Society—there were baptized, during the last ten years, 182 adults, and about the same number in the mission of the American Board. In other missions, and at other places, the numbers professing Christianity have been much less; in some of the missions, however, there have been more additions to the churches during the last eighteen months than in all the previous years of their history.

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call forth abundant thanksgiving for the past, and to inspire courage and hope for the future, knowing that the work, in which they are only co-labourers, is of no doubtful issue.

'Among those who have come to China under the auspices of the Protestant churches, for Christ's sake and his gospel, there are many worthy and noble examples—both men and women—of zeal and labour, faith and patience. Not to mention the living, such were Robert Morrison and William Milne, Samuel Dyer and David Abel, Edwin Stevens, Pohlman, Goddard, Lowrie, and W. H. Medhurst. These, and others whose names are less known abroad, have done much excellent work, the fruits of which will doubtless, by divine grace, make many souls happy and blessed for ever.

'The present prospects—and the signs of the times too—when compared with what met the lonely adventurer on these shores half a century ago, how very different!

'In coming to China, that zealous and heroic man realized what, as now appears, had been the earnest prayer of his youth—"that God would direct him to that part of the missionary field where the difficulties were the greatest, and to all human appearance the most insurmountable." Then, not only did an exclusive native policy restrict all intercourse with foreigners to one narrow spot, and to one small company of monopolists; but his own Government, also, was so afraid of giving umbrage to the Chinese, that Morrison found it necessary to cross the Atlantic, and to come to Canton in a vessel not carrying English colours. And on his arrival there, for a season, he was watched with a jealous eye, and even by those who, not long subsequently, were eager to secure the benefit of his services in the advancement of their "Honourable Trade."

'For more than twenty years afterwards, he laboured almost alone—the only Protestant missionary in this empire. Milne came to Macao, but was forced away; and, as others who followed him, he found a residence at the "Straits." To preach the doctrine of Christ, or to profess and practise his religion, was then, by the penal code of the Great Pure Dynasty, declared to be a capital crime. Then, too, by common law, or the "old customs" of this realm, all the foreigners in Canton, regarded as merchants, and "so booked," were required, after the business of a season was over, in spring, to retire from the city of Rams, and migrate to Macao. By special permission, said merchants were permitted to bring their families to reside within the jurisdiction of the Portuguese settlement; but no "barbarian woman" could be allowed to approach even the suburbs of the provincial capital. For attempting such a monstrous act, on one occasion, all commerce was stopped, and the whole Imperial cabinet and dragon-throne together were moved for the immediate expulsion of the two or three fair intruders.

'Such was the state of affairs in 1830, those palmy days of monopolies and Cohongs. Four years later, the exclusive rights in China of the Hon. East India Company terminated. The Royal commission, under Lord Napier, arrived in July, 1834. Denied an audience with the Governor at Canton in the first place, the generous nobleman, unwilling in any way to compromise the honour or the rights due to foreigners, and harassed and constrained, retired to Macao, where shortly afterwards, on the 11th of October, he expired.

'A few weeks previously—August 1st, 1854—Dr. Morrison had died at Canton, leaving there, in the missionary work, only two persons, who, for three or four

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years, had been his co-labourers in the dissemination of Biblical truth, chiefly by means of the press and the agency of one native evangelist.

'Early in 1839 came the imprisonment of all the foreigners in Canton, and the surrender of the twenty thousand and odd chests of opium; next came, on three successive years, armed expeditions, and the signing of the English treaty before Nanking, on the 29th of August, 1842; and finally, two years later, the Act of Toleration, given by the vermilion pencil, dated Taukwang, 24th year, 11th month, 19th day, or December 28th, 1844.

'Thus,' continues the writer, 'by a wonderful and mysterious Providence, wide and effectual doors have been opened for Protestant missionaries. As yet their work is but begun: to it, however, they are fairly committed. By Him, who holds all power, both in heaven and on earth, the disciples of the Lord Jesus are commissioned to give the bread of life—the word of God—to all people. This high warrant, in God's own good time, will most assuredly be fully executed; and as the years roll on, during the next coming half century, his truth, if we rightly read the promises, will make achievements, bright and glorious beyond any thing witnessed by his people on earth since the days of the apostles and primitive martyrs. China can be no exception.'

Only lately we called attention to the gratifying circumstance, that Sir John Bowring's (we can scarcely dignify it by the name of the Chinese) war had not in the smallest degree hindered the progress of the missionaries. In continuation of our former narrative, and by way of illustrating the present prospects of Christianity, we now add one or two quotations from recent correspondence. Writing from Shanghae, Mr. Wylie, of the London Missionary Society, who had recently made an excursion up the Yellow River, says:—'Ten years since, a visit to Kwan-shan was considered a hazardous undertaking; now, foreigners are no rariety there. After the heat of the day, I walked through part of the city, and gave away a number of Christian books, which were very readily received, though by no means so greedily caught at as in some other cities. A large number of the people have a knowledge of our religion. A few hours brought us within the suburbs of Soo-chow, which city has also added a few to the numbers of our church in Shanghae; and, from the reports of the Bible Society's colporteur, Wang Chuh-seng, who has lately visited it several times, there is an advancing spirit of inquiry, and a desire to become more perfectly acquainted with our doctrine.'

Further on he adds:—'Besides Kwan-san, I have mentioned six walled cities, all of which I entered on my return, and walked about them with great freedom; and although frequently betrayed by my foreign features, I did not once hear the *offensive epithet* applied to me north of the Yang-tsze, nor of any symptom of disapprobation at my presence. The small stock of books I endeavoured to make the most of, distributing them as favours to particular parties, and in many instances they were doubtless appreciated. Although the similarity of our books to the rebel publications was readily observed, yet that did not prove any bar to their reception, nor did it at all excite suspicion; indeed, none were more eager to obtain them than officers and soldiers in the imperial service.'

And in another place:—'I always announced myself as an Englishman, and stated clearly the object of my trip, and never did I hear any token of disapprobation. On the other hand, several of them seemed much interested on the occasion, and had evidently the desire that such visits should be repeated. I received marked

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civility from them on every occasion, and all things conspired to show that the mandarins are evidently desirous of cultivating a friendly feeling with us at present; and, should we obtain their countenance, there is little fear of our maintaining amicable terms with the people.'

These and the other quotations we have previously made—with what our readers will remember of the particulars of M. Huc's journal—show, we think, pretty plainly that the aversion of the Chinese to foreigners has been greatly exaggerated. To those of other nations, who practise extortion, who bully, cheat, and deceive, on account of their 'superior civilization,' wherever they go, it is natural there should exist a feeling of hatred and suspicion. This, as is well known, was for years the character of all our ordinary intercourse with 'barbarous nations.' But there is not an instance known—not even excepting Madagascar—where people have long resisted the approaches of the Christian missionary. The one-ness of the human constitution—to which the gospel is always adapted—ensures its ultimate reception. The Author of the religion to save, is the Author also of the men to be saved. That the gospel is proclaimed is, to us, therefore a proof that it will not long *be resisted*, and that even China will soon give way before the great and mighty word of the Lord. One has only—looking at the above history—to see what has been done—to believe what may and must be done if the gospel shall continue to be preached.

We have, as might be expected, very little news of a religious character from India. The missionaries have been obliged to suspend their work, and their communications do not add anything of importance to the intelligence which is already in the possession of our readers. We have, however, read them, as they have come from missionaries of all denominations, and have felt deeply grateful for the manifestation of fine Christian spirit and firm faith which they one and all illustrate.

In connexton with this subject, we are glad to call attention to the minute of the Wesleyan Missionary Society on Indian affairs. At a very numerously attended meeting recently held at the Conference House, the society adopted a series of resolutions on the Indian crisis. After recapitulating the recent events, and an expression of their conviction that 'the only effectual remedy for the evils which all alike deplore, and the sure means of preventing future similar disasters is the spread and prevalence of that gospel, which, while it makes rulers just and beneficent, implants in their subjects the spirit of contentment, moderation, and obedience,' the meeting proceeded to pass a resolution determinative of more vigorous missionary efforts for future. It resolved, that ten additional missionaries should be sent to India, that number being regarded but as the commencement of an increase to the missionary staff there, which the committee will follow up as soon as practicable. Not a word is said of Government assistance; the religious feeling alone of the people is appealed to.

We gave, last month, some facts concerning the new slave-trade of France. The field of the trade, as our readers are aware, is Western Africa. Of Western Africa Sierra Leone is the capital. Here is a sketch from the pen of Mr. Diboll, Baptist minister of Fernando Po, of the general condition of this colony:—'In Sierra Leone, decorum in the streets, impartial justice in the courts, and profession of religion in the churches, are observable; but the ministers all deplore the want of spirituality. In missionary operations, but little is done beyond the English-

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speaking population; ministers die before they are able to acquire the native language. Of the 18,000 inhabitants of Freetown, several thousands are rather a floating population of Mandingoes and other Mohammedan natives from the interior. These men are the heart and the lungs of the trading community here. They throng every street, fill every store, and occupy several of the landing-places. But there is no man here who can preach to them. If a missionary had time to weep, he would weep abundantly over those deluded followers of the prophet.'

Whether the hearts of the Africans can ever be reached by ordinary missionary operations becomes more and more a question. Moffat and Livingstone can reach them, and through their instrumentality a race of native preachers may ultimately be raised up, but as far as human calculations can extend, the future of Africa is yet black and dark as a charnal-house.

We see it advertised that the Livingstone fund of the London Missionary Society now amounts to upwards of 6,000*l.*: the Government has added to this 5,000*l.* for what may be called Livingstone's civil and scientific 'list.' With this aid, and with renewed strength and energy, the great explorer may be able to proceed hopefully on his mission. If he were not Livingstone we should express a fear that the support and 'patronage' now accorded to him would lessen his self-reliance—a quality worth more to him, and such as he, than all the praises of all the learned bodies, or thousands of gold and silver.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Monthly Retrospect' is unavoidably crowded out.

'W.E.B.B.;' 'S.S.P.;' 'E.A.C.;' 'J.P.;' and 'The Revival'—received, but declined.

The following are thanked for their communications.—'C.M.A;' 'W.S.C.; 'H.M.H.'

'J.S.W.' (Newcastle.) We may have occasion shortly to say a word on the subject of his note; meantime we shall be happy to receive the addition to the list of our subscribers which our friend is able to secure. 'Every little makes a mickle.'

*** The set of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR from the commencement has been purchased.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

George Warrington; or, Where shall he go to?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

In giving his friends an account of his visit to Darlingham, Mr. Warrington was evidently recalling a pleasant and happy season. It was interesting, almost amusing, to notice how fondly he lingered on almost every incident, however trivial; how he described individuals of humble position, but not unimportant in their sphere; it being one of the peculiarities, as he considered, of the church there, that every member of it appeared to be really a vital part of the body. He 'had never,' he said, 'before or since, witnessed such an exemplification of the apostle's idea of the Christian church as a whole, as suggested in 1 Cor. xii. 12—26;' which led Mr. Spencer to observe, that he 'thought every single church ought to be in itself a true representative of the whole; and that, where composed and constituted as it ought to be, it would be found that the glorious Lord of all would as truly show himself to be the head of an individual society as of the whole.'

'The whole repeating itself in the parts,' rejoined Mr. Warrington; '*totum in minimis*. By the way, it is interesting to see how that ancient notion has been revived from time to time, and with what favour some even thoughtful men have received it of late.'

'I have not long been familiar with the idea as a philosophical maxim, or presumed one,' said Mr. Spencer. 'But is it so ancient?'

'I think, in its earliest form, it claims Anaxagoras for its father. Is it fair to ask Duncan for the date?'

'Anaxagoras? Was not Socrates a pupil of his?'

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'That is disputed, and on sufficient grounds, perhaps; but you are right as to the date, and so we find ourselves back some five centuries before the Christian era!'

And then the friends forgot Darlingham awhile, and canvassed the notion suggested above; Mr. Warrington concluding that portion of their chat by proposing to Duncan, as an exercise, to read the account Lucretius gives of the doctrine and his refutation of it.

After a four or five hours' coach ride, on a pleasant day in May, Mr. Warrington had reached Darlingham in the afternoon. The last half-hour of the journey was especially charming, and the first glimpse of the spot where he had engaged to spend a month, made him feel that, whatever else might be wanting, nature at least was bountiful. Magnificent elms bordered the right-hand side of the road for half a mile before entering the place. [Reader, I do not like this word 'place,' but as I am sketching from the actual, I am afraid to say whether Darlingham is a town or village.] Beyond them, the ground, which was park-land, and full of gentle undulations, rose gradually till, when you gained the summit, you found yourself on a hill of no mean elevation, part of a range of chalk hills stretching through the country. Half way up, or somewhat less, was the church, with its grave-yard surrounded by tall elms, above which the tower appeared bosomed in foliage. A church and church-yard which the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and 'Deserted Village' would have enjoyed describing.

When the coach stopped, a grandfatherly old gentleman, in tones which intimated the three-score years and ten to be at least reached, had inquired, as he shuffled about among the groups which collected round 'the London coach' on its arrival, 'if the Rev. Mr. Warrington was there?' And Mr. W., who had been in no haste to alight, saw an elderly man whose whole attire betokened either a perfect indifference to costume, or else circumstances which would probably make the donning of a new suit an era from which the domestic annals might be dated. But the good man's face was instantly lighted up with so much evident gratification and kindly feeling on Mr. W.'s owning to the name, and the shaking of both his hands was so cordial and delighted a manifestation, that the traveller at once placed himself under 'Old Mister Girley's' guidance with great contentment. The old gentleman shuffled along with 'the new minister' almost proudly, and chatted away with considerable fluency, telling Mr. Warrington how his 'daughter Anne would try to make him comfortable,' and how he 'expected James Franklyn would come in to tea; leastways, he would if he could.'

'And who is James Franklyn?' Mr. Warrington good-humouredly inquired.

'Oh, I forgot, you don't know. Why James Franklyn is one of my brother deacons, and quite our for'-horse man. Aye, he's quite the grey mare, is James Franklyn.' And thereupon the old gentleman, who had been rendered perfectly happy by Mr. Warrington's having kindly offered him his arm, facetiously nudged him with his

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elbow, and presently continued, 'Ah, well, he has a good right to like to have his own way, for he's got a good head-piece of his own, has James Franklyn. Our church owes a deal to him, and he's been the right-hand man of both our other pastors. Mr. Bodmin—Dr. Bodmin, as he is now—and he was quite thick; such friends, to be sure! You see, Dr. Bodmin was A. Number 1, and there worn't many of us as could appreciate him to the full like; but there, James Franklyn was allus at home with 'un.'

'Was Dr. Bodmin your last minister?'

'No, the one before. What! don't you know Dr. Bodmin?'

And Mr. Warrington was almost afraid he should sink in the good man's estimation by the utter ignorance he had to confess.

'And your last minister was—?'

'Ah, poor fellow! He ought never to 'a gone away. It as good as broke his heart. He was never hisself after. Why, they tell'd me he never could preach in his new place anything like he used to't here. Ah, dear! I shall allus say he's a murdered man; and James Franklyn 'll tell you the same.'

'Murdered!' exclaimed Mr. Warrington.

'As good as murdered, we all ses. You see, we b'aint a very wealthy people, and he had a large family to bring up, and he was quite a gentleman in all his feelings and ways—a little too much so, some people ses, but that's neither here nor there; they be only the Crabsham people, you know, that talks so about him, and they was allus jealous of any church that had a better man than they; and though our'n is but a poorish church, yet for this twenty year and more our ministers have allus been the first men like in the 'sociation.' All the rest were sure, somehow, to look up to them; sure. And some of them—but there, it's a long story, and a desperate painful one, and James Franklyn 'll tell ye all about it a deal better than I can; and we are close at my door, and there's my daughter Anne a looking out for us, and she'll tell ye too that poor Mr. Deane never held up his head after it. Ah, it was the happiest church as ever was till all that broke out, and he thought the time was come for him to leave Darlingham. He said his work was done, he could see. And they do say he never smiled after he went away, Dear heart! I don't think there's one of his own people as wouldn't have stuck by him, but he said 'twarnt no use, and so we've been like sheep arrout a shepherd ever since. But there—God knows; and his will be done!'

Mr. Warrington had caught sight of a happy female face, looking down the street, from above the half-door of a shop a little way on, and as Mr. Girley wound up his broken story about their late pastor, she threw open the half-door, and came a step or two outside, so smiling, so happy, so kind, so good, with such a pleasant, comfortable, domestic, motherly face, that Mr. Warrington gave her his hand with the cordiality of old friendship.

'My daughter Anne, sir,' said the old gentleman, evidently much gratified at the impression she had at once made, and not a little proud

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already of Mr. Warrington, whom it was not necessary to introduce. Several neighbours, at least those that were shopkeepers, had looked out at their doors as Mr. Girley had borne the 'new minister' in triumph up the little street, and he had caught sight of female faces stealthily looking at him, over or through the pots of flowers that stood in most of the windows, as he passed. Plainly, his arrival was an event in Darlingham. Miss Girley, for though one would say she was born with a whole world of all the kindest and best maternal feelings in her nature, she still retained her maiden name, and, as she was nearer fifty than forty, there was little danger now of the old gentleman's being called to part with his 'daughter Anne.' However, those innate excellences were not wasted on the desert air; for 'daughter Anne' was also 'sister Anne,' and 'cousin Anne,' and 'aunt Anne,' and what many frivolous folks half-sneeringly call 'single blessedness' with her was very manifold and voluminous blessedness; her affections had not turned sour, nor been expended on herself, because no worthy man had ever made his own name more worthy by conferring it on her. Bless me, I see I have not finished the sentence before last. Well, I won't erase the tribute to the memory of one whom the apostles would have spoken of as kindly as of Phœbe, deaconess of the church at Cenchrea. And so, having said my say, I'll begin that sentence again. Miss Girley, then, led the way through a high-pitched, scantily-furnished, white-washed, and daintily-clean chandler's shop.—'A chandler's shop?!' Yes, sir, or miss, a chandler's shop. We are not walking on stilts, you see; not among fine people, any more than certain fishermen and tent-makers, with a somewhat well-known Carpenter at their head, were 'carriage-folks.' But I forget, the readers of the 'Christian Spectator' do not need any hints of this kind, and I would at once draw my pen through the last sentence and the one before it, only I intend to take credit for the typographical contrivance by which I intimate the union of the ejaculatory and interrogative in the supposed repetition of the words by some supra-genteel reader. Well, by this time, the reader may have got over the homely sight and mingled odours of the 'chandler's shop;' or if he should require a little discipline in this direction I'll positively linger in the 'shop' awhile, the more so as I fear I shall not be likely to interfere thereby with its too scanty 'custom.' However, Mr. Warrington, notwithstanding being 'late of Oriel College, Oxford,' was far too thorough a man, and too true a gentleman, to be scandalized at what would send a whole host of our German-silver respectables, of both sexes, into hysterics, and his pleasurable feelings were in no degree diminished on finding that 'this was where the supplies lodged.'

'Sir,' said Miss Girley, as she led the way into the sitting-room on one side of the shop, and which was sitting-room, and receiving-room, and dining-room, and drawing-room, and any other room you please, all in one. 'Sir, my name's Anne, but the ministers always call me "Martha," and I hope if there's anything that I can get that you would like, or anything that I can do for you, that you'll be so

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kind as tell me. I'm sure we're all so much obliged to you for coming.'

There was something so true, so genuine, so womanly, so motherly-sisterly-wifely-daughterly in one, about her, that Mr. Warrington felt himself at home at once, and that his hostess, however conversant she might be with 'coffee, tea, tobacco, and snuff,' as the world was informed by a board which bore her name, [the reader will see how doggedly I keep 'the shop' before him, although these are such superfine rose-water days, that many a 'young lady,' and many a be-silked and be-watch-chained mamma, who owe all their finery to some 'shop,' aye, and many a man too whom success has enabled to live away from his business, speak very disdainfully of a 'shop;' and, living in the suburbs, give themselves grand anti-shop airs; and when they go on their three weeks' excursion to Ramsgate, don't they flout the 'shop?' and betray what they wish to hide by the falseness of their whole tone about 'shops' and 'shop-people.'] This bracketed lesson to, I fear, not a few, will at least enable me to finish what I was going to say with all due boldness, viz., that Mr. Warrington felt his hostess—was a lady.

By and bye, the monitory bell attached to the little half-door announced an arrival, and, though Miss Girley jumped up in an instant, the old gentleman would insist on going too, and Mr. Warrington could hear, 'Is he come?' and, 'He is come!' both uttered at once in a low, eager voice.

'What sort of a man is he?' inquired the stranger.

'A real gentleman,' said Mr. Girley; and was beginning to expatiate on the subject, when the daughter uttered a warning 'whsh!' and pointed to the parlour. Mr. W. saw the little pantomime in the glass which hung on the wall opposite the open door, and saw the new-comer look inquiringly at Miss Girley, who, by signs, confirmed the old gentleman's verdict; and then both father and daughter said aloud:—

'Come in, come in, we've been waiting for you;' and as they returned to the room with the third person, Mr. Girley said:

'James Franklyn, sir, my brother deacon, as I was telling you of.'

'I hope, sir, Mr. Girley has not been telling you any very sad tales about me,' said Mr. Franklyn, as he gave Mr. Warrington one of the heartiest, manliest grasps the latter had ever received, and added, 'Welcome to Darlingham, sir; we are very glad to see you, and hope you'll be able to spend a pleasant time to yourself among us. We are a homely people, Mr. Warrington, but our ministers will give us a good character, I believe; at least, the one who still lives will. The other,' and his voice was slightly tremulous, 'is gone where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

Mr. Warrington was soon interested in his new acquaintance, and in various chat, but chiefly about 'the state of things' at Darlingham, an hour or two passed pleasantly, till, by-and-bye, after some little telegraphic communications between the two deacons and 'daughter Anne,' James Franklyn half hesitatingly stated that he and his old friend had an engagement for an hour or so, and asked Mr. Warrington to excuse them.

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'Now what was this engagement, I wonder?' I'll tell you, sir. It seems that a few friends were in the habit of meeting on a Saturday evening, to pray that God would bless the ministers of Christ and the ministry of the word everywhere, on the day that was approaching, and to make special intercession for him who was to lead the devotions and thoughts of those who should assemble in Darlingham Chapel. This Saturday-evening gathering of a few devout souls was not generally known. Indeed, it was almost studiously kept secret. They seemed to feel that the less this social, as well as individual, entering into the closet was talked about, the better. Those Darlingham people had not yet caught the trick of the day, and still held both sacredness and reality to be probably lessened in the degree in which religious exercises, or effort, or success, were talked about and published. One would think they had the notion that religion might with propriety be characterised by maiden modesty and reserve. But these Darlingham folks, you see, lived in the country, and were behind their day, and so had yet to learn to assimilate their doings to those of the great world. When tradesmen hold that 'nothing is to be done without show,' and 'making a dash,' and that more depends on 'a good front' than on anything else; and that, 'to get along,' and 'go a-head,' you must 'astonish the natives,' and that advertising vans, and puffing paragraphs, and making your name notorious, are the ways by which 'trade must be done,' would it not be preposterous of the church also not to learn the noble lesson? I have often seen in country graveyards rustic notions of the cherub-world in stone, and used to wonder at the strange conceptions;—all head, or, rather, all cheek, puffed out most alarmingly, and blowing a sort of penny trumpet as strenuously as if trumpet-blowing were salvation. But I now see the carver was wiser than he knew. He was unconsciously executing beforehand a typical idea, that should be ready in a coming day (our own). And it is thought by some that the Church, having taken lessons of the world in the noble art of 'getting along,' or 'how to succeed,' is on the point of making a notable discovery of truer angels for this profound nineteenth century than any you read of in a certain old-fashioned volume, and, who knows? we may soon see the announcement—'Blare-away' *vice* Gabriel, superseded.'

But to return; those Darlingham folks had several such meetings among themselves, in groups that naturally associated for the purpose, and they really thought the less there was of announcement about meetings for prayer, and of urging and pressing people to come to them, and the more it was a reality between themselves and God, the better. They had been taught so, it seems, by pastors who had not yet come to think the wisdom of the world the wisdom of the church.

The next morning Mr. Warrington watched the country people as they came across the fields and down the hills in all directions. Rustic fathers drawing little home-made vehicles full of children, and the neat mothers walking beside, with their hymn-books pinned up in their pocket-handkerchiefs; it was a sight he gazed on with feelings that prepared him for his duty. The chapel was awkwardly built, having

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been enlarged several times, and always in breadth, so that it was twice as broad as it was long, perhaps more; so the front gallery was much nearer to him than the side ones were. But before he entered, he found there was a prayer-meeting being held in the vestry, and heard a peasant, dressed in a dark velveteen coat, pray, as he afterwards said, he 'had not often heard a man pray.' The congregation, in which there were a good many smock frocks and red cloaks, looked so clean, so morally respectable, so quietly expectant and devout, that Mr. Warrington found, more than he had ever done before, or dreamed of even, that, besides a minister's own preparations for the pulpit, there is such a thing as congregational preparation, and that it is in the power of a people greatly to help a preacher. 'It was mainly owing,' he said, 'to the influence of the very appearance and manner of the people upon himself, that he wrote of the day, "That sabbath-day was a high day," for there was a higher power resting on him both in prayer and preaching than he had ever experienced.' And so were all his Sundays there.

During his visit there were I do not know how many 'anniversaries' held in the neighbourhood, and parties were made up to attend them; for, as James Franklyn, and old Master Girley, and, indeed, one and all of the people, used to say, 'We like to be neighbourly, and the interest of one church is the interest of all; and then it is so pleasant to meet, every now and then, with fellow-Christians of other places, and worship elsewhere than in your own little chapel; it does one good, and widens one's sympathies;' and a good deal more to that effect. So Mr. Warrington went, and thus formed acquaintance with 'the ministers' of that district, and 'the leading men,' and spent many pleasant days with congregations that, on the whole, impressed him favourably. He found a good deal of 'heart' in those country gatherings, and less than might have been expected of the questionable. But now and then he found himself among a people that were for eclipsing their neighbours, and not content with securing some 'great gun' of the neighbourhood for the occasion, had brought down some greatest one from London; and so Mr. Warrington had an opportunity of actually shaking hands and receiving some little condescending notice from a great man or two, which of course made a red-letter day.

The chief event, however, was the 'meeting of the Association.' It was to be held—I ask the secretary's pardon, I mean 'holden'—during his stay at Darlingham, and, as it happened, there. And many and grave were the consultations about it, seeing 'the church was without a pastor,' which was commonly called 'being in a widowed state;' a phrase which rather puzzled him at first, having been accustomed to think that, if we adopt the significant orientalism of Scripture at all, and speak of the church under forms borrowed from the marriage relationship, while Christ lived *He* was the Church's Lord, and so widowhood a thing not to be named. Eventually, he came to think a general overhauling of much of the phraseology of the churches not altogether undesirable.

This was the first 'Association' Mr. Warrington attended, and as such gatherings almost seem now to have had their day, and I do not

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know that we have a single daguerreotype of one, I have a great mind to sketch this in particular, not so much for you, my respected reader, of course, as for—'posterity,' you know!

The various domestic arrangements that had to be made 'for the meeting of the Association,' requiring so many diaconal and feminine consultations, amused him. Beds would be wanted for—'so many ministers,' and for—'so many messengers,' that Mr. W. was rather puzzled at the prospect of so much business; for seeing some five-and-twenty 'messengers' were expected, it was natural to think there must be a prodigious amount of work to be transacted. There was to be a 'double lecture' in the morning of the first day, and a sermon in the evening of the second. It was the prerogative of the church where the Association was held to choose the evening preacher, and they naturally chose Mr. Warrington. At last the arrangements were all complete, and the day came. Country gigs, with three people in each, 'shay carts,' good-humouredly crowded, two or three wagons, spruced up for the occasion, and filled with feminine rurality, besides 'traps' and other vehicles, began to pour in, while now and then a reverend brother on a borrowed horse, or pony, arrived, through mercy, in safety, and no end of pedestrians made their appearance. I wish my space would allow me to describe the more notable characters of 'the Association,' and I would present the readers of the 'Christian Spectator' with a Gallery of Portraits that I confess I should like to have preserved; but if I allow myself to go rambling and flower-gathering in all the pleasant meadows of memory, the question, 'Where shall he go to?' won't get answered so soon as it ought by a number or two, and then—? By the time the clock struck ten, a goodly number of 'ministers and messengers' had assembled, and the instant the last stroke had finished the prompt secretary announced that at 'this preliminary meeting, the moderator of last year presided by right,' and so summoning Brother Klimber to the chair, which was purely a suppositious one, pronounced the association constituted. But, alas, the preacher of the second sermon was not forthcoming, nor his substitute; and, within an hour of the time for commencing service, the awful gap in the programme had yet to be filled up. The brethren were coy. One could not think of preaching 'The Association Sermon' with no time for preparation. Another had preached last year. A third claimed to be excused because, poor fellow, he had to go through the ordeal of reading 'the Circular Letter' in the afternoon, which was unanimously held to be a sufficient trial for one day. Some one proposed Mr. Warrington, but he had been appointed to preach on the next evening. It was getting serious. The congregation was assembling. The more active men of the Association put their heads together, and interchanged whisperings lasted some time. A grave debate was carried on in whispers The upshot was—that Mr. Warrington, being spoken of so highly by the Darlingham people, should preach in the morning, and the question of the evening preacher be postponed for the present. But would Mr. W. thus preach at an hour's notice?' and 'the Association Sermon' too! and 'before so many ministers!!'

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He was just coming in. The secretary stated their difficulty, and, in the name of the assembled brethren, asked him to preach the second sermon that morning. All faces were turned inquiringly to him. But he answered in an instant, good-humouredly acceding to their request, as if it had been quite a matter of course to do so. Whereupon some thought it very kind, but some thought it an act of great temerity. And 'he made no fuss about it,' and 'positively looked as if he could have preached then and there if they wished it,' while the minister who was going to preach the first sermon, and who had just made his appearance, looked almost as if he were going to be hanged. Poor fellow! it was his first time of 'preaching before the Association.' However, he got through the trial very well, for he was a devout man, and his nervousness was very excusable, considering his antecedents, and his modest consciousness that his training for the ministry had been rather slurred over,—what workmen call 'scamped.'

The Darlingham people listened to Mr. W. with very evident *delight*, and stole side-long glances at the leading 'ministers and messengers,' to see what impression his sermon was making. The father of the Association, with straight hair, and straight-cut coat, and a good deal of the worthy Puritan in appearance and manner, elevated his eyebrows to their highest, rolled his eyes round, and put his face through the various customary movements whereby he would express that he had met with something out of the common. There were three or four village pastors of little churches that had been planted by this excellent man, who was quite the apostle of the district, and to whom he was a complete oracle. These read his face in order to know better what to think of the sermon, and some of them had also caught his trick of elevating the eyebrow, and drawing up the mouth, and rolling the eye. One of them was quite his double. But by the time Mr. W. had got fairly into his subject, Father Bradford, or Simon Bradford, as he was commonly called, had concluded his facial exercises, and was listening intently as to a man whom he was not exactly called to sit in judgment on; and by approving nods, not so much patronly as unconsciously demonstrative of satisfaction, gave the clue to those who were accustomed to wait for his verdict. When the sermon was ended, he whispered to the secretary, who whispered to Mr. W., and then whispered back again to Father Bradford, who forthwith whispered to three or four more in the table-pew, who nodded, and then whispered to others, while folks wondered what was up. But it was all plain when Simon Bradford rose, and announced, though not without some quaintnesses, that I must not repeat,-or else everybody'll know who's who, that 'our good Brother Warrington would preach again on the morrow evening, and that his subject, he understood, would be Side-views of the Cross;' whereat Master Girley, James Franklyn, and the rest of the Darlingham people, were not a little gratified.

The only other event of the day which insists on being noticed was the reading of the 'Circular Letter,' which, according to custom, had

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been written by a minister appointed the previous year, and on a given subject; and which, if approved by the assembled representatives of the churches, would go forth as their epistle. The secretary had cut a number of pieces of paper, and distributed them to all the ministers and messengers present; a process which the writer of the letter, who had already drawn forth his manuscript, eyed askance, much as schoolboys in the olden time when rods had not yet gone out of fashion might have watched the preparation for a certain 'tingling' exercise which Thomas Hood, in his 'Irish Schoolmaster,' describes right pleasantly. The letter-writer no sooner began to read than the assembled brethren became transformed into a body of critics, and one and another began to scribble away with considerable demonstrativeness, so that when the reading was ended, and 'the criticising' began, it was wonderful to see what an evidently easy and pleasant thing it is, that same art of criticism. Why, there was not a paragraph, scarcely a sentence, that was left uncriticised. Sometimes the doctrine was demurred to; then a sentiment was questioned; anon, a word or phrase was pronounced a plagiarism; by and bye, an expression was detected as ungrammatical; the taste of this, the desirableness of that, the propriety of something else, was doubted; till at last the unfortunate writer looked upon his poor mutilated production with such an aspect of manifold, woe-begone, but yet funny discomfort, that one scarcely knew whether to yield to the impulse to indulge in a good honest roar of laughter, or to compassionate the worthy man who had to pass through so trying an ordeal before arriving at the dignity of seeing himself in print. But, alas! every Canaan has its previous desert. And this trial also had its end, as even Æneas would have prophesied.

But not to linger; these two days gave Mr. W. a considerable insight into the nature and quality or number of our churches, which on the whole, impressed him favourably; although he confessed to himself the existence of an earnest wish that the churches, instead of manifesting something like complacent self-satisfaction with themselves and their constitution and stand-point, as if nothing were now needed but to increase numerically, could be brought to see that their ideal might very advantageously become far higher than it was, and, indeed, in some respects altogether different. He thought several of the churches very fare temporary homes for a certain class of people, awakened to a sense of the supreme importance, first of personal salvation, and then of effort to propagate the elements of religious knowledge in their neighbourhood. But his own ideal, which of course included this, though not exactly in the form in which he here found it, seemed to his own mind to be far more comprehensive than was recognised by any of the excellent men he had associated with on this occasion. He was by no means satisfied that they had so completely broken away from the merely traditional in religion, by having simply cut themselves free from the trammels of the Establishment, as they thought; and it appeared to him that most of the churches suffered serious damage from pushing the principles of independency and democracy to excess. He thought,

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while the personal piety of all, even, whom he had met with was unquestionable, yet that the character of the piety would be greatly improved by being transferred for a while from the very peculiar soil and atmosphere in which it was rooted. He knew that Dissent was a necessity, but he regretted that neither the ministers nor the churches seemed to be sufficiently aware that their very standing-ground and attitude as *Dissenters* involved certain peculiar disadvantages, moral, intellectual, religious, which required to be distinctly recognised and guarded against. A certain locality may, on the whole, be the best possible that A. or B. can occupy, and yet there may be grave drawbacks in the climate which need to be wisely considered and provided against; not to speak of the minor matters of relative position and prospect. It may be a duty to be a dweller in the valley, but it would be advantageous now and then to climb to the hill top, while even a mountain residence occasionally might prove invigorating. 'I find,' said he to Mr. Spencer, after he had finished his account of Darlingham; 'I find most of the men I meet with, of all churches, *injured* by this common habit of regarding their own church-model as all but perfect, and considering that the great desideratum is that, like Aaron's rod, it should swallow up all the others. So Churchmen must needs plant Church-of-Englandism in the colonies, and even in Judea itself, till we have, as a crowning incongruity, "the Church of England in Jerusalem!" And a Wesleyan minister told me, with all gravity, that "all the churches would have to come to Methodism, which was destined to be the universal Church: for that no principle but the Connexional could stand permanently." While many Dissenters devoutly believe that, eventually, all churches must be distinctly congregational and separate. I feel,' he continued, 'only too painfully that dissent from the State Church is inevitable; but one evil in the dissent I have observed is—the tendency to dissent still, not only from the Establishment, but from every body and everything almost, so that one is reminded of infinite divisibility. God's laws in nature provide for the cohesion of separate atoms, else were no *kosmos* possible; and I confess I should like to see the cohesive *tendency*, at least, in Christians, even though circumstances for a while may overrule it.'

'I sympathize with the observation,' replied Mr. Spencer. 'But do you not think that the existence of the State Church in our midst, and its various peculiar and privileged modes of action, are mainly responsible for many of the undesirable peculiarites of the Nonconformist mind? We are kept, whether we like it or not, in a continual antagonism, having daily to struggle against the wrong done to us, not only as Christians, but as citizens even.'

'Precisely what I say,' replied the other. 'The necessity for dissent creates, over and above the healthful mental activity of a noble antagonism, an intellectual and moral atmosphere around the voluntary churches, which has in it many unfavourable elements, of which I wish those who breathe it to be sensible. And, to speak as a physician, I would recommend, not a total change of habitation, but, certainly, frequent and free mental excursions into other than just this one

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monotonous home-district. But, at the same time, I would in candour observe that Churchmen themselves, for the most part, need this thorough change of air and scene quite as much; only that the peculiarities of growth to which Dissenting Christians are liable are of a kind more strongly to impress one who comes among them from another meridian.'

Duncan had whispered to his sister, some time before, his wonder that Mr. Warrington had not settled at Darlingham, since he found so much to admire there; and now, upon a pause occurring in the conversation, he put the question to him.

'Why, for one thing,' answered Mr. Warrington, 'I was not invited to settle there; and for another, I do not think I could even if I had been.'

'Not invited?' exclaimed Duncan; 'and they so fond of you!'

'I don't know how it was,' replied Mr. Warrington.

'But I do,' said Mr. Spencer; 'and I think the good people there committed a mistake, although one honourable to themselves. Some of the leaders among them thought our friend here too good for them, and that it would be scarcely right to stand in the way of his settling in some much larger sphere, and where he would find more congenial society. They considered that a Christian church was no more at liberty to be selfish than an individual.'

'Was that indeed the reason?' asked Mr. Warrington.

'Indeed it was,' replied Mr. Spencer; 'coupled with the fear that the utmost salary they could raise would be not only far beneath what you ought to receive, but so altogether inadequate that they shrunk from proposing it.'

'*That* should never have hindered me from devoting myself to them,' said Mr. Warrington. 'Nor should I have considered the sphere of labour either too limited, or too retired. I cannot conceive of a church, or a locality, which is not worth the best energies of the best men.

'But you said you could not have settled there even if you had been requested,' Duncan observed.

'True. It had come to my knowledge that the trust-deed required the pastor to preach certain specified doctrines. Now I did not reluctantly quit the Church in which I was born and bred, and which I so long regarded with so much affection, because the life within me demanded greater freedom, in order to let myself be once more strapped in the strait-waistcoat of a creed drawn up by some not over enlightened and now unknown worthy of a preceding generation. The very phraseology of the creed inserted in the legal document was offensive. It evidently grew out of some local and temporary, or at best, sectional controversy of a former day, and was already antiquated even there.'

'But,' said Mr. Spencer, 'neither of the two former ministers, whom I knew well, were bound by any such creed.'

'Possibly, they did not know of the clause in the deed; or else, they had their own method of satisfying themselves,' answered Mr. Warrington.

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'And do you mean to say,' asked Duncan, in a tone of surprise, and as if he considered Mr. W. unnecessarily scrupulous; 'do you mean to say you should have refused to settle with so worthy a church merely on that ground?'

'Unquestionably, my boy. What else could an honest man do?'

'And so the absurdity of some nobody of fifty years ago is to prevent a number of people all born since, perhaps, from having a good pastor! Well, I don't wonder at the advice father gave the Broad-street people not to insert any kind of creed at all in their new deeds, but to leave the next generation as free as they insisted on being themselves.'

'Few societies,' rejoined Mr. Spencer, 'seem really able to trust the ever-present but invisible Head of the Church for to-morrow. It is *their* care that is to preserve the purity of the Church in days to come! Just as if the promised Spirit of Truth would cease when they were gathered to their rest, and the unction of the Holy One were exhausted on the extant generation'

'Certainly, want of faith is one of the causes of creeds being insisted on,' said Mr. Warrington.

'Yes, and you may add another, perhaps,' said Mrs. Spencer, who had been hitherto a silent listener. 'People who have built a place are not willing a subsequent generation even should derive any benefit from their outlay of money, except on terms which it gratifies them beforehand to witness by anticipation. I call it a species of selfishness. At all events it betrays, under colour of zeal for truth, a lamentable deficiency of generosity, of common kindness even.'

'And so the slumbering existence of a stupid creed in some old musty parchment,' said Duncan, 'is to rob a good sort of people of just the very best minister they could have! Well, I never!'

A Woman's Thoughts about Women.*

THE most prominent social topics of the hour are, Monster Preaching, Earnest Pugilism, and the Position and Work of Women. They are all three now fairly handed over to the tender mercies of the many-headed beast, and are undergoing, or are immediately about to undergo, that transitionary process of promiscuous 'ventilation' which is so trying to the fortunes of new ideas, and so mortifying to their sober-minded and honest friends. Of the three, we really think the Woman's Question likely to fare best under the manipulation of that popular opinion whose phases are so often only exchanges of cants. Nevertheless, any, ever so casual and unpretending, attempt to deal with it is liable to such besettings of misconception, and half-malicious, half-stupid insinuations of esoteric meanings, that we take leave to

* By the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Hurst and Blackett.

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guard ourselves by rehearsing the articles of our belief, negative and positive, upon the main subject.

I. We do not believe in the mental equality of the sexes. We do not even admit the cowardly compromise lately in use of 'difference in *kind*.' The difference in question is one of *power*, and with power there must be associated the idea of superiority, mince it away whoever pleases, and thinks it honest to do so. Mrs. Jameson has put this matter in a nutshell for us. In the type woman, intellect is always diluted with emotion to a much greater extent than is the case with the type man. It is not pure and unembarrassed; it is slow to seize abstractions; it is apt to linger over personals and accidentals, and lacks muscularity of hold. 'After all,' says *Aurora Leigh*,—

> '——— After all,
> We cannot be the equals of the male,
> *Who rules his blood a little.*'

Yes, 'a little' only; but in that little there is a fund of power which makes us men, for ever and ever, dear ladies all, your lords and masters, so fondly certain of our seigneury that we really don't much care whether you own your vassalage or not. It is the rarity of pure intellect in woman,—her incapacity to 'rule her blood a little' for an Idea,—which makes her incapable of the highest Art. We need not go to Hamlet's instructions to the players to learn what our own experience and observation will tell us, that to command the emotions of others we must command our own. This, for love, a woman can; for an idea, not.

II. On the other hand, this is not 'limiting the growth' of women, which is what we deniers of her intellectual equality are charged with doing. Like us, she has an unlimited race before her, and an ever-receding goal. But she must keep her line of march.

III. And in saying 'she must,' nothing arbitrary, no application of external force, is contemplated. If an ideal of the sex be assumed, of course it will exercise a certain influence in society, and—man being, like Mrs. Partington's devil, 'a poor critter after all,'—it will sometimes prove injurious. But if Mary Somerville can make counters of the stars, or Harriet Martineau illustrate social economics, or Joanna Baillie write tragedies, she will meet discountenance only from fools and scurvy knaves. Hands off!—a clear stage! And bay leaves for all who earn them!

IV. Nay, more than this. It is not only undeniable, but is a great grief to all intelligent men who have parted with the gossamerisms of adolescent views of life, that the received feminine ideal has shared the fate of all ideals in vulgar keeping—it has become *fetish*, and has been surrounded with degrading and mischievous superstitions. The work of to-day is to strip the idolum of its gewgaws, sweep bare the altar-stone, and purify the *cultus*. We wish it to go forth to the ends of the earth, as by the sound of a trumpet, that a true man would seek to set no limit whatever to the culture his female companion may bring to her intercourse with him; that every woman has an independent soul, for

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making the best of which she is responsible to God, and to Him supremely; that, in so far as the wishes of the other sex may be allowed to guide her, she may take it for granted, that those of the best and most sensible men are for the most intelligent and cultivated companionship possible. It is our privilege, and, we had well-nigh said, the chief grace and glory of our life, to know a very, *very* few superior women, and we think their society one of the greatest of earthly pleasures, and of earthly strengths too. To know them is to have fixed a grappling-iron in solid grounds of goodness and wisdom, from which any effort of aspiration is possible, and any drifting away to any shape of earthly ruin almost impossible. It is to be helped, corroborated, cheered, and uplifted. Far from us, then, be the superstitious deference to the popular, or any other ideal, which would hinder for any girl the most robust and generous training she can bear, from books, friends, and the facts of life around and about her. Might it only please God to increase the number of large-brained, large-hearted women! We will promise to discuss with them no questions of equality, and to give *them* any honours they may challenge.

V. We do not believe there is any 'conspiracy' among men 'to keep women down;' that 'men are tyrants;' or that 'custom' has *always* wronged women, and is now the *only* foundation for the differences in the education of the sexes. Customs do not come up in a night like mushrooms. There is sure to be a natural reason for whatever is universal among the race.

VI. We believe women are likely to be injured by the inflated talk, which has now become a cant, about their character and functions. Within these ten years, language has been turned upside down by writers who did not particularly care to be precise in the use of words,—Mr. Carlyle, for example,—till we really do not always see our way in the use of plain English. No subject has suffered more from the abuse of Germanized phraseology than that of 'Woman's Mission.' Woman is, it seems, all 'love' now-a-days; she is 'gentle woman, ever kind,'—a personage it has never been our good fortune to meet. She is man's 'conscience;' with her 'clear eye' she 'pierces through his moral sophistries,' and leads him back to the faith, and hope, and trust, and honesty, of his childhood—and so forth. As if this were not enough, there is a cant abroad which applies such words as 'holy' and 'divine' to womanly functions and impulses, which are in themselves no more so than the appetite for food. 'A mother's love' *ought* to be 'holy,' but the blind instinct which is so called by the canters is no more 'holy' than that in virtue of which a bear protects her cubs. In the intense affection and self-sacrifice of a mother, there is sublimity and poetry, but nothing strictly moral, and only harm is done by shamming that there is—as is pretended by that class of thinkers who maintain the 'ultimate identity' of Poetry and Religion (a shallow mistake). The 'gentle woman ever kind' theory, pervading as it does nearly all our essay-writing and story-telling, is exceedingly mischievous. Young men get married under a sort of impression that it is theirs to do the 'stern' business (and they do it), while it is the wife's to do the

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'gentle,'—which they take care accordingly to expect from her, but which they seldom get. We have known, in our own observation, but two married women approaching the Griselda type: one died, fairly worn out by being 'gentle' to those who put upon her, at forty years of age; the other had streaks of grey in her hair at twenty-five, and is being gradually crumpled up by the 'stern' party to the bargain. We have known men conduct themselves so wantonly in domestic life, for the sake of testing the wife's 'gentleness,' that there could be no parallel to it, unless some one were to go and get his ribs broken for the sake of developing the—

> 'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!'

'side' of the female character.

VII. We believe that wifehood and motherhood are words which indicate the natural destination of a woman. This is often called a 'debasing' view. It is no more 'debasing' than to say a watch was constructed to tell the time, or an apple-tree made to blossom and bear fruit. Those who think the view 'debasing' have, of course, seen fit to renounce the Argument from Design in the Creation?

VIII. We believe that there is no absolute, inflexible law of nature, which forbids even a married woman to work for gain, though it is generally very unadvisable that she should do so, and proves poor economy. But that there *are* absolute, inflexible laws, which ordain full employment for every human being, and that unmarried women—a class who are said to be very much on the increase—are not only entitled, but bound, to seek spheres of industry, and, if they have no private means, spheres of *remunerative* industry for themselves.

IX. We believe it would be a very good thing, if men and women could meet more frequently under those guarantees for sobriety of feeling and clearness of perception which approximating spheres of industry would give. It would furnish opportunities of mutual knowledge before marriage; it would tend to promote purity of feeling in one sex, and energy and exactitude of habit in the other.

X. And lastly, we believe that of the majority of marriages that are unhappy, the unhappiness is caused by the unfitness of the wife for reasonable companionship—an unfitness produced by a narrow, flimsy education, and a reliance upon sexual superstitions which will not stand the strain of actual life. There is a too common plea for the ridiculous divergence of female culture from any standard common to *both* sexes, which should be put out of court with indignation for its folly, instead of being, as it is, recklessly adopted and acted upon. The plea is this, that love demands difference rather than resemblance, contrariety rather than similarity of mental interests and pursuits. It is rubbish, and derives all its force from the vulgar love of paradox. Here and there an egotist, like Goethe, or a poor sufferer like Heine, may get along with a woman who is a charming nonentity; but in cases like this, there are two or three conditions rarely to be got together. The man is an egotist who makes for himself a world of his

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own: the wife adores him blindly, and is content to be shut out; and, not least, she has not, you will find, a nice moral sense. The real condition of attachment is predominating resemblance. This may be carried, without fear of contradiction, into the matter even of personal appearance. Dark people do *not* prefer light people: in plausible cases of this sort, the *basis* of the temperament will always be found the same.* But the main drift in this place is to insist upon the necessity, as a preparative for happy marriage, of an education for women which shall tend to create an intellectual trysting-ground for their intercourse in after-life with men. Attachments between the sexes which do not involve esteem, and mutual intelligence and corroboration in what is good and beautiful, are ill-fitted to bear the stress of stubborn facts, and come far short of extracting from the sexual relation the best and highest it can yield in subservience to true happiness and the beauty of holiness.

We have pushed these expressions of opinion farther than we intended, and farther than was necessary for our purpose; but we will delay no longer introducing the volume which we have made the text of such a discursive sermon. Those who have read 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' will know pretty well what they are to expect in a series of essays by the authoress of such a sterling, sound-hearted novel.† Old-fashioned morality, with a Scriptural basis; a *little* twang of Conservatism in the social philosophy; freedom from the bias of clique views; transparency of style; a vein of healthy sentiment from beginning to end. In spite of evident sincerity, and occasional touches both of energy and pathos, there is, it seems to us, too much *retenue*, and the general effect is rather chilly. The author's speech is so widely marginated, that it is not easy to fix it with a very decided opinion, except upon topics on which mankind have made up their minds once for all. The book contains, avowedly, only *Thoughts*, and disclaims originality, on, we submit, incorrect grounds. The author says, she 'does not even attempt an originality, which, in treating of a subject like the present, would be either dangerous or impossible.' Why so? We have read the same thing before in ethical writings; but it is a mistake as an explanation of non-originality of matter. Any originality of *general tendency*—*e. g.* an attempt to prove that life is not sacred—would be a presumption against a moral treatise; but originality of matter and treatment is as much open to the moralist as to any other writer, we apprehend. Nor is the spirit which abstains from saying bold things, because they are 'dangerous,' consistent with the very highest moods of conscientiousness. It is rarely necessary to tone down or very carefully guard one's expression of the thought that is in him. The world will do that quite fast enough, when they once get hold of it; just as a

* Moral critics, in general, know as much about harmony of temperament as art-critics, in general, about harmony of colour; of which Mr. Ruskin so quaintly says, 'If people tell you any two colours are discordant, make a note of those colours and put them together as often as you can!'

† We take pleasure in announcing that her 'Alice Learmont' is now published by Chapman and Hall at *one shilling*. It is the best shilling's worth of the class.

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congregation in singing (unless there is an instrument to keep them up to pitch) will manage to be half-a-tone flat by the time they reach the third verse of a psalm.

The topics of the twelve chapters of this book are:—I. Something to do. II. Self-dependence. III. Female Professions. IV. Female Handicrafts. V. Female Servants. VI. The Mistress of a Family. VII. Female Friendships. VIII. Gossip. IX. Women of the World. X. Happy and Unhappy Women. XI. Lost Women. XII. Women growing Old. Of these chapters, the best are, I., II., III., VII., and XII. The author is very sincere and very wise in her counsel on the matter of being a governess; and we commend her words not only to young ladies desiring that 'good work,' but to their mothers and fathers, who have the control (more or less) of their daughter's pursuits:—

'If, in the most solemn sense, not one woman in five thousand is fit to be a mother, we may safely say that not two out of that number are fit to be governesses. Consider all that the office implies: very many of a mother's duties, with the addition of considerable mental attainments, firmness of character, good sense, good temper, good breeding; patience, gentleness, loving-kindness. In short, every quality that goes to make a perfect woman is required of her who presumes to undertake the education of one single little child.

'Does any one pause to reflect what a "little child" is? Not sentimentally, as a creature to be philosophised upon, painted, and poetised; nor selfishly, as a kissable, scoldable, sugar-plum-feedable plaything; but as a human soul and body, to be moulded, instructed and influenced, in order that it in its turn may mould, instruct, and influence unborn generations. And yet, in face of this awful responsibility, wherein each deed and word of hers may bear fruit, good or ill, to indefinite ages, does nearly every educated gentlewoman thrown upon her own resources, nearly every half-educated "young person" who wishes by that means to step out of her own sphere into the one above it, enter upon the vocation of a governess.

'Whether it really is her vocation, she never stops to think; and yet, perhaps, in no calling is a personal bias more indispensable. For knowledge, and the power of imparting it intelligibly, are two distinct and often opposite qualities; the best student by no means necessarily makes the best teacher; nay, when both faculties are combined, they are sometimes neutralized by some fault of disposition, such as want of temper or of will. And allowing all these, granting every possible intellectual and practical competency, there remains still doubtful the moral influence, which, according to the source from which it springs, may ennoble or corrupt a child for life.

'All these are facts so trite and so patent, that one would almost feel it superfluous to state them, did we not see how utterly they are ignored day by day by even sensible people; how parents go on lavishing expense on their house, dress, and entertainments—everything but the education of their children; sending their boys to cheap boarding-schools, and engaging for their daughters governesses at £20 a year, or daily tuition at sixpence an hour; and how, as a natural result, thousands of incapable girls, and ill-informed, unscrupulous women, go on professing to teach everything under the sun, adding lie upon lie, and meanness upon meanness—often through no voluntary wickedness, but sheer helplessness, because they must either do that or starve!

'Yet, all the while we expect our rising generation to turn out perfection; instead of which we find it—what?

'I do solemnly aver—having seen more than one generation of young girls grow up into womanhood—that the fairest and best specimens of our sex that I have ever known have been among those who have never gone to school, or scarcely ever had a regular governess.

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'Surely such a fact as this—I put it to general experience, whether it is not a fact?—indicates some great flaw in the carrying out of this large branch of women's work. How is it to be remedied? I believe, like all reformations, it must begin at the root—with the governesses themselves.

'Unless a woman has a decided pleasure and facility in teaching, an honest knowledge of everything she professes to impart, a liking for children, and above all, a strong moral sense of her responsibility towards them, for her to attempt to enrol herself in the scholastic order is absolute profanation. Better turn shopwoman, needlewoman, lady's-maid—even become a decent housemaid, and learn how to sweep a floor, than belie her own soul, and peril many other souls, by entering upon what is, or ought to be, a female "ministry," unconsecrated for, and incapable of the work.'

Our readers will remember that Mrs. Austin bears the same testimony as the 'Author of John Halifax' to the superiority of the technically 'uneducated' women. Our own observation goes to confirm it.

On the subject of Self-dependence in women, two anecdotes are given which are worth a thousand homilies:—

'Two young women, well educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realize a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course friends thought "the girls" must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But the "girls" were wiser. They argued: "If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common sense, activity, diligence, and self-dependence. We have all these, and what we have not we will learn." So these sensible and well-educated young women laid aside their pretty uselessness and pleasant idleness, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things difficult, not to say distasteful, to most women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

'Another case—different, and yet alike. A young girl, an elder sister, had to receive for stepmother a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and "improper" thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. "Heaven helps those who help themselves." From that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been anything but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was and will be indebted to any one, except for love, while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!'

There is a tardiness in some persons to admit self-dependence and ample occupation in the world as rights and duties of women, because doubts spring up as to what a woman may or may not do, and keep her 'propriety.' The author's deliverance upon this matter is in her happiest vein.

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'Perhaps the line is most easily drawn, as in most difficulties, at that point where duty ends and pleasure begins. Thus, we should respect one who, on a mission of mercy or necessity, went through the lowest portions of St. Giles' or the Gallowgate; we should be rather disgusted if she did it for mere amusement or bravado. All honour to the poor sempstress or governess who traverses London streets alone, at all hours of day or night, unguarded except by her own modesty; but the strong-minded female who would venture on a solitary expedition to investigate the humours of Cremorne Gardens or Greenwich fair, though perfectly respectable, would be an exceedingly condemnable sort of personage. There are many things at which, as mere pleasures, a woman has a right to hesitate; there is no single duty, whether or not it lies in the ordinary line of her sex, from which she ought to shrink, if it be plainly set before her.

'Those who are the strongest advocates for the passive character of our sex, its claims, proprieties, and restrictions, are, I have often noticed, if the most sensitive, not always the justest or most generous. I have seen ladies, no longer either young or pretty, shocked at the idea of traversing a street's length at night, yet never hesitate at being "fetched" by some female servant, who was both young and pretty, and to whom the danger of the expedition, or of the late return alone, was by far the greater of the two. I have known anxious mothers, who would not for worlds be guilty of the indecorum of sending their daughters unchaperoned to the theatre or a ball—and very right too!—yet send out some other woman's young daughter, at eleven P.M., to the stand for a cab, or to a public-house for a supply of beer. It never strikes them that the doctrine of female dependence extends beyond themselves, whom it suits so easily, and to whom it saves so much trouble; that either every woman, be she servant or mistress, sempstress or fine lady, should receive the "protection" suitable to her degree; or that each ought to be educated into equal self-dependence. Let us, at least, hold the balance of justice even, nor allow an over-consideration for the delicacy of one woman to trench on the rights, conveniences, and honest feelings of another.'

If women are to enter into business, another difficulty arises. They are the severest of political economists—the hardest, nay, the most unjust of bargainers and managers. This is frankly admitted:—

'I am afraid it is from some natural deficiency in the constitution of our sex that it is so difficult to teach us justice. It certainly was a mistake to make that admirable virtue a female; and even then the allegorist seems to have found it necessary to bandage her eyes. No; kindliness, unselfishness, charity, come to us by nature; but I wish I could see more of my sisters learning and practising what is far more difficult and far less attractive—common justice, especially towards one another.

'In dealing with men, there is little fear but that they will take care of themselves. That "first law of nature," self-preservation, is—doubtless, for wise purposes—imprinted pretty strongly on the mind of the male sex. It is in transactions between women and women that the difficulty lies. Therein I put the question to the aggregate conscience of us all—is it not openly or secretly our chief aim to get the largest possible amount of labour for the smallest possible price?

'We do not mean any harm; we are only acting for the best—for our own benefit, and that of those nearest to us; and yet we are committing an act of injustice, the result of which fills slopsellers' doors with starving sempstresses, and causes unlimited competition among incompetent milliners and dressmakers, while skilled labour in all these branches is lamentably scarce and extravagantly dear. Of course! so long as one continually hears ladies say: "Oh, I got such and such a thing almost for half-price—such a bargain!" or, "Do you know I have found out such a cheap dressmaker!" May I suggest to these the common-sense law of political economy, that neither labour nor material can possibly be got "cheaply"—that is, below its average acknowledged cost, with out *somebody's* being cheated? Consequently, these devotees to cheapness, when not victims—which they frequently are in the long run—are very little better than genteel swindlers.

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'There is another lesser consideration, and yet not small either. Labour, unfairly remunerated, of necessity deteriorates in quality, and thereby lowers the standard of appreciation. Every time I pay a low price for an ill-fitting gown or an ugly tawdry bonnet—cheapness is usually tawdry—I am wronging not merely myself, but my *employée*, by encouraging careless work and bad taste, and by thus going in direct opposition to a rule from whence springs so much that is eclectic and beautiful in the female character, that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." If, on the contrary, I knowingly pay below its value for really good work, I am, as aforesaid, neither more nor less than a dishonest appropriator of other people's property—a swindler—a *thief*.'

The practical philosophy of women's meanness is surely very simple. Women are mostly supported by men, and in a manner responsible to them as principals for the money they spend. Now it is always your middle-man who is your 'sweater,' whatever the walk in life, or the business in hand. Women are mostly go-betweens in their spendings: they have purses bounded by 'an understanding,' or perhaps formally limited. Men do what they please with their money, being wholly their own masters.

From the chapter upon the rights and duties of the 'Mistress of a Family,' we shall take a longer passage:—

'Therefore, in any disputed point, I, as being probably the more educated, older, if not wiser of the two, feel bound as much as possible to put myself in her place, to try and understand her feelings and character, before I judge her, or legislate for her. I try in all things to set her an example to follow, rather than abuse her for faults and failings which she has sense enough to see I am just as liable to as she. I would rather help her in the right way, than drive her into it, whip in hand, and take another road myself.

'A fine lady who can once be made to feel that, so far as any human soul can be made responsible to another, she is responsible for that of every domestic who enters her house, has gained one step from which she is not likely ever to backslide. And if accountable for the soul—the better part—so also for the body. Since, with advanced knowledge, we are all now beginning to recognise—some with the stolid assent of materialism, and some with the Christian's holy wonder at this human machine, made too wonderfully to be made for nothing, and by no one—how mysteriously soul and body act and re-act upon one another; how one half of the shortcomings of the spirit springs from mere bodily causes; and how a healthy soul can stimulate even the poorest and most unsound dwelling-house of flesh and blood into something of its own beauty and divineness.

'And yet there is a saying that one sometimes hears, and sees silently in action perpetually—"Anything will do for the servants." Kitchen and parlour are placed on quite a different footing; not only with regard to coarser food—reasonable enough sometimes, when the parlour has nice or sickly tastes, and the kitchen is blessed with the wholesome omnivorous appetite of hard work and an easy mind—but in the regular routine of daily life. "Late to bed and early to rise," yet still expected to be "both healthy and wise;" compelled to sleep in damp, heat, uncleanliness, or ill-ventilation—anything is good enough for a "servants'" bedroom; allowed no time for personal attention, sewing, or mending, yet required to be always "tidy;" kept at work constantly, without regard to how much and what sort of work each person's strength can bear; yet supposed to be capable of working on for ever, without that occasional intermixture of "play"—not idleness, but wholesome amusement—without which every human being grows dull, dispirited, falls into ill-humour, and finally, into ill-health. Truly it often makes one's heart ache to think of the sort of life even well-meaning mistresses make their servants lead; and it would be curious, were it not so melancholy, to pause and consider, if in all one's acquaintance there are half-a-dozen ladies under whom, did fate compel, one would choose to "go into service."

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'My dear madam—who may be opening your eyes widely at this heterodox view of the question—you have no right to keep a servant at all unless you can keep her comfortable. You did not buy her, body and soul, like a negro slave; you only took her on hired service, to fulfil certain duties, which you must exact from her kindly and firmly, for her good as well as yours; but you have no right to any more. Except so far as nature and education have instituted a difference between you, you are not justified in placing either her enjoyments or necessities on a lower level than your own. The same sanitary laws, of physical and mental well-being, apply to you both; and neither can break them, or be allowed to break them, with impunity.

'Moral laws, also. Mrs. Smith thinks it is against her that poor Sally Baines sinned in the matter of the bonnet. Foolish Mrs. Smith! Suppose you were to purchase at Swan and Edgar's that hundred-guinea Cashmere labelled "the Queen's choice"—whom would you harm, Her Majesty or yourself? So, when your Emma or Betsy buys a silk-gown and a twelve-shilling parasol, she errs, and grievously, too; but it is against herself. She lowers her own self-respect by striving to maintain a false position; wastes in shabby showiness the money that she ought to lay up for sickness, old age, or marriage, and the happy duty of helping others; loses the simple neatness befitting the respectable maid-servant, and becomes ridiculous as the sham fine lady.'

We have not the least doubt that thousands of mistresses *will* be very much startled to hear that they have no right to keep servants unless they can keep them comfortable, look well after them, and set them good examples in all things. There is a numerical exaggeration in what follows, but we quote it for its important suggestions:—

'No one can have taken any interest in the working-classes without being aware how frightfully common among them is what they term "a misfortune"—how few young women come to the marriage-altar at all, or come there just a week or two before maternity: or having already had several children, often only half brothers and sisters, whom no ceremony has ever legalized. Whatever be the cause of this—and I merely skim over the surface of a state of things which the "Times" and Sanitary Commissioners have plumbed to sickening depths—it undoubtedly exists; and no single woman who takes any thought of what is going on around her, no mistress or mother who requires constantly servants for her house, and nursemaids for her children, can or dare blind herself to the fact. It is easy for tenderly reared young females, who study human passions through Miss Austen or Miss Edgeworth, or the "Loves of the Angels," to say, "How shocking! Oh, it can't be true!" But it is true; and they will not live many more years without finding it to be true. Better face truth at once, in all its bareness, than be swaddled up for ever in the folds of a silken falsehood.

'Another fact, stranger still to account for, is, that the women who thus fall are by no means the worst of their station. I have heard it affirmed by more than one lady—by one in particular, whose experience is as large as her benevolence—that many of them are of the very best; refined, intelligent, truthful, and affectionate.

'"I don't know how it is," she would say—"whether their very superiority makes them dissatisfied with their own rank—such brutes or clowns as labouring men often are!—so that they fall easier victims to the rank above them; or whether, though this theory will shock many people, other virtues can exist and flourish, entirely distinct from, and after the loss of, that which we are accustomed to believe the indispensable prime virtue of our sex—chastity. I can only say that it is so: that some of my most promising village girls have been the first to come to harm; and some of the best and most faithful servants I ever had, have been girls who have fallen into shame, and who, had I not gone to the rescue, and put them on the way to do well, would infallibly have become 'lost' women."'

Mr. Arthur Helps has said substantially the same things in his

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'Companions of my Solitude.' We commend the subject to mistresses in general, and especially to those who allow 'no followers,'—a class who do not escape the (too kindly and measured) censure of our author in the present volume. What earthly right has a mistress to shut up her servants from the society of male friends? It is the girl's misfortune that she has been forced to enter a position where she has no home and home circle, and it is the business of those for whose benefit she endures that misfortune to stand to her *in loco parentis* as far as they can. Jane in the kitchen has just as much right to see her sweetheart as Alice Maud Matilda in the parlour. 'But the fellow eats my victuals, and takes up Jane's time!' Dear Madam, you are bound to provide him the victuals, to spare him the time, and to overlook Jane's courtship as watchfully and tenderly as you possibly can, even at some sacrifice, if necessary, of your own comfort, wealth, health, and mental quietude. If you are selfish and unconscientious enough to deny this obligation, let those who can be mild with you—it is out of our power.

The 'Author of John Halifax' is charmingly open on behalf of her own sex. She freely admits that women lack magnanimity, and the golden virtue of 'silence.' Every gentleman will recognise the truth of this:—

'And here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men. We can keep a secret—ay, against all satire, I protest we can—while the confider remains our friend; but if that tie ceases, pop! out it comes! and in the bitterness of invective, the pang of wounded feeling, or afterwards in mere thoughtlessness, and easy forgetting of what is so easily healed, a thousand things are said and done for which nothing can ever atone. The lost friendship, which, once certain that it is past all revival, ought to be buried as solemnly and silently as a lost love, is cast out into the open street for all the snarling curs of society to gnaw at and mangle, and all the contemptuous misogynists who pass by to point the finger at—"See what your grand ideals all come to!"

'Good women—dear my sisters! be our friendships false or true, wise or foolish, living or dead—let us at least learn to keep them sacred! Men are far better than we in this. Rarely will a man voluntarily or thoughtlessly betray a friend's confidence, either at the time or afterwards. He will say, even to his own wife: "I can't tell you this—I have no right to tell you;" and if she has the least spark of good feeling, she will honour and love him all the dearer for so saying. More rarely still will a man be heard, as women constantly are, speaking ill of some friend, who a little while before, while the friendship lasted, was all perfection. What is necessary to be said he will say, but not a syllable more, leaving all the rest in that safe, still atmosphere, where all good fructifies and evil perishes—the atmosphere of silence.

'Ay, above all things, what women need to learn in their friendships is the sanctity of silence—silence in outward demonstration, silence under wrong, silence with regard to the outside world, and often a delicate silence between one another. About the greatest virtue a friend can have is to be able to hold her tongue; and though this, like all virtues carried to extremity, may grow into a fault, and do great harm, still, it never can do so much harm as that horrible laxity and profligacy of speech which is at the root of half the quarrels, cruelties, and injustices of the world.'

Very special thanks are due to the author for the courageous tenderness with which she has touched the subject of *Friendships* between

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men and women. After saying that a true friendship between two women is an honourable and lovely sight, she proceeds:—

'Not less so the friendship—rare, I grant, yet quite possible—which subsists between a man and woman whom circumstances, or their own idiosyncrasies, preclude from the slightest chance of ever "falling in love." That such friendships can exist, especially between persons of a certain temperament and order of mind, and remain for a lifetime, utterly pure, interfering with no rights, and transgressing no law of morals or society, most people's observation of life will testify; and he must take a very low view of human nature who dares to say that these attachments, satirically termed "Platonic," are impossible. But, at the same time, common sense must allow that they are rare to find, and not the happiest always, when found; because, in some degree they are contrary to nature. Nature's law undoubtedly is, that our nearest ties should be those of blood—father or brother, sister or mother—until comes the closer one of marriage; and it is always, if not wrong, rather pitiful, when any extraneous bond comes in between to forestall the entire affection that a young man ought to bring to his future wife, a young woman to her husband. I say *ought*—God knows if they ever do! But, however fate, or folly, or wickedness may interfere to prevent it, not the less true is the undoubted fact, that happy above all must be that marriage where neither husband nor wife ever had a friend so dear as one another.

'After marriage, for either party to have or to desire a dearer or closer friend than the other, is a state of things so inconceivably deplorable—the more erring the more deplorable—that it will not bear discussion. Such cases there are; but He who in the mystery of marriage prefigured a greater mystery still, alone can judge them, for He only knows their miseries, their temptations and their wrongs.

'While allowing that a treaty of friendship, "pure and simple," can exist between a man and woman—under peculiar circumstances, even between a young man and a young woman—it must also be allowed that the experiment is difficult, often dangerous; so dangerous, that the matter-of-fact half of the world will not believe in it at all. Parents and guardians very naturally object to a gentleman's "hanging up his hat" in their houses, or taking sentimental twilight rambles with their fair young daughters. They insist, and justly, that he ought to

"Come with a good will, or come not at all,"

namely, as a mere acquaintance, a pleasant friend of the family—the *whole* family—or as a declared suitor. And though this may fall rather hard upon the young man, who has just a hundred a-year, and, with every disposition towards flirting, a strong horror of matrimony; still, it is wisest and best. It may save both parties from frittering away, in a score of false, sentimental likings, the love that ought to belong but to one; or, still worse, from committing or suffering what, beginning blamelessly on either side, frequently ends in incurable pain, irremediable wrong.

'Therefore it is, generally speaking, those further on in life, with whom the love-phase is past, or for whom it never existed, who may best use the right, which every pure and independent heart undoubtedly has, of saying: "I take this man or woman for my friend; only a friend—never either more or less—whom as such I mean to keep to the end of my days." And if more of these, who really know what friendship is, would have the moral courage to assert its dignity against the sneers of society, which is loath to believe in anything higher and purer than itself, I think it would be all the better for the world.'

We heartily think so too. A better education for women, and more recognised *employment* for them in daily life, will do much to place intercourse between honest people of different sex upon a better footing.

Among the incidental illustrative passages of the book, one of the pleasantest is the following anecdote of Dor worship, which we have either read or heard before:—

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'Strange how much people will sacrifice—ay, even women will—to this Moloch of the world! It reminds me of an infantile worship, which a certain friend of mine confessed to have instituted, and officiated as high-priestess of, at the age of three-and-a-half. She used to collect from her own store, and levy from unwilling co-idolators, all sorts of childish dainties, together with turnips, apple-parings, &c., and lay them in a remote corner of the farmyard, as an offering to a mysterious invisible being called Dor, who came in the night and feasted thereon; at least, the sacrifice was always gone the next morning. A pious relative, finding her out, stopped with great horror the proceedings of this earnest little heathen: but for years after, nothing would have persuaded my deluded young friend that the awful Dor was, in fact, only a chance wind, a hen and her chickens, or a hungry old sow.'

The chapter on 'Growing Old' is very pleasant, and here and there very touching. A few sentences upon dress, when a woman is on the wane:—

'In this matter of dress, a word or two. There are two styles of costume which ladies past their *première jeunesse* are most prone to fall into: one hardly knows which is the worst. Perhaps, though, it is the ultra-juvenile, such as the insane juxtaposition of a yellow skin and white tarlatane, or the anomalous adorning of grey hair with artificial flowers. It may be questioned whether at any age beyond twenty a ball-costume is really becoming; but after thirty, it is the very last sort of attire that a lady can assume with impunity. It is said that you can only make yourself look younger by dressing a little older than you really are; and truly I have seen many a woman look withered and old in the customary evening-dress which, being unmarried, she thinks necessary to shiver in, who would have appeared fair as a sunshiny October day if she would only have done Nature the justice to assume, in her autumn time, an autumnal livery. If she would only have the sense to believe that grey hair was meant to soften wrinkles and brighten faded cheeks, giving the same effect for which our youthful grandmothers wore powder; that flimsy, light-coloured dresses, fripperied over with trimmings, only suit airy figures and active motions; that a sober-tinted, substantial gown, and a pretty cap, will any day take away ten years from a lady's appearance; above all, if she would observe this one grand rule of the toilet, always advisable, but after youth indispensable—that though good personal "points" are by no means a warrant for undue exhibition thereof, no point that is positively unbeautiful ought ever, by any pretence of fashion or custom, to be shown.

'The other sort of dress, which, it must be owned, is less frequent, is the dowdy style. People say, though not very soon, "Oh, I am not a young woman now; it does not signify what I wear." Whether they quite believe it is another question; but they say it, and act upon it when laziness or indifference prompts. Foolish women! they forget, that if we have reason at any time more than another to mind our "looks," it is when our looks are departing from us. Youth can do almost anything in the toilet; middle-age cannot; yet is none the less bound to present to her friends and society the most pleasing exterior she can. Easy is it to do this when we have those about us who love us; and take notice of what we wear, and in whose eyes we would like to appear gracious and lovely to the last, so far as nature allows: not easy when things are otherwise. This, perhaps, is the reason why we see so many unmarried women grow careless and "old-fashioned" in their dress—"What does it signify—nobody cares."

'I think a woman ought to care a little—a very little—for herself. Without preaching up vanity, or undue waste of time over that most thankless duty of adorning one's self for nobody's pleasure in particular—is it not still a right and becoming feeling to have some respect for that personality which, as well as our soul, heaven gave us to make the best of? And is it not our duty—considering the great number of uncomely people there are in the world—to lessen it by each of us making herself as little uncomely as she can.'

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The author, supposing herself to address chiefly unmarried women in this chapter, closes it and the volume in this way:—

'Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessing of our lives; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels.

"All things are less dreadful than they seem."

And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest of the inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet, dreamy hour "between the lights;" when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward, in faith and hope, unto the Coming Morning.

'A finished life, a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its webb dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer; surely this is worth living for! And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath pure as He gave it. Nor will He forget it when He counteth up His jewels.'

We will not quarrel with the author for that '*pure as He gave it*,' nor ask her if she has not here used the word life in two senses—first to signify a continuous fact, then as a principle of being. We will offer her cordial thanks for a book which seems likely to find an unimpeded path for usefulness into any circle where books are read at all, and commend the volume to our readers as excellent for private reading, and for giving away to young ladies. One word more—it is peculiarly well adapted for the purposes of Christian ladies who may meet classes of young women to read to them edifying books, with occasional comments of their own. We trust this hint may not be lost.

We cannot close our notice without referring to the steadiness with which this author maintains one claim of hers upon our respect, which is very rare in these days. The 'Author of John Halifax, Gentleman,' is one of the few modern writers who have preserved their intellectual integrity, and fallen into no degenerate imitations of other people's manner of thought and writing. We account this a great merit, and we are sure it is an uncommon one in these times!

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The Present Tactics of the Jesuits.*

By Dr. J. Overbeck, a Romish ex-Priest.

It is undeniable that the one vital principle of humanity and the world is *religion*. In proportion as this principle becomes active in any particular nation, or at any particular time, the more does a peculiar degree of life force itself upon our attention; for all other levers which move men, such as science, art, industry, are no means of true progress, and of healthy vital action, when, instead of serving as handmaids to religion, they lay claim to independence. If we look around us we cannot but observe a remarkable fermentation in men's minds, which, inasmuch as it relates to the religious element, is destined to lead to grand results; for we see the nations stirred up, not on the surface, but in the depths, in their vital principle, their religion. A struggle for truth is being waged against a twofold foe; against *materialism* on the one hand, which, since it robs man of his God, and sinks him into a beast, destroys his high dignity and destiny; and, on the other hand, against a well-organized camp, which, with the harshest exclusiveness and bigotry, pretends to monopolize the truth, and aims, by means of crafty strategy, to defend and propagate it. In short, we see arrayed against each other a newly-awakened and powerfully active evangelical faith and life, and the power of the Catholic Church, revived by means of and in the spirit of Jesuitism.

For a long time there was a truce between the Catholics and the Protestants. This was certainly in itself matter for congratulation. Still, no reasonable man would wish to be left alone by the physician in a case of dangerous sickness. Caustic and the knife would be better in such a case. It was in this sense that Christ also wished to send the sword on the earth, and to create enmity between those who ought to have remained united in the tenderest bonds. Thus professing Christians lived in peace whilst the ulcer of unbelief, or of indifference amidst belief, was gnawing at their hearts. Then arose Archbishop Clement Augustus of Cologne, and by his attack on mixed marriages sounded the alarm to both creeds, and drew more clearly the line of demarcation between them. Every controversy embitters men's minds; and, accordingly, the hatred between the two confessions engendered by the discussion of this question remains undiminished to this day. But, at the same time, we witness a rich and blessed revival amongst Christian believers which justifies the fairest hopes. Nevertheless, unbelief and immorality, vigorously attacked by the revived Church and cast out of the temple, vowed vengeance, clustered more closely around some of their leading spirits, and, in 1848, led their legions into the fire to overturn throne and altar. The believers of both creeds

* The valuable paper, of which this is a free translation, first appeared in Gelzer's Protestantische Monatsblätter (Protestant Monthly Journal) for Sept. 1857.

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joined their forces, and, with God's help, smote down the malignant foe. Now came the division of the spoil, and the antithesis at once reappeared. The Catholics got the largest share. They obtained the privilege of unlimited self-government in their ecclesiastical concerns, and, besides this, a concession was granted them which short-sighted Protestants deemed should be allowed them as a trifle of no moment in the bargain—this was the *introduction of the Jesuits*. In the heart of the Catholic world they had been banished. But now the fugitives, driven away from other quarters, returned into the free German empire, again opened to them. Germany had long forgotten the Jesuits: it was wont to marvel from afar at their imposing power, and now it willingly received them with a compassion which even an enemy cannot refuse to the poor exile. How were men surprised to see in them unpretending, simple persons, and to remark no polished address, no courtly manners, no obtrusive interference in families! The Protestants were bitter upon Spindler, Eugène Sue, and others who had painted such deceptive caricatures, abandoned themselves to utter unconcern, and said, 'What a mean opinion we must have had of ourselves and of the pure cause of the gospel had we been afraid of such people as these. The Catholics are quite right in saying that must be a weak cause which is afraid of ruin from a handful of Jesuits.' It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that amongst the Protestants themselves the Jesuits found their panegyrists, and many even who were willing to avail themselves of their instructions. Thus the Jesuits came in, modest and humble. They commenced missionary operations very successfully, routed sinners out of their vicious life, awakened their interest in religion, and soon became the favourites of the people, especially of its female portion. Everybody who looked deeper *into* the matter could not but see in this latter circumstance alone a masterstroke of policy pregnant with important results; for woman carries the key of the family, and great as is the man's influence without, yet the unseen power of the woman, her boundless influence within, is a thousand times greater. The future does not depend on the public activity of the man, even on that of a William Pitt or a Richelieu, but on what passes within the quiet, hidden sphere of maternal influence. This psychological tact of the Jesuits, who aim before all things to win the women, brings with it a sure victory, greater than all Napoleon's put together. This feature of the Jesuitical plan was easily overlooked, since it was worked out underground. Further, the character of their missionary preaching was worthy of the Jesuits. Their order was called into existence for the purpose of doing battle with Protestantism; they are a polemical body by virtue of their creation. And yet there was no controversy in their sermons. This won the goodwill of the Protestants and attracted them. But this is what the Jesuits wanted in order to gain their end, viz., to ingratiate themselves *with the* Protestant nations and princes, and so to blind them to their real purpose and plan of action. It may here be said, 'the best, most dignified, and most successful style of controversy, is a calm and clear exhibition of one's own views, without meddling with the opposite doc-

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trines, and leaving the comparison to be drawn by every one for himself.' I will assume for a moment that the Jesuits meant to confine themselves to this doubtless very fair and honourable course, yet even in that case every one must see the gross unfairness of their procedure in one respect at least, viz., that whilst they professed to grapple with all the social evils existing amongst the Catholics, they never preached on the subject of *mixed marriages*. But did they then really pass over this point? No, no more than they did other polemical matters; they relegated them, instead, to a sphere where they could neither be seen nor answered—*to the confessional*. Here they sat enthroned, attracting penitents by means of their easy *probabilism*, which lightens for the natural man the heavy yoke of Christianity, but inexorably strict in reference to everything specifically Romish, however trifling it might be. Outside-churchmanship, and zeal in its service, is made the all-in-all, and the penitents are stimulated to promote its glory, especially by means of charitable gifts, by word and deed. This secret influence is under no control, and is exposed to no assault, since it eludes the necessity of furnishing stringent proofs, and is seen only in its results. Here the deep-laid designs of the Jesuits upon the female sex find their golden soil. In the confessional the womanly taste for works of benevolence is enlisted on behalf of the Jesuit institutions; and who knows whether the husband is always aware of, and consents to, his wife's donations, and whether, moreover, the wife does not often give more than can be fairly afforded? We are not in a position to give a judgment upon this point, but it is no wonder that all sorts of suspicions arise, when we see the at first penniless Jesuits within two or three years in possession of the most splendid establishments. If this be the result of a more generally awakened and livelier religious spirit, how comes it that other religious orders do not get on as fast? If it be a pure religious zeal which attaches the people to the Jesuits, and enables them to bind the people, and especially the women, to themselves, how comes it that the sheep become estranged from their ordinary shepherds, the parochial clergy?

Everywhere in the great towns a schism between the Jesuits and the parish clergy is visible; and yet the parochial clergy are, as a class, the worthier and more hard-working men. A true priest, inspired by the genuine Christian spirit, could never introduce and foment such a schism in the congregation. What does this is an uncontrollable ambition, which seeks its ends at all costs. These artless, simple men once admitted, have waxed great; have cleverly recruited their ranks with the most gifted theologians and clergymen, who became enthusiastic for a great idea, and fancied they found their ideal realized in the Order of Jesus. Nine years have hardly now flown by since the Jesuits pitched their tents amongst us, and found a hospitable reception at our hearths; and now, in Catholic Germany, they are already lords of the house. Whithersoever one looks, they possess houses of great size, mostly their own property, and crowded with members of the order. The places where they settle down are selected with great skill, like the positions of a conquering general,

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and where they once gain a footing, they are not easily displaced, but draw the meshes closer and closer, till they have all within their net, and come to exercise a sway all the more oppressive and lasting in proportion as they themselves withdraw out of sight. They do not bear the name of sovereignty, but bend men to their will by means of public opinion, and by a moral pressure more galling than any physical yoke. Thus, at the present time, there are already but few German bishops who could muster up the courage to speak a word in public against them; but for all that, there are many who feel where the shoe pinches, and rue the day when they called in auxiliaries, who threaten to become their masters.

The Protestants gave the Jesuits free play, although by degrees even the blindest were forced to open their eyes to the Society's lust of domination. But when they wanted to get the training and instruction of youth into their hands, and aspired to the direction of schools and gymnasia,* Prussia responded with an emphatic 'No!' and thus we Prussians at least have no need to fear any longer a very important department of Jesuit activity. How we should have fared had a mischievous concession been made in this respect as well as in some others, we may see by the example of Austria, where, especially since the publication of the Concordat, the Jesuit schools have quite gained the upper hand. They are most partial to boarding-schools, in which the pupils are always under their eye, and where instruction and training go hand-in-hand. Their principle of instruction is *emulation;* their principle of training, *delicate condescension.* The result is, an unbounded attachment of the pupils to their teachers, and a slight varnish of superficial attainments. The order, cleanliness, and elegance kept up in these establishments, together with a certain delicate tact in conversation and conduct, prove attractive, especially to the higher classes. The nobility set the fashion, and soon these schools were all the rage. Pupils, money, and indiscriminate praises flow in, and a finely-polished youth comes out, decked with a few Christian peacock's feathers, but without being hindered in the least, by these attainments, from the full possession and enjoyment of the world. Withal, he is an arch-Catholic,—that is, an arch-anti-Protestant, and that is all.

Soon the Jesuits found out how to attach to themselves the reinvigorated life of Catholicism, to make out themselves and Catholicism to be one and the same thing; or rather, to assume to be its crowningglory. They introduced their writings and doctrinal manuals, promulgated the ultramontane *placita* (decrees) of their Order, and sought to rivet the attention of Christians on what is exclusively Romish and external; and they succeeded in carrying their point, and accordingly, in themselves determining what development the Church should take. This part of the subject requires further explanation, and is well worth studying. The Jesuit order, in addition to the three ordinary vows, takes a fourth—that of unconditional and unlimited obedience to the

* The German gymnasia answer to our grammar and high schools.

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Pope. This promise is a serious thing, but is very easy to make; for if the Pope conforms strictly to the will of the Jesuits, these may very well be conformable to the Pope, *i. e.*, only to themselves. It is, therefore, nothing but a vow of *egoism*, in which one vows to have one's own way. Should it please the Pope to will anything displeasing to the Jesuits, their obedience would be as edifying as at the time of Clement XIV., when the pious fathers themselves set at naught his fulminations, and under the ægis of heretical and schismatic princes, persisted in maintaining an institute Rome no longer acknowledged. So far did they go in their pride, that they regarded themselves as indispensable, and in all seriousness, claimed to be more Catholic than the Pope. This is what suggests to the witty Romans the saying, *Il papa nero vale più del papa bianco.* 'The black Pope (the General of the Jesuits, who wears black), is of more consequence than the white Pope (since the Pope always wears a white *soutane*).' Since, according to this proverb, the Jesuit Order is above the Pope, and knows how to rule the Pope so cleverly, that he fancies he himself is sovereign, the main and vital question with the order must be this—how to manage so as to secure for the Pope, *i. e.*, for ourselves, the sole and definitive power in all that concerns the doctrine and life of the Church, or in other words, unlimited dominion.

What is to be done, therefore, is to make the hitherto undecided scholastic opinion of the Infallibility of the Pope an article of faith (*dogma explicitum*). But how to attain this object? Hitherto, the way in which *dogmata implicita*, *i. e.*, opinions of the schools, in favour of which the majority of the Catholic world has declared, have been elevated to the rank of *dogmata explicita*, *i. e.*, doctrinal articles received and published by the Church, has been by means of an œcumenical council. Even in cases in which, owing to the times, such a council has been an impossibility, and yet an opinion has fought its way to a certain degree of dogmatical authority, the next council has nevertheless held it necessary to give a dogmatic sanction to such an article by means of a formal decree. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility has already been long ventilated in the schools, which is the less matter for surprise since it is the most repulsive indeed, but the inevitable, final deduction of the Papal system.

As now many an error at the outset springs from a germ very like a truth, and develops itself harmlessly for a good while, but at last cannot help revealing the inevitable and glaring false conclusion wrapt up within it, so was it with this last deduction. Many allowed themselves to dally with the Papacy in a milder and more limited form, who opened their eyes when they heard on all sides its last word sounding in their ears, and already imagined themselves the victims of its thundering *Quos ego!*

There is no overlooking the fact, that the Jesuits are the champions in this cause; but they remarked, also, that the most respectable men, and the greatest geniuses of their Church, *i. e.*, all who retained any measure of independence, held aloof. They were well aware, therefore, that it was necessary to wait awhile, and prudently to temporize;

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but as the wily general employs the time of seeming truce in pioneering and reconnoitring, so were they active otherwise than in direct attack. Their plan and course of reasoning, which they do not speak out, but only indicate by their course of procedure, is the following:—'Hitherto, articles of faith have only been made by the decrees of councils. This way is tedious, unpractical, and in the present case, unfavourable to our object. The unconditional obedience hitherto accorded to the Pope in disciplinary matters must be extended to the sphere of belief: the line between the two is not so definitely drawn as men think, for discipline and doctrine often border very closely on one another, and the examples in which the doctrinal tendencies of certain theologians, *e. g.*, the systems of Hermes, Gunther, Bautain, &c., have been prohibited, and the prohibition willingly accepted and acquiesced in, are as essentially precedents as the notification and condemnation of heretical books. But for all that, it is hazardous to make a general rule out of precedents; and in our case it is doubly hazardous, since the judge would decide in his own cause. It would too greatly shock delicate feelings if the judge were to say, 'I, the judge, pronounce that I, the judge, am in the right.' Our numerous adversaries would be the more encouraged to rise against us, inasmuch as they could with truth affirm, that for eighteen centuries and-a-half, it has been a thing unheard of, that matters of faith can be settled otherwise than by a General Council. But if we venture upon our *coup* and lose, we lose for ever; and, worse than all, down goes the belief in our omnipotence, and we no longer stand forth as the Unique Society, surrounded with a magic glory and a magic power. To be sure, it is not likely that we should exactly lose the day, but it is not a matter of indifference to us whether we win with a majority, however strong, or secure unanimity. Accordingly, we must still, for the present, content ourselves with biding our time, and making preparation. How to do this is clear. We must pave the way; *i. e.*, we must level the road towards the method of deciding doctrines by the Pope alone, without a council.' This was what they were driving at when, in their theological lectures and writings—especially in the hand-books of canon law—they gave to the Papal system the most decisive victory over the Episcopal.

In the southern countries of Europe the way was already open; and in the northern so great was the admiration of the newly-introduced Jesuits, that the soil was extremely favourable for the work. In France alone, the independent Gallican spirit was still the most formidable obstacle, but Rome had nevertheless so carried on her operations here—especially since the February revolution—that Ultramontanism had got the upper hand, particularly in the episcopate. Thus the ground was nearly everywhere prepared; for Britain and the non-European countries either procure their clergy from Rome, or at any rate, stand in the most intimate filial relation with her. But for the wary Jesuits, the anxiously expected moment for promulgating their dogma, and thereby attaining the summit of their glory, was *not* yet come. It was necessary first to make an essay with another

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article, and thus to see whether the path was clear—whether the bridge would bear.

For this purpose, the elevation of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary—till then only a scholastic article—into a dogma, was made to serve the turn. The Protestants' have entirely misunderstood the reason and the significance of this fact. Much has been written and spoken about the infringement of Christ's dignity as our only Redeemer, by means of this exaltation of Mary, about the freedom of Mary's ancestors from original sin necessarily following from it, &c.; but all this is partly an incorrect view of the dogma, and partly exaggeration. The true centre of gravity of this event lies, not in the present, but in the future, in so far as this new method of deciding on doctrines, which has actually been tried with success, affords a sure guarantee that the next dogma to be set up, that of the Infallibilty of the Pope, will be proclaimed without difficulty. Hence the general fermentation now prevalent. The Catholics allowed the doctrine to be proclaimed, and held their peace, because they deemed this article of faith of no moment; and now they discover that they have allowed their hands to be tied, and that they will justly be chargeable with inconsistency when they shall want to reject the same course of procedure in the case of the next dogma. The insignificance of this doctrine of Mary's Immaculate Conception, so far as Catholics are concerned, is obvious, since they are taught by it nothing essentially new about Mary; and in like manner there is no change made in the honours paid her. What is new in it rather offends, than otherwise, their childish piety. For Mary, whom the Catholic was so glad to think of wholly as a mother, sharing with him all his sufferings and griefs, all his struggles and victories, and for this reason feeling for him so much the more lively a sympathy, is now removed to a greater distance from him, far away into a mysterious and imposing, but withal, on that very account, more terrifying halo of majesty.

Accordingly, the *internal* sentiment in the worship of Mary, viz., the noble emulation of a beautiful and sublime pattern, cannot be said to have been elevated, but can only have been impaired by the new dogma. Pope Pius assigned as the reason for its being the right time to publish the new dogma, his desire to raise to a still loftier pitch the honour of the Mother of God. The Pope is an amiable man, with deep feelings, who really embraces Mary with childish affection, and with all the warmth and glow of his southern sky. He believes that in his lifetime he has already experienced numerous miraculous proofs of her loving care for him, and is eager to pay her his thanks, in the same way as a grateful child spends the first money it earns on some gaudy article of dress for its mother, without stopping to think whether its mother has not nobler desires, or whether the dress becomes her. The first and highest desire of the Pope is towards his mother, Mary. Accordingly, the Jesuits managed with great tact and circumspection when they attacked the Pope on his weak side, and, besides, they could reckon on a wide circle of sympathizers. They acted with foresight on this ground also, since they exalted the *external* Mariolatry at the expense of the truer *internal* honouring of the Virgin, which latter

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rests on Mary's justification and sanctification through the redeeming merits of Christ, and they were thus enabled to help on still further the externalizing of Christianity.

Externalism is superficiality; superficiality is frivolity; frivolity means manageableness by a strong spirit and will: thus is the riddle solved. Mary cannot be more honoured than she was before the publication of the dogma. An increase of pomp and glory at her festivals attracts the masses, but repels the more reflective. Where the eye has too much to see, where the fumes of incense bewitch one, and the whole outward man and his senses have too much to do, no room is left for the spirit and the heart. The man thus externalized is easily governed. Lastly, the Jesuits acted prudently in their selection of the point to be raised to the dignity of a dogma, since they base their polemics upon the cultus of Mary. '*Maria, tu sola interemisti hæreses in universo mundo!*'—'Mary, thou alone hast brought to nought heresies throughout the whole world!'—so runs the antiphony for the Festival of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Thus their zeal was in a certain sense a question in which the honour of their patroness was concerned. But all these motives which led them to pitch on this dogma are, nevertheless, of so little comparative consequence, that they are thrust into the shade by the one true motive, viz., the desire to make the experiment, in the case of another and an unsuspected doctrine, whether the new method of deciding doctrinal questions would meet with insurmountable obstacles, and whether the same path might not be struck into to reach the fundamental dogma to be hereafter laid down, that of Papal Infallibility.

Moreover, it is worth while to look at the antecedents of this new dogmatical phenomenon. The sentence was not sent forth so very abruptly. Years before the bishops of the Catholic world were besought by the Pope to consult the theological faculties of their respective universities, and to report upon the popular belief within their dioceses. Meanwhile the Pope did not hide the fact that he himself was entirely persuaded of the truth of the dogma about to be proclaimed. This last circumstance was alone sufficient to determine the opinion of most of the bishops. The Pope's anxiety to know the popular belief of the various dioceses, and, accordingly, his laying stress on the quality of the popular belief, cannot but excite surprise, since, according to the theory hitherto received, only the episcopate has the right to testify as to the purity of Catholic doctrine, and the lay world is not consulted at all. The meaning of that inquiry can, therefore, only have been this,—it was wanted to know whether the novelty would be likely to scandalize the people, and to produce schisms, or whether, on the other hand, the seed scattered to this end in former days had already borne its fruits, and had familiarized men with the thing. This was certainly the case, since the devotional manuals of the Jesuits Wille, Nakatenus, Devis, &c., were the most widely circulated amongst the people. When in this way the opinions of the bishops had arrived at Rome, and an apparent *consensus* of the *ecclesia dispersa* had been attained, it was already possible to take further steps.

It was argued, that since the judgment of the Church had been

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obtained, it was just as valid as if the bishops who voted had been assembled in council; but it is just this which is false, for according to Catholic belief, it is not in the isolated bishop, but in the episcopate, as a whole, that the prerogative of infallibility inheres. But apart from the truth or falsehood of this prerogative, every one must see that a body with free discussion and minute investigation of every doubt and scruple, cannot but lead to quite other results than a one-sided query, with a pretty clear hint as to the answer desired. If the divine-human energy—that is, the co-operation of God's Spirit and human freedom—ought visibly to pervade the entire activity of the Church, in this case human freedom was restrained to a very essential extent. Instead of summoning a council, the Jesuit maxim, *Divide et impera*, was followed. When now the dogmatic decision was so far ready that nothing but its publication was waited for, the Pope called together a considerable number of bishops to Rome,—more, indeed, than had been assembled at many an important council; but he declared expressly that he had not summoned them for the purpose of *giving* a decision, but only to join in the celebration of the ceremonial of publication.

Accordingly, it is worthy of remark, as a stroke of policy, that the Pope was not allowed to proceed so summarily, but that certain formalities, consultations, congregations, were added, in order thereby to conceal the unusual character of the new method. But for all that the Pope protests expressly that he is assembling no council around him for the purpose, and in this protest we have the entire new method foreshadowed, that is, the Pope's all-sufficiency for the creation of new dogmas. The previous consultation of the bishops by the Pope is a free act of his own, not enjoined by any law of the Church, and depends entirely upon his arbitrary will.

Indeed, if we now go a step farther, we see that in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, that of the Infallibility of the Pope *is already pronounced*, nay, more, *is already practically applied, already anticipated !!!*

According to the foregoing, the Pope, in his plenitude of power, has finally determined and declared the dogma respecting Mary. The Catholic Church has accepted it, and accordingly has solemnly acknowledged the Pope's right to declare it, has set her seal to the divine truth of his *dictum*, i.e. *has proclaimed his Infallibility*. Accordingly, it can be nothing more than a mere formality, a simple piece of child's play, if it be desired to promulgate the Papal Infallibility as a dogma in strict form. The article has only to be proposed with the stroke of a pen, and the unanimous assent of all must be assured; for the gainsayer will only need to be asked, 'Why do you believe in the Immaculate Conception of Mary?' Answer, 'Because the Pope has said it.' *Ergo*, he is Infallible. The doctrine of a tacit consent of the Church, which some would gladly interpolate as a saving clause, is a convenient device, but is plainly at variance with the fact, that opinions which have passed current as those of the Church, have never become formal, and consequently binding dogmas, until they have been expressly sanctioned by the next General Council.

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This is the serious aspect of the time; this causes the secret fermentation which we find going on in the Catholic Church, when we look at its doctrinal tendencies. The Jesuitical impulses at work in this matter are plain; the Jesuitical interests and those of the Church here coalesce. An ecclesiastical schism on a grand scale was generally looked for, when the new dogma was published, just as when Gunther's doctrinal system was condemned a wide-spread revolt of this powerful school was expected. Neither event happened. And it is well that it did not happen. For what would have come out of it? A separate camp of semi-Catholics, which would soon have collapsed, like Jansenism, for example. But a secret fermentation, a wide-spread dissatisfaction of the most gifted spirits within the Catholic Church, is the characteristic of our age. The ferment is still a secret one, for men may rather be said to be sensible of the oppressiveness and uncomfortableness of their ecclesiastical condition than to have a clear insight into the Catholic belief and life. It would be a great misfortune if this process of fermentation were to be interrupted by any premature general secession; it must follow its natural course, and lead to the conviction that in Christianity there are only two ways possible, that of the autocratic Papacy, and that of evangelical freedom, —a middle course is impossible. When men are discontented with the Church of the fully developed Papacy, nothing but a transition to the free Evangelical Church is possible.

On the Study of the Indian Question.

THERE is no portion of a modern professor's lectures of greater practical value to those whom he is privileged to address than that in which he seeks to direct the studies of his hearers by giving a brief critical account of the literature of his subject. Until the student is put upon the right track through the pathless forest of books, he is as literally in 'wandering mazes lost' as any child in unknown thicket or coppice, or any ship, without either chart or steersman, in the middle of an ocean. What the steersman is to the ship, or the guide to the child, the lecturer ought to be to his inexperienced hearers. He can, if he be competent, save years of fruitless study to the learner. Placing himself at the point of the different roads along which the members of his class design to travel, he can select the books, or parts of books, which each party will require for the attainment of his object, and by a general statement of the merits and bearings of each work can place the student at an advantage in studying almost equal to that which he himself enjoys in lecturing. The questions, *what* to read, and what not to read, are as important at this stage as the questions, *how* to read, and how not.

Now, the duty that the professor discharges to his class, we intend, in the few following pages, as well as our ability will allow, to discharge to all those amongst our readers who wish seriously to study

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the Indian question. We shall presume that every one will be glad to know a little more than he already knows concerning one or other of the numerous branches of this great subject, and we shall presume that very few have read everything that has been written upon it. It will be safer, perhaps, to write as though no one had read anything; we shall then be able the better to reach the two classes of readers, viz., the large majority who read only for the sake of adding to the stores of their information, and the few who wish or are compelled to study with a really practical aim and purpose.

If we were young, or rather, we ought to say, if the reader be young, and has many hours of leisure, combined with an unusual faculty for business and tautology, he should, as a first step, read the Koran, with Sale's Preliminary Discourse. There are books which give an account of the Koran, such as White's 'Bampton Lecture,' and others of a similar nature, which would be of use in the critical study of Mohammedanism, but of no practical value whatever for the purpose the student would have in view in reading the Koran as an aid in mastering the Indian question. What we say here, we wish every man who is about to take part in Indian politics during the next six months could read: there is absolutely no book, or collection of books, which will give the reader so wide, so clear, so faithful a clue to the character and the government of our Mohammedan subjects in India as this book of their religion. A resident in Oude, or the north-western provinces, might very soon learn the practical part of the Koran by mixing, as he would be obliged to mix, with those who receive and obey it as the book of their religion and law, but out of India there is nothing that can supply its place. You could no more understand the character of the ancient Jews without the aid of the laws of Moses than you can the character of the disciples of Islam without the laws of Mohammed. It is needless to remark that they are to a true 'believer' infinitely more than the Bible is to the majority of so-called Christians. In fact, there is no analogy between the two books. Christ is our religion. Mohammed is not the religion of the Mohammedans. The book that they believe to be divine in its origin, as we believe the Saviour himself to have been, is to them all in all. Its title, 'Koran,' *To be read*, is accepted as their first law. When read it is lived as few Christians live the life they have taken up.—One word more on this primary source of knowledge. It is, as we have already indicated, the dreariest, the fullest of repetitions, and, we might add, the stupidest of all the books it has been our good fortune to read. Remembering the 'Night Thoughts,' Mühler on Sin, and some other works in Mr. Clark's 'Theological Library,' we know this is saying a great deal; but the reader need only look through half-a-dozen pages to be convinced of the truth of what we have said. None but one of the family of Dryasdust—who might read Chitty on Conveyancing for the same reason—would think of taking up the Koran from any other motive than a sense of duty or necessity. Yet it is in some places as studded with the peculiar beauties of Eastern literature as are the heavens with stars. It expresses some moral truths with a force inferior to that of

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no uninspired writer, not even excepting Milton. It is also the standard work of Arabian literature; its greatest book of genius, and the work that fixed for ever the Arabian tongue. Its service in this respect was not inferior to that performed for German by Luther's translation, for English by the Authorized Version, and for the French by Pascal's Letters. Mohammed publicly and successfully challenged the most eloquent men in Arabia, which was at that time, says Mr. Sale, stocked with thousands, whose sole study and ambition it was to excel in elegance of style and composition, to produce even a single chapter that might be compared with it.

We cannot ourselves pretend to have read any of the laws of the Hindus, nor is it necessary for any but an Oriental scholar to make himself acquainted with all the fables and falsehoods which the Brahmins have denominated their history. For all purposes of information, and for most practical purposes as well, the admirable and succinct summaries contained in Mr. Mill's 'History of British India,' will be found amply sufficient. It is to be borne in mind that the Hindu laws are not allowed to be read or studied by the common people. None but Brahmins may read them, and their interpretation is authoritative. The Hindu, as Mr. Mill observes, believes that a complete and perfect system of instruction, which admits of no addition or change, was conveyed to him from the beginning by the Divine Being, for the regulation of his public as well as his private affairs, and he acknowledges no laws but those which are contained in the sacred books, but the word of the Brahmin fixes the limit and operation of those laws. In this respect the Hindu differs essentially from the Mohammedan religion, which knows no distinction of ecclesiastical rank or caste. Had it been otherwise, the Suttee would have been an absolute impossibility, for, as Professor Max Müller has established,* it has been maintained by the Brahmins, not by a misinterpretation merely of a passage of the Vedas, but by a positive contradiction of it. The passage which they have held to prove it is now known actually to forbid it. The recent dissemination of this circumstance throughout India, has, perhaps, aided not a little to rouse a high-caste opposition to the continuance of the English rule.

We need scarcely say that there is only one 'History of British India'—viz. Mr. Mill's—which is at all capable of yielding satisfaction to any but the most superficial of readers. Mr. Macfarlane's is a useful compilation, but dry, unanimated, and altogether deficient in originality of research. Miss Martineau's, which originally appeared in the form of a series of letters in the 'Daily News,' will be found as practically useless in its contents as it is, to ourselves at least, forbidding in its tone. It is the first history by a lady Deist and Positivist that we have read, and we trust it will be the last.

Mr. Mill's book—of which we may as well now say that a cheap edition is being issued in monthly volumes—is, as far as a general history can be, as comprehensive in its scope as it is exhaustive in its

* Oxford Essays, 1856.

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style. To the time to which the writer brings it, it contains all that any one, excepting an historian, can need to know. The style of the author is plain and natural; his industry and research beyond all praise; and his judgment ordinarily as accurate as his disposition is truthful. His History will always remain one of the greatest of English historical books. Until Mr. Grote and Mr. Macaulay's works, only two had eclipsed it—Hume's 'History of England,' and Gibbon's 'History of Rome.' It is superior to either of these for two of the highest qualities of history—truthfulness and sincerity; it is inferior only in attractiveness of style. With the fuller sources of information now at our command, it is possible that the author would have written with more severity of the proceedings of the East Indian Government than he has done; but that he wrote as he did, while in the service of the East India Company, will remain one of his greatest honours.

But Mr. Mill, who brought his narrative down only to the year 1805, has had the misfortune, since his death, to meet with an editor and continuer. Mr. Horace Hayman Wilson, Sanscrit Professor at Oxford, for half a generation servant of the Company, and now holding the office of librarian at Leadenhall-street, has, with great diligence, edited Mr. Mill's six volumes, and added three of his own, bringing the history to the year 1835. Professor Wilson's philological and antiquarian learning, we suppose, no one will question; and just as little will any one question his remarkable partiality for the Company's rule. Whenever, by the addition of a note, he could turn a brave and honest paragraph of Mill's into the Company's channel, he has not failed to do so. Mill edited by Wilson is something like the Bible edited by the College of Cardinals. The Company could not afford to let Mill tell his own tale, any more than the company at Rome could afford to let the sacred writers appear without a little more information than the writers themselves thought it necessary to supply. And so Professor Wilson, with twenty titles after his name, has most faithfully and industriously done his best to whitewash the East Indian rule from first to last.

Wilson's continuation, though marked by the same predilection for Leadenhall-street which his notes so conspicuously illustrate, is valuable, as being the only complete history of the Company's proceedings for the thirty eventful years which preceded and led to the passing of the Charter of 1833. For this reason, and this reason only, it cannot be dispensed with by any one who would care to have a complete and thorough acquaintance with the history of the country.

From 1835 to the present time we are dependent upon the various histories of the Wars of India. The story of the war in Affghanistan, from 1837 to 1842, has been very ably told by Mr. Kaye, of the India House; but the reader will find the first volume of this narrative more reliable than the last two. Since beginning his history, Mr. Kaye has been annexed, by means of pay and service, to the great Corporation, and difference of position has been followed by a difference of tone. His first volume was by an 'outsider'—his last two by an 'insider.'

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The Affghan war was scarcely concluded—the ink on Lord Ellenborough's Simla proclamation had scarcely dried, when the Belochees formed the purpose of driving the British from the Indus and Scinde. The war in Scinde, under Sir Charles Napier, followed. No better history of this campaign and of the subsequent administration of Scinde down to 1847, can be named than Sir Charles's own; but the reader will find an advantage in following it by Major (now Sir James) Outram's observations on the conquest of Scinde; a book that fell in a rather lifeless way from the press, when it was first published, but which has, notwithstanding, a peculiar value of its own. Major Outram considered himself to have been injured by Sir Charles, and, as an injured man would be likely to do, tells some facts concerning the Scinde conquests which Sir Charles thought better to leave unrecorded.

The disastrous war with the Sikhs began in 1844, and was not brought to a successful conclusion until 1849. The history of this five years' campaign—one of the most eventful in which British arms have ever been engaged—has been creditably told by Major Edwardes, who served under Lord Gough during the whole period of the war.

The years 1852-3 were distinguished by the Burmese war, and the subsequent annexation of Pegu. The history of this yet remains to be written.

On the 7th of February, 1856, the great and friendly kingdom of Oude was added to our already too troubled empire in the East. Any one who has time and opportunity may read the history of this proceeding in the 'Papers relating to Oude,' published by order of the House of Commons. He who reads will not fail to rise from his task grieved and ashamed that the English name has ever been connected with so wicked and faithless a transaction.

It will be seen that no period of British history in the East has been more fruitful in great and momentous events than the last two-and-twenty years. With these years are connected the names of Lord Auckland, Lord Ellenborough, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Lord Dalhousie, as Governors-General; of Sir Charles Napier, Sir Harry Smith, and Lord Gough, as military commanders. Within the same period, Scinde, the Punjaub, Pegu, the territory of Nagpore, and the kingdom of Oude, have been annexed, and Gwalior has been taught submission. They have added a hundred millions to the number of the Queen's subjects; they have increased the Indian debt nearly fifty millions; they have cost nearly a hundred thousand British lives. Our proceedings—and especially our last act—during these two-and-twenty years, have formed the present public opinion and feeling of the native races with regard to the manner and character of our rule. The result has been their fiercest hatred and hostility, followed by the most formidable revolt ever known in the world's history.

But the student will have reached only the threshold of his subject by this time. There remain, first, the history and result of our administration. As an introduction to this study, one could scarcely, perhaps, do better than read Mr. Kaye's 'History of the Administration of the East India Company;' only, it must be read with an inde-

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pendent judgment, and with a constant remembrance of the extreme probability of there being another side to this history. Mr. Kaye's book is, on the whole, not an ineffective apology for the Company. Read it, and read it only, and you would imagine that under the Company's Raj the East Indian Empire had been converted from a waste howling wilderness into a very garden of Eden. Mr. Kaye wrote avowedly to influence public opinion in favour of the Company before the passing of the Charter Act. He is therefore great on Dacoitee and infanticide, and exceedingly small on roads, railways, canals, and all internal improvements. How could he enlarge on this very natural branch of his subject when he could have nothing to say but that the Company had shamefully neglected its duty? Mr. Kaye, therefore, very wisely acted on the principle that the less he said the sooner would it be mended. His book is valuable for the facts it does contain, but as a so-called history, is worse than useless. Perhaps the name of history was never more disgracefully prostituted than in its use as applied to this volume; for its main drift and effect it is as utterly unreliable as though it had not contained a single truthful statement. It may be credited as of equal authority with a barrister's speech for the defence in a trial for burglary and murder, and no more.

For a corrective of this volume, and for general popular information on all the most important branches of the Indian question, we refer the reader to the 'Indian Reform Tracts.' For range of subject, general ability of treatment, accuracy and fulness of information, comprehensiveness of aim, and adaptation for popular use, this work will very probably remain unsurpassed in Indian literature. It consists of nine tracts, published with the sanction and under the direction of the Indian Reform Society. The subjects of the tracts are,—1. The Government of India since 1834. 2. The Finances of India. 3. Notes on India, by Dr. Buist. 4. The Native States of India. 5. Observations on the Evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee. 6. The Government of India under a Bureaucracy. 7. India wrongs without a Remedy. 8. Public Works. 9. The State and Government of India under its Native Rulers. On every one of these topics the very best informed on Indian questions will find himself surpassed by the writers. We therefore very earnestly recommend the purchase of the collected edition of these little books to every one who would have in his possession the very cream of this controversy, or who wishes the whole Indian question 'made easy.' They need one addition, viz., Mr. Bright's speeches. These have been advertised for publication in a Manchester and London daily paper for just eight months, with the prefix, 'speedily (!) will be published.' We now hope to see them within a year after the settlement of the controversy by Parliament, when they will be found—exceedingly useful.

But there is a mine from which all the preceding writers have dug the very best of their ore—the Parliamentary Blue Books on Indian Affairs—books which are now almost worth their weight—and they are heavy enough—in standard gold. We have before us as we write,

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with one or two exceptions, the whole of the Parliamentary literature on India for the last fifty years. It comprises nearly fifty folio volumes, some of which contain more than a thousand closely-printed pages, yet they are not so formidable as they appear. We have made a calculation of the time that it would take honestly to read the whole of them, and think they might be read and analysed by a good crammer, working ten hours a day, in something like six weeks or two months. And that would be very little to give for the return they would yield to any one who wishes to go to the bottom of this momentous subject. The first in chronological order, known as the Blue Book of 1811, is an official history of India, derived from public documents, of which Mr. Mill has made great use in writing his history. Then follows the Blue Books of 1831-3, when the parliamentary examination was divided into the several heads of political, military, judicial, financial, and public affairs, and the evidence collected published in separate volumes. The books of 1851-3 go over similar ground, but in an unsystematic manner. The whole contain a mass of information unsurpassed for extent and value, which only needs constant reproduction in a popular form to settle this great controversy without necessity of further proof or argument. Although the majority and the ablest of the witnesses in these two huge inquiries were East Indian servants or directors, the exposure of the inadequate, the partial, and the corrupt system of Indian rule which they contain, was felt by all, who had any knowledge of their contents, to have doomed the Company to brief existence and perpetual infamy. Add to these the 'Cotton Book' for an exhibition of the commercial resources of India; the 'Torture Book' for an exposure of a criminality of rule as horrible as the crimes of the mutineers themselves; and the 'Oude Papers;' and the reader, while he will have had enough of Parliamentary literature for some months to come, will have found it so valuable, that if he be of a political turn, he will look as anxiously for new 'Reports with Evidence' as he does for the MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR itself.

A few brief words must suffice for the literature of the Sepoy mutiny.

Before the publication of Mr. Mead's 'Sepoy Revolt,' the 'Red Pamphlet' was the best history of the mutiny that had appeared, and it has still a value of which Mr. Mead's book has not deprived it. Written by a man of large experience—'One who has served under Sir Charles Napier,' and whom the 'Edinburgh Review' refers to as an officer of high rank and distinction, it is remarkable for being the first book which put the public on the true scent with regard to the more proximate causes of the mutiny. As a narrative it is the clearest and most compact in style, and the calmest in tone, of any that we have read. We need scarcely add, that its tendency is against the continuance of the Company's rule. Every intelligent writer out of the columns of the 'Daily News' and the 'Saturday Review,' has unhesitatingly followed in the wake of this opinion.

Mr. Mead's book may be considered the most exhaustive statement of the case against the Leadenhall-street corporation that has been issued. His narrative of the circumstances attending the revolt is

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neither so complete nor so dispassionate as that of the writer of the 'Red Pamphlet,' and might have been dispensed with, but no one has shown himself better acquainted with the facts concerning the internal administration of India, or more competent to cope with India-house advocates, whether in the press or on the platform, than this able writer. We very urgently recommend his book to all our readers as indispensable to the full study of the Indian question. There is much in its tone and temper, and not a little in its contents, which will scarcely meet with general approval, but not more than may well, considering the author's present position, be excused. The book, it is true, is the book of a passionate man, but of one who does not let his passion get the better of his reason. He has used it in this work as an instrument of denunciation against a great public wrong, and it has given a freshness and vigour to his style which would not willingly be dispensed with. It is no small merit to write a lively book on commercial statistics, civil jurisprudence, and land taxes. Nor is it every man, nor every controversial writer, who can convince you that his best feelings guide his pen. Both these merits Mr. Mead has in a high degree.

It has often been denied, during the progress of this great rebellion, that the people of Bengal have shown any active sympathy with the mutinous Sepoys. In a pamphlet just published by Mr. Kennedy, the London Missionary Society's agent at Benares, a pamphlet, valuable chiefly, if not only, for the important information it contains on this point, there is, unfortunately, evidence more than sufficient to set at rest any doubt that may be entertained by the credulous believer in the gratitude of the Hindu for our beneficent rule. Mr. Kennedy states, that in several districts the Sepoys have been joined by large bands of the landholding class; that the villagers, while they have often plundered each other, have, with peculiar zest, plundered the English; that men of secondary rank have, as a class, maintained neutrality; that the higher class, while they have remained loyal, have made not a single sacrifice to aid us; and that even the native officials have, in a large number, if not the majority of instances, proved treacherous.

We have left altogether untouched, in this brief summary, the great practical question of the future government of India. It is a question too vast to be dismissed in a few sentences, or to be hung as a mere pendant to a magazine article. The majority of public writers have abstained from discussing it until Lord Palmerston's bill is laid before Parliament. We doubt whether they would not have done more wisely in seeking to direct its leading principles. For ourselves, we do not care to conceal the utmost indifference as to the form which the government of India may assume. If it be made directly responsible to the people of both countries; if it be made open; if it should appear likely, honestly and boldly, without respect to systems and traditions, to grapple with the tremendous difficulties that will be before it; if it bears fair promise of securing a just, cheap, and effective rule, it will have our support, called by whatsoever name it may be. Its task will be to change hatred into respect, if not love, and rebellion into loyalty, by

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making India as free in religion, land, and service, as our other dependencies. He who can and will do this will be the greatest benefactor of his species that the present generation has looked upon.

The Hive of Drones.—A Dream.

ONCE upon a time I dreamed a dream; and lo and behold, in my dream I saw a hive of bees. The hive was a small hive: few more than a hundred cells were built within it. Each cell was occupied by a bee; but at the farther end of the hive were three larger cells—one in the middle for her majesty the queen bee, and the others for the queen's ministers.

Now it seemed in my dream, that the hive was before me for days, weeks, and months, in succession; but day after day, week after week, and month after month passed, and there was no movement in the hive. At last, I thought that the bees were dead, so I went nearer to the hive, to see if such were the case: and I noticed, on getting close to the entrance, that in many of the cells the bees seemed to be coming out, but had scarcely reached the opening, when they immediately drew themselves back. This occurred many times. Then I looked around for an explanation; and when I looked at the queen and her ministers, I saw that, as soon as the bees began to move in their cells, the ministers seemed with violent gestures to speak to their sovereign. What they said I could not hear; but I noticed that afterwards, the queen—often, evidently, with great reluctance—motioned to the bees to keep in their cells. Then the two ministers looked at each other, and were evidently gratified at their success.

So passed many days, and every day seemed alike. But one day, as I was looking, a bee from another hive passed by; and I stopped it, and asked the reason of the strange and unnatural scenes that were taking place in the first hive.

And the bee answered and said: 'This hive is known amongst other hives as the HIVE OF DRONES; yet it is said that there are few drones within it. The cause of the phenomena that you have witnessed is, that the government of the hive is in the hands of drones. The two ministers that you see are two of the oldest drones known to the nation of bees. They were appointed years ago, before most of the bees came to the hive, and before the queen herself was elected. The queen has ever since been in their power. The bees, generally, sympathize with her in her painful and undignified position. She possesses amiable feelings, is of a kind nature, is actively disposed, and is what we call a GOOD bee. But she is weak, and she very much lacks strength and decision of character. The two drones keep her in their power by constant praise of her good qualities, which the queen is weak enough to receive, and by systematic and malevolent misrepresentations of the bees, who want to get out of their cells.'

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At this point the bee stopped, so I inquired,—

'What do the two drones say?'

'Well, for the honour of bees,' answered my companion, 'I would rather not give a direct reply to your question. You know that it is the duty of bees to be active. A good bee will never stay in its hive many hours. If it cannot bring anything to the common hive when it goes abroad, it should nevertheless be its delight to fly. It was made to fly, and it has taught much to other nations by its ceaseless and happy activity. Now the two ministers hold that it is better to be drones than active bees; and holding such an opinion, they wish to make all the bees in the hive drones like themselves. They think that, by the constant exercise of authority in favour of the repression of the more actively disposed, they will get the bees, by and bye, to like their cells better than the open air.'

'Will they succeed?' said I.

'That I cannot say,' said the bee. 'They are certain to succeed with some; but the probability is that, by some irrepressible outbreak, or by a sudden self-revelation of her miserable and degraded position to the queen herself, the hive will be broken up, and the two drones be left with those of a like disposition who may choose to stay. Others, however, are of opinion, that the two drones will ultimately put the queen out of the way, and force a drone like themselves into her place. The present condition of the hive is a scandal to the bee-world. Any bee who would revolt from the authority of the drones would do the reputation of bees in general a great service. And although he would be scandalized by many, he would be justly held in high estimation by all the best bees. For myself, I believe that not one only, but scores, will eventually become ashamed of their thraldom, and ACT LIKE BEES.'

At that very moment, half-a-dozen bees dashed from their cells. The two ministers started to their feet, dipped their stings afresh in poison, and loudly addressed the queen. All the hive was instantly in a general hum, which became so loud that I awoke—and behold, it was all a dream. Then the meaning of the dream was made plain to me; and I mourned to myself, and said, 'Ah! Lord, how many churches are like this HIVE OF DRONES!'

Pew-Rents.—Another Testimony.

WE have already, in past numbers of this journal, delivered our testimony against the system of pew-rents. Further argument on the question we feel to be altogether unnecessary. If ever overthrown and superseded by a wiser and a better method, it will be, as has been the case with everything in England, by the argument of experience only. Prove, not merely that a superior method is capable of being substituted for it, but that the superior method will pay better than the inferior one, and the matter will be settled without any further delay.

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The best way, therefore, of helping forward this question is to adduce the testimony of experience; and, with this view, we quote a recent and very gratifying instance of pew-rents abolished.

In reporting lately to the presbytery of the English Presbyterian Church in London, Mr. Ballantyne, pastor of the new Kingsland church, stated that, on entering their new place of worship, the office-bearers had done away with the system of pew-rents. After a long and careful consideration, Mr. Ballantyne said, they came to the conclusion that the house of God ought to be free; that the rich and poor ought to meet in it on equal terms; that it was not the province of elders and deacons to put a price on places in it; and that the maintenance of gospel ordinances in it should be left entirely to the free-will offerings of the Christian people. 'This was a system,' he added, 'which the Free Church of Scotland had declared to be right, and which was adopted with great success in many Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches in this country and in the colonies. The measure of liberality which his people were already showing under it, and the presence and growth of Christian principle, led him to believe that their treasury would be amply furnished for the support of the gospel amongst themselves, and for the increase of their usefulness in the district in which their lot was cast.'

Could any of our readers supply us with facts illustrative of the same position, viz., that, for the support of the ministry, people will give with a freer will, and give more largely, when not taxed according to the pew-rent system?

A Prayer for the Troubled.

'When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.'

APPEAR, O Thou, who very present art,
In rest recruiting, and in action guiding
Those who to Thee all-willingly impart
The heavy task of their deep want providing.

I know that secretly thou workest, Lord,
But openly reveal thy wisdom kind;
With thy sweet light my spirit turn toward,
As still my spirit turns toward thee, blind.

Open my vision and unlock the limbs
That know they live, yet in sad palsy lie:
Oh! stir the deep whereon my spirit swims;
Becalmed, afraid, my God to thee I cry.

Profound art thou in thy salvation, Lord;
Most subtly inward is thy holy work;
I know thy treasures are within me stored;
But ah, what spoilers still within me work.

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Oh, save me from the dark deceiving worm,
Which wastefully devours what thou hast given;
Save from that spoiler the engrafted germ
Of thy right will which angels do in heaven.

How holy and secure those angels kind
Whose gentleness the struggling church assists;
Possessors ever of an open mind,
Free to the sun, untroubled with dark mists.

They seeing, know the ever-shining source
Of being and its blessedness, the Lord:
And in communion of life's hallowed force
They take and give, they ask and have thy word.

Oh Thou one Lord, in Thee such being is
That from thee million spirits have their name:
Still thou providest them with changing bliss,
That still to thee their love may higher flame.

What heaven so high but love is still beyond?
What hell so deep that love is not below?
What length of time, or stretch of fancy fond;
What breadth of countries can creation show;

Such that love is inadequate to fill,
To reach, to brighten, and to reconcile?
All in the all is Love, and hidden still
It opens with a new and heightened smile.

Here are we dark and weak, yet are we not
Excluded from thy glorious family;
Pain to thy children is a transient lot,
We suffer that from sin we may be free.

Angels and men, the prophet and the child,
These all are what they are by gift of thine;
No break or gulph is there, the undefiled
Are tenderly made one by birth divine.

If but a letter of the all-perfect name,
If but a mark of the celestial pen
Distinguish us, we will, despising shame,
Abjuring self, live boldly among men.

Named after God! a little like to him
In whom the entireness of the name divine
Brightly involved was once by woes made dim,
But now unfolded shines, yet more to shine.

Only by Christ can Jesus be explained,
Behold the Man, thy God! and thus become
An image of the love whence thou hast gained
The initial figure of an endless sum.

Oh fill us with the energy that filled
Thine own dark days, Great Master, with success;
Sustaining thee as still thy mercy willed
To share and so subdue the world's distress.

Thou who in Jesus wert in Jesus art,
My present Saviour art thou, therefore I
Seek life from thee through him that my new heart
Of and for him and hope may testify.

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How sweet to me is life when shadows grey
  Threaten a sunset to my spirit's sun;
I would not into memory sink away,
  And weary dreams of work too sadly done.

Return in light, faith to my faith impart,
  Love to my love, and eyesight to my eyes,
Life to my life, and motion to my heart,
  Nerve to my arms, and to these, victories.

Restore my joy, let sweetly rippling peace
  Be in the stead of dark stagnating calm,
In truth of thy salvation, Oh release
  My bondaged spirit from engirding harm.

So act in me that I from thee may act,
  Free with a liberty thou hast inspired;
Then like a broken city recompact
  My heart shall fortress be, and home desired.

Oh that partaker of that sweet content,
  Which all who in thy love believe have known,
I may the primal blessing thou hast sent,
  The dove-like peace, enjoy which from thy throne

Forth-issuing visits every trusting heart,
  To give to it the sign of that communion
In which the great and small alike have part,
  Knowing each other in the same high union

Of heart to Thee, the first, the universal,
  The great, the hidden one, yet the revealed;
Then here my song shall be a true rehearsal
  Of melodies which heavenly voices yield,

That celebrate the good of everything
  Which round about with various appealing
Offers thy love, Thou all-providing King
  Its ever-growing gift each day revealing.

Show me the greatness of thine own transcending,
  With tender trustfulness my spirit fill;
Then with each sorrow shall a joy be blending,
  We grieve for sin, because we love thy will.

And grief which comes of holy love brings joy;
  Teaching us but our want to let us find
That thy consuming sunshine can destroy
  The brooding shadows that oppress the mind.

Our soul its union with thy blessedness,
  So feels that power begins again to flow,
And all these shadows of distressedness
  Leaving, forth on our voyage true we go.

Only in bliss are they who are in truth,
  The inward truth of holiest behaviour;
Keep me, O rescuing God, whose endless Truth
  Still as we fall reveals thee as a Saviour.

Oh! be thy name written and read in me,
  That Jesus so may be more glorified,
Then I, rejoicing in thy family,
  Shall love with ever-lessening fear and pride.

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With ever-sweetening words for others' taste,
And ever strengthening interior might
I'll give the weary drink, and onward haste
Towards thy dear mansion of unclouded light.

T. T. P.

A Christian Common-Place Book.

'WISDOM THAT IS HID, AND TREASURE THAT IS NOT SEEN—WHAT PROFIT IS THERE IN THEM BOTH?'—*Jesus the Son of Sirach.*

BY Humanity, as a whole, we mean the aggregate of all separate excellences. Only in two places are they all found together—in the universal human race; and in Jesus Christ, he having, as it were, a whole humanity in himself, comprises them all. Now this is the universality of the nature of Jesus Christ. There was in him no national peculiarity or individual idiosyncrasy. He was not the Son of the Jew, nor the Son of the Carpenter; nor the offspring of the modes of living and thinking of that particular century. He was the Son of Man. Once, in the world's history, was born a MAN. Once in roll of ages, out of innumerable failures, from the stock of human nature, one bud developed itself into a faultless flower. One perfect specimen of humanity has God exhibited on earth. The best and most catholic of Englishmen has his prejudices. All the world over our greatest writer would be recognised as having the English cast of thought. The pattern Jew would seem Jewish every where, but in Judea. Take Abraham, St. John, St. Paul, place them where you will, in China or in Peru, they are Hebrews; they could not command all sympathies; their life could not be imitable, except in part. They are foreigners in every land, and out of place in every century but their own. But Christ is the King of men, and 'draws all men,' because all character is in him, separate from nationalities and limitation. As if the life-blood of every nation were in his veins; and that which is best and truest in every man, and that which is tenderest, and gentlest, and purest in every woman, in his character. He is emphatically the Son of *Man*.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

It is important to observe, that whenever Paul characterises the Christian religion, or any part of it, by the word 'mystery,' he is directing attention, not to the *concealment*, but to the *disclosure* of the mystery, and conveying the idea that it is something which 'now is made manifest,' and which we are, therefore, called upon to contemplate and study, even as his office was 'to make known the mystery of the gospel.' Not that he meant to imply that we are able fully to understand the Divine dispensations; but it is not in reference to this, their inscrutable character, that he calls them mysteries, nor so far forth as they are hidden and unintelligible; but so far as they are *revealed* and *explained*.—WHATELY.

There must be in men some natural preparation for the religion of God. If there were no religiousness, there could be no religion; just as if there were no earth, there could be no Adam; and if no natural Adam, no Adam redeemed, and glorified by the Life-giver from above. A sympathetic, intelligent appreciation of nature's work as divine must be a very happy part of that perfect religion for which Christianity is educating us. Sentiments, thrills, fears, as in presence of beings, or a Being invisible, must needs form part of any religion, and, therefore, of ours when united to God's company by Christ's Spirit. Is not the fragrant air, with its soft illumination around us, as a sacred enclosure of heaven, in which, if we do not hear God's words, we feel his nearness? Unless we read the world as

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God's book, and trace up its beauty to him, its beauty of every form and variety, regarding it as under the control of one Being, who is a unity of wisdom, love, and power, yet of infinitely multiplied thoughts, purposes, and operations,—unless we are thus led to God as a fountain and a sun, nature has not served us as God's minister according to his intention, and yet has stood ready to serve us; but, alas, we have refused the offer and the blessing. A man dishonours Christ if he does not know and feel God in the world; for it is natural in some way to do this, and Christianity should make what is natural purer and finer. Such a man has refused to enter the open gate of a garden of Eden. Perhaps he has let the magic of superstition conjure up warders with a flaming sword where God has placed none. He is blind to the open gate, or scared from it, when there is nothing there but God's invitation and offer of liberty written in light. —T. T. LYNCH.

We may learn from St. John what is the purest, noblest form of Christian polemics; it is that which contends against its opposite, rather by means of the power attending a disclosure of the truth in its beauty than by positive assault; and this accomplishes much more than is effected by the latter method, because positive attacks generally call forth and embitter what is sinful in man, while the mere unveiling of the truth makes common cause with what is good in the hearts of the adversaries themselves, and thus enlists them among its friends and defenders. —OLSHAUSEN.

It is a general law of our nature that, while every power, the legitimate exercise of which is followed by a corresponding action, is strengthened thereby; on the other hand, every power which is checked in this its appropriate manifestation is weakened and gradually deadened. A tree that has been blighted spring after spring ceases even to bud. A conviction that has failed of producing acts conformable to it becomes less convincing every time it is appealed to; experience establishes its nullity. And as this must be the effect of such a notion on individuals, so, as was again proved in the last century, will it spread a chill and numbness through the body of the Church. They who believe only with the understanding soon cease almost to believe at all. Even this knowledge, which is only the knowledge of the understanding, dwindles, and sickens, and shrivels. —HARE.

BE THOU CONTENT.

Be thou content; be still before
His face at whose right hand doth reign
Fulness of joy for evermore,
Without whom all thy toil is vain.
He is thy living spring, thy sun whose rays
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.
Be thou content.

Art thou all friendless and alone,
Hast none in whom thou canst confide?
God careth for thee, lonely one,
Comfort and help will he provide.
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief;
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief;
Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain he knows;
Thy secret sighs he hears full well.
What to none else thou dar'st disclose,
To him thou mayst with boldness tell.
He is not far away, but ever nigh,
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry.
Be thou content.

Why art thou full of anxious fear
How thou shalt be sustained and fed?
He who hath made and placed thee here
Will give thee needful daily bread.
Canst thou not trust his rich and bounteous hand
Who feeds all living things on sea and land?
Be thou content.

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He who doth teach the little birds
To find their meat in field and wood,
Who gives the countless flocks and herds
Each day their needful drink and food,
Thy hunger too will surely satisfy,
And all thy wants in his good time supply.
Be thou content.

Say'st thou, I know not how or where,
No help I see where'er I turn?
When of all else we most despair,
The riches of God's love we learn;
When thou and I his hand no longer trace,
He leads us forth into a pleasant place.
Be thou content.

Though long his promised aid delay,
At last it will be surely sent:
Though thy heart sink in sore dismay,
The trial for thy good is meant.
What we have won with pains we hold more fast;
What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.
Be thou content.

Lay not to heart whate'er of ill
Thy foes may falsely speak of thee;
Let man defame thee as he will,
God hears and judges righteously.
Why shouldst thou fear, if God be on thy side,
Man's cruel anger, or malicious pride?
Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
Sooner or later death will surely come
To end our sorrows, and to take us home.
Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here
Served their Lord faithfully and well,
Who died in peace, without a fear,
And there in peace for ever dwell.
The Everlasting is their joy and stay,
The Eternal Word himself to them doth say
Be thou content.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1670.
Lyra Germanica.

Record of Christian Missions.

THE MISSIONS OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.

WE have more than once in these pages alluded to the missions of the Moravian Brethren, and we have done so with almost greater pleasure than we have felt in telling of the labours of any other of the Saviour's messengers of salvation. The simplicity of character, the spiritual earnestness, the singleness of purpose, and the self-denial of these missionaries, have no parallel in the history of the modern Church; for, to be a Moravian missionary is to consent to two things, utterly incompatible with a spirit of self-seeking or ambition of any kind, save the ambition of the Cross. Poverty and seclusion are its inevitable accompaniments; the wages of souls its only reward. A Moravian missionary is never heard of in the Christian world; he is never called to speak to mammoth meetings on great festival days; his letters are never quoted in the daily or weekly journals; he has no public applause of any kind, and no public, save the few heathens by whom he may be surrounded. Yet for sometimes fifty years he will continue to labour, looking for one only reward of his work—the Christian crown. We feel, therefore, a peculiar pleasure in bringing under our readers' notice, from time to time, some accounts of the progress and general results of the missions of the United Brethren. Nor would this 'Record' be complete if we were to neglect to do so; for as a rule, the Moravians work where no other missionaries are to be found.

Two of the principal and most interesting fields of the labours of these 'Brethren' are the frozen regions of Labrador and Greenland. To these stations the society in London despatches once a year the good ship *Harmony*. It carries letters t

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the missionaries, together with books, food, clothing, money, and other articles which are likely to be required during the succeeding twelve months. This year the brave little vessel left Horsley Downs on the 9th of June, reached the ice on the 7th of July, and cast anchor off the Esquimaux country on the 19th of the same month—many days before she was expected. As may be supposed, the anticipated and actual arrival of this vessel are food for wonderful excitement. Watch is kept along the shore and on the tops of inland ice mountains for days before she arrives, and after she has been sighted. Can we wonder at it? It is almost the only regular means of communication which the missionaries have with the civilized world. They and their colonies are often almost starving before the treasures of the ship are unladen.

It is deeply interesting, and sometimes as deeply affecting, to note the simple unbounded expressions of almost childlike joy and gratitude with which the missionaries in their letters speak of this ship. One writing from Labrador last summer, says:—'Our joy, when the *Harmony* arrived here, quite unexpectedly, can be more easily imagined than described. Before we perceived her, she passed through the numerous islands on our coast, and thus spared us the frequent ascent of the neighbouring hills to look out. All the more earnestly did we thank the Lord for once more graciously preserving the little vessel, which comes to us as a messenger of peace, and, in his undeserved fatherly care of us, bringing her in safety to her destination.' Another writing from another station, says:—'But how can we sufficiently praise the Lord, who has once again conducted our little vessel hither in safety, and has thus saved us from all the anxiety and distress which would result from its non-arrival. We could hardly have believed that the shots we heard fired were the signal usually given by the men in the post-kayaks, if the joyful shouts of the Esquimaux, who look out more attentively than even *we* do, had not convinced us. One other writes:—'It is often the case, that the period of waiting for the post-kayaks which announce the arrival of the *Harmony* at Hopedale, appears long to us, and many a wishful look is cast towards the sea. But this year it has been otherwise. We never imagined that our gracious Saviour would accord so early a fulfilment to the petitions offered by us unitedly every Sunday in the Litany, and individually at other times, that he would be pleased to bring the *Harmony* safely to our shores.'

Ah! if that vessel could be conscious of the happiness she brings—what a happy vessel she would be!

Next to the arrival of this favoured ship, we notice that the state of the crop is almost always alluded to. The missionaries are all hunters, fishers, farmers, and gardeners, and, accordingly, take a deep interest in seals, seal-oil, rein-deer, ptarmigans, hares, cabbages, potatoes, &c. For the Esquimaux are an improvident people, and scarcely a winter, in the best of times, passes without many deaths by starvation. The last year appears to have been a year of plenty in Labrador, and very few suffered want. When they do, write the missionaries of Nain, they often regain strength with surprising rapidity after obtaining sufficient nourishment. 'Yet,' they add, 'there are often a few, who, though they may escape with life, under such circumstances, have to suffer from severe illness, from the effects of which they do not so soon recover.'

There is a very honest, candid, but mournful expression of want of spiritual success in the letters that are printed in the last number of the Society's Quarterly

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Journal. The letters in each case are signed by *all* the missionaries in each district—four writing from Hopedale, four from Nain, a similar number from Okak, and three from Hebron. Here are a few extracts from these letters, which we make for the purpose of giving the information they contain, and in order to suggest that for these Moravians, and for the Esquimaux and the Greenlanders, some, if not all, of our readers do offer the prayer that is never unanswered to Him who is the Father of spirits.

The missionaries of Hopedale write: 'A spirit of license, of frivolity, and of pride, prevails increasingly; and it not unfrequently happens that affectionate remonstrances on our part are repaid with insolent behaviour. In short, they will take no advice, an evil that may be said more or less to affect the whole nation.' Several instances of gross licentiousness are quoted in illustration of this remark.

The missionaries of Nain write: 'It would give us great pleasure to be able to announce as decided an improvement in the spiritual course of the congregation, in comparison with the previous year, as we can in its temporal circumstances. But of this we have not sufficient proofs. We can, however, testify to the Lord's praise, that the saving power of the gospel has been manifested in the hearts of many. The meetings have been well attended by apparently eager auditors. We have also been glad to perceive a desire for the explanation of Divine truths, which led to frequent visits to us privately. . . . But there has, likewise, alas! been no lack of trying circumstances. Many continue indifferent and careless regarding the salvation of their immortal souls, of which the natural consequences during the past year have been gross outbreaks of sin.'

These are samples of the contents of other letters. If things continue so, well may the missionaries cry aloud—'Lord, renew our days as of old. Pour out upon us the Spirit of truth and of holiness. Turn thou us, and we shall be turned.'

With regard to spiritual matters, the state of the Greenlanders is, from a human point of view, little less discouraging. After warm expressions of thankfulness for the state of the crops, and a harrowing description of the sufferings by hunger of the population during the last winter,—200 out of 1,600 in one district alone having literally died of starvation,—the missionaries proceed to deplore the want of religious earnestness in the people. One quotation will indicate the character of this portion of the correspondence:—

'I do not believe that a lively Christianity was ever universal among the Greenlanders; but at one time there were certainly many individuals who were sincere as far as their comprehension of divine truth extended, and there was a general horror of sin, and veneration for that which is holy. Now, however, the spirit of the age seems to have penetrated even here, and there is a too general desire to live and act according to the desires of the flesh and of the mind. But what are we to do? Shall we quit the field? That would indeed be a disgrace to the Lord's cause; and the more so, because we do not meet with hostility or opposition in the discharge of our duties, and because our own shortcomings have doubtless tended to increase our difficulties. No; it is undoubtedly our duty to take courage anew, and to continue to sow the good seed, in hope that the Lord will in his good time send a gracious rain to refresh his inheritance.'

Whether owing to difference of race, climate, or other external circumstances,

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the missions of the Brethren appear to be more successful in southern districts of labour. It has many agents in South Africa, some in the West Indies, one in Thibet, and two in Australia. In South Africa frequent, and real as frequent, additions are made to the Church. One missionary writes from Granendal that the number of souls committed to the care of the Moravian missions in South Africa now exceeds 7,700, about 1,500 more than ten years ago. The same writer aptly discusses the question of the reality of this work:—

'But the question will arise regarding this large number of souls; are they truly converted and gathered into the communion of saints? In endeavouring, as far as possible, to offer an answer to this question, I need not speak of those who were brought to Christ through the instrumentality of our predecessors, and who now swell the chorus of the redeemed above. I suppose no one doubts that their number is great. But we are to give some account to our friends and brethren of those who are now living. And here there is indeed cause enough for humiliation, and even for discouragement. Still, when we see hundreds or thousands—the Lord alone knows their exact number—proving by their walk and conversation that they fear the Lord, and, amid all their weaknesses and imperfections, keeping a conscience void of offence through the grace of Him whom they daily implore to cleanse them anew in his blood, we may surely thank God and take courage.'

He adds:—'Could you accompany us to the beds of many of the sick and dying; witness their patience and meekness under suffering; hear their expressions of humble confidence in the merits of the all-atoning blood of Jesus; see the faithful helpers who visit the sick and converse with them respecting the one thing needful, and join with the assembled friends and relatives in singing their favourite verses of hymns, you would be much edified and encouraged.'

Our readers will scarcely need to be informed of the interest taken by Moravians in the education of the young. This is a primary branch of Christian labour in every institute of the Brethren. How thoroughly it is carried out, even with the heathen of heathens, we gather from a communication of a missionary in Fairfield, Jamaica. After stating the course of instruction in the Bible and in church history, he says:—

'We continue to give regular instruction in vocal and instrumental music. There are comparatively few of the scholars who have a good ear for music, though many have a natural liking for it. This I endeavour to put to the best use I can especially by teaching them to play our beautiful tunes on the seraphine.

'Br. Buchner will, no doubt, have shown you, during his stay in London, some maps and drawings executed by our scholars, which will enable you to form some idea of their abilities and progress. Though the knowledge of mathematics is certainly not a *sine quâ non* in the qualification of our scholars for future usefulness as teachers, yet there is no science more calculated to draw out and regulate the reasoning faculties than this.' The writer goes on to state that the most advanced of his negro scholars are just finishing the first book of Euclid. 'With their progress in reading, writing, and arithmetic, we are,' he says, 'on the whole, satisfied. This is also the case with regard to geography, which is a favourite study with them.'

The extent of the educational machinery of the Brethren may be gathered from the fact stated by the missionary at St. Kitts, that on the 10th August 100 Sunday-school teachers assembled there. At Sharon, Barbadoes, again, the day-school

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is attended by upwards of 400 children. From Moriah, in the island of Tobago, another missionary narrates a circumstance which we believe to be altogether unique of its kind:—

'I think I never mentioned to you anything about the proficiency of a considerable number of our young people in music. Through the indefatigable exertions of our Christian friend and brother, Dr. Purser, a large class has been formed, and so far instructed, that we are able to master a good many anthems, and several of the choruses of Handel's Messiah. As regards accuracy in keeping time and pitch, I think we could almost rival some famous musical societies. The Hallelujah Chorus, and several others, are sung by these young people in most exact time, though with rough and uncultivated voices, and with little feeling.' A destination, this, of the 'Messiah' which the great composer little anticipated.

An official survey of the Moravian missionary work for the ten years, from 1848 to 1857, is appended to the Report before us. We gather from it that, during this period, the number of missionaries has increased from 285 to 300; those under the charge of the missionaries have increased in vast disproportion; in Surinam alone, it is said that the number has risen from 12,000 to 23,316.

We have once before, we believe, alluded to the remarkable financial operations of this society. Its income during the last year was £14,286. Of this £7,975 was spent in the support of the 300 missionaries of the society, in all quarters of the world; the sum of £2,156 was allotted for pensions to 89 retired missionaries; £3,287 was spent on the education of children; and only £614 15s. 5d. for th total expenses of management.

Monthly Retrospect.

SOMEWHERE in a modern book we have met with an observation, the truth of which all our readers will be able, from their own experience, to endorse,—to the effect that there are plenty who will sympathize with you in your sorrows, but few who can or will rejoice with you in your joys. Aphorisms are sometimes best illustrated by exceptions, and it has struck us that the death of one, the tidings of whose loss came at the beginning of the last month like a 'bolt of ice' to the heart of every man and woman in Britain, forms an exception to this otherwise almost universal truth. Are we right in saying that we may measure it by the apparent indifference with which it has been received by friends abroad? 'Havelock is dead!' Whose heart in England did not bleed at the news? Whose heart abroad did it seem to depress? It was a grief with which no stranger could intermeddle, and none offered us his sympathy.

'Havelock is dead!' Let us mourn,—for this grief is not of court fashion, that goeth out in a month;—let us mourn not because Death, that friend of the good man, hath taken him by the hand, and has led him through the wide portals of Eternity, but because no voice can reach him now to tell how much we loved and honoured him. So it probably is, although, when nearest the border land, at the death of those we have most loved, every

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heart feels that there is communion of spirits between the living and the dead. It is then that the love that is unutterable, that is above and beyond, and independent of all earthly existence, is felt as it is felt at no other time in a man's history. The veil of the flesh is rent in twain, and we love as we shall love when death shall be no more.

We apprehend that, to everyone, the words 'Havelock is dead,' first conveyed any adequate idea of the depth of reverence and esteem which had been felt for him in the hidden life of the soul. Not the national, but the personal loss was most present. 'Such a man dead' was the first thought;—far before the other—'such a soldier lost.' For Havelock, after we first heard of him, in briefer time than it took to carry the full particulars of his battles from the scene of their action to the hands of the people, had gained a place in the hearts of his countrymen, second only to that occupied by his and their sovereign. And this, not merely because of his success in the field, but because we felt that, like every good and great man, he had elevated the whole tone of our lives. Hearing of the unrewarded service of a life-time, and knowing that it had neither soured his disposition, relaxed his energies, diminished his patriotism, nor abated ought of his love to God or man, we felt that we had received additional strength wherewith to endure the sorrows and disappointments that come alike to all men. Every one of us knew, by his own experience, what *he* had subdued, and how at last he had been brought up to that height from whence he could say,

> 'We pass; the path that each man trod
> Is dim, or will be dim with weeds;
> What fame is left for human deeds
> In endless age? It rests with God.'

Probably, if we were accustomed—as we might, and perhaps should be—to hold and encourage a little more communion of heart with heart in this world, we should find many a man in humble life, many, it may be, whose names, and faces, and voices we know, but whom we little suspect of such strength of spirit, whose inner lives would teach us, by daily line upon line, the leading features of this great man's life. We do not know them; but all of us can now say that we have known, of our own generation, one such man. An unrewarded, but not a disappointed man—still brave, faithful, loyal, and truthful; nay, braver, more faithful, more loyal, and more truthful, because more of each of these towards God. For he that putteth most trust and love in his Maker putteth also most trust and love in man.

The facts of his inner life are now of more importance, both to him and us, than those of his outer. He was a soldier from his youth, and if report speaks truly, as we doubt not it does, always the same man,—we mean essentially the same: as good a soldier as he was good a man. He was, to outward appearance, somewhat stern. He was as resolute in discipline as in spirit. He was determined to train others as he had trained himself, and he did it. Like every true man, his nature went out from him,—found full, free, and natural expression—told the world what he was—and by mere force of character, made others to take his impression. Hence, Havelock's 'Saints' which, like a similar term of two hundred years ago,

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has grown from a stigma and a reproach to a title of highest honour for highest deeds.

He died a simple soldier. We are glad it was so. We are now quite sure that he derived no honour, respect, dignity, influence, success, or encouragement from the fact of having moved in a higher social station than his fellows. As if to mock man's power Death took him before aristocracy could for one hour claim him for one of her own sons. So he took Cromwell, who, if he had lived, would probably have been a king, like many other mortals. Loving Death preserved him from this regal title to what to him would have been obscurity.

He died a brave Christian. Centuries ago a martyr called his persecutors to him, 'You shall see,' he said, 'how a Christian can die.' With the same spirit the soldier-witness called his son, and said, in the same words, 'See, my son, how a Christian can die.' Let us now say with the great singer, 'His body is buried in peace; his name liveth evermore.'

There is a people's subscription being made for erecting a memorial in stone of the Indian soldier. Some time ago a people's subscription was made for another brave man, whose monument stands by the water-side at Greenwich. If this one is to have any words inscribed upon it, let them be no legend of his life, but, like the monument to Bellot, the one sufficient inscription—

Havelock.

Next to the death of Havelock in the later history of the Indian crisis will stand the defence of Lucknow. We have read Brigadier Inglis's narrative twice; and while we have failed to find anything so remarkable in the document as our daily and weekly contemporaries seem to have detected, we stand amazed at the fortitude and endurance of the garrison Never, perhaps, was faith more sorely tried; never religion more severely tested; never humanity more perilled. The gallantry, devotion, and self-sacrifice of this band might almost, we should think, revive even Mr. Carlyle's faith in the return of the heroic age.

But the most remarkable characteristic of this siege was what may well be called the judicial blindness of the besiegers. At almost any time, if they had possessed half the keenness which their apparently devoted victims found to be necessary, they could have become masters of the place. On one occasion it seemed that nothing short of a miracle prevented them from taking advantage of the open and defenceless condition of the Residency. Is it too much, we will not say for a Christian journalist, but for any man, to say, God's protecting hand was evidently over that brave garrison? So the besiegers themselves felt. 'Under God's blessing,' writes Colonel Inglis, 'we worked.' And nothing but that blessing, and the *consciousness* of it, could have sustained the noble band.

We meet, in this Lucknow narrative, with another evidence of a condition of character in the Indian army of which few, if any, in this country could have been before aware. There is a deep and a manly piety in its officers, if not in its men, to which we are inclined to ascribe much of the success which has attended the British arms. It is a fact that every successful leader of the army, from Sir H. Lawrence downwards, has been as distinguished for his Christian character and courage as for his successful generalship. The fact involuntarily disposes one to ask,

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What would have been the state of things if the profession of Christianity by soldiers had not been visited with such severe penalties by the East India Company? But this and similar false steps of this narrow-minded, sordid, arbitrary, and merely money-getting corporation, have prospect now of as sudden and signal a retribution as has ever overtaken a society of men. 'They that honour me I will honour,' saith the Lord; 'and they that despise me I will lightly esteem.' Their candlestick is now being removed out of its place. They are an object of scorn and contempt to their countrymen; they will soon cease even to exist.

A similar significant retribution has overtaken ourselves. The only military difficulty now left in India is the disaffected state of the kingdom of Oude. Before the annexation of this kingdom its rulers and people were the firmest friends of the English Government that the English Government had retained in India. The probability is, that the whole of its 60,000 soldiers, and, as on former occasions, the entire pecuniary resources of the kingdom, would have been placed at our disposal. But the injustice was committed, and the military, monetary, and political power of the richest empire in Hindustan were immediately arrayed against us. Its powerful enmity is now the only hope of the insurgents, and the only barrier to the entire success of our arms. For what is our present position? Out of Oude every stronghold is ours. Some important lines of communication appear to have been recently interrupted by the enemy, but excepting the Oude district they have no single town of importance in their possession. Yet every one is of opinion that it will be months before peace is re-established. Oude, says every Indian writer, will evidently have to be reconquered. The waste of millions of treasure, of thousands of lives, and the breaking of how many hearts, God only knows,—this is the price we are now paying for our sanction of the ambitious projects and avaricious policy of the East India Company.

These are some religious aspects of the mutiny that will have occurred, we have no doubt, to every reflecting reader, but there are literary aspects not less deserving of notice. The attitude assumed by the 'Times' newspaper has, we suppose, as much astonished its Church as its Dissenting readers. Its rapid strides towards a broad and full recognition of the voluntary principle has sometimes almost led us to mistrust the evidence of our senses. Is not this the 'Nonconformist?' Else how these new and wonderful views of the voluntary principle; of the spiritual character of Christ's kingdom; of the vice attending a state patronage of a particular sect; *et hoc genus omnes?* Does the 'Times' so read the shadows of the future that it sees the spirit of Christianity armed, like its Master when on earth, with the all-conquering power of an unworldly, and unselfish love—a free and unfettered action? Such it has proclaimed must be the future character of religion in India, and the world has received it as if it were only the application of an old and generally recognised principle. Not a writer but has said to it, 'Amen.'

But we must leave this and similar subjects, for a few brief observations on matters nearer home.

Much has been written concerning the diabolical attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French, and it has gratified us to notice that the most sincere and indignant expressions of horror of this act have come from the

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pens of journalists who sympathize most deeply with the wrongs of Italy. If they and we condemned the great assassin of the 2nd of December, 1851, we must equally condemn any attempt at employing the same weapons in 1858. And more,—a bad weapon becomes a bad cause, but it may inflict mortal injury on a good one. Alas! therefore, for the misguided patriotism which sees not that Heaven never fights with the devil's tools, nor liberty with instruments that ought to be, and are commonly seen, only in a tyrant's hand.

We open our political campaign this year with a marked and cheerful activity. The Guildhall Reform Committee are actively bestirring themselves in support of the manifesto of last month in favour of vote by ballot, a rate-payers' suffrage, and short Parliaments. The Religious Liberation Society are vigorously and effectively moving, on the platform and in the press, for entire religious freedom for India; and on the 27th inst. it made an influential and decisive representation on the church-rate controversy, to Lord Palmerston. The India Reform Society and the Peace Society are both giving 'line upon line' upon Indian administration, and the East India Company is aiding the controversy by giving a chance for an overwhelming defeat on its own platforms.

And lastly, the happy royal marriage. We who mourn for Havelock, shall we not rejoice with Victoria? Do not the same bells toll at funerals that ring at weddings? and is not the bell that tolls most softly at the one the same that rings most cheerfully at the other? Oh! ring and ring again, to express a people's joy that the best of English sovereigns is a happy, as well as a successful ruler. As happiness is caused most by love outgoing, we question whether so much happiness was ever felt on any day in the history of this, our own England, as on Monday, January 25th, 1858. We are not ashamed to say, that on that day we took our holiday with the million in St. James's Park, in company with hearty and loyal workmen, clerks, and clergymen. We did our humble and unobserved homage as a grateful subject of the mother Queen; and if we had been one of the privileged few, etiquette would hardly have restrained us from joining the choir in the gorgeous chapel, in singing the new anthem:—

'God bless our Prince and Bride!
God keep their lands allied!
God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteousness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless;
God save the Queen!

Fair fall this hallow'd hour,
Farewell, our England's flower;
God save the Queen!
Farewell, fair Rose of May!
Let both the peoples say,
God bless thy marriage day;
God bless the Queen!'

'God bless thy marriage day,' fair Princess! May you be as true and faithful as your English mother, Victoria; as holy, and as secure in the hearts of your subjects as your great predecessor on the throne which it may be your privilege one day to occupy, the wife of another Frederick, the 'happy Louisa!'

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Note to the Article on Milton's History of England in the January Number.

We think it will interest our readers as much as it has interested ourselves, to have laid before them the finest passage in English Literature, which Bishop Warburton compares with the one from Milton's History. We quote from the conclusion to Sir Walter Raleigh's 'History of the World.' They will agree with Warburton that there is no finer writing in the English tongue. If the Turner be equal to the Claude, the Claude is equal to the Turner.

'Since the fall of the Roman empire (omitting that of the Germans, which had neither greatness nor continuance), there hath been no state fearful in the East but that of the Turk; nor in the West any prince that hath spread his wings far over his nest but the Spaniard, who, since the time that Ferdinand expelled the Moors out of Granada, have made many attempts to make themselves masters of all Europe. And it is true, that, by the treasures of both Indies and by the many kingdoms which they possess in Europe, they are, at this day, the most powerful. But as the Turk is now counterpoised by the Persian, so, instead of so many millions as have been spent by the English, French, and Netherlands, in a defensive war and in diversions against them, it is easy to demonstrate that, with the charge of two hundred thousand pounds continued but for two years, or three at the most, they may not only be persuaded to live in peace, but all their swellings and overflowing streams may be brought back into their natural channels and old banks. These two nations, I say, are, at this day, the most eminent, and to be regarded—the one seeking to root out the Christian religion altogether, the other the truth and sincere possession thereof; the one to join all Europe to Asia, the other the rest of all Europe to Spain.

'For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of death upon his first approach. It is He that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed. God which hath made him, and loves him, is always deferred. "I have considered," saith Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit;"—but who believes it till death tells it us? It was death which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and king Francis, the first of France, to command that justice should be done to the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrienes, which, till then, he neglected. It is, therefore, death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects—and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their fore-passed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness—and they acknowledge it.

'O, eloquent, just, and mighty death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world, and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet*.'

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

MARCH, 1858.

On the Method of Life.

(BEING TWO LETTERS.)

I.—M. G. TO R. B. W.

DEAR MR. W.,—It certainly does appear to my mind that our conversation the other evening upon the Method of Life, considered as flexible or inflexible, requires clearing up, and (as I know you like plain speech I will say) especially your own share of it. Starting from the question, whether or not a particular individual was or was not justified in sacrificing domestic affection to go upon a mission, we reached—I should rather say you dragged me and the rest of the company—to the general question of the comparative moral dignity and worth of Force and Tenderness. That soon brought us into a situation in which I thought you set Affection above Duty, just as you carried Thought over the head of Action. From that, passing to Character and Conduct in general, I lost hold of you altogether. What, I would ask, is Duty, and what are the rights of Duty, and what am I to do when Duty calls one way and Affection calls another?

I have often heard you say, you think the Method of Life very much relaxed in these days, but if anything could relax it more, it must surely be a view which tends to exalt mere feeling at the expense of obligation. I wish you could favour me with some explanatory words; for I do like to see my way. Vague ideas are my abhorrence. I must draw lines, set stakes, and keep landmarks. In fact, I *must* have something definite to go upon. Yours very truly,

M. G.

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II.—R. B. W. to M. G.

DEAR MR. G.,—Memorable words are yours at the close of your letter. You must have "something definite!' Allow me, with a saddened sense of the profound humour of the case, to say, I wish you may get it—*from without*. But you never, never will, trust me. It is true, you have great authority to back you in rejecting anything that seems to you vague. 'If another man,' said Goethe, 'wants me to adopt his opinion, he must state it plainly. I have enough of what is problematic to deal with it in my own mind.' But it was a selfish, pompous, foolish speech of a man whose selfishness led him wrong sometimes, though it kept his eyes so coldly clear that he passes for wise. Who is this that is so tall he will not stoop to take up a vague idea? It is the law of our nature to want 'something definite,' and to struggle for it,—

> 'To aim to seize the central fact, the impossible, the true,
> That which we shall not find on earth, if even in heaven we do,'—

but 'something definite' is like to-morrow, always to come, never here—and

> 'Happy is he
> Who cannot measure what he strives to be.'

Have you not observed in common life that *advice* always seems to be useless to you? You have to strain your own eyes, looking out into the dark, for a pathway; and yet, when, years afterwards, you look back, you find that the advice *was* of use—your mind wrought with it, in some way, and now you are sorry if you treated it with contempt. It is just the same with the loftiest questions of the Christian life. No man, saint or sage, can give you the keyword that shall solve every problem of duty as it turns up, though he may say that which you may unconsciously use. The most experienced traveller over the land whose rule is claimed by Conscience cannot definitely map out your course for you at any hour of your life. What is more, and what is awful, you cannot do it for yourself, when you most resolutely get *outside* yourself, and take up a purely critical position. The more you see the less you know. I feel an increasing distrust of all attempts to tabulate conduct. Helps they are, and indispensable—but the last resort of the troubled soul is to some despised 'vague idea,' which shines out bright and clear in the storm and stress of feeling, and under the eye of God. The map is blurred and blotted with tears of grief and anger for a thousand missings of the way—you crumple up the useless thing, and construct another by the light of the 'vague idea' which starts you afresh on your path.

I think you will some day, in this world or the next, discover that your allusion to setting Affection above Duty shows that there is confusion in your mind more than in mine. What I say is, that you have not served the necessary apprenticeship either to Love or to Duty to qualify you to adjust their claims. And you confound the

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two ideas of—that which is your duty, and—that which is right. But, by your leave, my friend, the things differ—differ infinitely, eternally, differ by the whole length between the divine and the human. You might love a child, a sister, or a friend, with a sublime and beautiful love, a love capable of the utterest self-sacrifice, almost implying an incorporation of the being of the beloved in yours. But is it your 'duty' to feel such a love towards anybody? No more than it is your 'duty' to admire with a perfect admiration a sweet flower or a verse in Tennyson. If there were any 'duty' in the case we should often find ourselves morally bound to love the same things and persons, and to love them equally well,—which were absurd and inconvenient. A man may have neglected or perverted his tastes till he comes to like wrong things or wrong people; but Affection, pure and simple, belongs to the sphere of Right, of the instinctive and divine; not to that of Duty, the voluntary and the human. It is here that the distinction you did not seem to catch between Character and Conduct comes in. Conduct is the sphere of Duty, and there Duty is supreme. 'But Affection is a motive of conduct; and duties must grow out of it?' True; and to co-ordinate the *musts* and the *oughts* which spring out of Love and Law, meeting and traversing, and colouring each other in incomputable situations and *nuances* hour by hour, is the great work we have all to do Now, I say, it needs a certain apprenticeship to the facts of life to qualify you or any one else to dogmatize upon this work of co-ordination. I say no one should presume to do it authoritatively in whom 'the fountains of the great deep' of his being have not been broken up by the hand of God in his providence. Such an one is liable to make the initial blunder of treating affection as an encroaching courtezan, to be watched and repressed, instead of as a princess, to be honourably entertained at the feast of existence, and trusted to bring a blessing in her hands. A blunder which seldom escapes severe punishment in after life. How many, many excellent, 'devoted' Christians have I known to live under a perpetual cloud of dissatisfaction with the world (*i.e.* wife, children, friends, business, pleasure, things in general), enjoying every dish of beauty and use under protest, and fancying all the while it was because they needed more celestial diet. 'Vanity of vanities' indeed! What have you done, unhappy that you are, to the gentle guest who was sent to crown your feast with joy? Ah, I see! —you wanted 'something definite;' you treated her as a prisoner, and she fled, sending in her place the pale, cold image that sits there, and which I suppose you dignify with the name of Affection.

This is running into sentiment and apostrophe, and forgetting my correspondent. It is, of course, out of your power and mine, as it is certainly no part of our business, to judge any man who sacrifices the claims of domestic ties for what he thinks before God is his duty. But this much is certain,—that whoever declines the natural responsibilities, be they affectional or other, of any position in which he finds himself, is not the man to advance God's kingdom, whatever his energy, talent, or devotedness to an idea. What I complain of in your

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ideal Method of Life is, that it seems deliberately to open a door for such declension—in fact, contemplates it. I have seen among professing people so much selfishness covered by that word 'Duty,' so much unhumanity and 'negative' morality taken for 'positive' Christianity by those who began their Christian career with a theory in which some conjuration of a narrow nature, called Duty, was set up, sacrificial knife in hand, over what is tender and beautiful in the Bonds of Life, that I cannot help dreading some morbid resolve, which will tell in wrinkles of sorrow or scowls of pride on the later aspects of life, when I see the very young in haste to tabulate existence, before they know what awfully sweet or awfully sad things its elements may be, and what flashes of truth of eternal import may be struck out in the conflict of emotion. I do not see why it should puzzle you to say that a certain measure of experience must be attained before one should venture to draw once for all his circle of duty; and when you think I give Affection too much to do in weaving the pattern of a life, you make me think that you are yet a stranger to the deepest of all purely human experiences. 'Love,' says Shakespere, you remember,

> 'Love is too young to know what Conscience is,
> But who knows not *Conscience is born of Love*?'

and to the same purport sings Mr. Patmore in his 'Angel in the House,'—in some of the most beautiful words yet dropped in the ears of this generation—

> 'Tis truth, although this truth's a star
> Too deep enskied for all to see,
> As poets of grammar, lovers are
> The well-heads of morality.'

Now, we will take 'love' and 'lovers' here in the widest sense, so as to include all forms of attachment; not forgetting, but reverently clasping to our bosoms, the truth, that the very Fountain of Right is Himself Love; and I say that we have a great idea before us. Strange, passing strange, how little weight is allowed in the current Christian philosophies of conduct to the words of our Lord—LOVE *is the fulfilling of the* LAW—words in which there are, indeed, 'shallows in which the lamb may wade, and depths in which the elephant may swim.' But one need not plumb them far to see that, at least, we cannot venture to give Affection a *very* subordinate place in the council before which the Method of Life is to be adjusted.

I know no one who has so forcibly as Robert Browning rebuked the idea that the Method of Life may be comfortably settled, once for all, by the Christian, so that he will have, as it were, only to walk on chalked lines afterwards. I quote from 'Easter-Day:'—

> 'How very hard it is to be
> A Christian—hard for you and me;
> Not the mere task of making real
> That duty up to its ideal,
> For that is always hard to do;

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But hard, I mean, for me and you
To realize it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly attends our strife
In carrying out the aims of life.'

There is, then, this suggestion (I am quoting from memory, and forget some intermediate lines)—

'But what if it be God's intent
That labour to this one result
Should seem unduly difficult?'

To which is made the reply—

'Ah! that's a question in the dark,
And the sole thing that I remark
Upon the difficulty this,—
We do not see it where it is,
At the beginning of the race,—
As we proceed it SHIFTS ITS PLACE,
And where we looked for palms to fall
We find the tug's to come, that's all!'

It is that shifting of the place which makes any such formula as 'affection must give way to duty,' so dangerous in the hands of us imperfect creatures. But you will complain of the 'indefiniteness' of a scheme of life which leaves any margin. That, also, you will say is dangerous. It is, indeed; but what makes it so? Impatience of the means by which God is teaching us. And what is the counterpoise to that danger? Surely *trust*. There is something pagan, I always fancy, about mere resignation; it is just lying down, and letting the wheel of fate pass over one. Trust is the mood which becomes affection; to proceed hopefully as far as one sees the way, fully relying upon more light at the proper time. This is, of course, exceedingly difficult. It seems much easier to construct your stiff Method of Life, though upon information which is, and must be imperfect, and so proceed upon 'something definite' than to move steadily upon a line which you know may only serve you for a short time. Yet I maintain that the necessity of spiritually living from hand to mouth is not to be dodged, do all you will. The man who marks out his life as regularly as a chess-board,—so much for thought, so much for work, so much for love, and the rest, will have his inner shortcomings, which, though they may not mar his content with his diagram, will prevent his having any enormous advantage over another who is ready to break up his scheme to-morrow if he sees further than he did, and whose trust is placed otherwhere than in diagrams, and who is ready, even though he wander by the way, to rejoice that no arbitrary scheme of living forecloses for him any avenue of emotion,—singing, with Browning,

'—Thank God no gate stands barred
To access, and I find it hard
To be a Christian, as I said!'

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When in our conversation I placed the tender (or immethodic) type of character above the strong (or methodic), I did not forget that comparisons are odious, and that God uses all instruments, and approves all sincerity. But surely, the strength of conscience being equal, that is the most *Christian* soul which leans towards tenderness rather than the opposite; and even if the question were to be decided upon neutral ground, neither Christian nor un-Christian, it would hardly suffer itself to be overlooked that the tender (or passive-heroic) type of human nature has wider and deeper capacities of heroism than the strong (or active-heroic) type has of tenderness? Meantime, the decided leaning of Christianity to what is tender and affectionate cannot be disguised.* The *quia multum amavit* idea pervades the records from beginning to end. And, as I read them, they propose in affection for a Person a motive of conduct which the Law, 'weak through the flesh,' could not supply. I must own, then, my heart goes out most readily after the gentle, affectionate soul, in whose life there is the least rigidity of outline, the least appearance of the outer forms overlaying a hard skeleton of Method.

I do, indeed, as you remind me, think that the Method of Life has latterly, and that, too, in the very flower of Christian society, undergone some relaxation. This I attribute to the rapidity with which we live; the stimulating character of our lighter literature; the frequency with which questions of the boundary-line between Impulse and Law surprise us in our serious literature, and also in the facts of world-history going on all around; and the breaking-down of certain old-fashioned barriers of habit in trifles, which sincere people give up because they cannot maintain their full significance, while yet they cannot set up better.

The habits of modern life are exceedingly unfavourable to private devotion and a noble equanimity. We do, I fear, live too much at random, and suffer for it. Therefore, I say, let those of us who need it, repair any frame-work of habit which we may have found helpful, without pedantry, and with as little offence to the amenities as possible. Nobody need know anything of what we do but ourselves and God, except, perhaps, those who live with us; and the less use we make in our fresh plans of the timepiece and the diary, the better for our reforms. The widest diagram will serve our purpose longest; a few strong lines and no filagree-work, is what we require for practical help. More time and energy are often frittered away in silly resolution-making than, thrown into action, would suffice to build up a manly character. The most important fact of Methodic Living is action; and the most important part of action is whatever waits to be done next.

It is, of course, impossible to lay down a law which will cover every life-story, but I should think that the space between twenty-five and thirty-five, as it is that part of life in which the greatest number of facts is taken up for assimilation by heart and brain, is almost always that

* See, if you do not remember it, what Paley says of the 'Morality of the Gospel.'

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in which a man finds out most emphatically how transient are the uses of set schemes of conduct. This is supposing that he lives fairly, and shirks no situation merely because it is arduous. Some men's Method of Life has no merit but that of studiously dodging the difficulties of duty, by which means a negative perfection is kept up at a cheap rate, but with great scandal to the Christian name, for everybody sees through the device. I am so sure of your warmth and soundness of heart, that I am satisfied you will always meet the facts of existence as fairly as now; and I am quite content to relegate the question between us, as to the flexible or inflexible Method of Life, to some day when you also shall be approaching the decade I have just entered, and learnt, if you need it, the lesson I have had to learn, and not without pain, that the logical circumscription of the feelings into which intellectual young men so readily fall when they attempt to construct a Method of Life—'Student's Manual' in hand, and Stepney College in the distance—is neither manly nor Christian.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. W.

George Warrington; or, Where shall he go to?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Warrington's next experience of our Dissenting churches was less fortunate. Yet he had been led to accept an invitation to preach at Grumpton from the very promising letter of the leading deacon, or 'managing man,' as he was somewhat significantly called, and the strong persuasion of several influential ministers, who were convinced 'Grumpton was just the place for him, and he the very man for Grumpton.' So to Grumpton he went.

This was a very populous and 'highly respectable' suburb of a large city—a very large city—so large, indeed, that I only hope it won't be wroth at the idea of the indefinite article being used in connexion with it. There was an old established Nonconformist church there, under the pastorate of a popular D.D., but some active partisans of another denomination had long fixed their eyes on the locality as a desirable one for their body to be represented in. At least, this was the plea urged on the influential ministers of that body by Mr. Topperson, the 'managing man' aforesaid. But to others, of the same denomination as 'the Doctor,' he of course could not urge this plea, and dwelt, therefore, on the increasing population of the neighbourhood, and the necessity for *Dissent* to be represented by 'additional interests;' while to pious simple folk he descanted on the spiritual condition of the locality, and the need for a more abundant supply of 'the means of grace,' and 'the bread of life;' for he knew very well that, to succeed, he must unite people of all classes.

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The truth was, Mr. Topperson had been a member of 'the Doctor's' church. But 'the Doctor' liked to have his own way, it seems, and all very natural, too, for a doctor; but, unfortunately, Mr. Topperson had a great fancy in that same direction too. The Doctor, though free, I am told, could stand upon his dignity; and though not deficient in what Sydney Smith would call the oleaginous, could tread upon some men's toes pretty stoutly, and yet adroitly withal. Mr. Topperson, in his free-and-easy style, and not being endowed with any remarkable delicacy, had more than once done sore despite to 'the Doctor,' and that even at church-meetings; his prompt appreciation of which Dr. Mecoy manifested in his own peculiar style, till Topperson winced again. This could not last; and, as 'the Doctor' was a fixture at 'Leicester Chapel,' and it would be hopeless to attempt to oust him, Mr. Topperson became greatly concerned about the spiritual condition of the neighbourhood, and had frequent conferences with ministers and others, to whom he showed 'the denominational wants,' or 'Dissenting wants,' or 'spiritual wants,' according to the persons he was seeking to influence; but never showed them how cruelly his own poor toes had been trodden on—trodden black and blue, indeed—by the remorseless Doctor. No doubt this reticence was purely magnanimous. How could he waste a thought on anything personal when there was so vast a population so poorly supplied with the precious gospel? or, while Dissent was at so low an ebb in Grumpton? or, lastly, while 'our denomination was not represented at all?' So he kept his toes out of sight. But they were none the less sensitive, or active, for all that. They carried him about pretty energetically, till things began to look promising, and he anticipated the time when the toe-treader should feel the consequences of not having submitted to Mr. Topperson's claims of 'right, as a member, to speak out all he thought,' or even chose to say without thought, perhaps. For, 'quite providentially,' an admirable place for worship soon offered itself; and, encouraged by certain ministers, and pecuniarily liberal members of 'our denomination,' and by other friends to Dissent in general, and by a few pious and worthy people who received implicitly all that was said about the souls in the neighbourhood, Topperson rented the place, had it very neatly fitted up, being a man of taste in shop-fronts and the like, obtained a list of ministers for a whole quarter's occupancy of the pulpit, persuaded two influential London pastors, one of each denomination, but both of them Doctors, to preach at the opening, and so opened the campaign in style.

A neat place of worship, an attractive list of preachers well advertised, with private appeals to all that were supposed to be 'not altogether comfortable at Leicester Chapel,' succeeded in at once collecting enough to form a nucleus—or, as our interesting friend preferred to drop the middle syllable, you may say 'nuclous' if you will—and forthwith a church was formed, deacons were chosen, one or two of each denomination, and among them, of course, the indefatigable, zealous, devoted, excellent Mr. Topperson himself. And as it would never do to be without any apparatus or plans that were successful

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at Leicester Chapel, a Sunday School was commenced, some four or five teachers being induced to desert from 'Leicester,' as it was commonly called in short, thinking to have more freedom, and to be 'better appreciated' at Parade Chapel, Diddlesex Square, than at the old place. Topperson rubbed his hands. A branch tract society was established, and one of the secretaries of the parent institution promised to attend a meeting. Topperson was in his glory. A Dorcas society sprang into existence, for, as 'the managing man' suggested, 'we must make an impression on the poor; they'll do to help fill the place.' The experiment was succeeding. Topperson was radiant.

'We mean business,' said he; 'we intend to go a-head, I assure you.'

Every week or two a paragraph appeared in a certain newspaper, under the head of 'Religious Intelligence' (don't laugh), reporting a social meeting at Parade Chapel, at which 'the Rev. Toby Teaspout had poured forth a most eloquent address;' or, 'that well-known and devoted friend to all our denominational interests, Jeremiah Blarney, *Esq.*, had, &c. &c. &c.' Or, there was an advertisement, to the effect that 'the great Doctor Bullybottom would enforce the claims of stereotyped phraseology, and the superiority of words to things. ☞ Young men earnestly invited to attend. No collection!'

'Keep the ball a-going,' was Mr. Topperson's constant maxim. 'Nothing like publicity. Cover the walls everywhere with "Parade Chapel, Diddlesex Square," if you want to get along, I say. Snap at every possible excuse for out with a poster, announcing "Sermon," "Lecture," anything, no matter what, just to keep "Parade Chapel" before the public eye. Why, bless your heart alive, most of the ministers are too squeamish by half. They talk about "the Truth," and "the Truth," just as if "Truth" was everything; they want a little of our business tact.' N.B.—This same business tact, however, had not prevented Topperson's name from twice appearing in a certain list that tradesmen usually turn to pretty promptly when they get their morning papers, sincerely hoping not to see there the name of any one considerably indebted to them. But he put a good face on the matter; and, as 'that little circumstance,' not coming exactly in the column of 'religious intelligence,' had occurred in the country, and he now had a highly responsible and tolerably lucrative employment, and had got himself appointed on I don't know how many committees of religious institutions, he said to himself, 'Who knows?' or, when he thought the fact must be known, perhaps, he changed that brief interrogation for 'Who cares?'

'Parade Chapel' had got itself known; 'Parade Chapel' figured in subscription lists; 'Parade Chapel' was talked about in the denomination; 'Parade Chapel' could secure—Topperson's word was 'co·nmand'—respectable supplies; in fact, 'Parade Chapel, Diddlesex Square, had made a place for itself in the great 'religious world,' and began to be regarded as not altogether an undesirable sort of thing.

Topperson, however, was 'in no hurry to be settled with a pastor.'

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He liked the work of obtaining supplies, and managing the whole concern. It suited his genius to a T. He was always receiving letters from ministers he was in correspondence with, and they were sure to be directed

DASH TOPPERSON, ESQ.,
Piddleden Place.

You might say, speaking ecclesiastically, you know—and why we should not ape 'the Church' in this as well as in other things, I am sure I don't know—'the living' was in Mr. Topperson's 'gift,' or that 'Dash Topperson, Esquire, was the patron.' And whenever he had some 'country minister' to supply, whose talents made him at all 'eligible' as a pastor for Parade Chapel, didn't he enjoy setting before him all the eminent desirableness of 'the sphere,' and then, on the other hand, the eminent qualifications Parade Chapel had a right to expect in its future pastor.

'Why, my good sir,' said he one day to a minister whom he was somewhat desirous of securing, or, rather, perhaps, desirous to make him 'desirous of coming,' but who was by no means caught by Mr. Topperson's superlatives; 'why, my good sir,' said he, in a tone of surprise, in which there was also blended a spice of huffishness at the country minister's not deeming Parade Chapel so very eligible a post after all; 'why, my good sir, many of your brethren would give their very ears to come to Grumpton, I can tell you.'

'The more fools they,' was the answer. Topperson dropped it. He had thought to catch a country brother, and had got hold of a man who saw through him, and did not mind letting him know it either.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Warrington should have promised to supply at Parade Chapel, and for a month, too; but Topperson was always looking out for a minister of renown of some sort, if not already achieved, yet certain to be; and an M.A., and 'late of Oriel College, Oxford,' to boot, was a capital card. So he had written a careful letter, in which his instinct had taught him to suppress all that was specially Toppersonian, and had got three, four, aye, no less than five leading ministers to back his application by their own recommendations of Parade Chapel and the 'sphere for usefulness that Grumpton presented.' This they had done very honestly, not knowing all that the reader knows of friend Topperson and the 'cause in Diddlesex Square,' but only seeing him now and then, when they had supplied there, and when 'the managing man' adapted himself to their modes of looking at things, and on parting, insisted on their taking a rather handsome remuneration for their services, which he also most gratefully and even profusely acknowledged. So Mr. Warrington went to Grumpton.

The reader will scarcely need to be informed that after the month was expired the question, 'Where shall he go to?' was still as far as ever from being answered. It is true that Mr. Topperson, weighing

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all things, and finding how many intelligent Christians of the neighbourhood spoke highly of Mr Warrington, came to the conclusion that, on the whole, it would be politic to make some endeavour to secure him for Parade Chapel, though not without certain secret misgivings that if Mr. Warrington became the pastor, some of his own most cherished views and feelings would be ignored and trampled under foot with a Christian and gentlemanly dignity he would not dare to resist. It was not without a sigh, therefore, and a queer expression passing over his countenance, that he reluctantly came to this conclusion. But having decided, he set to work with his accustomed energy and adroitness. He found some difficulty, indeed. His brother deacons had not felt perfectly at their ease in Mr. Warrington's company. One of them had, one Sunday morning, after the service, expressed the opinion, that if Mr. Warrington had dwelt more briefly on the first and second heads of his sermon, and spent more time on the last part of his subject, it would have been decidedly a very great improvement, and, Mr. Warrington, fixing his eyes full on the man, had asked him,—

'*Do* you know, sir, what was my precise object this morning?'

'Well, no, I can't say I do,' replied Mr. Deacon Triggs.

'Then pray, sir, how can you be a judge whether or not I adopted the wisest method for securing that object?'

Mr. Triggs was check-mated of course, and retreated to the farther part of the vestry in a huff. He was not at chapel in the evening, for he thought Mr. Warrington 'a very proud sort of man, and that he did not receive a hint in at all the Christian spirit that became a minister.' The utmost that Mr. Topperson could extract from his brother Triggs was, that if all the rest were unanimous. he would not singly oppose, but he foresaw he should not be able to hold office under a pastor of that kind. In fact, 'he did not at all see what we want of a gentleman,' and, moreover, he 'was not perfectly satisfied that Mr. Warrington was so thoroughly sound in the faith as was necessary.'

Proceeding further, Mr. Topperson found there was some lurking disaffection in the Sunday School. It seems that Mr. Warrington had spent an hour one Sunday afternoon in the school, moving from class to class, and quietly observing all that was going on. Two or three rather forward and ignorant young men had, by virtue of their status as 'teachers,' spoken to him in a very easy off-hand style, and, further, 'pushed him,' as they said, 'to see what he thought of Sunday Schools in general, but more particularly of 'teachers,' observing that theirs was 'a work of faith and labour of love,' and that 'the office' of a a Sunday School teacher could scarcely be regarded as inferior in importance to that of the minister himself.' Mr. W. would have been silent, but they asked him point blank if he thought so, and in what estimation he held their labours. Mr. W. therefore had told them that all depended on the qualifications of the teachers; that if teachers were well acquainted with the Scriptures, and otherwise generally well-informed, and were apt to teach, and were kind, gentle, patient, oblivious of self, and sincerely bent on doing good, the constant, well-sustained efforts of such persons were deserving of all respect; but

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that such teachers were precisely those who could afford to be less desirous of having their claims recognised; on the other hand, he thought, in proportion as teachers were uncareful to qualify themselves increasingly for their work, and were self-important and obtrusive, requiring to be noticed and lauded, and thinking in reality more of themselves and the honour due to them than how best to win and train and bless the children around them, their 'labours' could not rank very high in the scale of Christian merit.

Mr. Topperson tried to soothe their wounded feelings. He admitted that Mr. Warrington 'had not treated them with sufficient consideration;' suggested that 'possibly something had put him out;' and, adopting 'the piously persuasive strain,' would, 'as a Christian brother, remind them that they should be willing to forgive.' The young men, however, 'thought that a man who evidently undervalued all Sunday School labours was not fit to be the minister of Parade Chapel,' and hinted that 'not even Dr. Mecoy himself had ever ventured to treat them as this Mr. Warrington had done. And who was Mr. Warrington, pray?'

The door-keeper and chapel-cleaner also had his grievance; and he, too, was a member. It seems that Mr. Warrington had never once shaken hands with him, Wapshott; no not all the month he was there!

'And my idee is,' said he, 'that if the pastor an't a goin to be an example of humility and brotherly love, *I* don't see how we're goin to have a prosperous and united church. For my part, I do greatly prefer that very promisin minister as we had jest afore, viz., Mr. M'Oyle. Ah, that Mr. M'Oyle, now, *was* jest a preacher, if you like, and no mistake. Why, he took me by the hand as familiarly and heartily every time he came in as if he had been ever sich an old friend; and he used to ask me about my soul, and how I was gettin on in the best things; and then, maybe, he'd jest ask me how the people liked his preachin, and whether I thought it was suited to 'em. Ah, he was somethin like, he was. But this here Warmingham, or Warmingpan, or whatever 'tis he calls hisself, is a stuck-up sort of fellow, as don't seem to me to have none too much grace in him. *I* sha'n't vote for un, and I don't care who knows it, nuther.'

Topperson tried to convince him that if Mr. Warrington *should* settle among them, a very little experience would soon convince him that it would not do for him to carry too much sail.

'He'd have to learn how to stoop a little. A very few church-meetings would bring my gentleman down a bit, eh, Wapshott?' giving him a good-humoured poke, and winking at him, as much as to say, 'We know a thing or two.' And then he told him that if they could get Mr. Warrington, the Wynnes would attend regularly, and the Stewarts, and a good many more of that class. And then, as if it occurred to him quite casually, he asked him whether the different pew-holders had remembered the chapel-keeper at Christmas as they should? And so left the worthy Wapshott to consider whether, on the whole, Mr. Warrington would not, perhaps, be just the man after all.

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Without detailing all the prudent steps he took, it must suffice to say, that, by contriving to hold the church-meeting on a day when it was impossible for one or two to be present who he knew would oppose the measure, and by dropping various hints, adapted to different parties, such as—that he understood Mr. W. was a man of property, not married, nor even engaged, he understood; and not likely to come, even if invited; and very highly thought of by several of 'the Crescent' folks; and likely to be quite a leading man; and, certainly a very striking preacher; and it would do them no harm to have invited such a man, even if he did not come; and there were two or three barristers and two physicians present almost every Sunday he preached; and their ministerial brethren would blame them to let such a man slip through their fingers, &c. &c., Topperson succeeded, after all the talking brethren had availed themselves of their 'right' to talk as much as pleased them, in getting a sort of invitation agreed to; and, further, in getting himself appointed as 'a Deputation' to wait on Mr. Warrington.

In a very few days he went. But he 'wished to goodness,' he said afterwards, 'he had never gone near him.' He had never felt himself so small in his life. For, after he had delivered the invitation, and made all the verbal statements he thought desirable, which Mr. Warrington received without interposing any remark or question, and even, when he had fairly concluded, said, as if waiting for something more, 'Yes?' and 'Well, sir?' so that Topperson repeated himself a good deal, while that searching, steely eye seemed to read him through and through; after he had fairly exhausted himself, Mr. Warrington, producing a paper of memoranda, proceeded to catechise and question him so closely that the poor fellow almost fancied himself once more before Mr. Commissioner Blank; and, somehow or other, he never could explain to himself how, he had confessed to Mr. Warrington, without Mr. W.'s being at all discourteous, that he had twice appeared in the 'Gazette,' and each time been severely reprehended; that two other of the leading members had been in the same case; that very few of the members of the church really desired him to become the pastor; that he had used opposite and contradictory inducements to different members to induce them to consent to sign the requisition; that he had signed several names without permission; that he himself did not in his heart hope Mr. W. would accept the invitation; that his income was three hundred a-year, and he was living at the rate of six or eight hundred, and ever so much more. After all which Mr. Warrington had simply asked him,—

'Well, sir, is it necessary that I should return any formal answer to the church meeting in Parade Chapel, Diddlesex Square?'

And Mr. Topperson said, 'No, sir,' with more meekness than he ever before thought was in him. Whereupon Mr. Warrington, as a Christian man, began to deal so closely and faithfully with his conscience, that he felt the beams of light from Mr. Warrington's eye (he afterwards said) pierce into his very soul like arrows of light. And so utterly crest-fallen was he, that he asked Mr. Warrington 'to go to

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prayer with him,' which Mr. Warrington declined, telling him that his course of duty was plain, and that there was something that must plainly enough precede prayer in his case; and so bowed him out. He had held the precious 'requisition' in his hand, and turned back from the door to leave it with Mr. W., but that gentleman did not wish for it, and so it remained with Mr. Topperson. Oh, Topperson! Topperson! was it for this you had laboured so indefatigably to 'build up' Parade Chapel? to entice people from Dr. Mecoy's? to inveigle one and another into consenting to invite Mr. Warrington? to be yourself, after all, turned inside out, in this fashion, and be made to feel a sort of rehearsal of a yet more solemn judgment to come one day! Pass, sir: and if into silence and obscurity, so much the better for you; and oh, forget not the faithful hint of that after all true friend, that there are things to be done before you pray; at least, to be honestly begun, with the unflinching resolve to carry them through at any cost; else, prayer may only bring a terribly false peace, and act as an opiate on an already drugged conscience.

Mr. Warrington had given his friend Spencer the fullest details about his month's visit to Grumpton; and his experiences there naturally led to a good deal of conversation, in the course of which the former commented on the anomalous relation of the congregation to the church.

'I understand your Independent theory, and can appreciate your idea of a church, but in practice the idea itself, I find, is either lost sight of, or else seems often to work very badly. Now, at Grumpton, "the church" numbered some seventy persons; "the congregation" two or three hundred. The church appeared to me, as a whole, to be far less morally respectable than the congregation. Very many of the former were coarse, conceited people, that, no doubt, could talk about "doctrine" or "experience," and rested far more than they would like to confess on the fact of having become members of a Christian church on their own profession. Quite a favourite hymn with Topperson, one which he gave out with great unction twice, or I think even three times, and which many of the church sung with peculiar emphasis, was:—

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

There were a few pious persons in the church, no doubt, but, as a whole, they impressed my mind not only unfavourably, but even painfully; while in the 'congregation' there were several of, I should judge, marked excellence; intelligent, fervent, consistent Christians. These, however, I found all shrunk from the idea of connecting themselves with the church; so far from deeming it a privilege and an honour, they regarded it as altogether the reverse. Many of them hoped I would settle at Grumpton, and yet admitted that, for my own sake, it was by no means desirable. And they were right. The

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"church" would hang like a mill-stone round the neck of any earnest, discerning minister, whose aims were spiritual rather than chapelistic.'

'And you did not consider it worth while to undertake the vexation of the church for the sake of the congregation and the neighbourhood? I understand there is a very large and increasing population, and a fine opening for gathering a capital congregation.'

'So there is. I have not met with a locality that appeared more full of promise. And had there been no "Parade Chapel," or even had there been no "church" in possession of it, so that I had been free, I could have settled down there with much contentment, and thrown myself with all my heart into the work. But though the "church" depends almost entirely on "the congregation" for its pecuniary resources, and even still more for whatever moral respectability it has, yet all the power is with "the church;" and this has so settled a character stamped on it, that I fear any minister would be but like a workman or a soldier with his hands tied. The church could not only annoy, but hamper, and restrict, and thwart him at every turn, and I *believe* that they would do it, too; that there would always be some*thing*, sometimes visible and tangible, and, therefore, perhaps dealable with, but oftener invisible and intangible, counteracting all his best endeavours; and, in short, that by acknowledging such a church as his prime sphere of action, that which, in theory, at least, he would have specially to recognise and consult,—admitting not only its church-right as a whole, but the church-right of every ignorant, conceited man, and even youth, that was a member (and I am sorry to say there are many among them who might have belonged to the church at Crete, "unruly and vain talkers, whose mouths must be stopped," and touching whom the one word of any true apostle would be, "Wherefore rebuke them sharply,")—I say, I believe a minister would be gratuitously sacrificing time, energy, heart, brain, life, everything—for what? If a church, so called, be a hindrance instead of a help to a pastor, why encumber himself with what would be far, far worse than any mere dead weight? No; the world is our field, and I would rather throw myself into the heart of Africa than waste time and labour on soil that common-sense sees self-doomed to something worse than mere barrenness.'

'I am afraid you have formed a poor idea of our churches,' said Mr. Spencer.

'By no means,' replied the other; 'I am not so unwise or unjust as to conclude that they are all like this. I know they are not. I have met with many fully worthy of their designation of "churches of Christ." But I confess to you that my own observation, and my intercourse with several intelligent and devoted ministers, have taught me that some of your churches exert a most undesirable influence, and that the true cause of piety would be promoted by—by—'

'By what?' asked Mr. Spencer, seeing him hesitate.

'By a very unceremonious course being taken with them, my dear friend,' replied the other, smiling at the expression of consternation beginning to show itself on Mr. Spencer's countenance. He continued:

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'I have asked several ministers of piety and judgment the effect on spiritual character of individuals connecting themselves with "the church" as distinct from the congregation. And while, of course, their replies have differed, according to the different soil themselves have been located in, yet, I confess to you I am saddened by the admission of some of your more thoughtful and discerning brethren. More than a few who have conversed frankly with me have acknowledged that they have not dared to induce young Christians to connect themselves with their particular society, lest the exhibition, at the very next church-meeting, possibly, of something so unlike what happy experience would look for, might act injuriously. Others have only been able to continue in their present position by quietly ignoring "the church" as much as possible, and silently breaking down the too decided wall of separation between the technical "church" and technical "congregation;" raising no question needlessly, and content if they could only do their work and obviate the practical evils without notice. 'Yet even these have sighed to have the avowed idea more in harmony with the practice to which their Christian common-sense had prompted them; and I venture to prophesy that, long before the present century comes to a close, most of the Dissenting churches, spiritually worth recognising, will have considerably modified their, to my mind, somewhat crude, and, I had almost said crystallized, but I mean hard, forms.'

'I confess,' replied Mr. Spencer, 'it is an anomaly to have better Christians outside the church, and yet in a sort of unrecognised relation to it, than many, or even most, of those who are within.'

'Truly, how those who profess to do all their work by rule and square, and to be precisely apostolic in their churches, can be quite complacent with the fourfold division of the one worshipping body, into "church," "communicants," pious "non-communicants," and—and—how do you designate your fourth section? I mean those who sing with you, stand up in prayer with you, contribute to all your religious objects, greatly help support the ministry and all there is that is good, and yet do not profess to identify themselves in any way with the church? Must I call this fourth party the "hopeful," or what? If you call them "the world," I can only say your churches avowedly allow themselves to lean and depend on and consult the tastes of "the world," a good deal.'

'Perhaps they would be simply called "seat-holders," or "subscribers,"' replied Mr. Spencer.

'Very apostolic designations,' said Mr. Warrington, with a smile. 'Well, now, I want your openly avowed practice to correspond rather more with your avowed ideas. And if you had the courage to do that, my opinion is, you would find your account in it.'

'Plymouth Brethrenism tried it, in one direction,' said Mr. Spencer.

'But how, my good friend? was it not by first narrowing the idea of the church, and then excluding from worship all that was not-church? My suggestion looks in the opposite direction to that. Many of your churches, in the midst of the congregations, unless my obser-

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vation has been utterly at fault, resemble some of the small boroughs before the Reform Bill; or, they are like small constituencies in the midst of large and intelligent populations. There are the same anomalies, and the same evils resulting therefrom, as reformers are seeking to get rectified in the political world. The relation of congregation to church needs to be more wisely settled, and somewhat less on the select-vestry principle. And I fancy, if the basis were broader, if there were nothing in your church-system to repel those of the congregation whom you are only too well pleased, I won't say proud, to consider in connexion with you, this very element, already extant and available, would serve to prevent a good many of the evils which some of the best of your ministers are labouring under, and whose closest friendships are often, and naturally enough, in the congregation rather than in the church, while their official relations are exclusively with the latter, and the former have no *locum standi*.'

'Well?' uttered in a rather low voice, was all the reply that Mr. Spencer made when Mr. Warrington paused. So the latter continued,

'I heard Mr. Brightman preach, I think I may say, the most brilliant sermon I ever heard in my life, and as powerful as it was brilliant, and as holy as it was powerful. It was in his own place, and an old dingy, repelling place it was, with possibly two hundred and fifty persons scattered through it, many of whom seemed to be in all sorts of harmony with the ugly, out-of-the way 'meeting-house.' They took it all as a matter of course, and Brightman preaching to those stolid people I should have likened to Demosthenes declaiming on the sea-shore, only that it would do injustice to the earnest, more than half-inspired Christian orator. His powerful appeals thrilled through me. The beauty of much of both the sentiment and expression delighted me. His genuine pathos softened me, while the halo of deep piety which glorified it all made the season extremely valuable to me. I dined with him next day, and we got into free, and I don't know that it was confidential, chat. We talked about the things we are now discussing; and, in the course of conversation, he said, "Sir, I have never attempted any kind of good at all out of the common and almost worn-out routine, but I have been thwarted by my deacons; yes, invariably. Yet they are good and worthy men enough after their fashion. But, oh, if I had been but free, aye, if I had been free, I sometimes feel I could have done a man's work. But now, when I am too old to start any new enterprise, I almost feel as the prophet when he said, "We have been with child, we have brought forth as it were wind;" and the tear stood in his eye, and his manly voice quivered.'

'Brightman is all you have described,' said Mr. Spencer.

'I have met,' continued Mr. Warrington, 'with men who, had they been clergymen, would have exercised a mighty influence over large congregations, but who, being Nonconformists on principle, and willingly foregoing so much that a Christian minister may legitimately covet, I mean influence for good, honourably acquired, and power of doing a great work in their day, have yet been so miserably hampered and hindered by the churches they had undertaken to teach and guide, that

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they have almost felt life to have been sacrificed not so much on the altar of truth, as on an altar of a much less dignified kind.'

'The existence of the State Church is, to a great extent, though indirectly, the cause of much of this, too,' replied Mr. Spencer; 'and they must console themselves with the thought that they have been all the while witnesses for more than one grand truth, and that even though they have been defrauded of much of their fair influence and opportunity for usefulness, they have all the while been occupying a post of no little importance in the great field.'

'True,' replied Mr. Warrington, 'but the mortification is, that many of the men could have done far more, and far better, if their churches had not stood in the way. Many of the churches are too exacting. They seem to consider they have engaged a minister as a sort of luxury just for themselves alone, and that they too are to be the judges of the way in which he shall seek to benefit them. Though there may be the nominal and pecuniary relation of teacher and taught, there is scarcely the moral relation of those classes. In many instances, a minister has either to submit tamely, perhaps meanly, to a tacitly understood kind of control, or else he has to maintain a vexatious struggle for his proper position, and to buy his proper ministerial freedom at a great price. I think that, considering that most of your ministers of any worth have cheerfully foregone those modes of action in which their talents would have ensured them, often, considerable success, and have devoted themselves as they have done to this, they ought to receive far more respectful, and kind, and considerate treatment than they do. And I fancy I perceive a bad effect often on the younger members of Dissenting families from the manner in which they are regarded and spoken of in the home circle. At all events, I see that the question is a grave one, whether a man of education and some power, anxious to consecrate his all to the service of spiritual Christianity, should submit to put on your somewhat peculiar and very tight harness, and yoke himself, not so much to the car of truth, perhaps, as to the waggon of Dissent. At least, I begin to feel that possibly further consideration may make me distinguish more than I have done between Nonconformity and Dissent. The former is inevitable to me, but would it not be possible for it to be more satisfactorily embodied? to take forms far more worthy of those sublimely simple principles of a pure Christianity which, nevertheless, I believe the Dissenters for the most part are worthily anxious to preserve, and cherish, and propagate?'

'I think,' said Mr. Spencer, 'as I just now hinted, that the existence of the State Church indirectly causes much of the evil, which, however, growing intelligence and rightness, I trust, is even now somewhat diminishing.'

'But how the existence of the State Church?' inquired Mr. Warrington.

'It is a matter of course,' replied the other, 'for the National Church, inaccurately so called, however, to have a great hold on the public mind. The reasons are very many, and for the most part obvious; I need not enumerate them to you. But the action is this: a large por-

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tion of the morally respectable and influential classes, never dreaming of examining its claims in the light of the New Testament, adopt it out and out through habit and feeling, are prejudiced in its favour, and never honestly investigate the allegations of Nonconformity. Under existing circumstances, it is only a particular order of mind, speaking generally, that will take the trouble to investigate at all, and it requires some boldness, and often a good deal of self-denial, to take up with any of the voluntary churches; and seeing the evident piety and earnestness which, happily, are now the rule instead of, as formerly, the exception, among the clergy; and feeling the comfort of a religious home, already provided to their hands, and surrounded by many interesting and powerful associations, the many allow nothing to disturb their good Churchmanship. We cannot greatly recruit our churches from the best classes of the community, speaking of course quite generally. While, on the other hand, over and above those whom enlightened and pious conviction and devoted loyalty to truth compel to dissent, and who are the salt of our churches, any who are impelled by inward restlessness, actuated, however unconsciously, by strong self-will, conceit, or desire to be somebodies, for which the Church of England affords little scope, having no ties to break, feeling no power of old family or historic associations, and sacrificing little by indulging their caprice in the matter of religion, and, with all this, having yet some conscience, or fancying they have, and being not altogether unsusceptible of religious impressions and ideas, not unnaturally find their way to our "Bethels" and "Zions," and "Salems," and improving somewhat, but without losing their natural dispositions, settle down as members of Dissenting churches; and though they become, on the whole, far better than perhaps they would otherwise have been, yet not being sufficiently held in check by a fair proportion of better men, they give a tone and colour to our churches which damage us in the general estimation, while our ministers are of course the first to feel the evil. Had there been no State Church, invidiously endowed with almost irresistible prestige, all the best and truly religious part of the population would have been more equally distributed among the different churches, and many of the more galling evils in our voluntary societies would have had no place. The Nonconformist churches have reacted on the Church of England most beneficially, but almost the whole effect of that Church on us has been for evil. Our ministers, and the more intelligent and cultivated and wisely pious of our people, must be content to bear their burden, and still be witnesses for the grand truths for which our fathers bled.'

'I think there is something in your explanation,' said Mr. Warrington, 'which had not occurred to me before; and I have often wondered, and sometimes been disgusted, at seeing educated men among your ministers, men of cultivated minds, and honourable and delicate feelings, exposed to the rude hey-fellow-well-met sort of treatment of vulgar men, who would never have had a chance of thus falsely, and to their own hurt, making themselves of consequence in the Church of England.'

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Both were silent. Mr. Spencer's countenance wore a somewhat ruffled, or perhaps saddened expression, rather; and Mr. Warrington, after watching his friend for a few moments, sunk into a muse on his own account. And well he might; for, as yet, there had come no sort of answer to the question, 'Where shall he go to?'

One of the Forgotten Dead.

'MASTER HENRY SMITH.'

An uninviting old quarto lies on our table, to which we are anxious to introduce our readers. It is not a book for review, for it has been printed two hundred and fifty years; but it is a book so eminently rich in thought and diction, so full of aphorisms and antitheses, so abundant in illustration, and withal so fervidly pious and so thoroughly 'evangelical,' that we hope we shall do good service in thus adding to the 'auditors' of famous '*Master Henry Smith.*' Do not turn away, dear reader, because of the name Smith, so widely distributed a patronymic of the British Isles that it would seem to have had its origin in that first black or white smith, 'who was the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.' This venerably ancient name, going back to the days of Adam and Eve, has since been inherited by Smiths of all trades and professions; pulpit Smiths (witness our author) and platform Smiths; doctor Smiths and music Smiths; poet Smiths and soldier Smiths; learned Smiths and stupid Smiths; and, in short, by Smiths of all sorts, sizes, capacities, and functions. Some parents, apparently ashamed of this ancientest English name, with a thin fig-leaf disguise of some poetical prefix, have tried to hide the plebeian origin of an Adamic descent. And so an Albert, or a Sydney, or a Horace, or an Alexander, or an Algernon, or a Vernon, or a Pye, or something else, takes precedence of the honest monosyllable. But our Smith is plain '*Master Henry Smith*,' and the old volume from which we are about to quote extensively, not clerically, as many have done, and are doing, without acknowledgment, is entitled, 'The Sermons of Master Henry Smith, gathered into one volume. Printed according to his corrected copies in his life-time. Whereunto is added, "God's Arrow against Atheists." At London, imprinted by Felix Kyngston, for Thomas Man, dwelling in Paternoster-row, at the signe of the Talbot. 1607.'

Being long dead, and by all but a few 'forgotten as a dead man out of mind,' he shall again speak. We will furnish him with another pulpit than the old oak one, with its hour-glass at St. Clement's Danes, and a congregation as large and as reverent as used in the days of 'good Queen Bess' to hang on our preacher's lips whilst he denounced the sins of the age in fearless Saxon, or poured out streams of tender

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eloquence as he urged the claims of the gospel on the high and noble born of 'London cittie,' on burly merchants 'addicted to usurie,' and on the gallant prentice-boys that crowded to hear this most popular, because most faithful, minister of the gospel. With that silver voice of his he swayed his audience as he list; sometimes preaching the 'terror of the Lord,' but only to '*persuade* men to be reconciled to God;' at other times starting penitential tears from courtly eyes, as thus with winning earnestness he implored his hearers to give their hearts to God:—'The master requires labour; the land-lord requires service; the captaine requires fight; but He who requires the heart requires it for love, for the heart is love. Though he says, *Give* it, yet, indeed, hath he *bought* it, and that deerely, with the deerest blood that ever was shed. He gave *thee his* heart, before he desired *thy* heart; he asks a heart for a heart; a living heart for a heart that died; thou dost not lose thy life as he did for thee, but thou findest thy life when thou dost glorify him; thou dost not part from thy heart when thou givest it to Christ, but he doth keepe it for thee, least the serpent should steal it from thee, as he stole paradise from Adam, when it was in his own custodie.'

Old Thomas Fuller, whose life was writ in 1661, and of whom his biographer says, 'that to him religion, piety, virtue, and super-eminent learning, were ever acceptable,' placed 'Master Henry Smith' in his list of 'Worthies of England,' but his notice of him there is very brief, for says he, 'I refer the reader to his life writ by me *at large*, and *preposed* to his printed sermons.' To this life, therefore, we must go for all the information now to be gathered of the preacher who 'was commonly called silver-tongued Smith,' an epithet old Fuller takes care to impress by its repetition. Walking up the Strand just lately, we stopped to look at 'St. Clement's Danes, whose nearness unto Temple-bar every one knoweth,' and thought how seldom that great tidal wave of men and women, whose 'noise is as the noise of many waters,' that daily—aye, hourly—rushes and roars through that one happily preserved gate of the city, all intent upon the grand business of this brief life and time, ever glances at the now elaborate tower of the old church, or ever realizes the congregation that two hundred and sixty years ago crowded that famous sanctuary. There would be seen, devout and attentive, the observed of all observers, that great and honourable man, William Cecil,* Lord Burleigh, prime minister and treasurer of England, the envied of noble lords, and the admired of noble ladies, but ever the steadfast friend of the severely puritanical, but tenderly compassionate, and ever piously humorous preacher of that crowded church; knights of different orders and of chivalrous fame; gentlewomen ruffed and jewelled (whom our preacher describes as often 'dressed with ruffe upon ruffe, lace upon lace, cut

* Of whom old Fuller, in his 'Holy State,' says, 'In his sickness the queen often visited him, a good plaster to assuage his pain, but unable to prolong his life, so that cum satis naturæ, satisque gloriæ, patriæ autem non satis vixisset, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, anno 1598, he exchanged this life for a better.'

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upon cut, four-and-twentie orders, until the woman be not as precious as her apparell);' stout and wealthy citizens of that 'fair citie wherein we dwell, and which hath more prophets crying at once in her streets than were ever in the citie of Jerusalem;' prentice-boys of different companies, all hushed and devout as the preacher charms them with his eloquence, or terrifies them with his faithful denunciations of the sins of the times.

After many weary and fruitless searches for the aforesaid 'Life of Smith with his portrait,' we at last succeeded in the library of Zion College, Cripplegate, in obtaining a copy—but, alas! without the portrait—for on the fly-leaf was written, and we hold up the fact referred to with intense disgust at such sacrilege, '*The portrait has been stolen out of this book.*' Oh! you Englishman that did that dirty trick, may the ghost of Henry Smith be your perpetual torment! The expected life is not 'writ' so 'large' as to forbid its quotation almost entire, and as a good, and perhaps new, illustration of the racy pen of our favourite Fuller, we make no apology for transferring it to our pages.

'What is true of the River Nilus, that its fountain is hid and obscure, but its fall or influx into the mid-land sea eminently known, is applicable to many learned men, the places of whose birth generally are either wholly concealed, or at the best, uncertain, whilst the place of their death is made remarkable. For as few did take notice of their coming out of their attiring house, so their well acting upon the stage commanded all eyes to observe their returning thereunto.

'But this general rule takes not place in the present subject of our pen. Mr. Henry Smith was born at Withcock, in Leicestershire, of gentile extraction, which, however, shall not be insisted on, seeing that he who is rich of himself needs not to borrow any lustre from another; yet were it the more allowable for us to dwell awhile on the honour of his parentage, seeing he himself would not sojourn there, declining all notice of such accidental advantages.

'He was bred in the famous University of Oxford, where he was *condus* before he was *promus*—that is, he filled himself so that he might in due time pour out to others. Nor did he proceed to a divine *per saltum*, as so many do now a-daies—I mean leaping over all humane arts and sciences, but furnished himself plentifully therewith.

'On the other side he was none of those who in the university wither on the stalk they grow on, and out of idleness bury their talents in the ground; *putting them out* because they *will not put them out*—that is, extinguishing their abilities because they will not employ them. But he was resolved to improve to his utmost in the ministerial calling for the glory of God and the converting of souls.

'There he triumphed over the temptation wherewith many had been overcome. Plentifull was his estate for the present, and for the future he was heir apparent to a large patrimony. Preaching was presented unto him by some as fit for the refuge of a younger brother, not for the choice of an heir, and his rich relations might better advantage him in the lucrative profession of the law. But he was so far from falling or stumbling that he did not stop at these carnal considerations, but easily trampled on them all.

'But a greater scruple troubled him, as unsatisfied on the point of subscription and the lawfulness of some ceremonies. He was loth to make a rent, either in his own conscience or in the church, wherefore he resolved on this expedient, not to undertake a pastoral charge, but contented himself with a lectureship at St. Clement's Danes without the Temple-bar.

'It may truly be said of him, *He was a peaceable man in Israel;* for notwithstanding his aforesaid scrupling at conformity, and distasting the violent pressing

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thereof, as by some passages in this book will appear, he could unite with them in *affection* from whom he dissented in *judgment*. He disdained party and invectives, the symptoms of a sick wit, and, if he chanced to fall upon a sharp reproof, he wrapped it up in such pleasing expressions, that the persons concerned therein had their souls divided betwixt love and anger at the hearing thereof.

'William Cecill, Lord Burleigh, and Treasurer of England, to whom he dedicated his sermons,* very favourably reflected upon him, and he was often the skreen who saved him from the scorching, interposing his greatnesse betwixt him and the anger of some episcopall officers. And it is an argument to prove the eminency of Mr. Smith, that so great a statesman as this Lord Treasurer set a character of such peculiar respect on him.

'Indeed, that lord was as thorowpaced as any in England for the *body* of episcopal government, but not for the *wens* thereof, when some quiet Nonconformists were prosecuted to persecution by vexatious informers. In which cases he often endeavoured to qualifie the matter, and rescued them from their violent adversaries.

'To return to Mr. Smith; he was commonly called the silver-tongued Smith, and that was but one metall below Chrysostome himself. His church was so crowded with auditors that persons of good quality brought their own pews with them—I mean their legs, to stand thereupon in the alleys. Their ears did so attend *his* lips, their hearts on their ears, that he held the rudder of their affections *in his* hand, so that he could steer them whither he pleased, and he was pleased *to steer* them only for God's glory and their own good. . . . . .

'"The words of the wise," saith Salomon, "are as nails fastened in a sure place;" and certainly this Smith had as great dexterity as any in fastening them; in the *judgments* of his hearers, by his solid reasons; in their *fancies*, by his proper similitudes; in their *memories*, by his orderly method; and in their *consciences*, by his home application.

'Some fifteen years since I consulted the *Jesses*—I mean such who were counted old men in the parish of St. Clement's Danes, but could recover very little from them, either of the time or the manner of his death, save that they conceived it to be of consumption. I perused also the church register, and found it silent concerning the date of his death; but by exactest proportion of the time, his death may be conjectured to have been about the year 1600.'

That's the life of 'Master Henry Smith,' the once famous preacher in St. Clement's Danes. It does not run to seed in three painful volumes. We are not told when he rose in the morning, nor how he thought upon his thoughts or felt about his feelings. Not a word is said of what he had for breakfast or dinner, or whether he was a vegetarian, or any other arian. Not a word about how he slept at night, or what kind of an establishment he kept up. Not a word about anything that could by its narration serve, first the paper, and then the trunk-makers. We are wiser in this biographical nineteenth century. We love to know all the particulars of the ins and outs of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Who would read a biography that did not extend to three volumes, two of which contain the diary, and the other the 'interesting' remarks of the biographer, and, perhaps, *his* portrait? Who would care to read a pious life if it were not served up with little tit bits of gossip, small talk and scandal, by way of

* The dedication runs thus:—'Nobilissimo viro, Gulielmo Cecilio, Equiti Aurato, Baroni Burghliensi, Summo Angliæ Thesaurus, et Cantabrigiensis Academiæ, Cancellario; Henricus Smithus, Hæc pignora, In grati animi testimonium consecrabit.' There is no date to this dedication. Cecil, however, died anno 1598, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

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relief to over-much devotion? We cannot help feeling a profound conviction of old Fuller's inferiority to the mass of amateur biographers of the present day in thus, by some hydraulic or other pressure, squeezing poor old Master Henry Smith's life, who 'was but one metall below Chrysostom himself,' into the shabby and shallow proportions of three pages. This is what Fuller calls his 'life writ by me *at large*.'

The first sermon is entitled a 'Preparative to Marriage,' in which we find quaint and good things which Matthew Henry did not despise, as any one may see who looks at his commentary on the making of woman, or 'dust double refined,' as he calls her. From this sermon we need not quote more than a bit or two. Our ears are too polite to listen to this homely discourse, which created 'quite a sensation' amongst many 'noble gentlewomen, who had but hitherto discharged only a moiety of their duty as mothers.' Speaking, for instance, of the duty of a husband to '*correct his wife*,' he says, 'As we do not handle glasses like pots, because they are weaker vessels, but touch them nicely and softly, for feare of crackes, so a man must intreate his wife with gentlenes and softnes, not expecting that wisdom, nor that faith, nor that patience, nor that strength in the weaker vessell, which should be in the stronger, but thinke when he takes a wife he takes a vineyard and not grapes, but a vineyard to bear him grapes. So he must not think to find a wife without a fault, for all are defectives; but as in space cometh grace, so shall he rejoice when his vineyard beginneth to fructifie. But this is far from civill warres between man and wife; in all his offices is found no office to fight. If a man cannot reforme his wife without beating her, he is worthie to be beaten for chusing no better. . . . . Her cheeks were made for thy lips, not for thy fists.'

Again, 'If a man wants a bad wife, he were best go to hell a wooing, that he may have choice,' was a plain way of putting a great truth, perhaps not wholly needless in our days. Of some women, he says, 'As David exalteth the love of women above all other loves, so Salomon mounteth the envie of women above all other envies—stubborne, sullen, tanting, gainesaying, outfacing, with such a bitter humour, one would think they were molten out of the salt pillar, into whch Lot's wife was transformed. . . . . This is the follie also of some men, to lay all their pride upon their wives; they care not how they sloven themselves, so their wives can jet like peacocks. Women do now, some of them, cover themselves with pride, like Sathan, who is fallen down before them, ruffe upon ruffe, lace upon lace, cut upon cut, foure-and-twentie orders, until the woman be not so precious as her apparell, so that if any man would picture vanitie, he must take a paterne of a woman, or he shall not draw her likeness. Whoever hath such a wife, hath a fine plague.'

Married life then appears to have been like married life now,—little hitches, and humours, and petulances, now and then,—and so says Master Henry Smith:—'A child is the real wedding-ring, that sealeth and maketh up the marriage. For when their father and mother fall

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out, they perke up between them, like little mediatours, and with many pretty sports make truce when others dare not speak to them.' Finally he adds—and he shows there is nothing new in this department of duty and discipline under the sun—'The allurements of beautie, the trouble about riches, the charges of children, the losses by servants, the unquietnesse of neighbours, crie unto him that is married that he hath entered into the hardest vocation of all other;* and therefore they who have but nine years to make them good mercers or drapers, have nineteene yeeres before marriage to learn to bee good husbands and wives, as though it were a trade of nothing but mysteries, and had neede of double time over all the rest.'

But we are lingering on the threshold. As we have little to do but to quote, let us proceed; our next extract shall be from the 'Christian's Sacrifice,' in the course of which he says,—

'Christ doth not bid them *woe* because they were *Pharisees*, as we are *not*, but because they were hypocrites, as we *are*. God delightes himself in giving, and therefore he loveth a cheerful giver: but he cannot give cheerfully which gives not his heart. Therefore, as Judas thought the oyle spent which was poured upon Christ, and wished the price of it in his purse; so they grutch and grieve when they should do good; and thinke, "shall I give it? shall I spare it? what will it bring? so the good work dieth in the birth, *like the bird which droopeth in the hand, while the head considers whether he shall let her goe, or hold her still*; as easie to wring Hercules' club out of his fist as to wring a penitent teare from their eyes, a faithful prayer from their lips, or a good thought from their heart, which cannot affoord the heart itselfe: all is too much which they doe, and they thinke God more beholding to them for blurting out a Pater-Noster, or staying a sermon, or fasting a Friday, than they do for all his benefits: and when they have done, what is their rewarde? Woe be unto you, like the Scribes and Pharisees, because you give not your hearts but your mouths: therefore we doe but vexe ourselves and lose our labour, thinking to make God believe that we pray, when, indeede, our lips do but pray: whereby it comes to passe, as we serve him so he serveth us; our peace is not in deede, but in word; our joy is not in the heart, but in the countenance; a false comfort like our false worship; for he which giveth God his lips instead of his heart, teacheth God to give him stones insteade of breade; that is, a shadow of comfort for comfort itselfe.'

We call this, and we are sure our readers will, good old English with the ring of the true metal in it; manifesting great power, mingled with tenderness, and the result of thoughtful preparation with devout fidelity. Here is another passage from the same discourse:—

'Thus ye have heard what God requires for all that hee hath given you, and how all your services are lost untill you bring your heart. What shall I wish you now before my departure? I wish you would give all your hearts to God, while I speake, that ye might have a kingdome for them. Send for your hearts where they are wandering, one from the banke, another from the taverne, another from

* Old Fuller says, 'I confess some conceived Mr. Smith, because a bachelour, an incompetent judge; so that as St. Augustine is called durus pater infantum, so was he called, durus doctor matrum. However, if all things be impartially conceived, &c. &c.' Of course Smith was right, for Fuller himself we believe was a bachelor.

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the shop, another from the theater; call them home, and give them all to God, and see how he will welcome them, as the father embraceth his sonne. If your hearts were with God, durst the devill fetch them? Durst those sinnes come at them? Even as Dinah was defloured when she straied from home, so is the heart when it straieth from God. Therefore, call thy members together, and let them fast like a quest* of twelve men, until they consent upon the law, before any more termes passe, to give God his right; and let him take your heart which he wooeth, which he would marrie, which he would endowe with all his goods, and make it the heir of the crowne. When you pray, let your heart pray; when you heare, let your heart heare; when you give, let your heart give; whatsoever you do, set the heart to do it; and if it be not so perfect as it should or ought to be, yet it shall be accepted for the friend that gives it.'

In another sermon on 'The True Triall of the Spirits,' after speaking of 'the ministrie which is now so despised, that from the merchant to the porter there is no calling so derided; so that one saith Moses is *Quis*, that is, the magistrate is somebody; but Aaron is *Quasi quis*, that is, the minister is nobody,' he adds, in words that we fear will be little heeded, though greatly needed, even in some of our cleverly progressive congregations:—'There is a kinde of preachers risen up of late, which shroud and cover every rusticall, and unsavourie, and childish, and absurd sermon, under the name of the *simple kind of preaching*, like the popish priests, which make ignorance the mother of devotion. But, indeede, to preach simply is not to preach rudely (hear, hear), nor unlearnedly, nor confusedly, but to preach plainely and perspicuously, that the simplest man may understand what is taught, as if he did heare his name. Therefore, if you will know what makes many preachers preach so barely and loosely, and simply, it is your own simplicitie which makes them think, *so as they go on and say something*, all is one, and no fault will be found, because you are not able to judge in or out, and so it is come to passe that in a whole sermon the hearer cannot picke out one note more than he could gather himselfe.' We give the above for the benefit of those who have one string, and only one, to their bow, and that string is the 'simple gospel.' Had they lived two hundred years ago, they would have put Master Henry Smith out of the synagogue, and that quickly, while the 'British Standard' of that day would have tabooed him as a 'negative theologian.' Happily, Smith is dead and gone to heaven, and there we hope all these vexatious but mistaken souls will also find their way in due time.

Here is another extract thoroughly Shakesperian; who will not recall, as they read it, the oft-quoted phrase, 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;' but Master Henry Smith has a moral that is wanting, if not ignored, in Shakespere.

The sermon is entitled, 'The Magistrates' Scripture,' and the text is, 'I said ye are gods, &c.,' (Psalm lxxxii. 6, 7.) The sermon itself is marvellously faithful; we have only to remember the character of

* A Shakesperian word; *quest*, or, as we say, *inquest*:—

'Ay, marry, is it: crowner's quest law.'

Hamlet.

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his audience and of his times to justify this strong expression. After a long exposition of the idea and function of a magistrate, this young but fearless preacher adds, and his words fell on the ears of many that 'bore the sword,'—'Call us no more bishops, or pastors, or doctors, or preachers, but call us robbers, and sleepers, and giants, and Pharisees, whom we succeed. For why should they be called bishops who do not watch, or pastors who do not feed, or doctors who do not teach, or justices who do not justice, except this be the reason, the *idols* were called gods, though they were unlike God? If their bodies had grown as far out of square since Christ's ascension as their titles, pomp, and honour have, they might stand in the main seas, and not be drowned, for their heads would crow out of the water.' But *the* passage to which we refer is the following: it is the peroration of the discourse, and evidently finished with elaborate care, and no doubt delivered with great effect. We make no apology for its length:—

'Who would have thought that Jezebel, that beautiful temptation, should have been gnawed with dogs? Yet was she cast unto dogs, and not an ear left to season the grave. What would he think that had seen* Solomon in his royalty, and after seen him in the clay? Oh, world unworthy to be beloved, who hath made this proud slaughter? Age, sickness, and death, the three great sumners† which have no respect of persons, made them pay the ransom themselves, and bow to the earth from whence they came: there lie the men that were called gods. How soon the flower of this world is faded! Yesterday the tallest cedar in Libanus, to-day like a broken stick trodden under foot; yesterday the state lived upon earth, to-day shrouded in earth, forsaken, forgotten, so that the poorest wretch would not be like unto him, who yesterday crouched and bowed to his knees. Then woe to them which had the name of God, but the sins of men, for the mighty shall be mightily tormented. All their friends and subjects, and servants forsake them, because they go to prison to try the mercy of hell, and to take what the spirits of darkness will heap upon them. . . . . Where are they who founded this goodly city, who possessed these fair houses, who walked these pleasant fields, who erected these stately temples, who kneeled in these seats, and who preached out of this place but thirty years ago? Is not earth turned to earth? And shall not our sun set like theirs when the night comes? Yet we cannot believe that death will find out us, as he hath found out them; though all men die, yet every man dreams, "I shall escape;" or at least, "I shall live till I be old." This is strange; men cannot think that God will do again that which he doeth daily, or that he will deal with them as he deals with others; tell one of us that *all other* shall die, we believe it; tell one of us that *we* shall die, and we believe it sooner of *all* than of *one;* though we be sore, though we be weak, though we be sick, though we be elder than those whom we follow to the ground. So they thought which lie in this mould under your feet. If wisdom, or riches, or favour, should have entreated death, those who have lived before us would have kept our possessions from us, but death would take no bail; we are all tenants at will, and we must leave this cottage whensoever the Landlord will put another in our room, at a year's, at a month's, at a week's, at a day's, at an hour's warning, or even less. The clothes which we wear upon our backs, the graves which are under our feet, the sun which sets over our heads, and the meats which go into our mouths, do cry unto us, that we shall wear, and set, and die like the beasts, and fowls, and fishes, which are now in our dishes, and but even now were living in the elements. Our fathers have summoned *us*, and we must summon our *children* to the grave. Everything every day suffers some eclipse, nothing standeth at a

* We drop the quaint spelling, and this is the only alteration we make.
† The old word for *summoner; i.e.*, one who summons or cites by authority.

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stay, but one creature calleth unto another, "*Let us leave this world.*" While we play our pageants upon this stage of short continuance, every man hath a part, some longer, and some shorter; and while the actors are at it, suddenly Death steps upon the stage, like a hawk which doth separate one of the doves from the flight, and so he shoots his dart; and where it lights, there falls one of the actors dead before them, and makes all the rest aghast, and they muse, and mourn, and bury him;—and then to the sport again. While they sing, and play, and dance, Death comes and strikes another; there he lies, and they mourn him and bury him as they did the former;—and then to their play again; so one after another till the players be vanished, like the accusers who came before Christ, and *death is the last upon the stage*, and so the *fashion of this world passeth away* . . . . . And therefore that we may be all like gods hereafter, let us prepare before the account; for none are in heaven but they *that left the world before it left them.*'

A specimen of purer Saxon than the above it would be difficult to find, while the figure of 'death being last on the stage' is worthy of any of our dramatic writers. 'Master Henry Smith' may not be reckoned a great thinker, or a profound divine, but that he was a most earnest and godly preacher none who have read his sermons can for a moment doubt. We believe that the same kind of intensely practical preaching (and this has impressed itself greatly on our minds while reading this volume, and remembering the age of theological schiomachy in which it was written) would again fill our emptying places of worship, and again restore the pulpit to its rightful and legitimate monarchy over man's crowd-governed soul, and to its holy guidance through, and safe victory over the temptations and struggles, the perils and sorrows, of this actual world in which, and not in transcendental land, we live, and move, and have our being. With but little comment, we will give a few more extracts next month, hoping thus we shall make an acceptable contribution to our theological literature, but hoping more that we shall promote, by strengthening, our readers' spiritual culture.

W. G. B.

Mr. Spurgeon.

It is not easy to write of Mr. Spurgeon yet. The time has not come for a permanently satisfactory summing up of his characteristics, and speaking the word which subsequent consideration will only confirm. It is not that the conflicting voices disturb our judgment, although some of our friends find it perplexing that even wise and good men differ so widely concerning him. Neither is it that, like most other men, his character is a mixed one, so that one class can dwell exclusively on the excellences, and another as exclusively on the defects and blemishes, each party omitting to look to the other side of the shield.

It is now some years since his name began to be known. Everybody soon heard of the wonderful 'boy-preacher,' who drew such full houses, and whose oddities and vulgarisms, whose egotism and arrogance, were combined with extraordinary fluency, decided power over his auditory,

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and apparently much religious zeal. In public prayer he designated himself 'a child,' and was very free with the Almighty; which some listeners considered fervency and wrestling with God, others irreverence. He blended the jocular with the solemn; indulged in the coarsely dramatic; vituperated the Christian church in general, and ministers in particular; he offended the devout, and scandalized the reverent, but he attracted crowds, increased the congregation, and so preached, that many who had lived without God in the world became changed characters, and rejoiced at finding themselves disciples of Christ. The 'child' said pithy things. The 'boy-preacher' talked about the things of Christ, and the depths of Christian experience, 'like an old divine.' A believer in metempsychosis might have thought that the soul of one of the old Puritans, one of their 'painful preachers,' had become re-embodied in the person of a chubby, coarse, fluent youth of the nineteenth century, when as yet the prophecy is not fulfilled, that for brass there shall be gold. His fame spread wider and wider. The newspapers took knowledge of him. 'Respectable' people went to hear *him*, and were divided in opinion. Some went again and again, and blessed God that they had gone. Others affirmed once to be enough. 'Mr. Spurgeon's last' became part of the small change of talk, and useful, like the weather, for filling up the interstices of conversation. 'Ministers' contrived to hear him, and differed like the laity, though not with such equal distribution of numbers; for while some said 'Spurgeon's is the style,' and still more invited him to preach collection-sermons, because he could fill not only the chapel but 'the plates,' a larger number shook their heads, if not in utter disapprobation, yet in grave doubt, that was also tinged with sadness. Mr. Spurgeon repaid their hesitation to endorse him and swell the popular applause by fresh attacks. They did not preach the gospel; they did not launch out into the deep; they were dumb dogs, or they were learned, or eloquent, or philosophic; they were scholars, or intellectual men, or gentlemen;—not like HIM! They could only attract hundreds, may be only scores, while he, the 'child'—Behold! Where were their converts? while his—look around! It was Jehu in the pulpit; or David, not content with the songs of the women of Israel, himself leading the procession, singing, or rather shouting his own praises, and tauntingly contrasting the thousands of Saul with his own ten thousands. 'Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips,' might be the wisdom of Solomon, but it was not the wisdom of Park-street. Still, good was done. A change that angels might rejoice over was wrought in the lives of many; and Christians, not a few, who did not altogether believe in the man, were glad to believe in the good, although they might believe also that the alloy was great.

Time went on, and, contrary to the expectation of many, the fame of the preacher increased. 'Carriage-people' crowded to hear him. Men of rank and women of title canvassed the merits of the young Baptist preacher. Was he a prophet? Was he a buffoon? The phenomenon, taken as a whole, was perplexing. Was it genius? or was it impudence? Granting the inspiration, was it from heaven? or

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of the earth—earthy? The aristocracy, to be sure, would not be better judges of the true in doctrine, or the desirable in preaching, than the middle classes. Duchesses have not necessarily more discernment than dress-makers. Still, there was the fact—and a very interesting one, too—that the same preacher who could interest the vulgar could attract the titled. And Mr. Spurgeon's friends took care that none of even the crumbs of fame should fall to the ground. Every member of the fashionable world that could be detected in the congregation was duly chronicled. Dissent began to feel flattered in the person of this modern Baptist, who certainly was not preaching in any wilderness, nor his meat altogether locusts and wild honey. Reviews took up the *questio vexata*. But, alas for those who would fain be helped in their judgment, even doctors differ. It is the fluency, the effrontery, the buffoonery, the novelty of the mode in which a cheap and easy gospel is hashed up to suit diseased palates, and a luscious spiritualism served out alike to those who are weary of the coarse work of low life, and of the superfine vanity of high. Something is wanted on Sundays that shall interest in a religious way, as on other days do Dickens and 'Punch,' and the Italian Opera. No, it is the unmistakable plainness with which the gospel is earnestly and freshly presented by one whose whole heart is set on glorifying the Redeemer, and saving the precious souls that are perishing on every hand. It is because he is troubled with no doubts, and laughs difficulties to scorn. Because he says the same things that apostles said, without caring for the objections of the understanding, or even of the moral sense. Because strong in his 'Thus saith the Lord,' therefore none of the uncouthnesses and offences against taste, and even graver faults, are allowed to interfere with the success of that divine mission to which every preacher is called, indeed, but which in these degenerate days he only has comprehended.

And thus issue is joined. The Calvinistic portion of the religious press authenticates him as a man of God, with certain eccentricities, indeed, which, though somewhat regretable, are perfectly compatible with sincerest piety, and with his own claim to be regarded as a special instrument in the hand of God, raised up to initiate the great religious movement of the present age; while writers who stand outside the religious world, or only on its borders, seek his prototype in French comedy, and deem they have said all that is needed when, thanks to Molière, they have pronounced the word—*Tartuffe!*

We had heard so much, and of so conflicting a character, that we determined to judge for ourselves. A large chapel was crowded with eager auditors. The singing over, during which Mr. Spurgeon seemed impatient, he announced a chapter of the New Testament, and proceeded to offer some expository remarks, which, however, had nothing to do with the verses, which merely afforded the occasion. The Scriptures were made, to use a vulgar but apt expression, a mere nose of wax; we heard, not evangelist, or apostle, or Christ, but only—Spurgeon. His second sentence was a sneer at the shallowness of ministers. 'Let us pray.' All Christians can unite in prayer.

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'The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.'

We bowed our heads before the Infinite Majesty in whose presence the Seraphim veil not only their faces, but even their feet. But we started as though suddenly stung by a serpent. Mr. Spurgeon summoned Him whom Israel almost feared to name, not merely with undue boldness—not merely as some boisterous sportsman might hail a sturdy companion, but as some upstart, with all the confidence of money in his purse, might summon 'Boots!' or 'Ostler!' at an inn. No gentleman could call his valet as Mr. Spurgeon called God, and bade him come 'nearer'—'nearer still.' A footman so addressed would feel that his master was very offensively peremptory. We still remember the shudder that ran through our frame. So deep and painful a sense of shocking irreverence had never been produced on us. We gazed on the speaker, who had thrown himself back in the pulpit, and was standing in a theatrical attitude, with outstretched arm, and asked ourselves, Where are we? Can this be prayer? Has this young man ever truly knelt before Him the mere symbols of whose presence made prophets tremble and fall prostrate? Is this in very deed a younger brother of Moses, of Daniel, of Ezekiel, of Habakkuk? Could Paul or John have addressed God thus? Nay, could even the beloved Son himself ever speak to the Father *so?* He went on, however, certainly not dazzled by the light in which God dwelleth, which no man hath approached unto,

'Beyond the sapphire blaze
Where angels tremble while they gaze;'

and demanded many things of God in the same manner. Among them 'more labourers;' but at the same time distinctly specified to the Blessed and only Potentate what was *not* wanted (as, for example, 'that we do not want talent'), and ordered 'more Whitefields.' We would fain substitute another word for this painful and offensive one 'ordered,' but in sober and sad truth no other would so exactly convey the true idea. With us prayer was out of the question. Grieved and astonished we sat and watched the speaker, relieved when the 'Amen' came. The text was out of Solomon's Song. The sermon was common-place, with sundry grotesque illustrations, and bold, ill-judged statements, meant to be effective, and which probably were so.

Among other things he announced that 'between one tick of the clock,' to which he pointed, 'and the next,' a man might secure his salvation for ever. A momentary act, a look, and all was done; and, such was the nature of the blessed gospel, he should never after come into condemnation.

We had heard of his Calvinism, and now found it was a sort of Calvinism made easy. Any man who had ever felt in such and such a manner, or who, under the influence of a strangely exciting sermon,

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had ever, by this momentary act, performed between the two ticks of a chapel clock, 'cast himself upon Christ,' might deem himself one of the elect.

'A regular Cheap-Jack!' said a voice behind us. We turned, and saw a shrewd-looking man half-amusedly and half-contemptuously observing the preacher.

'What a beautiful sermon!' said a soft voice on one side of us. We turned again, and saw a young lady who seemed mentally devouring the minister.

In this sermon there was none of the genius we had heard ascribed to him. It had, however, the great merit of unmistakable plainness. There was no mere sentence-making. All was level to the capacity of the rudest. No time was wasted in needless discussion. There was a directness, a straightforwardness, and a sort of yeoman heartiness, bluffiness we should perhaps say, or easy off-handedness, that told upon the dense mass of people, already excited by the prayer, and led by the speaker himself to regard him as a second Whitefield. There was also, no doubt, great earnestness, at least of manner. But there was with it something which made us wonder whether it were indwelling and abiding, and the profession of extraordinary concern for souls sustained by equal extraordinariness in the non-public life; for though we would as strongly as any condemn the unduly inquisitive, yet in this case comparison was challenged, and since the preacher would have us believe we had another Whitefield, we remembered how that holy man often passed half the night in agonizing, but, as he thought, secret prayer; nor could we banish from our mind the Christ-like tenderness of his spirit. To state our impression truly, it was this—that, without at all questioning his possession of an average amount of sincerity, there was an abundance of that kind of earnestness which prompted you to seek a qualifying epithet for it, and at the same time suggested that it might perhaps be designated pulpit-earnestness.

Having heard him we could understand his popularity. We could understand also the success, of one kind, which was affirmed to crown his labours, and in which we would unfeignedly rejoice. There was one thing, however, we had no clearer understanding of, namely, how it was that some enlightened and discerning men could speak of him as we were assured they did. We read, therefore, such of his printed sermons as came in our way, but whether we were unfortunate in our chance reading we cannot tell, yet so it was, that we laid down one after another without much change of the impression that his preaching had produced, except that if we had not heard and observed him we might have taken his intense utterances more simply on trust. We read on, however, and gradually found that we must have room upon our canvass for some features over and above those that had already daguerreotyped themselves, while these also came out larger and more deeply marked.

A new and happy thought indeed, one of Bacon's 'seed thoughts,' which lodging in the mind grows there to a beautiful plant, or it may be stately tree having seed in itself, we do not find; nor fresh light

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cast upon any portion of Scripture; nor any of the difficult questions which sometimes painfully exercise devout minds that have sought to dig deep, as Solomon advises, for hidden treasure, touched with the finger of a wiser friend. Nor will his readers, if they catch his spirit, become more reverent, or more candid, or broader in their sympathies, or more modest, or more genial. Neither will they have any higher views of God and his government, nor find themselves on any happier ground for adjusting all the obvious claims of this life, so as to take an honest and hearty interest in all that belongs to humanity and time. A Calvinistic pulpit is the centre of all legitimate thought. We never get out of the meeting-house. The music of the universe must adjust itself to a chapel metre. No minors. If the sea roar and the fulness thereof, let it be to the tune of the Old Hundredth. Wisdom may build her house and hew out the pillars thereof—not seven, as Solomon said, for that would be two too many; in these days five is the sacred number, and the universe is founded on five points. Truth is not a circle, full orbed, but a pentagon.

All this, and more that we shall have to glance at, soon becomes evident enough to the reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons; who will also in time get quite accustomed to thunder and lightning, rams' horns from Jericho, a big drum, feathered cherubs, for the most part 'flapping their wings in the unnavigated ether,' green and flowery mounts for a portion of God's 'offspring,' and for the rest the Inferno and Purgatorio filched from Rome in the dark ages and rolled together with a will to make the 'hell' of the Christian preacher. Sometimes the reader will think himself in God's own temple, and then will have the rude doubt forced on him whether it be not the shambles. At one moment he fancies he hears the very thunder of heaven, he listens breathlessly, but it subsides into the rumbling of a cart. Now he gives himself up willingly to the holy influence of a devout and earnest Christian minister, and then finds him suddenly transformed into a butcher's boy. Then he sees an angel flying towards him, summoned by the preacher perhaps by name; but when his heart beats because Gabriel is near, the celestial turns out to be some Baptist brother, probably a deacon from Park-street, angel draped and winged, according to approved fashion. All his angels are theological angels, and they all talk Calvinism. Indeed, he tells us 'the angels are no Arminians.'

The reader will recognise that no one or two adjectives will fully characterise Mr. Spurgeon. In his sermons will be found sometimes nothing but common-place. Sometimes the sermon is a piece of extravagance from beginning to end. Sometimes it is a very happy pulpit effort throughout,—sensible, calmly earnest, ingenious in construction, perhaps striking, and pervaded by a spirit of true and joyous piety. Oftener it is a compound of the ordinary matter preached in ordinary pulpits, save that High Calvinism is the warp and woof of it, and forcible appeals, with no end of scraps of hymns, aptly quoted, numerous illustrations, abundant metaphor, anecdotes, sometimes telling, not unfrequently of the Joe Miller class bold

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dogmatic statements, crude if crudity is any how possible;* sentences, occasionally a paragraph, rhetorical, and almost eloquent, ideas now and then wanting but little to be poetry, then ample illustrations of the fact that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; occasional tokens of a possibly genial nature, more frequently of a narrow mind; fierce invectives against non-Calvinists, varied by droll hits at all Arminians; flashes of something more than talent, and bordering on genius; self-laudation taking many forms, oftenest that of great humility; passages very admirable, blended with vulgar sectarian rancour, which the preacher confounds with fidelity to the truth and the Saviour; a general tendency to exaggeration, and the most awful representations or mis-representations of solemn truths, with details of religious experience, and rhapsodies that must make some readers believe the preacher has been in the third heavens, followed by some thorough good common-sense and homely things that needed to be said. Add to this, very considerable acquaintance with the Scriptures, expressions of intensest love to the Saviour, and the Solomon's Song style of discourse about fellowship with Christ, and perhaps we have named the chief features of the New Park-street Pulpit.

We will not detain the reader with any illustrations of the exceedingly ill taste which for the most part runs through Mr. Spurgeon's discourses, and which seems, indeed, almost an essential element of his nature, for he himself would scorn the idea of such a man as he being amenable to any tribunal of Taste, however just. He professes to speak by immediate prompting from above. A common announcement at the beginning of a sermon is, 'Now, I shall speak to you on this subject *as God the Holy Ghost shall give to me.*' We presume every Christian minister seeks earnestly to be guided and assisted in his work, yet few would venture to claim for their pulpit addresses the precise afflatus ascribed in Scripture to the prophets, 'holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' Let Mr. Spurgeon seek to be 'filled with the Spirit,' and may God grant unto him to be so replenished; but the eighteen centuries that have gone by since Christian truth was deposited in the bosom of humanity have not been wanting in either men or incidents that are rather warnings than encouragements to post-apostolic leaders in reference to all claims to special prompting by the Spirit. Nay, some of us are

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* '*In every hour* of our existence in which we are active, we commit *tens of thousands* of unholinesses for which conscience has never reproved us.'

'Any man who trusts so much as *a single hair's breadth* to his works is a LOST SOUL! He who trusts to the least atom of works, though it be *so small that he himself cannot discern it*, will be LOST!'

'. . . for it is *blood, blood, blood, blood!* that saves. It is not blood mixed with the water of our poor works; it is *blood, blood, blood, blood!* and nothing else.'

'God is so angry with the man that sins that he will damn that man, unless there is *some one who will be damned for him!*'

'No one knows the age of the *youngest child in hell.*'

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old enough to remember painful instances of these extraordinary pretensions issuing otherwise than in greater glory to God or greater good to men. A man who has encouraged himself in the belief, till it has become a part and parcel of his very being, that he is specially called by God to a work which no other in the age is found fit or worthy for, needs to walk very carefully; for, though every Christian has his calling of God, and the belief that his daily task is appointed him is a pious, legitimate, and strengthening conviction, yet the idea of being singled out while yet 'a child' from all the host of God's elect, and receiving the prophet's mantle, or a *quasi* apostle's mission, is fraught with danger. We know who it was that set Jesus on a pinnacle of the temple, and why; and we know how safely the Son of the Blessed stood there; but we nevertheless deem it a somewhat perilous standing-place. If Mr. Spurgeon can deign to believe there is any instruction to be gathered from the pages of history, he may perhaps recognise the wisdom there is in the apostle's injunction to Titus, 'Young men likewise exhort to be *sober-minded*.' In reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, we ever and anon meet with symptoms, if our moral diagnosis be not utterly at fault, which indicate serious disease, which, however, we would fain hope to be functional rather than organic. The flush, the glow, the wild energy, the excitement, doubtless pleasant enough to feel, awaken misgivings lest it be something else than calm health, than the fulness of spiritual life. It surely is not without instruction to us all that He who 'possessed the Spirit without measure,' was the Calm as he was emphatically the Great Teacher. Between the Sermon on the Mount and the apostolic letters we easily perceive, we feel, the relation. The affinity between that wonderful discourse and much of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching we do not feel. The difference between the mountain, whose summit gave the view of Lebanon, while its base was washed by the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee, and the Surrey Music Hall, is other than that of locality; and something more than centuries intervenes between Him who 'sat down, and opened his mouth, and taught' there with the lilies at his feet, and the preacher who has already given to the world several pictures of himself and his authenticated biography thus far. It is not, however, the vanity that we meant to refer to, but the still graver traits that strike us in reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. There is, according to the prophet, a possibility of being 'drunken, yet not with wine;' a spiritual, as well as a bodily, intoxication. And when the imagination like a runaway horse is uncontrolled; when egotism swells into arrogance; when the malignant passions are held to be hallowed by being turned against the enemies to God's truth,—meaning, however, men who hold and teach other views of what constitutes the gospel of the grace of God than the speaker; when the truth in its beautiful simplicity is far too tame, and nothing but the strong waters of exaggeration can satisfy; and when intellect is denounced, learning sneered at, and reason decried; when these and corresponding symptoms are present, we are not, we confess, without some anxiety. There is such a branch of study as the Natural

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History of Enthusiasm, and it fairly introduces the Natural History of Fanaticism.

We will not attempt in this article to illustrate or justify the remarks we have felt compelled to make, as circumstances seem to render it desirable to return to the subject; and we hope in subsequent numbers to show our readers plainly what are the doctrines, for example, that are being rendered popular by the doubtless powerful and impressive oratory of Mr. Spurgeon. For the present mere indication must suffice.

He glories in Calvinism. He boasts continually that he is indeed a Calvinist of the Calvinists. The 'moderate Calvinism,' or 'modern Calvinism,' that had silently displaced the sterner and older form, he disdains, he tramples on it. The holding of it in this 'moderate' form is a base abandonment of truth. Modern Calvinism is a heresy. It is the head and front of the nineteenth century's offence; 'THE sin of this age.' When somewhat more than two years ago the hue and cry was raised against ministers and churches for departing from the truth, and it was necessary for the editor of the Publicans' newspaper to come to the defence of orthodoxy, Mr. Spurgeon had already blown the trumpet, and sounded the alarm. There was indeed a triumvirate. But while others worked the press, the preacher worked the pulpit. We believe him to be thoroughly sincere in his crusade against all non-Calvinists, who are to him what the Saracens were to the red-cross knights. Mr. Spurgeon's popularity and the success of his labours have helped forward the work, while the more personal part of the controversy has happily ceased. But more than that. There are signs that some of those who even so recently denied the accusations, as slanders against the ministers and churches, are not unwilling to eat their own words, provided they can do it without the act being so designated. We mean, that portions of the religious press, that then indignantly denied the charges, are now tacitly admitting them by lauding Mr. Spurgeon, who has abated none of his doctrinalism, none of his denunciation of those who when weighed in his balances, which are those of out-and-out High Calvinism, are found wanting. Mr. Spurgeon has not budged a hair's breadth to meet them. We like his sturdiness

We invite our readers to ponder the following, from a sermon preached February 24, 1856:—

'In how much contempt are the truly new-born children of God held in these times! They are called peculiar men, scouted as Antinomians, hissed at as being oddities, high-doctrine men, who have departed from the usual mode of pulling down God's word to men's fancies; they are called bigots, narrow-minded souls, and their creed is set down as dry, hard, rough, severe Calvinism. God's gospel called hard, rough, and severe! The things for which our fathers died are now called infamous things. Mark whether, if ye stand out prominently in the truth, you will not be abhorred and scouted. If you go into a village and hear of poor people who are said to be doing a deal of mischief, are they not the people who understand most of the gospel? Go and ask the minister who are the persons that he most dislikes? and he will say, "We have a nasty lot of Antinomians here." What does he mean by that? Men who love the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and will have it, and are therefore called a nasty set of

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Antinomians. Ah! we have lost what once we had. . . . . 'If I am wrong upon other points, I am positive the sin of this age is impurity of doctrine, and laxity of faith. Now you know you are told every Sunday that it does not signify what you believe; that all sects and denominations will be saved; that doctrines are unimportant things; that as to the doctrines of God's grace, they are rather dangerous than otherwise, and the less you inquire about them the better; they are very good things for the priests, but you common people cannot understand them. Thus they keep back a portion of the gospel with cautious reserve; but having studied in the devil's new Jesuitical college, they understand how to call themselves Particular Baptists and then preach general doctrines, to call themselves Calvinists and preach Arminianism, telling the people that it does not signify whether they preach damnable heresies instead of the truth of God.' . . . [After saying 'But now I have lifted up the whip I must have another lash,' and lashing the different bodies accordingly, he adds], 'Look at our own denomination, see how it has deserted the leading truths of the gospel. For a proof hereof, I refer you to hundreds of our pulpits.'

Well, we can quite understand that invective and denunciation, especially of ministers, will be highly popular among certain classes. Only, when a 'boy preacher' undertakes to drive the profane out of the temple, he should see to it that, if asked 'by what authority,' he may be able to point to the sacred form of truth, at once commanding and approving. The 'whip' used by One whom we will not name in this sad connexion was, at all events, of small cords, and the consciences of the expelled felt the truth of the rebukes administered. But how is it here? The sentences quoted serve to illustrate the recklessness with which Mr. Spurgeon scatters abroad arrows, firebrands, and death, and the disregard of truth which, in other forms, also so painfully manifests itself in his effusions. It is enough to ask, *where* congregations are told, 'every Sunday, that it does not signify what they believe—that the doctrines of God's grace are dangerous?' And who are the ministers that '*tell*' the people '*it does not signify whether they* (the ministers) *preach damnable heresies, instead of the truth of God?*' for, to say nothing more, what egregious fools such ministers must be, not to say what impious wretches! But we ask, in all seriousness, what jury would believe a witness who thus swore to too much? and what judge would allow him to remain in the witness-box? If Mr. Spurgeon be indeed inspired, it is not exclusively by the Spirit of truth; his tongue may be set on fire, but *this* fire cometh not from above. Although, as he tells us in one place, all the sins of a believer—past, present, and to come—are forgiven, the punishment having been duly inflicted on his Surety, yet he ought not to deem untruth altogether venial.

But the object for which we quoted this passage was, that our readers might understand the real charge brought against the churches, against even 'hundreds' of so comparatively small a denomination as the Baptist, which, moreover, has a larger number in proportion that have adhered to something very like Calvinism than the Independents. Our country readers, especially those that dwell in middle-sized towns and villages, will better understand than others the allusions in the former part of it. They know the class of men usually designated Antinomians—'nasty' we never heard them called, that is an epithet

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gratuitously bestowed on them by Mr. Spurgeon—they know their spirit, their intellectual calibre, their mode of treating Scripture, their general character and habits, and they will be able to call to mind many a cave of Adullam, where alone, in all the neighbourhood, 'the gospel' has been preached. Mr. Spurgeon says, that it is the 'men who love the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and will have it, that are called a nasty set of Antinomians.' Well, there is no mistake then about Mr. Spurgeon's 'gospel,' neither can there be any mistake about those who are now coming round to endorse Mr. Spurgeon, and to speak of him as a man to be imitated. High Calvinism is decidedly 'looking up.'

We quoted the above, as we have said, to illustrate our remark, that the charges lately brought against the churches of departing from the faith, and then repudiated as slanders, are now being tacitly admitted by the marked eulogies with which some of our friends delight to honour the loudest and most persistent and popular of the accusers. And that he is cognizant of the change coming over the spirit of our dream, the preface to the last volume of Park-street Sermons, dated December, 1857, may show:—

'———But turning from the personal matters, the author would say a word to the saints of the Lord in every place.

'Brethren,—all hail! The good will of Israel's Triune Jehovah rest with you, and every covenant blessing be yours in rich enjoyment. We have reason at this season to be very thankful for the manifest signs of progress in our midst. Perhaps no year since the apostolic times has witnessed so much effort in preaching the gospel. The divine leaven is gradually stirring the whole lump. . . . But, brethren, suffer the word of exhortation; we need more *purity of doctrine*. In many pulpits the deep things of God are kept in the dark. Free grace in its discrimination and omnipotence is not yet preached by the mass of our ministers. . . . Hundreds of our churches are as sound asleep as the grave-yards which surround their meeting-houses, and some of them are nearly as rotten as the corpses in the tombs. Routine ministers, domineering deacons, hypocritical professors, crab-tree critics, and covetous members, *are not all dead yet*. [These italics, and in the next sentence, are ours, for the sake of showing the profound piety and Christ-like benevolence of the immediately following prayer.] May *divine mercy* soon *grant* us *grace to see the last of them!!!*'

We must not call Calvinism 'hard,' it seems, but perhaps we may be allowed to deem Spurgeonism not guilty of excessive tenderness.*

* It is not pleasant to see the disciples of him who wept over Jerusalem complacently contemplating the intense sufferings of their fellow-creatures for ever; but much of what strikes us as most amazing selfishness and hardness is often obvious in Mr. S. The reader should know that he insists on material fire in hell, into which all the non-elect are to be plunged for ever, being miraculously preserved unconsumed, like 'asbestos,' he says, in order eternally to feel throughout every atom of their bodies the pungent flame. His descriptions are sickening. But then—

'For *us* there is no hell, although it blaze with terrible flame. Let Tophet be prepared of old, let its pile be wood and much smoke, *we* never can come there—Christ died for us, in our stead. *What if there be* racks of horrid torture? *What if there be* a sentence producing most horrible reverberations of thundering sounds? Yet neither rack, nor dungeon, nor thunders, are for us!'

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And so a revival of regular five-point Calvinism is agreed on, and the young Baptist preacher is accepted as the Corypheus. We shall not, however, for our own parts, sing any particularly joyous song till we have patiently waited awhile, and seen somewhat more of the new development. To tell the truth, we had deemed the dying out of party names and watchwords, and the subsidence of bitter controversy, a somewhat hopeful sign, and thought that, in the absence of such things as, by exciting jealousies and prejudices, serve to blind the eyes, all sections of the Christian Church—which, also, we fondly hoped might possibly be somewhat larger than Geneva—would come to see and possess larger measures of truth; for, in our folly, we dreamed that Christianity as contained in the Scriptures might be vaster, and, who knows? grander than any ism. We have, however, no quarrel with any Christian brother who chooses to paste the name of Calvin on his brow. Let him do it by all means, if he think this agreeable to his Saviour. For our own part, we would rather kneel at his footstool, or hold up his cross to men, without any such label pinned to our back; and, notwithstanding Mr. Spurgeon may be hailed as the O'Connell of Calvinism, we shall still deem him the wiser man who is content to be a 'Christian,' or, if such a one must have a designation, he may call himself a Pre-Calvinist.

An Encouragement to Prayer.

THERE was a certain 'upper room'* of which honourable mention was once made, and to whose hallowed precincts a history is attached, that will never die. And we venture to affirm that to many another upper room, lost in obscurity, and contemned in the estimation of worldly judgments, an air of sanctified grandeur belongs, which will not be deemed unworthy of heaven's own registry, and which is by no means undeserving a passing record on earth. Such an one we knew, and by your permission, courteous reader, we will take you within its vestibule. It may be your heart shall be bettered, and your faith strengthened and encouraged, by what we have to tell concerning it.

Be careful of the narrow stair and dimly lighted passage. The furniture of the room is homely, but scrupulously clean, and there reigns a hushed, unbroken quietude in its eyrie-like retreat.

A chapter from the Book of books is read, and then the knee is reverently bent, and low murmurs of supplication are heard—tremulous in their first utterance, but gradually gaining in confidence and earnestness. The two individuals who form the sole occupants of the room are Sabbath-school teachers, and it is on behalf of their youthful charge that they thus meet together in that lonely place, and plead with intelligent faith and loving obedience the promise of their Lord and Master; 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything

* Acts i. 13, 14.

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that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven.'

Instructions backed by such influences are not likely to prove powerless or inefficient. Yet there is an oppressive anxiety, a yearning solicitude, sometimes mutually expressed, but much oftener individually felt, the burden of which can only be lightened at the labourer's mighty stronghold—a throne of grace.

Let us listen to the quiet talk of these earnest friends, whose hearts are bound together by the strong bands of Christian love. 'Oh! Ruth, I almost despair of making any lasting impression on their minds Frivolity and listlessness seem the order of the day.'

'Nay, my friend, surely you have hope of one or two. You cannot have forgotten the pleasing notes you received from Mary and Charlotte, and did you not tell me that Annie Frome had appeared of late more thoughtful?'

'It is quite true, and I built rapturously on these dawnings of hope, which I now fear will prove illusory. I look in vain for that steady perseverance in well-doing which is the only test of sincerity. I am often tempted to think their apparent acquiescence in the truths brought before them, and occasional seriousness, originate in a desire rather to please their teacher than their God.'

'I know your anxieties, for are we not fellow-labourers and sharers in the hopes and fears peculiar to our position? but the blended command and promise are indissoluble: "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."'

'Dear, thoughtful, trusting Ruth, give me but a tithe of your faith, and I shall patiently work and wait; leaving the result with Him who has further said, "My word shall not return unto me void." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."' . . .

Some ten years have passed away since we made acquaintance with that little 'upper room,' the hidden sanctuary of two earnest-hearted worshippers. They have been years of chequered life. A series of events, unnecessary here to detail, led to the entire dispersion of that youthful Sabbath band, for whose welfare thought, and effort, and prayer, had so earnestly co-operated.

One of the number has long since slept her last sleep, cut off in the bloom of youth, by a succession of convulsive struggles. But there was hope in her death. Two others have found a home on the distant shore of our Australian empire; while a fourth has entered upon wedded life, in the old land of her nativity. The friends, the co-working consecrators of that 'upper room,' remain unbroken in their alliance, despite the intrusion of a still nearer tie to the heart's allegiance of the gentle Ruth. New associations have been formed in another locality, and the last glimmerings of old remembrances are being threatened with extinction,—not from voluntary abandonment, but simply through the urgency and pressure of nearer claims.

The bustling excitement of a tea festival is over, and Amy Harwell (Ruth's coadjutor), is standing by a ministerial friend of recent acquaintance.

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'Come,' said he, motioning with his hand, 'sit down by me, and I will tell you something that will do your heart good.'

She was all attention. 'What can it be?' Judge, gentle reader, of her grateful emotions, as she listened to the following brief narrative:—

'A few days ago,' said her friend, 'I was conversing with a young woman in my congregation desirous of making a public profession of her attachment to Christ. Inquiring into the means which led to this decisive step, she attributed it entirely in its incipient stages to the instructions she received, years ago, in your Sabbath-school class. "From Miss Harwell," she said, "I learnt the value and need of prayer." "But did you never grow lax and negligent in the duty?" I inquired. "No, sir," was the response. "I may not have always maintained the true spirit of prayer; but it was from my dear teacher I first learnt its importance, and the habit has been adhered to ever since."' This was that same Annie Frome, whose thoughtfulness had engendered faint hopes in other days. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, it shall be found after many days.'

This is a narrative of facts, and of facts which we are sure will encourage every Christian labourer. Hallow the precincts of some closet in your habitation by the pure incense of praise and prayer, and let it be to you as the 'upper room' at Jerusalem, from whence proceeded the glowing zeal, undaunted courage, and all-conquering faith of the early Christian church.

Zetha.

The Present Tactics of the Jesuits—their probable Issue.

THERE are many in the Catholic Church who strive with all their might against the Jesuits and their influence, many who will not dispute the truthfulness in the main of our description of them, and yet they remain Catholics, nay, fiery Catholics.

How is this to be explained? The answer to this question will put in a still clearer light what we have already stated, and by the removal of many misapprehensions will help to complete and finish off the picture we have drawn from life. First, however, a few general remarks.

The Evangelical Church, or rather Congregation, is *the union of all those who embrace in faith the gospel preached to all the world, and live according to its precepts.* The Evangelical Church knows nothing of Lutheranism, Calvinism, &c., for it rests not on man, but on God. He who should describe Luther, Calvin, Zuingli, as the corner stones on which the Church rests, would be a heretic no less than Arius or Pelagius. The above conception of the Christian or Evangelical Church (for both names mean precisely the same thing) embraces all

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who honour God and Christ in spirit and in truth, let them belong (in consequence of birth, education, or other outward circumstances) to whatsoever Christian communion they may, provided only their adherence to this communion is the result of sincere conviction.

This invisible Church, which is known only to God, is properly and essentially the Church. But since we are men, and not mere spirits, and since our congregations, like every other well-ordered household, must have laws, family order, and an outward form, human vessels for containing the divine treasure are indispensable; these are what men are wont to call churches or communions. For man, as made up of body and spirit, they are *necessary*, and so far may be said to be *willed by God*; but they are not Divine, *i.e.* they are not the work of the Infallible God Himself. And as the works of men are more or less perfect, according to the genius and capacity of the architect, and according to his more or less pure taste, so it is also with these churches. Outward pomp and grandeur within do not always afford a safe criterion of the comfort and utility of the building; in spite of all its ornaments, it may be ill suited to facilitate free intercourse, and to meet the wants of the family; it may even in many respects impede communication, and make the household uncomfortable. Church polity is thus always outside work, but for all that it is not altogether a subordinate matter, since it may essentially forward or retard the inner life, which is the main thing. The communion, therefore, to which one belongs is not a matter of indifference, but of high import, inasmuch as this and that and the other ecclesiastical structure may prove stumbling-blocks to us in the path to heaven. The principal existing Christian communions revolve around the divinity of Christ and His redeeming work as their centre. Owing to their adherence to this fundamental truth, a redeeming and saving virtue is inherent in them all. But as is very common in life, a thing is beheld and known, but is so much encumbered with circumstantials that its essence is overlooked, and the view is diverted by so many other objects to which an exaggerated importance is ascribed, that the eye can be hardly kept fastened on the main thing. And when non-essentials are placed on a level with the one thing needful, and are invested with a divine halo, when, in other words, the whole of the artificially organized ecclesiastical structure is looked upon as God's own work, it is easy to see how the Christian becomes caught in a net in which in spite of, and often in consequence of, force of intellect and power of will, he remains entangled. The man who has recognised the Catholic Church to be what she really is, cannot but sigh for evangelical freedom; but for all this it holds good that Catholicism still retains the Christian foundation, and consequently a certain capacity for life, and even an actual vitality, which in favourable times, when the eye is less diverted from the centre, has borne heavenly fruits of no contemptible kind.

Let the reader follow me a moment into the *familia sacra* which the Protestant Niemeyer has so charmingly described. There at Münster was a small circle of loving souls—the Barons Droste of Vischering, Overberg, the Romish convert Count Frederick Leopold von

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Stolberg, the Princess Gallitzin, Baron von Fürstenberg, the younger Katerkamp, and Kellermann.

A life of faith equally deep and inward with that which was developed within this circle is rarely found, so that Stolberg fled for refuge thither as to a haven of rest from the unbelieving Protestant society which surrounded him.

Let any one open the 'Memoirs of the Princess Gallitzin, edited by Katerkamp,' and see what deep searching of the Scriptures, what unwearied study of the Gospel, pursued with heartfelt humility and love, was found amongst these sincere Christians. Accordingly the Protestant Hamann also lived and died as a brother beloved in this circle; and even the semi-heathen Goethe, when he visited them, could not shake off the feeling of admiration which Christianity as exhibited in such examples produced in him. In Southern Germany, Bishop Sailer in like manner gathered a group of men like-minded around himself, who with him penetrated into the mysteries of Scripture and the human heart, and walked in the way of Thomas à Kempis. The efforts of all these persons had a mystic tinge, like Christianity itself, which in all its true disciples manifests itself as a hidden life with Christ in God. This true mystic life was so far removed from all mysticism and quietism, and with the deep life of feeling combined such clear insight, that more and more permanent advantages almost were reaped in the field of knowledge than in that of life; for by means of literary works knowledge was spread far abroad from these narrower circles as from centres, whilst it was the good fortune of but few to enjoy personal intercourse with the men themselves, and to experience their awakening influence. Meanwhile the spirits of Fürstenberg and Overberg became embodied in educational institutes, which exhibited and handed down to posterity the quickening and regenerating spirit of Christianity. Who can calculate the profound influence exerted by those Christian men and women upon the Catholic world? Thus much at least is admitted on all hands, that they essentially contributed to the revival of that earnest scientific spirit which, without reference to creed, appreciated and appropriated all important discoveries. Now for the first time Catholic science rose to the level of the times, which, except in a few cases, it had not done since the Reformation. Now arose independent schools, characterised by earnest research, and rewarded with important results. We see the schools of Hermes Baader, Von Drey, Staudenmayer, and Günther. We see men like Jahn, Hug, Möhler, Döllinger, Movers, Hefele. The research of the German Catholics kindled a like spirit abroad, and Hermes called forth as his antipodes in France De la Mennais and Bautain, whilst Italy herself, with her Rosmini, was determined not to remain behind. How fair (methinks I hear the reader exclaim), how vigorous a spiritual life within the Catholic Church! Most true—but did the Church favour this life? All these impulses were Catholic, yea, in part they were specially directed to the justification of Catholicism as opposed to the other Christian creeds—but, for all that, Rome could not allow this free spirit scope. The works of the most celebrated men were put in the Index,

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and thus their usefulness was damaged; even the famous Catechism of Overberg, with all his great services, fell under the suspicion of having defended too weakly the Achilles' heel of Catholicism, viz., the doctrine of the Church. Everyone sees and feels that that joyous and fresh life manifested in the Catholic Church is looked at with distrust and aversion in high quarters. It is quite true that mixed with this life were many erroneous impulses, tending towards Rationalism, but it would have been much better to have allowed them to reveal their erroneous character, and to have been fairly conquered in the natural course of their development, than to have violently suppressed them. A disease is never arbitrarily checked with impunity; after a time of seeming cessation it breaks out all the more dangerously in another place. But life, even if alloyed with diseases such as are incident to the course of human life, is, nevertheless, preferable to death.

The eternal struggle of the Papacy with the vital manifestations of the Spirit cannot but disgust all thinking persons; but to those more immediately interested it can scarcely fail to suggest the inquiry, whether this negative and spirit-killing power of the Papacy can possibly form part of the Divine plan. We have seen that the Jesuits are the Prætorian troops of the Papacy, which, again, is itself ruled by their hands. Accordingly, we may reasonably expect that with their entrance into Germany the aspect of the scientific field has become changed. Science, which had outgrown its casuistic and scholastic swaddling clothes, which had fought its way to a freer and more intellectual method of treatment, and which could even emulate that of the Protestants, long used to freedom, is, of course, now stripped of its alien and unecclesiastical garb; the books of that former period are cast into the corner, as no longer suitable to the times, yea, as dangerous and ——— are new better ones produced? Heaven forbid, say they; with their Romish training, the Jesuits naturally cannot enter into the German style of thought and writing; it is foreign to them, they do not understand it; but thus much, at any rate, they are able to make out, that a treatment of theology so conscientious and free cannot, with the best intentions, leave the Papacy unaffected,—therefore away with that menacing illuminism! And what sort of books, then, are now recommended to the young men as loadstars? They plunge back into the Middle Ages, reprint musty old books, and choose just those works which are best fitted to break their pupils in to a mechanical style of thinking; for men must at all events be taught something, must even be taught much, especially much of a *practical* character—only they must not ask for reasons, for systematic connexion and scientific proof. The way they deal with any conclusion is this:—'The thing is so once for all; the greatest intellects and the most pious men are of this opinion; and, accordingly, you who are far inferior to them, should modestly think so too. The opinion is true, and will hold water; you can confidently rely upon it, consequently don't ask any further for reasons.' Such is the train of thought which presides over the course of instruction in the newly-reprinted old works. Moreover, the most diverse opinions upon the same question are raked

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together, and under each opinion is estimated the weight of the authorities in its favour; and now the learner is set to the interesting task of counting up arithmetically his fathers, schoolmen, &c., and of striking the balance between an authority amounting to seven-eighths and one amounting to three-quarters, for instance. It is very convenient thus to become familiar with the *summa rerum*, and to acquire the habit of blind belief in authority, and to unlearn all independent thinking into the bargain!

First amongst their books ranks the 'Summa Theologiæ' of Thomas Aquinas; no doubt, decidedly the best of all, whence men might gain fitting instruction, if they wanted to. For its time, the appearance of this book was an event; centuries derived nutriment from it; and even our own time might get good from it; but how melancholy, for all that, is it to see the Catholics concede that they have not got a step further during the six hundred years which have elapsed since its appearance. It may be remarked, in general, that Thomas stands now in higher repute than ever, since the founder of the Jesuits has pointed him out to members of his order as their standard. It must be added, however, that Thomas enjoys but little influence, since only here and there one is either willing or able to spend much time and perseverance on his big folios. Next come Abeilly, Gury, Neiraguet, Gaume, Liguori—nothing but scholasticism and casuistry! Old manuals, sermons, books of prayer and edification, belonging to this category, are hunted up out of all the corners and ends of the earth, and translated and edited. Such is the sole literary activity of this headless time! What appears from the press only needs to be antique, out of the way, outrageous, and it is immediately pronounced good, accordant with the taste of the times, which the Jesuits who have set the fashion have introduced.

If we find in such old books the geometrical mensuration of hell, full descriptions of the infernal kitchen, the history of Antichrist, the way to test witches, &c., men exclaim, full of admiration, 'Ah! what a simple, child-like, and happy faith, when people with their wise understanding had not as yet banished the miraculous from the Scriptures, from the world, and from human life, as they have done in our days! There may possibly be more truth lying hid beneath these things than one is wont to imagine.' That is just the sort of language, and the sort of effect which the Jesuit calculates on and desires; for it is in this way that man is plunged headlong back into the Middle Ages, and when his eyes are once bandaged he must submit to be led blindfold.

Wherever this Jesuitical method of education and instruction has been introduced (and it is already the predominant one in the theological world, even when the professorial chairs are not filled by Jesuits), not only all independent participation in theological discussions necessarily ceases, but also, and as a consequence of this, all living interest in the study will come to an end. Under other circumstances, the student takes up the question which lies before him into his intellect, reflects on it in all its breadth and in its many-sided

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points of contact with other questions, refers the matter to its correct and definitely fixed place in a system resting on unambiguous axioms, and developing itself out of these axioms, and finds in its fitting into this position, and in its logical relation to the axiom, the best proof of the thing's truth. At the same time, he feels the highest degree of satisfaction, and the most lively interest in the matter of which he has thus become truly master. But under the Jesuit scheme we have, instead of this, dead and deadening study, or rather a mechanical parrot-learning, and nothing more. The only interest which it is possible to take in this kind of study, is that of a conceited pedantry, or, at best, that of a sort of cleverness in scholastic pugilism. Moreover, all the knowledge obtained in this way is and remains something which has been told one, something which sticks to one externally, and the defence of this 'property borrowed from a stranger' is conducted in an equally external way, by means of a ready-made apparatus of sophisms, in which kind of exercise he is the best scholar who avoids trespassing on heretical ground, and drawing the wrong conclusions. And for this purpose all that is necessary is, by repeated practice to be able to dish one up, just like the compositor in the printing-office, who at last becomes such a perfect workman that he is able skilfully and correctly to set up quite unknown and unintelligible characters.

In the good old times the student who with true zeal turned his attention towards theology wanted not only to *possess*, but also to *be*, what he believed; consequently, he did not rest until the dogmas which were proposed for his belief had grown up within himself, *i.e.*, until they had become a part of his very being. The better men of that period, who allowed Christianity to take possession not only of their heads, but also of their hearts, regarded this as the problem before them, viz., 'that Christ should be formed within them.' Thus this study promoted the Christian's spiritual life. The Princess Gallitzin has left us, in the above-cited work, a meditation on the passage in John, 'The Life was the Light of men,' which opens glorious views of the text. The school of Bishop Sailer accomplished great things in the same way; and the Cardinal Prince-Bishop of Breslau, the Baron Melchior von Diepenbrock, a disciple of Sailer, too soon, alas! removed from the world, was a worthy representative of this school. He edited the works and the life of the mystic Suso, and his 'Pastoral Letters' and his pious evangelical life breathed the same spirit. To this spirit, that of Jesuitism is utterly antagonistic. It might have been expected, therefore, that these two spirits, these two streams in the Catholic Church, should have come into violent collision. They met, it is true, but there was no splash and noise. The deep inward feeling of the evangelical Catholics did not allow them to make an uproar; they awaited with quiet confidence the victory which they believed must follow the might of their true and good cause; they could oppose to the Jesuits and their party Gamaliel's saying, 'If it is God's work it will stand; if it be man's, it will be overthrown.'

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The Jesuits also found it to be *their* interest peaceably to go on their way, and not immediately to conjure up party strifes. But the hostile spirits, mutually conscious of their diversity, went their separate, and yet parallel roads, led on by two distinguished captains. The friends of the inward tendency followed Augustin; the externalists, Thomas Aquinas. The latter chief trod in the footsteps of the materialist Aristotle; whilst Augustin was more closely related to the spiritualist Plato. Günther followed Augustin, just as Pascal and Arnauld had followed him, and before them the Reformers of the sixteenth century. There was nothing new in the phenomenon; for, as early as the Middle Ages, Plato and Aristotle had kept asunder the two camps of mysticism and scholasticism; *and if Augustin had spoken out at the right time, and not allowed himself to have been turned aside by the contradiction of controversy from what logical consistency demanded of him, Luther and Calvin would have been superfluous, and the Jesuits an impossibility.* But his Jesuitical antipodes was the great Jerome, and his quarrelsome spirit made the peace-loving, profound, and gentle soul of Augustin afraid, and sealed his lips. But Augustin remained the fermenting spirit in the Christian Church; his love to the Holy Scriptures, and his profound views of the word, became a kindling fire to all the deeper-thinking spirits of all coming time. If Günther learnt his science from Augustin, it was the same Augustin who, in Emanuel Veith's 'Homilies,' riveted the attention of all, and spread abroad a luminous insight into the profound sense of the Holy Scriptures, which invited and attracted so many Christians to this holy and exhaustless mine of truth and blessedness. Each reader now *felt* and *knew* the truth of the saying, 'Search the Scriptures; for they are they which testify of me.' When the Jesuits had secured a firm footing in Germany, they were already in a position to attack this counter-current of opinion. By making use of a certain intermediate tendency the way to set about this was already much facilitated for them. For Archbishop Clement Augustus of Cologne, who on the one hand had connexions with the *familia sacra*, but on the other hand was by character and the spirit of his time ardently attached to Rome's autocratic principle, inaugurated the new era of hierarchical domination by a crusade against Hermesianism, and every tendency in the university teaching of Catholic Germany, which was more liberal than common. Yet the same man was just as active in the work of the inner mission, founded the order of the Sisters of Mercy on a broad evangelical basis, and published a guide to secret prayer, which made the pious Christian acquainted with his own experiences in this department of devotion. How to reconcile these opposite tendencies is not an easy task for the imagination, and it is nothing but a want of inward consistency which drifted him in the hierarchical direction, and, consequently, after a short time, full-sail towards Jesuitism. Clement Augustus was a Roman, and yet not a Jesuit; he was too independent and self-reliant for that; or, rather he *was* a Jesuit, but without knowing it, and without wishing to be one. Pope Gregory XVI. wanted to bind him with purple bonds to

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Rome, but Clement Augustus valued his freedom too much to sell it for a cardinal's hat. In the same way, also, the genial Joseph von Görres, in his last years, was an advanced guard for Rome. In his 'Athanasius,' he descended into the arena to maintain the quarrel of Clement Augustus, and yet he was the friend of Diepenbrock, and loved the mystics above all other writers. To be sure, it happened to him as to Clement Brentanus, Zacharius Werner, and others, especially to those of the Romantic School; their life was an everlasting see-saw; the ideal was their god, and grand ideas and institutions filled them with inspiration, however untenable and unpractical these ideas might be.

Accordingly, in the end, there were left only the two diverse, and, indeed, opposite tendencies. Internalism, which toiled at the difficult problem of the renewal of the inward man, followed a path which runs directly counter to the natural man, and therefore, from the nature of the case, could not maintain its ground against the externalising tendency of the Jesuits, even apart from the crafty policy of these latter in other respects, of which some account has been given; add to this the consideration that the spiritual tendency rested upon a living appropriation of Christianity, and was, therefore, subjective and individual; whilst on the other hand the power of the externalizing tendency was based upon a hierarchically organized phalanx of clergy.

The meeting of this current and counter-current within the Catholic Church is the cause of the present fermentation. It is not simply a struggle between two different, but equally legitimate, co-ordinate, and collateral powers, which occasionally cross one another, or strike against one another and elicit sparks. In that case, it would be nothing but a healthy vital process, in which the elaboration of the nutritive matter produces a fermentation, it is true; but then, it is a wholesome and necessary fermentation. No; it is a fermentation of hostile masses, which can only end with the expulsion of one element or the other. Accordingly, although both these masses regard themselves as Catholic, yet, for all that, one of them will have to succumb to the power of the other, and to quit the house; both acknowledge the Pope to be the successor of Peter and Christ's Vicar upon earth; both own as their creed the decisions of the Council of Trent; and yet it will not be possible for them to keep together for any length of time. The internal tendency wishes for a Papacy, but does not want Jesuitism. The external wants the Papacy, and for that very reason wants Jesuitism too. Thus, both tendencies want the Papacy, but each of them regards it as something different from the other's view of it. Hence one of these tendencies must err in its conception of the Papacy. If the idea and essence of the Papacy, according to the Jesuit conception, be the correct one, internalism has lost the game, and *vice versâ*.

The opinion which the Papacy has ever had of the Jesuits is worth noting. We find only one Pope (Clement XIV.) who was opposed to them. It might almost be said, that the Popes (without being clearly conscious of it) have allowed themselves to entertain a doubt of their

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own Divine power, and have, therefore, like the later Cæsars, leaned on the strong arm of their Prætorian guards. Doubtless the Popes have condemned certain opinions and works of individual Jesuits, but not the views and operations of the whole order. The master impulse of the Jesuit Order is ambition; subtle consistency and steady persistence conduct them to their goal. Just glance for a moment at the history of the Papacy from Gregory VII. to Innocent III., and you see the same principle at work, and the same path trodden by the Papacy in the attainment of its aim. Why is precisely this period pitched on? 1. Because at that time the Jesuit Order did not as yet exist, and, therefore, as such could not have exerted any influence. 2. Because that was the most flourishing period of the Papacy, in which accordingly its true essence could not but be set in the clearest light. Here we see the relationship, yea, the identity of the Papacy and Jesuitism; only let a man keep these thoughts in mind, and then allow the panorama of the entire history of the Papacy to be unrolled before him, and the whole will assume another shape, than if he were to view it with Roman eyes. Much that was before obscure will now be easily intelligible, and the clues of the tangle which have led to the greatest catastrophes will be in one's hand. A field can only yield that crop the nutriment for which it contains within itself; the fruit will ever be homogeneous with the soil. Jesuitism has grown up luxuriantly on the soil of the Papacy, and has thus proved its homogeneousness therewith. The internalism of the Papacy has ever shown itself averse from Jesuitism, and, consequently, would have done so also to the Romish Church if it had recognised it as Jesuitism. Hitherto it has not recognised it as being such; but for all that, it is already marvelling at the close resemblance between the two institutes, which now more than ever evince their blood-relationship. It is afraid of *its own* Papacy, for a Jesuitical one it will never accept; and, were *its own* Papacy to come to the ground—that is, were it to find out that it has cherished and nursed into power an idea to which no truth corresponds—the Church, and her infallibility, and her dogmas, would all come down along with it. To a Catholic this is simply inconceivable, apart from the overthrow of all Christianity.

The Catholic dreads that moment, and yet he sees it looming in the distance; but he will not, and cannot, believe it. He is like a sinking man, who battles with the billows; and it is this struggle which is the obscure fermentation of our times! When once God, and events under His guidance, shall have liberated the pious and evangelical portion of the Catholics from the Papacy, they will drain the sweet cup of freedom and truth; and as they delight themselves in the full possession of the truth, which can now no longer be curtailed by men, they will see for the first time how hampering were the human fetters which chained down their spirits and hearts. To tear themselves loose will be painful, it is true; but so is it with the mother; she feels anguish when bearing her child. But, when once it is born, she remembers her pain no more, for joy that a man is born into the world. The period of noiseless fermentation is a period during which many a lesson

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is learnt. A flash of lightning cast Paul to the ground; he is blind *i.e.* he now for the first time sees that he is so, when his bodily eye are blinded; but his spirit sees more clearly than ever, in proportio as he acknowledges his blindness. And what is still wanting to hi vision Ananias imparts to him as a gift from the Lord. But the wor of Ananias is to be found in Holy Scripture—and whither else shoul we go? They are the words of eternal life.

Jacob's Dream.

THE shades of falling night
O'ertook a solitary traveller, and he lay him down
To sleep. A stone his pillow; God's green earth his couch;
The star-emblazoned sky his broidered canopy;
And God's protection his sufficient guard. The wheels
Of life and thought's swift shuttles soon are lulled to rest,
And slumber's kindly dews o'er flesh and soul distil.
But lo! the sleeper starts; yet wakes he not. As one
Entranced he lies, and visions ray themselves before
His raptured sense. Above him there begins to rear
Itself a pathway broad, with countless steps, towards heaven:
A ladder whose increasing length darts up and up,
And upwards still (like some spent flash slowly returning
And with effort to the skies) till its top rests
Where massive darkness, leagues above the farthest star,
Shuts out from mortal eyes the blinding light of heaven.
And now, with swift elastic step and glancing wing,
Bright angels glide, like falling stars, in quick and long
Succession, and in dazzling multitude, as if
On holy errands bent 'twixt earth and heaven.
With joyful air and godlike mien of love they come
And go, and go and come, exchanging greetings,—
Brotherly and glowing words that only seraphs know.
At Heaven's behest they fly. One hastes to lay his hand
Upon a prodigal, and lead him meekly back
E'en to his Father's arms. Another upwards hastes
With glistening diamond tear in golden chalice caught—
A penitent's first prayer. One carries fragments
Of a broken heart for God to heal. Another swift
Descends with heavenly scroll—a sinner's pardon signed
In the blood of Christ, the throned Lamb of God.
One in his bosom bears with heavenly tenderness
A little babe whom God has called from earth—a nurseling
For the skies; whilst another bears a phial
Golden of God's love, to heal its mother's heart.
Here hand in hand, a mortal and a seraph form
Upclimb the radiant rounds; whilst shouts that ring adown
The pathway measureless their glorious entrance greet.
Here comes with golden key one of the glistening host
To unlock the prison of mortality, and set
A struggling spirit free. Some in bright troops descend
Together in God's bowing sheaves; and others' hands
From golden vases scatter seeds of life divine
In hearts which earthly woes have deeply ploughed. Each has
His mission. With a silver trumpet one proclaims
The day of grace upon a long benighted land.

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With awful blast another tells that day is past.
To them nor night nor day, nor toil nor rest. Vigour
Immortal nerves their ceaseless flight; undying love
Their hearts. From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, they come
And go; and heaven and earth are one.
But as the dreamer gazes, lo! the summit bursts
Into a flame, purer than light—more dazzling
Than a diamond sun; and in its midst a glorious form
Of majesty that overpowers his sight. He hears
A voice—Jehovah's voice to him—'I am thy God!
Thy Lord! Thy father's God! The land whereon thou liest
It is thine and thy children's. As the dust of earth
Countless, as the stars numberless, shall thy seed be!
And thou shalt spread abroad to east and west, and north
And south, till thou shalt fill the land; and thou shalt be
A blessing to all climes and ages, tribes and tongues.
Thy name shall waken praises in the nations' hearts
As for a gift of God. I will thy guardian be
And guide. Thy wandering footsteps shall be kept in all
Thy goings. Here shalt thou return, to where the promise
Rests, and where the blessing shall await thee. I
The faithful one will never leave thee nor forsake,
Till all that I have spoken be fulfilled.'
Astonied at the vision bright the sleeper starts
And wakes. The stars hang over him as still as death:
Their trembling rays no lustrous pathway show, no flashing
Wings. The soft night air is fresh and fragrant round him.
The first grey streak of morning spreads along the sky,
And tells him, 'twas a dream.'
Still trembling, and the echo of that awful voice
Still beating on his quivering brain, his dazzled eyes
Still smarting with the blinding glory they had seen,
He cries—'How dreadful is this spot! Lo! God is here.
Surely Jehovah dwelleth in this place! and I!
Presumptuous mortal! knew it not, but lay me down
And slept within Jehovah's house, at heaven's gate!'
The ruddy orient sky, the matin song of birds,
The quiet aspect of the place, the rippling stream
Assure him, and the tumult of his breast assuage.
Quickly he rises, reverently lifts the stone
That had his pillow been, and with a fragrant oil
Anoints it for a holy thing—an Altar stone,
On which he vows, if God fulfil his gracious word
That he had spoken—him in his ways to guard and guide
And bring him to his father's house in peace—to lay
As sacred offerings of his wealth the tenth, and there
To worship Him to whom he owed it all. 'Beth El,'
'The house of God,' he called the place. Through many years
Of Israel's glory and his shame that altar stood,
And marked the place where Jacob dreamed his dream.

G. W. C.

Leeds, February 13, 1858.

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A Christian Common-Place Book.

'WISDOM THAT IS HID, AND TREASURE THAT IS NOT SEEN—WHAT PROFIT IS THERE IN THEM BOTH?'—*Jesus the Son of Sirach.*

THERE is little profit in telling a man, who is walking after the lusts of the flesh, that such or such an act is wrong. Unless you go to the root of sin within him, from which all these wrong acts spring, even though you should persuade him to break off some bad practices and habits, you will do him little real, lasting, essential good. Notwithstanding this reformation, as he will deem it, he may continue just as sinful, just as thorough a slave of sin as ever. Nay, his case may be still more hopeless: for his having overcome a bad habit or two may beguile him into fancying that he is the master of his own heart, can sway it which way he chooses, and has only to will, in order to become a paragon of virtue. Therefore, when the Spirit of God came to convince the world of sin, what was the sin he began with convincing men of? If any of us had to convince a person of the sinfulness of the world, how should we set about it? We should talk of the intemperance, and licentiousness, and dishonesty, and fraud, and falsehood, and envy, and ill-nature, and cruelty, and avarice, and ambition, whereby man has turned God's earth into a place of weeping and gnashing of teeth. These, however, are not the sins of which the Spirit of God convinces the world: because all these might be swept away: and yet, unless far more was done, the world would continue just as sinful as before. All these sins, this whole terrible brood of sin, were indeed to be found in every quarter of the earth, so far as it was then peopled, in our Lord's days, no less plentifully than they are now. They had swollen themselves out, and rose up on every side in the face of heaven, like huge mountains: they flowed from country to country, from clime to clime, like rivers: they spread themselves abroad like lakes and seas, lakes of brimstone and dead seas, within the exhalations of which no soul could come and live. Whithersoever the eye turned, it saw one sin riding on the back, or starting from the womb of another. This was the Babel which all nations were busied in building,—and the confusion of tongues did not hinder them,—a Babel underground. They went on digging deeper and deeper, until its nethermost story wellnigh reacht to hell, and was only separated from it by a thin, crumbling crust. Nevertheless the Spirit of God, when he came to convince the world of sin, and to bring that conviction home to the hearts of mankind, did not choose out any of these open, glaring sins, to taunt and confound them with. He went straight to that sin, which is the root and source of all others, want of faith, the evil heart of unbelief. 'When the Comforter is come, he will convince the world of sin, because they believe not in me.'

Now this is a sin, which the world till then had never dreamt of as such: and even at this day few take much thought about it, except those who have been convinced of it by the Spirit, and who, therefore, have been in great measure delivered from it. For they who have spent their whole lives in thick spiritual blindness, and whose eye is still dark, cannot know what the blessing of sight is, and therefore cannot grieve at their want. They alone who have emerged into light, can appreciate the misery of the gloom under which they have been lying. Thus, until we have begun to believe, we cannot know what unbelief is; its misery, its sin, its curse. Want of faith is a sin of which no law accuses us. Conscience does not accuse us of it. Even among those who desire that the confession of their sins shall not be an empty form, but a reality, and who, with this purpose, are wont to review their conduct, that they may seek forgiveness for their recent misdeeds, very few, I am afraid, take much account of their want of faith. The chief part look solely to their sins of commission, mainly to the evil deeds they may have done, then to the evil words they may have spoken, sometimes, it may be, to the evil thoughts and feelings they may have harboured in their hearts. If a person can tax himself with any act of intemperance or impurity,—if he remembers that he has given way to his anger,—that he has swerved from truth,—if he is distinctly

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conscious of having indulged in proud or vain or envious imaginations, he will feel that he has something for which he specially needs forgiveness. If he has no such definite charge to bring against himself, he will fancy his score is clear. Yet our excellent Confession should make us equally mindful of our sins of omission, of the things which we ought to have done, and which we have left undone. This latter half of our sins, it is to be feared, very many think little or nothing of; though these are far the larger and more numerous half of the two, and no less deadly than the other, even as hunger, if unfed, is no less deadly than sickness. Nor can they be overcome by any one without unceasing watchfulness and prayer: indeed, they need this all the more from our aptness to leave them unnoticed. They are the more numerous half, numerous in the very best of us; and as for those who are not endeavouring earnestly to walk in the law of God, and seeking the help of his Spirit that they may be enabled to walk therein, their sins of omission eat up the whole of their lives. The whole of their lives is one black blot, one vast sin of omission, broken here and there by sins of commission flashing through it. Now these sins of omission do not merely comprise, as at first thought we might incline to suppose, the many things which, if we had made a right use of our time and opportunities, we might have done, but which, through indolence, from giving up our hearts to worldly things, from lukewarmness or self-indulgence, we have failed to do; although even this would be an appalling list. For when did a day pass over the head of any one of us, in looking back on which with a searching eye he would not have found manifold reason to say—'I might have shown kindness to such a person to-day; and I did not:—I might have relieved the wants of such another; and I did not:—I might have softened anger by mild words; and I did not:—I might have upheld the cause of the oppress; I might have defended those who were evil spoken of; and I did not:—I might have encouraged such a person in good; I might have laboured to withhold or withdraw another from evil; and I did not:—I might have been more diligent, more obedient, more zealous of good works: I might have shown more reverence to those above me, more indulgence to those below me: I might have done all this; and, therefore, I ought to have done all this?' For whatever we can do in the service of God, and for the good of our brethren, according to the discreetest economy of our time, with due regard to the various claims upon it, we ought to do. The only way in which we can show our thankfulness to God for his inestimable goodness in preparing good works for us to walk in, is by striving to walk in them with all our might. Yet this is not all. As in positive sins, in sins of commission, we sin in deed and word and thought, so in negative sins, in sins of omission, do we likewise sin, not only in deed and word, but also in thought. Now this last head of sins, the sins of omission in thought, contains the great prime sin, of which the Comforter came to convince mankind, the sin of unbelief, the sin of want of faith, the sin of living without God in the world. Laws, inasmuch as by their nature they deal only with that which manifests itself outwardly, in deed or in word, take no cognisance of this sin. Conscience, which only sounds when some positive sin is trampling upon it, is silent about this. Therefore, if we were to be convinced of it at all, pressing was our need that the Spirit of God should graciously vouchsafe to convince us.—*Archdeacon Hare.*

A SONG OF JOY.

Cometh sunshine after rain;
After mourning joy again;
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He whom this world dares not face,
Hath refreshed me with his grace;
And his mighty hand unbound
Chains of hell about me wound.
Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
Since his mercy, like a flood,
Poured o'er all my heart for good.

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Bitter anguish have I borne;
Keen regret my heart hath torn;
Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes;
Satan blinded me with lies;
Yet at last am I set free,
Help, protection, love, to me
Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turned away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on him had cast his load.
Who in God his hope hath placed,
Shall not life in pain outwaste;
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For, perchance, to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours.

When my heart was vexed with care,
Filled with fears—well nigh despair,
When with watching many a night
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
When my courage failed me fast,
Camest Thou, my God, at last,
And my woes were quickly past.

Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
Shine through all my memory.
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praises sing
That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on I'll take
Calmly, gladly for his sake—
No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain;
I will greet e'en death's dark reign;
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave.
Whom the Strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts his friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

Record of Christian Missions.

THE NEW NIGER EXPEDITION.

THE importance of the intelligence conveyed in the following history of the New Niger Expedition, which we condense from the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' of the current month, will be a sufficient apology for confining our present Record to this subject. As far as can be at present ascertained, this great and successful opening into North Western Africa promises to be almost as important in its results as Dr. Livingston's expedition in the South. Too much praise cannot be given to the Directors of the Church Missionary Society for the enterprise and zeal with which they have conducted this new and difficult mission.

'Tidings,' says the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer,' 'of the Niger expedition have just reached us, and we hasten to place them before our readers. The enterprise is an arduous one, to penetrate into the heart of those vast and populous countries which lie between the Kowarra and the Tshadda, and open communication with the many nations which there have so long been shut up in heathen and Mohammedan darkness. No reasonable man could entertain the idea of its being effectuated without difficulty, and some measure of untoward circumstances. It will not cause discouragement that the exploring steamer, the *Dayspring*, has been wrecked upon rocks in the river's bed, some distance above Rabba, and abandoned as irrecoverable; and it is with thankfulness we are enabled to add, that no life had been lost, and that the whole party were encamped on the river's bank, about eight miles from Rabba, at a place called Jeba.

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'The *Dayspring* left Fernando Po on June 29, 1857. Our missionary force on board was far otherwise than we had intended, and instead of several native agents of tried character from Sierra Leone, we had only one associated with the Rev. S. Crowther, the Rev. J. C. Taylor. The causes of this disappointment will be found in the "Intelligencer" for last September. Still, even this may have been purposely and wisely ordered. It is nothing new in the history of missions to find the gospel cause promoted by the events which, on their first occurrence, appeared to be of a seriously obstructive character: nor are the occasions unfrequent, in the course of God's dealings with men, when, in the accomplishment of some great object, a numerically small and apparently feeble agency has been preferred to one on a larger scale. If the work of missions has peculiar difficulties, it has also peculiar consolations, and this is one, that reverses prepare its way to victory, and that it waxes strong out of the midst of weakness.

'On July 3rd, the Brass mouth of the river was entered, and the Niger reached through the creeks on the 13th. The progress was slow; the *Dayspring*, not a very lively craft herself, being retarded by having in tow the *George* schooner, heavily laden with goods for the Confluence. At Aboh, a name well known in connexion with previous expeditions, the vessels remained two days; and at this spot, where a Christian teacher had been so often promised, Mr. Crowther would gladly have located an evangelist had one been available. But in the anticipation of some one being soon sent, perhaps by the consort steamer, the *Sunbeam*, expected to arrive at the river's mouth about the end of the year, he ordered the mission ground to be cleared of grass, and building materials to be provided, so that when required there might be no delay in the erection of a temporary house. One of the chiefs, by name Orise, in whose district the land is situated, readily charged himself with this preliminary work. At Ossamare there was the same willingness on the part of the people to receive Christian teachers. They tendered their best land for buildings. The only difficulty to the immediate commencement of missionary work at this place was again the want of the agent, and all that could be done was to defer these anxious people with promises of a speedy return.

Onitsha, important from its market, and the number of people, of various races, who assemble there for commercial purposes, appeared most suitable to be selected as the head-quarters of the mission on the lower course of the Niger. The commercial branch of the expedition decided on the establishment of a factory at this place, near the water side; and in the suburbs of the town, about a mile and a-half inland from the factory, a site was chosen for the mission station. To this initiative of permanent effort on the banks of the Niger, the Rev. J. C. Taylor was appointed.

'At Idda, the state of things was much more encouraging than on the occasion of the two previous expeditions.

'In 1857, the old Attah had died, and his son had succeeded him, from whom Mr. Crowther met a most kind reception. He appears to be a decided improvement on the old stock, and likely to do more good for his country than his forefathers had done. On being reminded of the promise which the old Attah had made, to receive Christian teachers, and give land for mission premises, he immediately appointed a man to accompany Mr. Crowther about the town, and help him to the selection of the best spot which could be found. This accordingly has

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been done, and it remains for us to send forth as expeditiously as possible an efficient labourer, and thus occupy, while it still remains open, this door of usefulness.

'Igbegbe, at the Confluence, was next reached. The aspect of things here, and the measure of encouragement, will be best collected from Mr. Crowther's own remarks. He says, under date August 26, 1857:—

'In Igbegbe, at the Confluence, we were most warmly received, and the assurance that we were now about to make a permanent stay with them gave unbounded delight. A spot of land is cleared for the factory, on the south side of the town, near the river; and I have taken some open ground on the north side for our mission station: not being quite so near the river, it will not be disturbed by traffic. Dr. Baikie and Lieutenant Glover have engaged to provide funds for a church connected with the station, and I have already ordered materials for the erection of the temporary necessary buildings in the mission premises.

'"On Sunday, the 16th, I commenced public teaching in the town, by way of conversation on the religion of Christ, which was attentively listened to by those who were present. On Sunday, the 23rd, I occupied my place again in the antehall of the Galadima's premises, where a number, from forty to fifty, as many as the room could hold, came together, whom I addressed from the golden rule of our blessed Saviour, 'Whatsoever that ye would that men should do to you, *do ye* even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets;' to which they paid satisfactory attention. This text, which was carefully read on Saturday in Haussa, and which I made Kosumo to read in Arabic, was again subjected to comparison; when I told them, that if they should be in doubt of any text which might be read to them from the New Testament, they could prove it from the corresponding text in the Arabic Bible, a copy of which I presented to the Galadima. I had Sunday-school afterwards."

'From Idda upwards the river scenery becomes strikingly beautiful. Ridges of hills burst into view, and, as they are approached, new ranges disclose themselves. Instead of the wearisome mangrove swamps of the coast, mountains rise, with all the wildness and variety of volcanic formations, and a new and beautiful vegetation gratifies the eye. Occasionally travellers are reminded of well-remembered scenes on the Clide or the Rhine; but the illusion is soon dissipated, for there are strange denizens in these African waters which have no place near home: crocodiles, ten or twenty feet long, sleeping gently, as though secure from molestation, and hippopotami blowing around the ship by night, and blowing away on the shoals by day. As the steamer passed upwards from the Confluence towards Egga, new rivers were discovered—the Romfi and the Lafun. The first was discerned from the Rennell mountains flowing from east south-east, its mouth having escaped notice as the steamer passed up. They are both affluents of the Kowarra, but are not marked on any chart.

'Egga was the ultimate advance of the suffering expedition of 1841. It was then described as the largest town which had been met with on the bank of the river, the population being rated at 7,000 or 8,000. At the time of the first expedition, the indications of native industry, and prosecution of various manufactures, under every disadvantage, were especially pleasing. Some 200 looms were at work throughout the town. The cloth produced from them was uncommonly

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neat, and of various hues, white, or striped-white, blue, and red. The webs were three inches wide, and about fifty or sixty yards long. They were afterwards sewn together to any length or width which might be required. The weaving is done by the men: the women are occupied in preparing the dyes. Besides these, potters were busy at their vessels of clay; blacksmiths at their anvils; and grinders of Indian corn at the stones.

'The houses, like those of Idda, are of a conical shape, but the doors higher, so that it is possible to enter them without knocking the head against the lintel: the walls are of clay mixed with straw, so as to render them more durable: they are without windows, and with but one door. Some of a superior character are built with two walls, about two feet distant from each other, the outer wall forming a kind of verandah, so as to keep the inside dry and cool.

'Unlike Idda, Egga does not appear to have suffered loss since the time of the first expedition. On the contrary, it was found to be more densely populated. The population is stated to have increased from 8,000 to 12,000.

'Egga must be considered as the centre of the Nufi, or Nufe, nation, called by the Yoruba people "Tagba," a numerous section of the African race, extending from the Confluence, along the left bank of the river, to Rabba, and beyond it. It presents, therefore, the precise position to which some of our Sierra-Leone Christians, themselves expatriated Nufis, or the children of such, may be transferred, with every prospect of usefulness, to be evangelists among their countrymen, as are Samuel Crowther among the Yorubas, and J. C. Taylor among the Ibos. "Here," exclaims the veteran pioneer of the society—himself an African, the Rev. S. Crowther—"here are extensive openings before the society, but how to occupy them is the next and most important question. Ought there to be any difficulty with the church, if heathen kings and Mohammedan rulers put no obstacle in the way of fulfilling Christ's last command to his disciples, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?'"

'In leaving Egga, the expedition was about to enter on new regions, as yet unvisited by a missionary, and to penetrate into the heart of Sudan, that vast extent of African country which awaits our cultivation. Here are "fertile lands, irrigated by large navigable rivers and extensive lakes, ornamented with the finest timber, and producing various species of grain, rice, sesamum, ground-nuts in unlimited abundance, the sugar-cane, &c., together with cotton and indigo, the most valuable commodities of trade. The whole of Central Africa, from Bagirmi to the east as far as Timbuctoo to the west, abounds in these products. The natives of these regions not only weave their own cotton, but dye their home-made shirts with their own indigo." * The far-famed Niger, and its branches, give access to these regions, and here has been the great battle-field, where Islamism, by commercial enterprise and acts of predatory warfare, has been aggressing upon a weak heathenism, trampling it down and establishing itself with a rude dominancy in the sovereignty of these lands.

'The expedition was about to approach Rabba at a singularly opportune moment, when the irritating action of intestine war amongst the Felatah rulers was stayed for a moment, and in the calm which prevailed they were disposed to yield a more favourable reception to its members and objects, than, under other circumstances,

* Barth's Travels, &c., in North and Central Africa. Preface.

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could have been expected. We quote from Mr. Crowther's communication, which is full of interesting facts.

'"*Sept.* 22.—Hearing that Sumo Zaki, the ex-king of Rabba, has returned from Sokoto, and Dasaba, of Lade, has returned from Illorin, that both have been reconciled by the Sultan of Sokoto, and were living in the war-camp at a place called Bida, in the interior, on the back of the Admiralty range, and that a tributary stream, called Lafun, would bring us close to the camp, the *Dayspring* was directed thither from the main river on the 9th instant, when the Lafun was found to be about 200 yards wide, and varied in depth from three to five fathoms. We ascended it between the Admiralty range for eleven miles, according to the course of the stream, to the ferry called Wuyagi. It would be navigable for the *Dayspring* yet further up. On the 14th, we went to the camp at Bida, about thirteen miles from the Lafun; and on the 15th we had an interview with Sumo Zaki and Dasaba, in their separate camps, by whom we were most warmly received and liberally entertained."

'The result of this interview, the first which has taken place between a Christian missionary and the Felatah rulers, our readers will desire to be made acquainted with. It is encouraging beyond all we could have anticipated. "*Sumo Zaki and Dasaba have not only offered the whole river to us for trade and commerce, with their protection, but they have also given us full permission to teach the heathen population under their government the religion of the Anasara, and promised me a place for a mission station at Rabba, on their return thither. I think the society should lose no time, but take them at their word, and at once establish agents among them.*"

'Of the importance of Rabba as a great central position, when rebuilt, Mr. Crowther thus speaks:—

'"Rabba is situated on cliffs ninety-six feet above the level of the river, at the rise of the water by actual measurement. The situation of Rabba, with the cliffs in front, is very similar to that of Idda, in Igara, but more open, and is the direct route from Kano to Illorin, with horses, donkeys, ivory, slaves, and other articles, only suitable for native markets. This place will be a mart of great trade when rebuilt again, especially if fostered by a trading establishment. European and Asiatic goods find their way here across the desert, and some were brought to us on board for sale. The population we met at Bida could not have been less than 60,000; and when the scattered remnants in different towns and villages along the banks of the rivers come together, the population of Rabba will amount to 70,000, composed of Fulanis, Nufis, Haussas, and a mixed body of Yorubas and Egbas, who are in the service of the Felani kings as warriors. Here, and at Illorin, are the principal strongholds of Mohammedanism. It is an important point gained if Christianity is allowed a place among them: although no immediate efforts be attempted for the conversion of Mohammedans, yet judicious arrangements should be made, so as to induce a spirit of inquiry through the only way they have, the reading of the Arabic Bible, at the same time that the reading of the Haussa language is taught as a medium of communication.

At Rabba the further proceedings of the expedition became a matter of serious consideration. The original plan, as laid down in England, from local circumstances was found to be impracticable. It was intended that Mr. Crowther, on the arrival of the steamer at the Confluence, or at Rabba, should pass on to Sokoto,

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while the steamer, penetrating farther up the river, perhaps as far as Bousa, endeavoured to open a communication with Lagos, by way of Abbeokuta. But the arrival of the expedition synchronized with that period of the year when, the latter rains having fallen, all the rivers, brakes, and swamps were at their full height, so as to render land travelling to Sokoto a matter of great difficulty. Besides this, all experienced persons dissuaded them from attempting to take the steamer to the rocks above Bousa. It was at first, therefore, purposed that a visit should be made to Illorin, with a view of opening communication between that town and Rabba, and so through Abbeokuta to Lagos, while the *Dayspring* returning to the Confluence, should await the *Sunbeam* and return with despatches and stores from England. By that time access to Sokoto would become more feasible, not only because of the subsidence of the water, but because an opportunity would be afforded of travelling under the protection of an escort, which, having accompanied Sumo Zaki from Sokoto, would then be returning to that place. These purposes were, however, subsequently changed, and it was decided to take advantage of the height of the water, and proceed as far as possible up the river before it began to fall; the despatches for England and the coast being forwarded by Sumo Zaki's messenger to Illorin, from which place the mail was to be taken to Abbeokuta. The transmission of the mail was at once attempted, and, we rejoice to say, has been completely successful. An overland mail has been established across the Yoruba country, and it is thus that we are able, at so early a date, to communicate to our readers the events which have transpired on the Niger (Kowarra). The despatches sent from Rabba, October 6th, reached Salisbury-square, London, on January 6th—just three months in transition, a rapidity of communication certainly unprecedented in the history of African enterprise. Surely this teaches us that the new mission to Rabba, which we earnestly advocate, will be no isolated undertaking, but one for which the way is prepared. The basis of action has been already provided, and through the Yoruba country these localities may be rapidly communicated with, their wants ascertained, and supplies of men and means, as may be required, forwarded by the great road of the Niger.

'The further advance of the steamer was, for the present, prevented. As we have already stated at the beginning of this article, she was wrecked on the rocks above Rabba. There, on the river's banks, our friends are stayed; and however disappointing this check must be to many who are deeply interested in the expedition, yet we believe it will be overruled for good. The locality where they have been detained is the precise one where it is needful that a firm footing should be made, and our recently-formed connexions with kings and chiefs be confirmed and established. An opportunity is afforded us of making ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the site of the new mission, and the people among whom we are to labour. Kindly feelings will be generated, and sympathies interchanged. A transient visit might have been forgotten, and left behind no permanent effect; but impressions resulting from a continued residence of months amongst them will be lasting. Our friends on the banks of the Niger are even now engaged in preparing the place to which the mission-tree shall be transplanted, with every prospect of a healthful growth.

'Meanwhile, let us do our part, and that heartily, and at once. "I should be very glad," writes Mr. Crowther, "to know the intentions of the parent committee

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respecting the Niger expedition before my return to Abbeokuta. It is important for me to know, if possible, before leaving Rabba, that I may at once take advantage of the permission of Sumo Zaki and Dasaba to make such arrangements towards establishing it at Rabba, thus connecting the Yoruba mission with the Niger from this point. Let us go up at once and possess it, for the Lord has opened a door of access unto us among the heathen tribes of the interior; and who knows but the day of the gospel-light may dawn also among the half-enlightened followers of Mohammed?" '

Monthly Retrospect.

We are not sure whether it would not require a severe effort of attention to recall one's thoughts and sympathies, just now, to India. For the first time for nearly twelvemonths, the 'Times' of Monday, the 22nd ult., appeared without a reference to it, excepting that, in its later edition, it gave insertion to a telegraphic message just received from the two seats of war in the East. The circumstance is strikingly indicative—perhaps nothing could be more so—of the depth and variety of our national relations. At war with our own greatest dependency, and, we may add, at war also with a country where, it is said, a third of the human race is living, we are now almost unconscious of any other than the most domestic sympathies. Three enemies of the supremacy of England are in the field—Yeh, Nana Sahib, and — Lord Palmerston; and Palmerston, as usual, although this time involuntarily, carries away the prize. The people are of opinion that there is more danger to be apprehended to English interests and the English reputation from the Queen's Prime Minister than from either the 'barbarian' or the Sepoy. No Indian outcry has yet called forth four leaders from the 'Times' in one day, and none has drawn from the merchants and stockbrokers of the English metropolis such a demonstration of joy as was exhibited on the morning of Saturday, February 20, when the Stock Exchange was opened for business. We may suppose that they even aided to convince Lord Palmerston that he had passed through the last phase of his political life, and had become, for the first time, an unpopular minister.

We have a conviction that the Prime Minister was not altogether unprepared for the change that awaited him, but that, like many persons in a somewhat analogous position, he scarcely expected it so soon. He very evidently, to his own judgment, saw his way clearly through at least two measures of the present Parliament,—namely, the Indian Reform Bill and the—well—the 'French Colonels' Bill'—there is no other title so well suited to it; and with this *soubriquet* it will probably descend down the stream of history. We cannot, in any other way, account for his own silence respecting other measures intended to be brought forward, except on the supposition that he considered he might be taking superfluous trouble with them. *Cui bono*, if he were to be turned out of office?

The event which has so agreeably surprised and gratified the nation has so altered our position with respect to almost all public measures, that it

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appears useless to refer to them. Look at them one by one, and see how a mere change in the ministry has affected their prospects.

There is, first, the Indian question. The utter failure of the East India Company in every department of good government, excepting the choice of able servants, for which all bad governments have been conspicuous, and its signal inability successfully to sustain a plea for continued existence, though made and supported by the highest literary talent, had prepared the way with the public for its immediate dissolution. Whether or not agreeing in the main position taken by the India Reform party concerning the connexion between the bad government of the Company and the revolt of the Sepoys, Lord Palmerston came to the sagacious conclusion, that the abolition of the Company's charter would be a popular measure, and that it might add another ray of glory to what the 'Times' has called his 'eventful and brilliant' administration. It would be useful, also, to stave off the inevitable question of Reform. Accordingly, a bill was brought in. Introduced by Lord Palmerston himself, in a speech as remarkable for its moderation of tone as for its firm and able grasp of his subject, its first reading was supported and carried by a majority composed of men of all parties, and one which seemed to ensure its ultimate success. The bill itself was, perhaps, as unobjectionable as any bill of such paramount importance could well be. It had the rare merit of a perfect freedom from all signs of mere empirical legislation. It had been well considered. It reached the very core of its subject, but touched as lightly as was possible on all those questions of detail on which it was as unadvisable as it was unnecessary to legislate in haste. By Lord Palmerston's defeat, this well-built scaffolding falls to the ground. The party represented by Lord Derby has given in its adhesion to the policy of procrastination. 'Show,' said Lord Ellenborough, 'you have the power everywhere to put down all opposition to your rule. Stand as sovereigns of the country before you think of forming a new government.' More decisive still was the expression of Lord Derby's opinion. He did not anticipate any immediate advantage from substituting the name of the Queen for that of the Company in India, and deprecated as suicidal any legislation upon the subject until the existing revolt was suppressed. 'At such a moment,' he concluded, 'to introduce a subject of difference, which shall distract the attention both of the Government and of the Company from that common object, the promotion of which ought to be occupying their utmost energies, and which shall lead them into a contest for power, is an act which appears to me just as suicidal as if, when a vessel has sprung a leak, and all hands are wanted to work the pumps, the crew should quarrel as to what course they should steer, or who should take the helm. *I think it perfect madness to raise such a question at such a time.*'

Clearly, therefore, Lord Derby will not take up the India Bill. Some one else, perhaps Lord Palmerston himself, sitting on the Opposition benches, will do so, and very probably hoist himself again into office by its means. A wise man may say a rash thing, and had Lord Derby been able to forecast events, he would, perhaps, have been more ambiguous in the expression of his opinion.

The Alien, *alias* the Conspiracy, *alias* the French Colonels' Bill, will, we suppose, be put into the ministerial wastepaper basket. After the expression

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of opinion on the part of the Law Lords on Monday night, the 22nd, when her Majesty's Attorney-General received such a correction of his legal learning as perhaps no attorney-general ever received before, very few lawyers will care to undertake a second defence of it. Notwithstanding, also, the temper of the French ambassador, we anticipate nothing disagreeable in our foreign relations. If anything of a serious nature should occur, Lord Palmerston's bullying and cringing policy will alone be answerable for it. His conduct, in regard to this matter, has been even more unworthy of his high and responsible position, more illustrative of what we have always considered his real character, than any event of his long public life. The introduction of the bill by himself; the shifting ground that one after another of the ministers felt it necessary to stand upon for its defence; the undignified explanation, that Count Walewski's despatch was answered 'verbally;' the miserable legal defence of it by Sir Richard Bethell, and the lame defence of it by the Lord Advocate; the hot-tempered reply of the Premier to Mr. Milner Gibson's speech; the hasty and unprecedented publication of Lord Cowley's note; the great descent of the police upon foreign teachers, small booksellers, and Birmingham printers;—the whole together constitute the most unworthy and undignified course of proceeding on the part of an English Prime Minister and an English Government which has ever appeared in history. We sincerely believe, that no other great statesman could be found who would so readily lend himself to the purposes of a despotic government. We always knew, and have never hesitated to express our opinion, that Lord Palmerston's sympathies were entirely with the worst governments of Europe; we knew that exiled liberal statesmen had always found in him their worst enemy, and we hoped that, for the sake of every interest of liberty—for the sake of public principle—for the sake of the reputation of the age, his public character would one day stand out fully revealed. We trust that, to some extent, it is so now; and we have confidence that, before many months, very little of it, as it has appeared in the eyes of the majority of his admiring countrymen, will remain. We believe that in future he will more nearly suit his acts to his speeches. In one respect, we shall like him better. He will be truer to himself, and be better understood. We do not object—we have no right to do so—to his attachment to comparatively arbitrary political principles; nor have we any objection to his using his unquestionably great influence in their support; we object only to his assumption of a character which he cannot, consistently with either honour or integrity, sustain, and to his using his reputation as a mask behind which he may safely strike at the most valued of our rights as Englishmen and our privileges as hosts to the world's exiles.

We must allude to one other measure, namely, the Church-rate Abolition Bill. First, however, let us heartily congratulate the Religious Liberation Society on the decisive and brilliant success of its bold and manly course of action in relation to this measure; and, secondly, let us offer a no less hearty congratulation to those gentlemen who, scarcely a month ago, were so politely bowed out of Cambridge-house on the occasion of the presentation of the Church-rate addresses. Twisting nor turning, in sinuous obedience to the traditional tactics of parliamentary warfare, neither to the right nor to the left, they placed a Liberal Government, backed by

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Tory sympathies and votes, in a minority of no less than 53—a result the most signal and decisive with regard to the future progress of the bill through the House of Commons. But how will it be affected by a change of Government? Every way, favourably. Liberals will not longer be hampered by the consideration that they are opposing a Liberal ministry, and in prospect of an early appeal to the country on the respective merits of a policy of progress or of stagnation will be rather anxious to show their zeal in favour of a measure so popular with all Liberal constituencies. We are inclined, therefore, to think that Lord Palmerston's defeat will add to the majority in favour of the bill, and so serve to send it with greater impetus up to the 'other place.' Of its prospects there no one can have two opinions. We half question whether it will find even a seconder.

Putting aside, therefore, all political and personal prejudices, we have not the shadow of a doubt that every question of Reform will gain largely by Palmerston's resignation. It will hinder the ultimate success of no good measure; it will aid the success of some; and besides this it will help to strengthen and consolidate the Liberal party. Braced by opposition they will be ready and willing to move faster than under the wheedling influence of an agreeable but indifferent minister.

One word on the moral aspect of the change that has taken place. It is, perhaps, the most signal instance of retributive justice to be found in the annals of English politics. The last act of Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Bright before they were unseated by the anti-Yeh furor, was to put Lord Palmerston in a minority. Their subsequent rejection by their old constituents crowned the minister's short-lived triumph. Their very first act, however, as soon as they have taken their seats in the new Parliament, is to put the same minister in a similar minority. They, too, have had their revenge, and Palmerston has received his due reward.

The Education question has again been brought up, and Sir John Pakington has actually commanded a majority in favour of a motion to which his name was attached. We regret this only because the adoption of the resolution praying for the issue of a royal commission may seem to imply the assent of the House of Commons to Sir John Pakington's view of the education question. The right honourable baronet, in his opening speech, took his usual lugubrious view of the educational condition of the country. Poor England! equally maligned by friend and foe, what must be your reputation with your neighbours? We have said that Sir John gained an assent to his motion, but it was not before the House had been told some plain truths by members of the Voluntary party. Mr. Hadfield, in particular, put it in possession of the principal facts indicative of the rapid progress of education amongst the working classes, and warned it that at present the working classes had no confidence whatever in anything done by the Government—they felt they were not represented, and by-and-by, he added, the House would hear of this in a way they little dreamed of. The royal commission, however, is now appointed. At an enormous expense it will collect, no doubt, a great mass of valuable information; such as we are already in possession of. It may possibly give assistance to Sir John in his next motion, but we apprehend that its report and evidence

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will, like the educational census, only bring fresh evidence in favour of th ability and willingness of the people to do without any government assis ance, except in matters of police. Such, at least, has been the tendency o all recent information and opinion.

There is some last news from India and China. All India, exceptin Oude, is nearly subdued; and to Oude the Commander-in-chief and hi forces are turning. Every mail now brings more decisive intelligence and the end can, thank God, almost be seen. Canton, too, is ours; an Yeh is ours; although what will be done with either, will, we are afraid rather puzzle the diplomatists. Will they bring Yeh to England in orde that Lord Palmerston, in his day of humiliation, may be gratified with a sight of the 'barbarian?'

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

Sheffield, Jan. 9, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—As a reader and SUBSCRIBER from the first of the BEST sixpenny periodical ever published, I thank you most sincerely for the able articles which it contains. In reading over 'George Warrington' I find the question asked, 'Where shall he go?' I answer in all such cases, go to a large field of labour; not wait for a CALL, but go out on a missionary tour; to be practical, come to Sheffield. I'll take 'George Warrington' to a district of the town with a population of FIFTY thousand, and not a solitary place of worship. I should like to see the waste places at home occupied; could you not take up the idea, and let us have a few articles upon 'Ministers in search of a birth?' 'Would it be right for a minister to go into a large town to preach the gospel, if there were already ministers of his denomination there?' the object of course being to establish a new interest, relying upon the aid and blessing of his divine Master; in other words, is free trade in religion to be the LAW to scatter the seeds of love in the neglected ground? I like to see a goodly number of Notices to Correspondents, and think this feature worthy of notice; it is always an interesting corner.

I trust every EARNEST friend of the 'Spectator' will yet try and procure one new subscriber; I will, or give a copy away. We cannot afford to let such a magazine die. Wishing you every success and every blessing,

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

W. L. HUMFREY.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

APRIL, 1858.

Preaching to the Poor.

We will not raise the question whether the poor more than others need to be preached to, nor suggest the desirableness of preaching as pointedly to some other classes, although the tone sometimes adopted might elicit the demand, 'Suppose ye that these Galileans are sinners above all the Galileans?' There are, however, sufficient and obvious reasons for these efforts, without assuming the greater depravity of those who constitute the base of the social pyramid; and we trust we need scarcely say that all well-advised endeavours to interest the people in any truths adapted to promote their well-being have our hearty sympathy.

The lectures before us,* with others not enumerated, have suggested some considerations which we would slightly intimate before characterising these productions and their authors.

We think, then, that something more than good intentions may fairly be demanded by fellow-Christians, and that Nonconformists, who are not reconciled to the exhibition of Christianity in the livery of the State, even by the plea that the gospel is preached and good effected, may well be somewhat sensitive as to the manner in which spiritual results are attempted in other directions. It is not enough that crowds are collected, nor that the speaker professes a religious object. So did the Archbishop of Treves, when he drew hundreds of thousands to 'the holy coat.' But we want no holy coat Christianity here. And though 'winking virgins' are, no doubt, a very good spec. for filling Catholic churches, nothing will reconcile us to Protestant tricks unworthy of the truth, derogatory to the Christian character, and likely to prepare the

* Lectures by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, to Working Men, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Lectures to the Men of Liverpool, by Hugh Stowell Brown. The New Park-street Pulpit; Sermons by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

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popular mind for still more questionable proceedings. Bating, however, the 'pious fraud' of the Romish priests, we fear that some of the clap-trap occasionally resorted to among ourselves to attract the people might be put into the same category with their 'coats' and 'pictures.' It would not be difficult to name titles of lectures, for example, that not even the 'Wizard of the North' would introduce into his bills. The poor want preachers, not showmen; or, if they must have 'mummers' other than at Christmas, we would not have them supplied by Christian churches. We refrain from specifying the things we complain of as tending to bring our common Christianity into disrepute, believing that the grave error must reveal itself as such to the gentlemen who have condescended to such experiments. We are aware, indeed, that the 'fastidiousness' of thoughtful Christians is trampled on by some with very lofty scorn, as was 'the pride of Plato' by Diogenes, and one extremely popular preacher is reported to have said that he 'would even stand on his head if he could thereby save souls;' certainly a most noble illustration of self-sacrificing zeal. There was One who, to save sinners, endured the cross, despising the shame; and there was an apostle willing to be made an anathema after the example of his Lord, if he could but save his brethren; but this standing on the head is a new reading of the old lesson. To proceed; our readers will agree with us that a suitable maxim for estimating the comparative value of the labours we are considering may be found by recognising as the desideratum,—

The most good, with the least alloy.

If the good be unquestionable, but the drawbacks serious, satisfaction is correspondingly diminished. The good and evil may sometimes even appear so balanced that joy is neutralized by regret, regret by joy; while if there should be cases in which, though the good may be patent, the evil preponderates, how could wisdom endorse the agent? True, the rules of our spiritual arithmetic are not so definite as those in the 'Tutor's Assistant;' neither in moral algebra is the unknown quantity exactly discoverable, but we must do our best in the way of approximation.

By the 'good' we have stated as the desideratum, we should like to mean nothing partial, nothing fragmentary, but, as far as possible,

The elevation of the whole man.

As far as it can be ascertained, we would have God's whole idea of man, both as an individual and a social being, before the mind of the preacher as his one object towards which to work. A recognition of the true ideal will save him from many mistakes. It is true, he can but select, can but begin, but he can so work that what he does shall help, and not hinder, all that yet remains to be done. *Ceteris paribus*, he will preach best to a class who has the truest, which will therefore be the broadest and deepest, views of what preaching in general should aim at, and thus of what it should be; while he who would preach to 'the people' needs especially to address himself to his particular work begirt with all wise remembrances, seeing that, less than other classes, can the poor supply the deficiencies of the preacher, or correct for

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themselves his errors. Let a preacher sow crudities, even broad-cast, among the intelligent, and they will not allow the undesirable seed any lodgment; or, if he reason ever so viciously, he will not mislead them; deluged with vulgarity, they will take no stain; or, though he indulge in invective, and his strain be adapted to excite unhallowed passions, the wise and self-disciplined are safe from infection. But the poor are peculiarly open to influences against which the better trained are on their guard; and by how much they are at the mercy of those who are able to gain their ear, by so much is the responsibility of the popular preacher heightened, and he should see to it that his power is guided by wisdom, as indeed it will be, in the degree in which it is instinct with love.

There is no reason for preachers to the poor confining themselves to one or two topics, or fancying appeals to the understanding, or even argument, unsuitable. Their hearers feel a pleasure in having hitherto unexercised portions of their nature awakened. To appeal disproportionately to conscience, or to besiege them only on the side of their hopes and fears, though effecting, apparently, a larger amount of immediate good, will scarcely produce the most desirable results in the long run. That which is the most exciting at the moment may also secure the largest amount of reaction afterwards. Physicians administer stimulants cautiously. They are also careful as to quantity. Too much is worse than too little. So the preacher should remember that exaggeration, even if undetected, and implicitly received, cannot but work ill. The people, mistaking it for strength, will crave it as the dram-drinker his glass, and a pernicious habit will be formed which will influence them in all things. The Saviour denounced the Pharisees for their very zeal in proselyting, because their 'converts' became worse than themselves. If we wish to know the philosophy of this, perhaps it is not far to seek.

Especially should the preacher to the poor recoil from anything like confirming them in their prejudices, or in any unworthy habits. To pander to a low or vulgar taste would be a grave offence, but to kindle malignant passions or unhallowed feelings of any kind would be cruel, would be sinful. They should be addressed from, in all respects, a higher level, and the preacher should be to them what the angel who said, 'Come up hither,' was to John.

We have ventured on these hints, though so obvious, because signs are not wanting that some men are for dashing at their object in the shortest way rather than the wisest. Bent on 'effect,' they may fail to resemble 'the wise woman' who 'buildeth her house,' and may only remind us of her opposite neighbour. Earnestness in a good cause is pleasant to behold, but zeal, hand in hand with knowledge, is beyond praise. We confess we are desirous to have 'apples of gold in baskets of silver,' and consider that 'discretion' is as needful for a popular preacher as for 'a fair woman,' without which, power in the one 'as beauty in the other' is very much 'like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout.' Not even preaching to the poor should be what Robert Hall called 'a running at the mouth.'

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This article has been occasioned by the efforts made in many places, and especially in three large centres, the metropolis, Liverpool, and Manchester; and the names of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Mursell, and Mr. Brown, are instantly suggested. Each of these gentlemen has succeeded in securing the attention of thousands. The first, indeed, in his 'Sermons' does not address the poor particularly, but Mr. Mursell's Lectures, and Mr. Brown's, are to working men.

We have read these last with much satisfaction. Mr. Brown knows how to speak to 'the people.' He has almost every qualification for it, if we may judge from his printed addresses. There is no maudlin sentimentality, but all is healthful as the breeze on the hill. There is no clap-trap; he is both too honest and too earnest for that. There is neither a Pharisaic scorn of vice, nor any effeminate apologizing for it, but a wise Christian man's righteous hatred of it, who knows how to look on those who are sin-degraded as his brethren. He speaks to the people almost as one of themselves, only from a higher level; and, though he uses their daily phrases, yet so as that he does not thereby pander to vulgarity. He has a happy acquaintance with our homely common-sense proverbs, and employs them tellingly. There is no affectation of extraordinary 'concern for the poor' or their 'souls;' but there is that real manly concern which can afford to dispense with profession, and to express itself chiefly in calm, but brave and sensibly earnest endeavours. The proverb, 'Much cry and little wool,' you may reverse in his case. His true desire to benefit the people is partly shown by the pains with which he collects and prepares the statistics of vice, poverty, disease, &c., in order that his well-marshalled facts may preach to the understanding. The genuineness of his earnestness is evinced by the cheerfulness with which it toils along the highway of common sense. He has no recourse to reckless, undiscriminating charges, and is too strong for exaggeration. Truth is enough for him; would that this were no distinction! While he faithfully touches the worst vices, yet you never feel that the censor himself must have a coarse taste or prurient imagination. These Sunday afternoon lectures are not 'sermons,' not intended to be. In them he grapples with acknowledged evils, but still, while opening the eyes of the people to the real nature of much of what their daily life too often is, and showing what it might be, he is never ashamed of the gospel of Christ, nor chargeable with even seeming to let them go away with the impression that anything else, and not the kingdom of heaven, is the first thing to be sought. In Mr. Brown we have a man who, we should judge, can afford to go wherever any classes of God's creatures are domesticated, for he is strong, and his strength is holy.

We are not surprised that the 'Men of Liverpool' flock to hear him, and are content for the most part to stand, packed closely together, in a hall filled by between two and three thousand, while often hundreds go away unable to wedge themselves into the throng. The audience, we learn, is composed of men, with a sprinkling of women, about five per cent. of the whole; artizans and skilled labourers, about sixty per cent.; unskilled, about fifteen per cent.; and the remainder,

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young men in offices and shops. We rejoice to hear of a large number of encouraging results, among which that many have been led to attend various places of worship, and many have joined Mr. Brown's own church, who were first attracted by the Concert Hall Lectures. The printed lectures sell well, too, the circulation varying from fifteen to twenty-five thousand; while of that entitled 'Five Shillings and Costs,' forty-five thousand have been put in circulation. Will Mr. Brown permit us to add that we should much like to see some *Sermons* to the Working Men by him? For we think with his happy qualifications his success as a preacher might be even more gratifying than his success as a lecturer.

Mr. Mursell is a younger man, and we are not disposed to bring what we presume to be his first efforts before a very rigorous tribunal. We have had his 'Lectures' before us while writing, and think he may, without disadvantage, first, satisfy himself as to the soundness of our previous observations, and then cast his eye again over his own productions. If we add any suggestions, let him be assured we do it as a friend; for not only does he bear an honoured name, but we feel a special regard for our younger brethren.

Appreciating his desire to serve the working classes, we would hint to him that, although a needless accommodation of one's self as a speaker to their habits may elicit a laugh or cheer, yet, on the whole, shrewd men, however coarse, unpolished, or even vulgar, nevertheless deem themselves more respectfully treated when 'gentlemen' retain their own proper manners and modes of expression. To be plain we need not be slovenly. If we go among workmen we need not therefore exchange our own attire for fustian jackets, nor go with our shoes down at heel. Because we address tailors we are not called to appear in their peculiar undress. The Master preached to the poor, and the common people heard him gladly, but the proprieties of Heaven itself were never laid aside. The love he attracted was permeated with respect, with reverence; so, in part, he blessed men. The poor do not require us to speak of 'lots of men here,' nor of a supposed learned divine of a past generation as 'the old boy,' nor to 'give them a leg over Lord Bumkin's garden wall,' nor to assure them that 'Tom Styles and Billy Ruffin are as welcome to come to Christ as Lord Mutanhed and Sir Diggory Doolittle.' By the way, why should a Christian minister, in speaking to the working classes, whose prejudices are quite strong enough, if he refer to those above them in the social scale, nickname them 'Lord Bumkin,' 'Lord Mutenhed,' &c.? We think this is something worse than questionable taste. There is, too, sometimes an air of levity which no doubt belied the speaker's real feelings, as when he says:—

'It was but three days ago the apparatus was set to work, and instead of launching the *Great Eastern* into the water, it launched one or two men into eternity, and four or five families into bereavement and poverty, by twirling the heads of these families up into the air, and cracking their skulls against the ground.'

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Nor is anything gained by countenancing the unhappy familiarity of the working classes with such words as 'damned' and 'damnation;' nor do we like, though invited, to 'think of the damned scourge that lashed the Man of Sorrows.'

We would advise Mr. M. to go through one of his lectures, pen in hand, and, bracing himself to the painful task, resolutely strike out ninety-nine adjectives out of every hundred, and see how much he has added by taking away. And, while we suggest to him to be his own censor, we would hint that, perhaps, he will still further practise the art of blotting in respect to all such things as, the 'slimy snake from amongst the cabbage-leaves (!) in Eden, hissing his damnable guile, &c.;' and 'the smile upon the Saviour's face deepening to an awful scowl;' and 'Satan cutting his infernal capers,' and 'smoking his pipe in the chimney-corner of our hearts,' &c. &c. And we would as fraternally hint to him not to be above pains-taking as to his more doctrinal representations. Perhaps, if he comes to consider that it is not always possible to improve on the Scripture statements, he may himself see reason to demur to representing Christ as 'the object of his Father's wrath;' or as, even now, 'dispelling the frown on Jehovah's brow,' &c.; holding 'back the arm of justice, as it is upraised to hurl the bolts of retribution at the presumptuous heads of an infatuated race; and constantly reminding an incensed God that his erring creatures are but dust, &c.' On the whole, too, we think the simple and touching records of the death of our Saviour are scarcely improved by rhetorical amplification, when a youthful orator thus descants and apostrophizes:—

'He endured the cross, despising the shame—[so far we have Scripture, and the words, though so familiar, are touching as ever; but now see whether our human patchwork adds force or tenderness. The italics are ours, given partly in illustration of previous remarks, and partly for other obvious reasons]—and whilst *gloating* eyes *leered* upon his agony, while the *barbed* spear was rankling in his side,* the nails were fastened in his flesh and thorns were lacerating his majestic brow, through *hyæna laughter* and *demon shrieks* of scorn his pleading voice was heard ere he gave up the ghost, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" O, what a spectacle for angels and for men! Sinai! cease thy thunders for a while, and bid thy *forked* lightnings sheath their *lambent* flames.† O, all ye heavenly choristers! suspend *your* anthems for an instant, and bid *thy* young and *rose-lipped* cherubims *turn their complexions* here! And you, ye hapless inmates of the nether gloom, hush your dismal mutterings, and break off your galling chains!' &c.

We cannot understand what is come to some of our young brethren. They seem to take a strange delight in misrepresenting their elders. What are we to make, for example, of this outburst?—

* 'Please, Mr. Mursell, as I read at Sunday-school, the spear was not thrust into the side till after he was dead. And please, sir, was the spear barbed?'—*Printer's boy.*

† 'What are the "*lambent* flames" of the "*forked* lightnings?"'—*Printer's boy.* Really this printer's boy must be discharged, for he has the impertinence to add that he 'could fill whole pages with similar remarks and queries on Mr. Mursell's lectures;' and we cannot approve of highly popular preachers being corrected by P. D.'s.

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'O, it is a glorious study to contemplate the character and attributes of God! But, now-a-days, men seem only to study *it* (?) as a mere science, and proclaim *it* as though it were a mere entertainment, and the gospel nothing but a play. Ministers are seeking to set forth their own inane and miserable gifts, and playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep, by calling to their aid, in preaching the kingdom of Christ, the vagaries of a mountebank and the mechanics of a stage. *He* is not the great man now who proclaims most faithfully the gospel of truth, but he who juggles most impiously with the things of God, and trifles most daringly with the souls of men.'

Who in the world are these 'ministers,' Mr. Mursell? You are just come from college, we understand, and doubtless have had time and opportunity for observation on a large scale. You must enlighten us all a little, and, if need be, use the 'whip,' like your metropolitan brother Spurgeon. Or, is it possible you mean only some one offender, very prominent and popular? Then, why use the comprehensive plural, and why sweep down the whole ministerial host so indiscriminately? And then, too, why be so wanting in carefulness in your own productions as to expose yourself to the possible retort, *Tu quoque?* But interpret it how we may, we must on every account regret that such tirades, and, we are bound to add, utter misrepresentations, should be dealt out to the 'Working Classes.'

We almost fear Mr. Mursell will set us down among 'the dogs who prate so much about it' [dignity], and whom he permits 'to bark and snap,' only comforting himself that 'it is a consolation to know that when they try to *yelp* down these humble efforts to bring a lesson of humanity and a gospel message home to a hard heart, it is not the Master of the house who sets them on.'

We could have quoted many very proper and praiseworthy things from Mr. Mursell's lectures, but we consider efforts to benefit the working classes so important, and are so anxious that they should be successful to far higher and holier ends than the mere fact of collecting them and fixing their attention, that we have been induced, with most uncritic-like reluctance, to suggest specimens of blemishes, which are by no means few nor trivial; and we promise ourselves the pleasure of being able to notice his subsequent efforts with less of stricture and more of praise.

We have left ourselves no room for Mr. Spurgeon, although in our article in last number we proposed to return to the subject. We must still postpone the fulfilment of our design. But we have had several numbers of the New Park Street pulpit before us while writing, and their author has seldom been out of our thoughts.

With the exception of the 'epithets,' the faults of Mr. Mursell are found abundantly in the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon, who has, however, unquestionably, much power. But with all his force, and earnestness, and faith, Mr. Spurgeon is not strong enough, nor calmly, deeply earnest enough, nor lovingly confident enough in truth, to dispense with the treacherous aid of exaggeration. In his hands the mirror of truth generally proves to be a huge concave lens. Parts of things are exaggerated, and therefore the whole is distorted; while as to 'bloody,' 'damnation,' 'damned,' and 'damnable,' we should imagine

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Mr. Spurgeon's hearers often have as much in the hour he is preaching as they would get in any place in London. But Mr. Spurgeon's is all 'high-pressure preaching.' Few men have power to do so much evil in the way of exciting class-prejudices and class-hatred as Mr. S. seems to consider part of his vocation. Only the prejudices are theological, not social. But he who should do socially what Mr. Spurgeon does theologically, would be a demagogue indeed. That he is honest in it does not lessen our regret.

We deplore also that the glorious gospel of the blessed God, as contained in the New Testament—or, at least, as we read it there—is not evangelical enough for New Park Street. We have all read of painting the lily, and gilding refined gold; this is something of the process Mr. Spurgeon is addicted to. He gospelizes the gospel; an achievement which there are more methods than one of accomplishing. You may alter the proportions. You may intensify this. and modify that, and omit the other. Only get a microscope of sufficient power, and you may make a needle's point look like the Peak of Teneriffe. And 'there it is; people can see it for themselves.'

But as we may resume the subject we will omit further animadversions, and in fairness suggest some considerations of another kind.

There are many things which ministers may learn from Mr. S., whose sermons we advise them to study; partly, indeed, that they may see the more clearly some evils to be avoided, as the Spartans used to exhibit their helots drunk before their sons, that they might learn to hate the vice; and partly for the hints they may derive for their own greater effectiveness. We have no wish for a whole generation of Spurgeons; but, having one, we should like the phenomenon to be made as available for good as may be.

Seeing this is the nineteenth century of the Christian era, it is not without a feeling of sadness that we suggest, as one of the lessons to be learnt from Mr. Spurgeon's preaching and success, the obvious necessity there still is for frequently dwelling on the first principles of the gospel. Possibly some of us had almost beguiled ourselves into the pleasant belief that this was becoming superfluous in a land where Bibles are plentiful as blackberries, and where, if the ministers were mustered and marshalled, they would make an army of thirty thousand, or more. We must add, however, that even 'the first principles of the doctrine of Christ' afford so much scope, that neither sameness nor dulness is inevitable, and that the 'preaching of foolishness' is quite another thing from foolish preaching.

Perhaps they may also learn the desirableness of presenting truth for the most part *objectively*, and thus attain to a yet deeper conviction of the wisdom of the principle on which 'spiritual things' are set forth in the Scriptures. One of the profound advantages of the genuine Christianity of the New Testament, over all attempted improvements, is, that TRUTH is a person.

The advantage of plentiful and various *illustration* is another lesson which it may be wise for men much wiser than himself, nevertheless, to learn of Mr. S., who may also teach them to *condescend*, if it be

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condescension, to men of in all respects low estate. Indeed, there are many readings of the apostle's phrase, 'We know no man after the flesh,' and all worth the preacher's mindfulness.

We shrink from mentioning the *dogmatic*, as a style to be recommended, for of dogmatism in some pulpits we have had *quantum suff.* But we may perhaps suggest that, when a competently furnished and thoughtful man has impartially investigated Scripture truth, and come to sure and certain convictions as in the sight of God, he may often, with advantage to large portions of the people, deal largely and boldly in the declaratory. Let us often have the EVERLASTING YES. In other words, he may 'preach' instead of argue and prove and teach. Yet we write this with reluctance, being deeply convinced that one of the most absolute requirements of our day is, that there shall be *more teaching* in the pulpit. The offices of evangelist and pastor have come to be combined, although the higher a man's qualification for one office, the less, generally speaking, is he qualified for the other. Now Mr. S. is essentially an evangelist, not a pastor; a preacher, rather than a teacher. But they who are called to be both may learn from any man who excels in either capacity. We wish indeed Mr. Spurgeon's 'converts' could be placed for a few years under some quietly earnest and biblically accomplished *pastor*, apt to teach, and who would at least once every Sunday treat his congregation as a large Bible class. We do not suppose they would like it, but they would be all the better for it. Change of air would be a fine thing for them. They would deem it cruel to be weaned; children always do. Nevertheless, afterwards, like chastening, it would yield them large compensation.

One of the Forgotten Dead.

'MASTER HENRY SMITH.'

(Concluded.)

WE have little more to do in this concluding article than to quote from Smith's sermons, which we are persuaded will be more acceptable to our readers than any remarks we might make, tempting as it is to linger as we read and interpose some free observations. Since writing our previous paper we have been directed to another Fullerian testimony to Smith. In giving it entire we would direct attention to two remarks that therein occur: in one place Fuller significantly says, 'Smith's sermons keep up their constant credit, as appears by their daily impressions; calculated for all times, places, and persons.' This remark is strictly applicable to our own times. Making allowance for allusions to the history of that transition period in the church history of Great Britain, and simply altering the obsolete spelling, these sermons would read in our own nineteenth century as modern compo-

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sitions. There is in truth a freshness about them that is marvellous; 'good old Queen Bess' was burning and imprisoning the poor Brownists; even Fuller, with all his grave and deep piety, half exults over the Nonconformists, 'who are now all still and quiet, wearied with a former blustering, the condemnation of Udal and Penry '(he might have added Greenwood and Barrow)' having so terrified them into silence;' all kinds of religious manifestations were rife; dissatisfaction with the present state of ecclesiasticism was most abundant; good men were battering their brains on those subtleties and crudities which Hudibras caricatures, and which Sir Thomas Brown so eloquently discourses upon in his 'Religio Medici;' to all which may be added stormy political factions and black clouds looming in Scotland; and yet you may read through Smith's sermons and find no allusion but to the *sins* of his day, which he terribly denounces whilst exhorting sinners to accept a full salvation. Smith never had a bazaar to get funds for *his* church; nor did he ever have, as lately there was held, a coronet-honoured fancy fair, during which a portrait of the popular young preacher and of Lord Palmerston hung side by side, with the modest superscription, 'the two prime ministers of England.' Smith strove to save souls; kept no brougham, and never kissed his hand to his audience. He was too much of a real *man* to do the last, and too much of a *saint* to forget the tremendous mental agony the first required. ''Tis pitiful to court a jest when one should woo a soul.' For instance, here is a sermon in that nauseating impertinence, the penny pulpiteering puffer, called '*The Great Reservoir;*' the text being, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life;' after which follow a few pages of pious platitudes on water companies and the gospel. 'Master Henry Smith' never so condescended to the buffoon; he never made his hearers laugh during his sermon; he lived too near God to think of such a thing; he would as soon of thought of asking Moses a riddle when he came down from the mount, as utter a quip or a quirk when men were being destroyed for lack of knowledge.

The other passage is, that his sermons were *still popular* in Fuller's time: 'the wonder of his worth is increased by the consideration of his tender age, dying very young, about fifty years ago.' Few sermons now printed, true we have more of them, will find their audience fifty years hence; which is a sad reflection on divinity or posterity. But we find ourselves violating our promise. We are writing and not quoting, and we will at once atone by giving the aforesaid passage, which adds something, which, though little, is valuable to our past gleanings of the history of the young and popular preacher of St. Clement's Danes. Here are some particulars of his 'birth and breeding,' which 'his life writ at large' does not contain, though written by the same old Fuller:—the following is from 'The Church History of Great Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the year MDCXLVIII.; endeavoured by Thomas Fuller, D.D., Prebendary of Sarum; author of the "Worthies of England;" "the History of the Holy War;" "Pisgah-sight of Palestine;" "Abel redivivus,"' &c., &c. It is headed,

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'A BLASPHEMOUS HERETIC RECLAIMED, AND THE CHARACTER OF MASTER HENRY SMITH.'

'This year, Robert Dichous, a Leicestershire youth (but, it seems, apprentice at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire), having parts and pregnancy above his age and profession, arrived at such a height of profaneness as not only to pretend to visions, but to account himself Elijah, sent from God to perfect some defects in the prophecy of Malachi. But by God's blessing on Mr. Henry Smith (whom his uncle, Mr. Briant Cave, this year sheriff of Leicestershire, employed therein), this heretic was reclaimed, renouncing his blasphemies by subscription under his own hand; and for ought I find to the contrary, lived peaceably and painfully the remainder of his life.

'This is that "Henry Smith," born at Withcock, in Leicestershire, of a worshipful family (and elder brother to Sir Robert Smith, still surviving), bred in Oxford, who afterwards became that famous preacher at St. Clement's Danes, in London, commonly called the "silver-tongued" Smith—being but one metal in price and parity below St. Chrysostom himself. Yea, whereas generally the sermons of those days are now grown out of fashion (*such is our age's curiosity and affectation of novelty*), Smith's sermons keep up their constant credit, as appears by their daily impressions, calculated for all times, persons, and places: so solid, the learned may partly admire; so plain, the unlearned may perfectly understand them. The wonder of his worth is increased by the consideraton of his tender age, dying very young, about fifty years ago.'

As we thus come upon 'spirits' and 'young men dreaming dreams,' it may be as well in this connexion to notice a striking sermon of Smith's, entitled, the 'Pilgrim's Wish,' from the text, Phil. i. 23, then rendered, 'I desire to be *dissolved* and to be with Christ:' in which occur these two passages, full of vigorous thought and trenchant dealing with his hearers' consciences and convictions:—

OF PURGATORY AND MASSES.

'You must understand that purgatory is like your painted sepulchres, which are framed more for the living than for the dead; for you know that the locusts of Rome live by trentals,* and dirges, and masses for the dead, as the silversmiths in Ephesus lived by images; and therefore, as *they* were loth that images should go down, so *these* are loth that their purgatory should be quenched: for it is the gainfullest lie in all Popery; for out of this lake issue their masses, and dirges, and trentals for the dead. They are said for the dead, but they make for the living; for the "dead have no portion of all that is done under the sunne." Do what you will, say what you can, masses, dirges, or trentals, they have no portion in it; they have received their reward already, and the tree lieth where it fell; yet these foolish virgins hope for oyle of the wise virgins, and think they shall bee paid for other men's labours, and alms, and trentals, and pilgrimages, and masses; as though they never read that the "just shall live by faith;" that he who believeth shall not goe to judgment, but pass from death to life; and that they who die in the Lord rest from their labours. How do they goe presently into Paradise if they stay at Purgatory, and fire, and torments? Hath *Christ* satisfied for us, and must *we* now make satisfaction for ourselves? Whither the beggar and the glutton are gone, thither must we all, that is, to Abraham's bosom, or hell-fire; there are but two kinds of men, and therefore but two ways; and where then is purgatory, which the best of the fathers confesseth that he could never find in Scripture? Therefore take heed of hell, for purgatorie is but a scare-babe.'

* Trentals, contracted from trigenta: an office for the dead in the Romish service, consisting of thirty masses rehearsed for thirty days successively after the party's death.

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Then follows, a page or two after, the following admirable passage, which, considering the period (previous to 1600) in which it was preached, exhibits such freedom from the current superstitions of the day as proves Smith to possess one, and by no means the smallest mark of real greatness—that of being largely in advance of his age.

OF THE DEPARTED AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

'The souls of the righteous are in the hands of the Lord, and no man or devil can take them out of his hands: the souls of the wicked are in the hands of the devil, and God will not let them come out of his hands, and, therefore, Abraham saith, "He who is here cannot come from hence; and they who be there cannot come from thence." For then the pains of hell were not everlasting pains, nor the joys of heaven everlasting joys, but temporal, like the pains and joys of this world. Therefore it is no soul that walks about. What then? What is this which I see in the night, like such a man, and such a man? The devil, which changeth himself into an angel of light to deceive, can change himself into the likeness of a man much more. That is it which thou seest as Saul saw Samuel (1 Sam. xxviii. 8); not *Samuel* himself! For could the witch raise Samuel out of the grave, which could not keep herself out of the grave? or, could the devil disturb the prophet after death? Then should he never be in quiet, if the devil could disturb him, because he disquieteth the godly so much while they live. But if this apparition be called *Samuel*, how doth he call it Samuel if it be not Samuel? Just as the books of Calvin are called Calvin; as the picture of Beza is called Beza; and as he who playeth the king upon a stage is called a king. As the golden mice and hemerodes which the Philistines laid in the arke were called mice and hemerodes, although they were but meere shapes and figures of them; so this likeness of Samuel is called Samuel, though it was not Samuel indeed, but only a counterfeit of Samuel. For God would not answer Saul before by oracle, nor by priest, nor by prophet; and would he answer him by the dead, who doth forbid to ask counsel of the dead? No, saith Abraham, they have Moses and the prophets: as if he should say, Let them learn out of the books of the dead, for the dead shall not return unto them. Again, if it had been Samuel himself who had taught Saul to worship God, would that holy prophet have received worship himself, as this spirit did? Again, if it had been Samuel, that was once Saul's schoolmaster, who taught him always to repent when he lived, he would rather have exhorted him to repentance now more than before, seeing the day of his death was so near. But, you will say, "Whosoever it was, it seems that he could prophesy of things to come, for he foretold Saul's death." Now can the devil prophesie? This was a very easy matter for the devil to prophesie, because, first, he knew that David was anointed before, and therefore Saul must be renounced that he might reigne, as was anointed. Secondly, he knew that Samuel had prophesied his confusion, and therefore he must be degraded, that the prophesie might be fulfilled; and, thirdly, he did see the Philistines coming against him, and therefore no marvaile if he did say that his death was near at hand, seeing a man might prophesie the same.'

A sermon on 'The Young Man's Taske,' founded on 'Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth,' from which we are about to make rather lengthened quotations, may fitly be prefaced by a word or two. In the days of 'Master Henry Smith,' bull-baiting, bear-beating, cock-fighting, morris-dances, maypoles, and such saturnalia, were the characteristic enjoyments of the English on the Lord's day.*

* *E. g.* 'Warning to Sabbath-breakers.'—'About four o'clock in the afternoon on the Lord's Day, January 13th (1583), a sad accident happened in Paris Garden, on the south side of the Thames, over against London. Whilst multitudes

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The religious and most Protestant Elizabeth saw no harm in these amusements, and doubtless honoured some with her attendance and favour; and it was not until the thirty-eighth year of her reign (A.D. 1595) that 'the strict keeping of the Sabbath was first revived,' and enforced by certain stringent laws, so stringent, that in 1618, 'that most high and mighty prince,' and most perfect of all possible fools or pedants, King James, was obliged to rescind, especially for the benefit of the 'county of Lancashire,' the Elizabethan statutes. And this brainless Solomon decreed that 'dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsun-ales, morris-dances, maypoles, &c.,' should 'for his good people's lawful recreations,' be allowed 'after the end of Divine service.' It may be as well to add that haughty Bess was obliged to make some concessions to her nobles in the matter of Sabbath-breaking. The common people were of course *obliged* to keep the law; but the 'ladies and gentlemen,' dear things, why what a yawny day Sunday would be to them, without a bull or a bear-bait, or a jolly good dinner. Poor people are used to empty stomachs; don't waste your sympathy on them; it is the people that have turtle-soup and hot roast, with entrées and entremets six days of the week, that are to be pitied if they can't have their allowance on the seventh. Hence the model virgin Queen, with an eye doubtless to herself, for we all know she loved good things, for which we don't blame her, ordained, amongst other things, 'that no feasts nor wedding-dinners should be made on the Sabbath day, *with permission notwithstanding of the same to lords, knights, and gentlemen of quality;*' and so they managed to get through the Sunday.

But long before Queen Elizabeth made these laws, which her clergy sanctioned and her constables enforced, the young preacher of St. Clement's Danes was single-handed in his courageous denunciation of these sports. He was a far braver man than the courtly Fuller; a man more penetrated with the spirit of Jesus Christ; and worth a whole score of those hireling bishops and clergy, who, when this Sabbath law was revoked, went upon their knees, and worshipped King Log, the author of the 'Counterblast.' Aye, and those faithful sermons filled that old church; and filled it with young men mostly, until it came to be spoken of as a reproach to 'Master Henry Smith,' that 'as they say, none but young men doe heare our doctrine.' So let it be: posterity rightly judges you, now you rest from your labours: and happy is that preacher who, eschewing many of our present clap-trap methods of securing an audience, methods that already the public, whose voice may be heard in no indistinct manner, is already beginning to condemn;—happy is that preacher, and we know many such, who, by the fidelity of his preaching, the breadth of

were beholding the baiting of the bear, the old under-propped scaffolds, overladen with people, suddenly fell down, killed eight outright, hurt and bruised many more, to the shortening of their lives. The assertors of the strict observation vigorously improve this, as well they may, against them who profane the Lord's Day, which afterwards, the joyful effect of a doleful cause, was generally kept with more carefulness.'—*Fuller's Church History of Great Britain.*

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his thought, the forcibleness of his words, and the felt presence of his life, secures to himself the reproach that young men do attach themselves to his ministry. But it is more than time we gave the promised quotations.

OF OLD SINNERS.

'There be not many *Lots*, but many linger like *Lot*, loth to depart, until they see the fire burn. If the angel had not snatched him away, *Lot* had perished with Sodom for his delay. There be not now five foolish virgins, and five wise, but five for one knock when the door is shut. There be not many *Simeons*, but many as old as *Simeon*, which never yet embraced Christ in their hearts. They thought to repent before they were so old, yet now they dote for age, they are not old enough to repent yet. Nay, I answer, many masters of Israel, mayors, aldermen, sheriffs, justices, bailiffes, constables, gentlemen, know no more what it is to be born again than *Nicodemus* which came by night: line after line, sermon after sermon, and *the black-a-moore like himself still*. All their terms are vacations, all their religion promises, and all their promises hypocrisies. Instead of catechising their children, as Solomon teaches them, they catechize them to hunt and to hawk, to ride and to vaunt, to ruffle and to swear, to game and to dance, as they were catechized themselves, lest the child should prove better than his father, and then he is qualified like a gentleman. Is this to seek the kingdom of heaven first, or last, or not at all?

'Woe to the security, woe to the stubbornness, woe to the drowsiness of this age. The thief cometh at midnight, and we sleep till the dawning of the day: we let in Satan before we bid him avoid: we sell our birthright before it come to our hands: we seek for oil when our lamps should burn: this day passeth like yesterday, and to-morrow we shall spend like this day. So he which should have the first fruits can get no fruits, because we marr the ground before we sow it.'

And then he adds this fine piece of eloquence, which we may entitle —

OF YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

'The young men follow Christ; the young men hear the word; the young men sanctifie themselves; the young men stand for the church; the young men beare the heate of this day; old *Noah* is drunke, old *Lot* is sleepie, olde *Samson* hath lost his strength. Once the younger brother did steale the blessing from the elder, and now he hath got it againe, as the malice of Esau showes, which persecutes him for it. I speake it to their shame, they that wear the furres and scarlets, as though they were all wisedome, and gravitie, and holiness even to the skirts, may say as Zedekiah said to Micaiah, "When did the Spirit depart from me and goe to thee?" when did zeale depart from us and go to you? They are so nouseled to the world and acquainted with sinne, that it is too late now for the world to speake unto them; they may look upon the signs of wisdome, and gravitie, and holiness, when they see their long beards and gray heads, and side gownes, and ask why is this *bush hanged out and no good wine within?* What marvell, then, if they be not reverenced, but mocked and pointed at, when *Shem* and *Japheth* had need to come againe, and cover their nakedness? What a shame was it to the Israelites, when Christ said by a Canaanite, "I have not found so great faith in Israel." So what a shame it is to the elders, that Christ may say againe, I have not found so great faith, nor knowledge, nor zeal in masters, and fathers, and rulers, as in servants, and children, and prentises.

'Which made an old father of this city say, which now is with God, that *if there were any good to be done in these dayes, it is the young men that must do it*, for the old men are out of date, their courage stoops like their shoulders, their zeal is withered like their browes, their faith staggereth like their feete, and their religion is dead before them.

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'Be assured of this, that ye are come to that time which yourselves set to repent: and yet, as though there were another age to repent after old age, you spend olde age like youth, as if you were appointed to die in your sins.

'*God hath chosen the weak things*, saith *Paul*, 1 Cor. i.; so I may say, God hath chosen the young things to do his worke; as if the Lord had spoken thus unto you in his wrath, Fathers, I will provoke you by your children; Masters, I will provoke you by your servants, as once he threatened to provoke the Jewes by the Gentiles. Therefore, be of good cheere, young *Daniel*, young *Samuel*, young *Timothie*: though our adversaries be as the Aramites, yet there be more *with* us than *against* us. Flesh and blood could not overcome flesh and blood: but if you be sanctified, it is the Spirit which has sanctified you; for the devil would not go out, unless a stronger than the devil hath entered the house; when you come to be rich, and elder like *Demas*, then take heed you do not embrace the world like *Demas* did, and turn to that which ye condemne.

'The vine would not leave her grapes, nor the olive her fatnesse, nor the fig-tree her sweetness, to be a king, but the bramble did; hee is not a vine, nor an olive, nor a fig-tree, but a bramble made for the fire, which leaveth his righteousness to become worse. He which is of the church will say with the church, *I have washed my feet; how should I defile them againe?* Let the dog turn to his vomit, and the swine to their wallowing; but hold thou on thy sacrifice like *Abraham* to the evening of thy life, and a full measure shall be measured unto thee, as thou hast measured thyselfe. Unto which measure, without measure, the Lord Jesus bring us. Amen.'

The following passage needs no remark: it is the peroration of a thrilling discourse, entitled the 'Betraying of Christ,' and will, without one word of ours, commend itself to our readers as a piece of rare eloquence and awful fidelity:—

'When the terrors of Judas come upon the soul, the tongue cannot hide his sins: for despair and horror will not be smothered; but he who hath Saul's spirit haunting him will rage as Saul did. There is a warning conscience, and a gnawing conscience. The warning conscience cometh *before* sin; but the gnawing conscience followeth *after* sin.

'The warning conscience is often lulled asleep; but the gnawing conscience wakeneth her again. If there be any hell in this world, they which feel the worm of conscience gnawing upon their hearts may truly say, that they have felt the torments of hell. Who can express that man's horror but himself? Nay, what horrors are there which he cannot express himself? *Sorrows are met in his soul as at a feast*; and feare, thought, and anguish divide his soul between them. All the furies of hell leap upon his heart like a stage. Thought calleth to fear; fear whistleth to horror; horror beckoneth to despair, and saith, "Come, and help me to torment this sinner." One saith, that she cometh from this sin, and another saith, that she cometh from that sin: so he goeth through a thousand deaths and cannot die. Irons are laid upon his body like a prisoner. All his lights are put out at once: he hath no soul fit to be comforted. Thus he lieth, as it were, upon the rack, and saith that he beareth the world upon his shoulders, and that no man suffereth that which he suffereth. So let him lie (saith God) without ease until he confess and repent, and call for mercy. This is the godly way which the serpent said would make you gods, and make him a devil. Therefore, at the last learn the sleight of Satan in this wretched traitor. His subtleties are well called the depths of Satan: for he is so deep, that few can sound him. Now he lets Judas see his sin: before, he hid it from him. Until he had sinned, he made as though it were no sin, but with promises and bribes muffled his face, and covered the vileness of his fact, lest shame should keep him from it. But when he had done, he made it seem as vile as he could, to make him despair for it. All his baits are made of this fashion, that the sin is done before the punishment be considered. Let us not look for Judas to come out of hell to warn us, for this is written for our learning; and therefore, "Be as wise as serpents, that the serpent may not deceive you."'

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Here we must conclude; already we fear we have overstepped our limits; we can only trust that our readers will find as much pleasure and profit in perusing, as we have had in making these long extracts from the rare, in the double sense of the word, sermons of Master Henry Smith. It would well pay an enterprising publisher to collate all the editions, collect all the particulars of his life, and publish the whole of these remarkable sermons in one good octavo. With one word from our favourite Fuller we conclude: 'The good preacher having brought his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart, before he preaches it to his people. Surely that preaching which comes most from the soul, works most upon the soul. Some have questioned *ventriloquy*, when men strangely speak out of their bellies, whether it may be done lawfully or not; might I coin the word *cordiloquy*, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts, sure all would count this lawful and commendable.'

W. G. Z.

George Warrington; or, Where shall he go to?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

'I WISH I knew what to advise,' said Mr. Spencer to his friend, a week or two after the last conversation.

'I confess,' replied Mr. Warrington, 'it would be a relief to my mind, now, to see my way clear; but hitherto no door has fairly opened, and I should not like to force one.'

'Some things, I presume, are thoroughly settled in your own mind?'

'Assuredly. I cannot take orders in the Church of England, for example. And my judgment approves the one wish of my heart—to devote myself to the teaching and propagating of Christian truth and Christian life.'

'Yet no people have invited you to become their pastor and teacher. Strange, too!' said Mr. Spencer, as if speaking to himself.

'Tell me honestly, my friend, now,' rejoined Mr. Warrington, 'whether you think this is owing to any fault in me.'

'Not owing to any fault, certainly,' replied Mr. Spencer; 'but evidently there has been some want of affinity between yourself and those "vacant churches," as we (you will say funnily) call those that are without a minister, which you have visited.'

'You said, the other morning, you had received several letters about me. Perhaps they would throw some light on the subject,' suggested Mr. Warrington.

'Perhaps so,' replied the other. 'The Congregational body is divided into two sections—'

'Most unhappily—' Mr. Warrington threw in.

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'I agree with you; but so it is. Now with which of the two do you most sympathize?' inquired Mr. Spencer, with a lurking smile about the corners of the mouth.

'Really, I hardly know,' said Mr. Warrington. 'I cannot let the questions which divide them from each other separate me from either.'

'Could you join the Baptists?' asked Mr. Spencer.

'Oh, yes! I could cheerfully enough become the pastor of a Baptist church,' replied Mr. W., 'if it would leave me free to follow my own convictions.'

'Which are?' said the other.

'Well, on the whole, I think the Baptists have by far the easier task in making out their case, especially on the chapter-and-verse principle —the "*Hoc est meum corpus*" principle, which Luther adopted in his controversy with Zuingli, on the sacrament of the supper. If I had to argue one or the other side before a jury, with only the letter of the New Testament for witness, I would take the Baptist brief. But—'

'Yes. But—?' put in his friend.

'But, on the whole, that is not a perfectly satisfactory mode of treating such questions, to my mind. And, looking at it not as a barrister already retained by one party, but as a Christian judge and lover of all truth, I am bound to say that I do not think quite all the argument is on one side; and, while I repudiate most of the arguments advanced for the baptism of infants, I can feel the force of some that are alleged.'

'Could you baptize infants?' inquired Mr. Spencer, with increased interest.

'I am not prepared to say that I could,' replied the other. 'But I would heartily wish Christian parents to follow their own convictions, and would render them every facility for so doing.'

'I think the question is settled, so far, then,' said Mr. Spencer, in somewhat of a desponding tone.

'I hope not,' replied Mr. Warrington. 'Do you think, then, that my hesitancy on this point would secure my rejection by the Independent churches?'

'I fear so, indeed,' was Mr. Spencer's reply.

'But the Baptists would not be any more satisfied with me than the others,' said Mr. Warrington. 'For as to the mode, I cannot lay the stress that many lay on immersion. I should of course, indeed, concede, as Stuart and others do, most of their affirmation about the meaning of the word; but I have not yet been brought to believe that, in so spiritual a dispensation as the Christian, one intended too not only for Asiatics, but for Greenlanders and Esquimaux, and equally suitable all the year round, the letter is to reign and triumph over all considerations whatever. And not "the letter" either, exactly, but, rather, somewhat fine criticism as to the precise shade of meaning a certain Greek word has. I confess it grieves me to see Christians separated on questions in philology. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, and carry out his own convictions, but for love's sake, nay, for truth's sake, do not let us exaggerate our

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individuality into a sect. For my own part, I could administer the ordinance in whatever mode the candidate himself deemed most scriptural. Of course, I may be wrong; I lay no claim to infallibility; but it would not afflict me unbearably to see both font and baptistery in a church, leaving the entire question of both mode and subject a perfectly open one. Indeed, I am not sure that properly it is a church ordinance at all, and incline to the opinion that it is rather one for the individual Christian.'

Mr. Spencer smiled. And no wonder; for had not poor Mr. Warrington a great deal yet to learn, my most worthy Baptist friend? a great deal yet to learn, my most worthy Pædobaptist friend? But what can I do, as his biographer? Ought I to have suppressed the above colloquy? You think so? Then, in the abundance of your charity and strength, obligingly consider it suppressed. Yes, Mr. Spencer smiled. And his smile, I fancy, fitly preluded the expression on the countenances of most of the readers of the 'Christian Spectator,' whose smile, I cannot doubt, is a smile of satisfaction that we have one periodical in which such things may be freely said in the spirit of truth, and in the interest of catholicity and charity, and said without giving offence to those who, nevertheless, find no force in them. May I go on then, sir? Thanks for your hearty 'Yes,' my Christian reader.

'Ah,' said Mr. Spencer, 'you are not the sort of material out of which either body could hope to make "a good denominational man," I see.'

'True,' replied his friend. 'And I assure you I should not dislike to do "the summing up," after the counsel on both sides had gone through their respective cases, and the *pro* and *con.*, both as to subject and mode, had been exhaustively stated. However, I am happy to find all the more thoughtful Baptists lay the chief stress on the subject of baptism; and in reference to that, I rather incline to this conclusion—that none of our modern churches are, or can be, *quite* apostolic in their practice. As soon as a whole mass of people, three thousand, were convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, and avowed their desire to be his disciples, the apostles forthwith baptized them. Whereas, all the churches I have heard of, Baptist or Independent, in receiving unbaptized adults, require not only proof of decided piety, but of piety advanced some stages; almost require the candidate to be so far advanced, indeed, as that admission into the church can no longer perhaps be very remarkably helpful. By the time he can do pretty well without them they are willing to receive him. The truth seems to me to be, that the totally altered circumstances of our age, as compared with the very first (not only years, but) *days* of the new faith—we knowing all about Christ and the gospel from our infancy, whereas to those whom apostles baptized it was a perfectly new thing—must constrain us to regard such questions as divide the one Congregational body into two as worthy enough to be considered, discussed if you like, but not sufficient grounds for division. Your friends need to study the proportions of things rather more, and to observe the relative importance of even truths.'

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'And so you could baptize either way?' asked Mr. Spencer.

'I could, very conscientiously,' replied Mr. Warrington.

'Then I fear no Baptist church would accept you,' said Mr. Spencer, 'or even an apostle, on those terms; while, if you hesitate about the baptizing of infants, I am sure I do not know any Independent church that would have you, even if you were another John. Of course, I may be mistaken, but I do not know of one.'

'Well, truth above all things, and charity,' said Mr. Warrington. 'I am sure the needless divisions of Christians are very variously hurtful; and I will cheerfully suffer the inconveniences that accrue from my being either blinder or else more clear-sighted, on some little points, than some of my brethren, who, in weightier matters, are, many of them, I am sure, very far my superiors. Though if some of them, instead of being settled down in fixed positions, were as yet perfectly free, like me, they might possibly view things somewhat as I do, who have this advantage, that I am not even yet, at the age of two-and-thirty, bound to any party, but can look at all questions independently, and, I think, impartially.'

'Which, I suppose, is the true rendering of a phrase applied to you in one of the letters I received about you, viz., that you were neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; a vulgarism, however, which I ought not to repeat. But I think now your course is somewhat clearer,' said Mr. Spencer. And he said it cheerfully, too. 'It will be of no use to look out for a "vacant church" for you. And your views would exclude you even more peremptorily from any of the other bodies. The Wesleyans'—

'Oh, it is superfluous to refer to them. I have had some conversation with a few of their ministers, and am not going to give my "assent and consent" to the "four volumes of Wesley's sermons" in lieu of the book of Common Prayer, nor to place myself under the "Minutes of Conference" in preference to the canons of the Church. If I am to be in bondage at all, I confess I should prefer a rather more imposing and compensating bondage than that. Any of the Baptist or Independent churches I have met with, sooner than subjection to Conference; for they can lay aside whatever they come to believe unscriptural or unadvisable, and can adopt whatever fresh views of truth or modes of procedure they may be led to perceive; but what power has a Wesleyan congregation? or how long would the first intimation of any freedom of spirit be suffered to go unvisited? No, if I were obliged, as a Christian man, to place myself in some position in which the beliefs I form, under the guidance of that Holy Spirit of Truth for which I incessantly beseech, were to be sat in judgment upon and authoritatively inquired into, let me have the, for the most part, dignified prelates of the English Church; but, in mercy, save me from being judged by stewards and class-leaders, and local preachers, and ministers who are already pledged and bound only to see with a dead man's eyes.'

'Well, my friend,' said Mr. Spencer, smiling at his warmth, 'they who can take nothing for granted, who will not accommodatingly yield

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even a fraction of the loyalty due to truth to any human being, or body of human beings, must pay for the luxury of keeping a conscience so much on the alert, and for being so true to themselves. But yet I cannot blame you.'

'Blame me! I should think not. And, indeed, in so doing, you would blame your own self; for I know well at what a cost you have preserved the sacredness of your own convictions. No, we are both agreed in this:—

"Wouldst thou go forth to bless;
Make sure of thine own ground.
Fix well thy centre first;
Then draw thy circles round."'

'Perhaps,' said Mr. Spencer, 'it is well that there are multitudes of sincere and excellent Christians who, without much thought, adjust themselves to the position in which they find themselves; and can be at home in whatever Christian church is nearest at hand, or in which their connexions already are.'

'It is well ordered, no doubt,' replied his friend. 'Perhaps it is best that the many should, as by a wise instinct, lay hold of the unhewn or roughly cut and squared masses of truth, and be content without any very great exactness. But teachers had need be willing to undertake the pains and burden of personal and independent inquiry into every single thing they teach, and make themselves sure that even the form in which the truth is put is true to truth. Or, at all events, if all teachers do not embrace this responsibility, it would be matter for regret if some did not. And they on whom it appears to be laid must not shrink from the ease-and-comfort-killing honour. They must often, I have no doubt, be willing to forego even success, as most Christians count success, in order that others, perhaps the next generation, profiting by their unthanked endeavours, may achieve greater. In the assault on the strongholds which the Church is to overthrow, many must be content to fall in ditches, and make of their trodden-upon bodies a glorious path to victory for their brethren who come after. Even so, Father! There are a thousand senses in which the Master's word is true, "He that loseth his life shall save it."'

He ceased. The conversation had taken that turn and reached that point at which the friends might naturally prefer silence and their own thoughts to the best suggestions of another mind. So, with a quiet grasp of the hand, they separated. Mr. Spencer remained in his study, and Mr. Warrington sought a secluded walk in the neighbouring wood.

It was two or three mornings after the last conversation, and the friends were chatting cheerfully round the breakfast-table, when among the letters which the postman's knock announced was one for Mr. Warrington; one, too, which he read with an earnestness and delight that made Duncan wonder what in the world it could be

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about; and he half thought it must be from some lady-love, perhaps, whom Mr. Warrington had all this while said nothing about. So the boy contrived to catch his sister's eye, and telegraphed to her to notice Mr. Warrington, for which telegram, since the right of this word is now settled, he only received another of quiet sisterly rebuke. Nora did not approve of a letter being thus read by another, as it were, by the reflection of its contents in the countenance of the receiver. But before he had fairly finished it, Mr. W. rose from the table, full of new vigour, and happy as some true-hearted man when the much hoped-for and yet half-dreaded letter in a fair hand comes to him, and contains the frank, but bashful, 'YES.'

Giving his hand to Mr. Spencer with all the gladness imaginable, 'Congratulate me, my friend,' said he. 'It is settled now. The question is answered; and I thank God.' He handed the letter to his somewhat surprised host, and then turned and stood by the window for some minutes.

'Well,' said Duncan to himself, 'then I was right. I wonder who the lady is?' And he stole another look at Nora, then scanned his father's countenance, and wondered that Mr. Warrington should put a letter of that kind into the hands of any friend.

But the letter that had given Mr. W. so much gratification was no such tender missive as the boy fancied. It was a summons to work; and showed him what the apostle would call 'an open door.'

In the immediate vicinity of the ancient town or city of ——, there was a considerable neighbourhood of comparatively recent origin. Local circumstances had occasioned a large influx of the mechanic and working classes, which, of course, secured a sufficient portion of the trading population; and, as the locality was every way inviting, there was no want of villas, and even 'crescents' and 'squares.' No section of the Dissenters had yet come to occupy the ground, while the only church of the district was unpopular on account of the Puseyite tricks of the young clergymen who had it in their hands, and who walked about without gloves, with singularly short trowsers, and an air of solemnity and abstraction on their meagre countenances which was intended for spiritual.

Two or three Christian families who were somewhat acquainted with Mr. Warrington had recently settled here, and among them was Mrs. Colonel Marriott, who had been induced to take up her abode in the neighbourhood, which offered more educational facilities than Water-Hampton.

As the question which gives a title to these articles is now likely to be settled, we must pass over many circumstances, and limit ourselves to the merest outline.

Mr. Warrington went, received a hearty welcome from the two or three families that knew him, spent a few days in examining the locality, and ascertaining the characteristics and general habits of the different classes of its population, and resolved to pitch his tent. He obtained introductions to firms and managers, and went over the various 'works' in the neighbourhood; taking so much interest,

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making so many intelligent inquiries, and now and then offering such shrewd suggestions, that the foremen and workmen formed a favourable opinion of him. Presently, he threw out the hint that possibly the operatives would feel interested in short familiar lectures, of a partially scientific nature, on subjects more or less connected with their labours and daily life. And as there was no difficulty in obtaining a suitable place, now in connexion with one 'works,' now another, he soon became known as a friend to the working classes; and as he made the subject he was explaining illustrate moral principles and Christian truths—for, as he often said, there was a fair and open road from the remotest village of thought to the metropolis of truth—he was as decidedly recognised to be a religious man, 'though free and genial.' He took care not to adopt the attire that might possibly put them on guard against him as a 'parson,' and was content to be recognised as a Christian gentleman. Before long, he had found a large public room every way suited for his purpose, and engaged it on Sundays for a year, and began a course of Sunday Evening Lectures, calculated to interest the people in Christian truth, which he took care not to present in too much of the pulpit style. The more thoughtful and religiously disposed soon gathered round him naturally, and these he formed into classes, which he met separately, either at some of their houses, when suitable for the purpose, or elsewhere. And these classes he soon considered 'churches,' though he did not designate them such, and made no ado about plans and rules, but, without saying so, he took a sort of spiritual oversight of them, and became their 'pastor,' without their dreaming of such relationship. These classes, each 'the church in the house' of So-and-so, improved greatly. By and bye, he selected the most suitable persons in each, and, meeting them separately, unfolded to them methods in which they might be helpful, impressing upon them the desirableness of abstaining from the formal, and from all undue talk about even their object or what they were doing. These he sometimes appointed to conduct short and simple services, which he arranged, selecting the portions of Scripture to be read, and taking care that, by reading some suitable exposition which he gave them, or by listening to his own explanations, he even examining them therein, they should be competent to read those portions advantageously. On such occasions he also selected even the hymns to be sung, and some short sermon, or narrative, or other article, to be read.

Meanwhile he had not confined himself to one part of the population, but had parlour services as well as cottage readings. Mrs. Marriott and her charge constituted, to his mind, a 'church in the house;' and there were two or three other families already united by friendship or acquaintance whom he gradually and quietly formed into another circle for private worship and mutual help in the divine life. So that, in the course of a few months, he wrote cheerfully to his old friend, Mr. Spencer, and we think it will be no breach of confidence to give a few brief extracts from his correspondence.

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'. . . . I don't know what some of your more ecclesiastical Noncons. will say to my proceedings, for I cannot pretend to have used their square and measuring line exclusively; and must plead guilty to making myself all things to all men, that I might gain the more. I sometimes amuse myself by considering what a "pluralist" I am become, having no fewer than eight or nine "churches," as I regard them. And the idea is the more amusing that not a soul dreams of the precise nature of my work as it appears to myself. No one needs envy me my pluralism, however, on any secular grounds, seeing my "cures" are not "livings;" and, indeed, I may adopt the words of the apostle, Phil. iv. 15, only that none of my "churches" are Philippians. And if I had not some private means, though not ample, I could not have attempted this experiment; for what could I have done if amenable to a committee, or accountable, indeed, to any one? But if circumstances favour, I think the Christian minister who can break up fresh soil, and collect his own materials, and fashion his course according to his own best convictions, may turn the talent entrusted to him to better account than by settling as a stranger over a church whose corporate character is already formed, it may be pretty rigidly, and who probably will be sensitively jealous of every thought and every proceeding that is not consecrated by custom.'

'You ask me, dear old friend, what means I adopted to give publicity to my efforts. Just none at all. I had settled it in my own mind that not a single placard with my name should ever disfigure the walls or the hoardings of the neighbourhood. By the bye, did I ever tell you of a funny dream I had one night, after seeing some bills (announcing religious topics, to be handled at some anniversary) lying in a greengrocer's shop, and elsewhere, side by side with play bills, and bills announcing the "Wizard of the North," and "Cooke's Circus," &c.? I remember one of the topics mentioned in the "religious bill" was, "The Sacrifice of the Cross;" and in one place a bill announcing an attractive sale of bankrupt's stock was placed in such juxta-position, that the words "Tremendous Sacrifice," with three notes of admiration, "!!!," were just over the phrase I have quoted, which awakens in the devout mind the most solemn of all feelings. Well, I need not say how my sense of propriety was offended, but that night I dreamed I was in Jerusalem, in the early days of the Church, and—you know the strange anachronisms and incongruities that get jumbled together in a dream, without ever being recognised as such—dreamed I saw the walls of the houses, and even of the outer portions of the Temple, covered with huge blue and yellow posters, with the names of different apostles. One was to the effect that "John, the son of Zebedee, would deliver a lecture on the bells and pomegranates that adorned the high priest's robe." Another informed the inhabitants of Jerusalem that, at a forthcoming meeting, "the celebrated eunuch-treasurer of her Majesty, the Queen of Ethiopia, would preside," and people were urged to be early that they

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might secure seats. But there was one that Duncan would pronounce "stunning," in which the name was printed in monster characters. It affirmed that, "though Simon Peter had done great things in Judea, Saul, who is also called Paul, had done still greater among the Gentiles," and urged people to "come and hear him." There was a N.B. and a ☞, to draw attention to the additional feature of interest in the meeting, that was advertised to take place near the Sheepgate, viz., that "two natives from Pontus, and one from Galatia, would be present." There was a good deal more to the same effect, I remember, but why should I inflict the nonsense of a dream on you? I could not help, however, subsequently often recurring to this idle trick of my fancy, when I have seen bills announcing religious services drawn up on the "Great Attraction" principle, or "Tremendous Sacrifice," or "Wonderful Novelty" plan; and have sometimes asked myself what sort of a bill that ought to have been, well placarded throughout Capernaum and neighbouring towns, announcing "The Sermon on the Mount."

'No, my dear Mr. Spencer, I resolved, for my own part, to work quietly, although I do not blame the excellent people who adopt methods which would perhaps make apostles stare, if they could revisit these sublunary scenes. By the way, ask Duncan why it is that we say *sublunary* instead of *subsolar*, *e.g.* is it not remarkable that we should, as it were unconsciously, testify that we are a good deal "under the moon?"

* * * *

'I have just received your last, and hasten to reply. My movements had anticipated your suggestions. One Sunday morning I brought all my "classes"—as you persist in calling them, I "churches"—together, in the lecture-room; and as they at first naturally held somewhat aloof, each group by itself, I told them that the course I had been pursuing with each I had been pursuing with all, and that I thought other kind of good might accrue now if these smaller associations were to recognise each other, and become occasionally at least one body for purposes of worship, and perhaps usefulness in the neighbourhood, though without abandoning the smaller groupings that we had found so pleasant. By the bye, did I ever tell you that for some time past I had administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in every one of my "house-churches?" Well, it would have been strange if, after labouring among them for so many months, the rich, who were but few, had not been ready kindly to greet their poorer fellow-Christians; or these also had not known how with respectful cordiality to meet their pleasant advances. I introduced all my helpers to one another, and very amusing was their mutual surprise to learn what had been going forward; as also to find that, having been all under one kind of teaching and influence, their individual relation to me had prepared them all for a larger association than they had any of them dreamed of.

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Sunday morning as it was, I left them by themselves, for I had another engagement; and on my return found that they had united in worship, and had also had some conference among themselves, in which the idea had spontaneously suggested itself to many, and had been received with favour by all, that it would now be desirable for their own sakes and that of the neighbourhood to unite regularly for public worship. Why, were they not, in fact, a church now they were together, in all but the name? And was not the way prepared for united effort on a broader scale?

So I proposed to them to meet again that day month, and we would take the Lord's Supper together; in the meantime going on in all our home-churches as we had done. But in the interim, I brought together all those out of the different classes who were most capable of consulting and advising, that they might become acquainted, and the way be prepared.

'. . . . Oh, yes; we soon got into sufficient ship-shape, and all came about in the most natural way conceivable. And now we are almost regarded as a "church" by the regular churches of the neighbourhood even! What say you to that, friend Spencer? Although this non-denominationalism of ours is the cause of a good deal of something not unlike "the cold shoulder." And more than one of the excellent ministers, faultless down to the very shoe-tie, shake the head, I am told, rather dubiously when my name is mentioned in their circles; and sundry most unimpeachable deacons are amusingly busy to prevent my acquiring undue influence. Still, I am happy in being on good terms with all the Christians of the neighbourhood, as far as they will suffer me; and do not despair of serving the cause of truth and charity more efficiently in the future than in the past.'

'. . . . I deem your observations just and wise, but, although I had not mentioned it before, the same thing had occurred to me. And as soon as we had formed ourselves into a body, I devolved on the people the duty of meeting all the expenses; and even went further, and expounded to them the plain law of the New Testament, that they who preach the gospel should live thereby. The hint was immediately responded to, and two funds forthwith constituted; one for payment of rent and all incidental expenses, the other for the support of the ministry. Every person in regular attendance was expected to subscribe something to each. I told them frankly it was one of the Christian duties, a part of Christian morals; that no individual had any right to devolve the expenses of rent &c., connected with his religious services, or the support of his minister, on other people, even though others were willing to undertake the charge; that to be a Sunday pauper was as undesirable as to go to the parish for bodily sustenance, although this was neither wrong nor discreditable in case of helpless poverty. By the bye, it strikes me that the general Dissenting plan of pew-rents needs revision. I may be wrong, of course,

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but I think every attendant ought to pay his fairly assessed quotum of the rent and general expenses, as a matter of simple honesty; and then he ought voluntarily and most freely to subscribe, according to his means, for the support of the Christian ministry. There is a double debt owing by every habitual attendant. Why should he have his Sunday house-rent provided by others any more than the rent of his ordinary dwelling? And why should any man above the pauper-class expect other Christians to bear the chief expense of his religious instruction, &c.? Of course, deacons or managers would take care that the necessary chapel or lecture-room rate should be so adjusted as not to operate prejudicially; and in the case of those whose circumstances would suggest considerateness, why Christian kindness would know what to do. I am merely laying down a principle. Then, as to the support of the minister, I apprehend the churches themselves would be all the better for meeting that question, very, very much more liberally than they do. "Liberally?" no, *honestly* I mean. I wonder how many people say within themselves, "What is the real worth of these fifty-two Sunday services to me, and my family, and the neighbourhood? Two sermons every Sunday, and the conducting of the public devotions, besides having an educated and Christian friend on whose sympathy and counsel I may at any time cast myself? Am I offering him such an *honorarium* as is at all in proportion to my circumstances, and his relation to myself and to the objects he represents to the neighbourhood? Why, a few visits from a physician, or a few consultations with one's lawyer—ah, you are laughing, I see, at the notion of a Christian teacher getting any such recognition of his value. I know I ought to have mentioned the "servant of all work" as being much nearer the standard of pecuniary comparison. Well, take my word for it, Spencer, if the Dissenting churches could see as clearly as does one who comes among them from another meridian, they would lose no time in putting these things on a juster basis. My congregation already raises me double what yours does you! "Why?" simply because, and that too mainly for their own sakes, I did not allow myself to be withheld by a false delicacy from putting the thing scripturally and common-sensely before them; and because we adopted systematic and business methods of collecting the offerings of the people.'

'. . . . "Missionary subscriptions?" Yes, we take a great interest in the progress of Christianity in the world. But while we collect for the purpose something from every attendant, we apportion the proceeds to different societies, according to circumstances. We vote a certain sum to this mission, and so much to another; sometimes sending directly to missionaries themselves, and thus occasionally putting ourselves in immediate correspondence with churches among the heathen. . . .'

'. . . . Well, the question is decided as I wished, and we have resolved not to build. A small company has been formed, and some

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persons not connected with us have taken shares, 20*l.* each, for building a suitable place for public worship, with school-rooms, lecture-rooms, &c.; we are to pay six per cent. interest on the outlay, by way of rent, which is to cover all repairs, insurance, &c. The building will be such that, should we wish to void our tenancy, no difficulty will be experienced by the shareholders, for the land is annually becoming more valuable. The architect is engaged by the company, and, so as their interests are properly guarded, he is to adapt his plans to our ideas, which are very simple. We shall not offend against correct taste, but assuredly we shall have neither Gothic, nor Grecian, nor Italian, for the purposes of Christian worship, and instruction of a body of English Protestants of the simplest school. Adaptation to our simple object will be our principle; and architecture has something to learn in the matter of chapel-building. . . .'

The months rolled on. By the time the building was finished, Mr. Warrington had gathered a somewhat large congregation ready to take possession of it, which they did on a Sunday morning, in the simplest manner possible. Some excellent people in the neighbourhood pronounced our friend 'crotchety,' because he would not have any 'bills printed' nor invite any strangers to come and take part in the 'opening services.' But he regarded it somewhat as 'a family taking possession of a new home,' and said that the family were best left to themselves on so significant and suggestive an occasion; and I understood that the services of the day were characterised by somewhat other, and the people did say, higher and happier features than sometimes mark such occasions.

In order, however, to place the new church in some sort of visible relation to others, Mr. Warrington and his friends invited the ministers of the neighbourhood of all denominations, and the members of their churches, to a meeting on the following Tuesday evening. And the invitation, which was personally given, was accompanied by a token of good-will and esteem from the new and free church to the several sister churches already extant. It seems that, not needing to have any 'collections' at 'the opening,' to assist in liquidating a debt, it had been arranged that there should be special contributions made on that day, with a view to a kindly recognition of the Christian worth of the already existing churches. And from the proceeds of the day they presented one congregation with a new pulpit-bible; to another they gave a subscription towards some extra expense that had been incurred; and indeed offered a similar graceful compliment, in some form, to each; partly to demonstrate at once that any idea of rivalry was utterly abhorrent; and partly because they really did wish to cultivate the most friendly relations, and to esteem the peace and comfort and prosperity of each and all the churches as a blessing to be rejoiced in in common.

It had been intimated by Mr. Warrington that one of the objects intended at this meeting was the observance of the Lord's Supper,

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by all Christians, without regard to sect. So those whose scruples would not suffer them to unite in the ordinance either kept aloof, or withdrew; but there were many who considered that Tuesday evening a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

And so Mr. Warrington had found at length an answer to the question which gives the title to these chapters, and no longer anxiously revolved the query. If we had not engaged to the reader to limit this narrative to 'Four Chapters,' we would have somewhat more completely shown him our friend at his work. Perhaps, indeed, we may venture, in some subsequent number, to invite the readers to visit him for a Sunday, but at present we make our bow, heartily wishing that our readers and ourselves may at last be counted 'workmen that need not to be ashamed.'

Poverty and the Pulpit.

My Dear Spectator,

At the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union in Cheltenham last year, a subject of great interest was touched upon—the inadequate support which many ministers were receiving for their pastoral labours. It was thought desirable that the subject should undergo a more thorough investigation than was then possible, and that there should be a conference of the Congregational body, to test the soundness and practicability of establishing a fund by which poor ministers could be raised above the distracting anxieties of want.

Accordingly, in January last, the anticipated conference took place at the Milton Club. Some of the best men in our denomination attended from all parts of the country, and merchants and ministers for once agreed that there was a crying evil in the land, which, if possible, ought to be abolished. There was a real, earnest spirit pervading the assembly; all felt that the meeting was for the purpose of practically effecting something of a kind and brotherly character towards the distressed, and not for the sake of platform bursts of eloquence, whether subdued or sonorous.

We had two questions to consider:—Would a sustentation fund be in harmony with the principles of Independents? and if this were affirmed, would the capital to establish it be forthcoming? The first question was the important one; if that were settled in favour of such a fund, there is more than enough life and liberality in the denomination to answer the second in a very short period of time. The chairman put the matter thus: 'Assuming that there are pastorates where the income does not exceed from 50*l.* to 70*l.* a-year, the pastor being efficient and the deacons and people doing nearly their best, is it upon the whole better that such pastors should remain oppressed and en-

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feebled by pecuniary embarrassment than that they should be helped by a sustentation fund—a fund so administered as to assist the pastor and stimulate the people to greater liberality? and could such a fund be administered consistently with due liberty and proper exertion on the part of the minister, deacons, and people of the church?'

You will observe that the question was neatly and fairly put, although almost every clause in it had great difficulties and grave considerations attached to it; viz., Was the income which is now 70*l.* once 100*l.*, and why? What is to be taken as the test of a minister's efficiency, and if the fund be established, who are to be the judges of it, and according to what rules? What is the 'nearly best' of a deacon, or of deacons and people? Is it better that really inefficient men should, by poverty, learn that they are not in their right place, than be kept in a wrong position through the blunders of benevolence? Could such a fund be administered without giving to fallible mortals a power which would be dangerous in its influence and exercise? And, finally, have not endowments on chapels more frequently than not been the means of keeping ministers in a sphere which extended no farther than the comforts of the parsonage-house, and the cause of many a church relapsing into selfishness, and dying to that active benevolence which is the very elementary proof of love to Christ?

All these questions, we are aware, may be viewed as carping and cruel, but still when something new is talked of in connexion with the principles of Independency, it behoves us, by every imaginable mode of examination and cross-examination, to find out what it really will effect. As was expected by many from the first, the assembly divided upon the question, Would such a fund be in harmony with the principles of Congregational Independency? The advocates of the affirmative led off the debate, maintaining that the principle had been already recognised, and that any objections to the proposed fund might with equal justice be urged against benevolent funds now existing. The opponents of the measure, however, argued that the establishment of such a fund would be a confession that Independency in England had been a failure and a mistake, and that the administration of it would be beset with almost insuperable difficulties. There was not, I sincerely believe, the slightest wish on the part of the opponents to deal harshly or coldly with the sufferings and destitution of their poorer brethren. Almost every one who dissented from the proposed scheme feelingly admitted that the salaries of many ministers were miserably unremunerative; but it was one thing to commiserate poverty, and another, even though pity led the way, to perpetuate mistakes, and to go in the teeth of principles to which we are wedded for better or worse. The discussion was well maintained; but at length, after a patient session of several hours, the conference broke up, not without the resolution, however, of taking the matter up again in May.

For the present, then, my dear Spectator, I think we can congratulate ourselves upon having sailed by a dangerous rock without foundering; and perhaps I may now be allowed to explain why I think so, although,

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alas! charges of arrogance and hardheartedness, &c. &c., will be sure to be brought against me. I believe a sustentation fund would be the means of keeping many a minister in a sphere from which, to put it in the mildest form, his people would be glad to see him gone. No sooner had the chairman of the conference announced the first point for discussion than there arose before my mental eye a picture of one of those half-starved 'country brethren,' whom the popular deputation from London delights to call 'a worthy man.' My friend Obadiah Meek is such a man, one whose occasional sermons in our city pulpits really 'tell,' and create quite a sensation among those who get no food in these unevangelical modern days. And yet, poor fellow, when last I saw him he was 'passing rich on sixty pounds a year!' He was pale and thin, I verily believe through want. He had gone that day without meat for his dinner, in order that his two boys, who were 'growing,' might have their voracious appetites appeased. He was a widower, and there was something inexpressibly touching in his threadbare black, and the faded crape upon a still more faded hat. He stood in his garden in the cold, still winter air, the very picture of grief and care. I entered his house, and save in the kitchen there was not a spark of fire, and every now and then came down the stairs the sound of Mary Jane's distressing cough. Shall I ever forget that afternoon, or Mr. Snarl, the deacon, who came in about tea-time, without doing what good Robert Hall used to do when he visited the poor —bringing two ounces of tea with him? No! no! Mr. Snarl subscribed ten shillings a year to his pastor's support, and therefore had the right of eating his poor minister's bread whenever he chose. I thought while he was cramming his mouth with bread and butter he might have been quiet, especially as a stranger was present, about two persons having given up their sittings; about So-and-so not agreeing with the leader of the singers; and about the grocer of the village not being over pleased with what Mr. Meek had said of a just balance being the Lord's delight. Oh! it was a sad insight I gained into ministerial life that day. The taxes were not paid; no money ready for the rent; scarcely enough to buy bread until the next quarter day, which in his case meant a month or six weeks over the quarter.

Now who would not help Obadiah Meek? If there were in existence a sustentation fund, would not he be the veritable Dowb, whom every one would delight to take care of? Who, I repeat, would not help Obadiah Meek? Every one, I answer, *but his people*. To them he was nobody, or worse still, an encumbrance which they would be glad to shake off at the first convenient moment; for somehow or other, although his brethren count him worthy, and though every hand at the board table of the Sustentation Fund Committee were held up in favour of sending him a liberal grant, he has failed to awaken among his people any interest in himself, and it would take a great number of deputations and visitations to convince them that their prophet was worthy of honour. What in such a case would the sustentation fund effect? It would keep a man a pastor over a church who is manifestly, with all his good qualities, unfitted—

'For the ministry?' asks some one.

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No! I do not go so far as that; I leave the rich and popular among our ministers to say that; but this I say, that I believe Mr. Meek would do better elsewhere, and that a fund which would keep him where he is would be the means of doing him a great injustice, and also inflict a great wrong upon the people, mean as they may be counted by myself and the numerous friends of Mr. Meek.

'But then what is to be done with him, if he gives up his present church? You forget that he has a family to support, and that if he remains unpulpited for any length of time, ruin and starvation will be the consequence; he may not succeed in getting another church.'

All this, I reply, savours of general unfitness for the ministry. In the case of Mr. Meek I do not believe that he would remain unoccupied very long, if he had courage to avow himself a man, and like any other honest workman seek the best market in which to display his special powers and gifts; but though he have the eloquence of an Apollos, a fund to keep him where he is, seeing that he fails to awaken the benevolent sympathies of his congregation, would be an injustice to him and a wrong to the people, which perhaps not even his death would succeed in obliterating.

But I may be told, it is only 'the efficient man' we would help by such a fund.

My dear Spectator, I believe my friend to be unexceptionable in respect to what is usually called efficiency: he preaches three times on the Sunday, and he preaches well. He has a prayer-meeting on Monday evening, and a lecture on Wednesday evening; he has two cottage meetings in the week, besides the time he spends in visiting the sick and conversing with inquirers after salvation. He is a sound theologian, and possesses now and then the gift of novelty in his illustrations of Divine truth.

'Why does he not go somewhere else then?'

That is what I asked him; his reply is the usual and painful one—'I have been here a great number of years. Though I have my difficulties, I am attached to the place, and it is no use my now seeking another.'

I am firmly convinced that a great number of such persons would be among those who would be thought worthy of receiving assistance from the sustentation fund; and though the sight of such a man instantaneously opens one's purse-strings, I am very much afraid that any help to keep him where he is would be an error and an injustice. What such a church as the one he presides over deeply needs, is a pastor who will scourge their apathy and stinginess away, and teach them the first principles of morality and justice. When once a pastor has become afraid of his people in the mean and unworthy sense, and is obliged tamely to submit to the petty tyranny so often exercised in small chapels, then no sustentation fund will give him heart again, or enable him to command their respect, or elicit their sympathy. Not long before the meeting of the Congregational Union in Cheltenham last year, I was in company with a young and zealous minister, whose income enabled him just to live within starving point; and I heard

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him utter these words, which came not only from his lips, but from his heart: 'And furthermore, I have to say, that as I am required to dress in black, to wear white neckcloths and gloves, as I have a wife and three children who are expected to appear genteel and respectable, as I am obliged to afford the luxury of meat twice in the week, if not to feed my family, at least to satisfy the butcher that I am a gentleman,—this is to give notice that I cannot dress in black any longer, that I cannot, when their present attire is worn out, allow my wife and children to appear in anything like comfortable clothing, and that I very much question whether the salary I receive as a minister will enable me to have meat more than once a week: and as it is not evident to me that by any law, human or divine, I am necessitated to starve, I shall go and seek bread and clothes elsewhere in return for honest labour.'

Very worldly was it not, my dear Spectator, in the mouth of a minister; but I give you my word *that in the very same place* he is now the happy and contented recipient of 150*l.* a year! His resolution sounded foolishly grandiloquent in the ears of certain antiquated human fixtures of the chapel, who had never given worthy Mr. Patience more than 50*l.* per annum; 'and good man, he did always preach so nicely, when he was in affliction;' but the young persons in the congregation nobly bestirred themselves, and by their liberal and self-denying contributions, literally shamed what was called 'the church' into a benevolence which they had never dreamed was possible.

I wish that a few facts of a similar character had been brought before the minds of those desirous of establishing a sustentation fund, and that the subject of discussion had been, the best mode of making ministers independent in mind as well as in pocket.

There is another reason why I am opposed to a sustentation fund. Even if by common consent the visits of a wealthy church to a poor church have no impertinence attached to them, what, in a great many instances, will be the result of such visitations? Faction and discomfort. As in the course of the discussion at the Milton Club, Mr. Samuel Morley, with the indignation of an upright man, stated that he knew a church which paid more to the London Missionary Society than it gave to its minister, who, with his wife and family, were half starved in consequence, the case of a young friend of mine came vividly before my mind; and I could not help asking, what a sustentation fund would do for him? I will tell you, however, what one of the kindest remonstrances in the world did for him. He was educated in one of the London colleges, and, although through nervousness he was plucked when he went up for his B. A. degree, he was a very good scholar, and capable of preaching a very thoughtful, and, at the same time, stirring sermon. In course of time he accepted an invitation from a church in the country, and began the work of the ministry in right good earnest. There was a debt upon the chapel, and it was owing to the deacon who was his paymaster. This deacon, although professedly one of the children of light, was exceedingly wise in

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respect to earthly things. The debt upon the chapel had been standing for several years, and the deacon was a kind of ecclesiastical Lumley, who looked upon a minister only in respect to what he was worth to him in hard cash. The young minister, who was not a very accurate reader of character, was altogether taken in by the apparent interest which the deacon took in 'the cause,' and consented to do the work of an evangelist for 70*l.* a year, that being 14*l.* less than the pew-rents yielded, and with this aggravated injustice, that whatever more the chapel brought in should go towards paying off the debt. The pastor, just fresh from college, and the obedience belonging to it, meekly answered 'Yes, sir!' to this monstrous proposal.

The chapel soon filled, and in course of time the young minister fell in love, and would have been glad to have settled in a home of his own; but this was impossible, while 40*l.* a year which by all rules of fairness ought to have come to him, and which were made up by additional pews taken, and additional collections, all went into the pocket of the rapacious deacon. The man was remonstrated with in a kind and Christian spirit, but—and there was no denying the ground he took—he said, 'This debt has been owing to me a long time; young So-and-so made an agreement with me to preach for so much; he shall keep to his agreement if he stays here—if he is tired, let him go somewhere else!'

What would the committee of the sustentation fund do here, short of paying the whole debt on the place? But I will tell you what the deacon did; from that moment, although my young friend had nothing at all to do with the remonstrance, suspicions as to his prudence, habits, and expenditure, began to float about; and at tea and social meetings the most high flown eulogiums were passed upon aged ministers, who had brought up large families upon far less 'than our young pastor receives.' Of course he left; but although his integrity was unsullied, he was regarded by vacant churches, through the spectacles of—well, the words must come—that persecuting old villain the deacon—whose pockets he had helped to fill, and it was some time before he lived down the calumnies which the well-meaning interference of friends had innocently helped to create.

I am willing to hope, my dear Spectator, that this is an exceptional case; but let any one who has ever had three or four weeks of deputation work through the country call to mind the kind of looks and expressions he has received, when he has ventured to throw in a word as to the more liberal support of the minister. I have done so long before this sustentation fund was thought of. I have been in a house where the pictures and furniture were worth seven thousand pounds, and the owner of which was worth thirty-three thousand pounds, but who nevertheless deducted five shillings for a supply when his minister was obliged to be away, and who never paid a single farthing to his support, saving that he allowed a broken down cottage, which was rented at about three pounds a year, to go towards the keeping up of a Sunday school. I have visited a church, where, when there was to be a tea-meeting, the minister has had to sell the

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tickets, put up the tables for tea himself, besides being expected to entertain the speakers on the occasion, at his own thinly spread board. I have remonstrated, appealed, admonished on such occasions, and then I have seen exhibited such meanness, selfishness, and slander, that one was compelled to turn away from the subject. In one place where the subject was introduced the preaching of the minister was called in question; it was not so spiritual as it used to be; it was not by any means so rich and experimental as at —— chapel. where the sittings were threepence less a quarter! I verily believe not a word would have been said about the preaching had not something first been said about money. In another place, the wife of the minister has not been thought a fitting helpmeet for him. 'Our last dear minister's wife used to be out all day among the poor; but Mrs. —— spends a fortune upon herself in dress, and no wonder therefore that her husband is in difficulties; if she were saving they would have plenty to live upon.' So before now has any one been met who has ventured to do a ministerial brother a service.

And my dear Spectator, I am very much afraid, that, unless ministers, in an outspoken common sense way take the subject of their incomes into their own hands, however indelicate this may at first sight appear, the proposed visitation of the churches will end not only in failure, but in new bitterness, divisions, and anxiety to the minister. I know how it will be in many small places. Small tea-parties will be formed, where everything that is mean, narrow, and ungenerous, will be said; and the minister will have henceforth every new article of dress he puts on regarded with jealousy, every journey put down at so much, and every sermon accurately weighed by the halfpenny which is given for the preaching of it. Oh! far better that want and destitution should continue until they naturally vanish through the influence of a successful ministry, that selfishness should be conquered by the benevolence which the pastor himself has awakened, than that, under the momentary influence of excitement, there should be a brief relief from anxieties which will appear again in a heavier form, and an apparent death of evils, which are only gathering fresh life and strength for a more rank development.

Besides, as I have before asked, if the sustentation fund were to become an established fact, what is to be the test of a minister's efficiency? There must be some plain, authoritative announcement upon this point, or endless jealousies, partialities, and mistakes will occur. Look fairly at the question, my benevolent friends, and set upon record what you mean by an efficient minister.

'One who fills the pews,' quickly answers Brother Worldhate.

I like your answer, good sir, but really if you are about to become a member of the sustentation fund committee you must not give your definition over loud. Have you ever wandered away from your own shepherd's teaching, who, of course, fully comes up to your ideal of an efficient minister, and occasionally found yourself at the doors of some of the 'efficient' men of the metropolis, or of our great towns and cities? Had you *much* difficulty in obtaining a seat? Were the pews

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over-crowded? Was there no one asleep? And yet, with their small congregations, and the small enthusiasm they have had the power of creating, they are not counted inefficient. Inefficient! On the contrary, they are fitted to pronounce judgment on those who are seeking to enter the ministry; if needs be, they can write patronizing letters to the poor worthies of the church, and give excellent advice about the best means of attracting the masses to our places of worship. Come! come! Mr. Worldhate, don't let us have one law for London and another for the country—one for the city and another for the village: let's have no india-rubber standard of efficiency. If your efficient man is one who fills the pews, there are a great number of inefficient men who contrive to make themselves very comfortable, notwithstanding their half-filled places, and who pass as very respectable men indeed, wanting no aid from a sustentation fund—a rich wife or a snug endowment forming such fund.

But Brother Meanwell has a word to say upon this matter. He blandly tells me, 'An efficient minister is one who preaches the truth.' Yet here, alas! poor Pilate's question must be asked over again, '*What is truth?* Some short time ago, a few of the most efficient men in the metropolis were suspected of not preaching the truth. Happily, I believe they were men who did not stand in need of relief from any sustentation fund; but suppose the contrary, and put the judges of their orthodoxy as the distributors of the charity, would such men receive any grant? And yet they are deemed most efficient men by their churches, and by the various societies and institutions which they help to support! I think it will be a difficult matter to state a standard of efficiency by which all poor ministers standing in need of assistance can be measured, which shall be entirely devoid of patronage and injustice, and which shall be as fair to the poor worthy as to the rich inefficient.

And finally, my dear Spectator, although I have the greatest respect for many of the gentlemen who administer our benevolent funds, I cannot but feel that if we establish a sustentation fund we shall be throwing undesirable temptations in the path of its administrators. I have seen for some time that a few members of the Independent denomination, being very comfortable and well-to-do, would have no objection to mingle a *leetle* bit of despotism with their Independency. They regret that they are not able to exercise a little more authority; they would like to read a lecture now and then to a few refractory brethren, and compel their obedience by a little threatening grandiloquence. 'O! what May meetings we should have then,' they exclaim.

My dear Spectator, I believe that the establishment of a sustentation fund would, if its administrators were so disposed, enable them to become very authoritative indeed, and to read many a lecture which would cause the honest man to tear into tatters the banknote that accompanied it, rather than use it, though starvation stared him in the face. Not without fear can I see any man put in a position to lord it over his brethren—especially where money is concerned. I thank God for the Christian courtesy and delicacy which, as long as some of

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the present administrators of benevolent funds live, will always be shown to the poor and suffering, but I have no words at my command to express my contempt for those ecclesiastical half-pay captains, who make of their money power the means of vexing the souls of their brethren, while they profess to minister to their wants.

It will be easy for some to laugh at this, or to think that I am over suspicious and far too querulous; but I ask any honest reader, who is acquainted with our denomination, whether in his mind's eye he does not see printed the members of the committee of the proposed fund? Is it not quite believable that if that committee chooses to form itself into a little ecclesiastical despotism it can do so, and grow into something exceedingly like a bad Wesleyan Conference? Is it beyond the pale of possibility that some will have a voice in the administration of the fund who have to all appearances failed themselves in the ministry, although they have now very comfortable berths? Are palpably inefficient men—by the general standard—because they have most leisure, to become the judges of efficiency in the ministry, and the administrators of charity? Will they not take special care of their own co-efficients, and pass over many who are worthy in the eyes of others? What kind of board-days will the committee have, when every one has his own particular pet, and when *sub rosâ* verifications of efficiency and inefficiency will be mysteriously given?

With Dr. Campbell, I despair of establishing satisfactorily a sustentation fund, although I do not think that we are in danger 'of dying of Independency.' All this talk about a sustentation fund will, I trust, end in making ministers more independent of anything like charitable aid, more devoted to their work, and more determined to demand honest bread for honest work.

My dear Spectator, it is useless for any one to tell me that the cause of Independency is to be furthered by any such plan as the one proposed. The very first glance at the subject will serve to show that we shall make so-called Independent ministers very humble and obedient servants of yours most truly, the Sustentation Fund Committee. I have been for some years a member of a county association; in that association I verily believe there are some of the best and noblest men living; men who preach better than the newspaper magnitudes of the London ecclesiastical emporium; pastors who never have a committee or public meeting as a stumbling-block between them and a sick or dying bed; men of talent also (M.A. and B.A. of universities worth belonging to), and thoroughly good, genial, human fellows.

And yet!

Enter Mr. Someone, whom we have assisted to the amount of 30*l.* a-year.

Speak, Mr. Chairman.

'I am requested to say to you, that we have had two or three letters about you which must receive our consideration ere the grant can be passed. Will you oblige us by retiring to the adjoining room for a little while?'

Exit poor brother, while rambling and wrangling talk goes on re-

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specting him; one of the best men in the association denouncing, and one of the—the—the—smallest, supporting him. Charity at length prevails, and Mr. Someone is allowed to enter, and is told by the chairman 'that he is to receive for six months more 15*l.*, but that he (the chairman) is bound to say that the brethren would have felt greater pleasure in passing the grant, had, &c. &c. &c.' And the poor brother sits down with pale cheeks and palpitating heart.

If an association that knows a brother acts like this, what can you expect from a central, distant committee? One thing is certain, if the poor brother is to receive his 30*l.* a-year, he must be very pleasing to the association during the next year; and, good as he may be, I don't think he can be so, without being dishonest and most slavishly dependent.

I cannot now encroach upon your space, but, with your permission, in your next I will treat somewhat upon the morality of deacons, and the credibility of invitations to the pastorate.

PETER POORPARSON.

Results of Government Education—1857.

THE rapid development of the arbitrary and irresponsible system of Government Education, under the direction of the Educational Committee of the Privy Council, renders it necessary for all who desire to check the growth on the English constitution of this now favoured fungus, to watch its proceedings with more than usual jealousy, and to make strict and careful investigation into the practical results of those 'Minutes,' by which schools and schoolmasters are governed as rigidly and effectively as by any laws which Parliament can make. The Educational Committee bids fair shortly to become a power in the country second only to Parliament and the Church. For many years it has usurped all the principal functions of an imperial government. It makes and unmakes laws of its own, for which it is accountable to no party in the nation or the State. It has its own set of officers and inspectors. No appointment that it may make can be cancelled by either House of Parliament. Its revenue already exceeds the total income of the twelve oldest states of the American confedracy, including the whole of the six New England states, the great state of New York, and the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. For the expenditure of this it is responsible neither to Parliament nor to the people. The committee itself is nominated by the Crown, from a body of men also appointed by the Crown. The extent of its power and influence may be estimated by the fact that it has now upwards of forty inspectors in its service, and that no fewer than 13,196 teachers are directly or indirectly in its pay. It has grown, under the joint influence of a false notion of national responsibility, a weak popular sentimentalism, a hankering for more power, and a desire for more

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patronage, from a small office with an income of 20,000*l.*, to a regular branch of the State with an income of 600,000*l.* Its members and advocates are not even satisfied with this; and we have very little doubt, that, before two years are over, unless a direct, active, and aggressive opposition be organized, to prevent the further extension of its power and influence, and by degrees to reduce its demands, Parliament will be called upon to vote a million sterling in its aid.

What has it done for this money? Has it answered the purposes for which it makes this enormous demand upon the pockets of the people? Leaving out altogether the discussion of the abstract question, of the right or duty of a government to undertake the work of popular education, we purpose, in the present paper, to furnish a very practical answer to these two questions. We shall use only one set of authorities for the evidence we shall adduce—that, namely, of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. The information will be the latest that has been published: it will be taken exclusively from the last published Minutes of the Committee of Privy Council, and the last reports of the inspectors. If our opponents should be disposed to quarrel with us for taking the position that we do, we point them to their own facts for our justification.

Since its establishment in 1839, to the 31st December, 1856, the Privy Council Committee on Education has expended the following sums:—

For Grants to Schools	£2,125,684	4	8½
„ Expenses of Administration and Inspection	300,535	17	9½
Total	£2,426,220	2	6

Of the first sum exactly 654,851*l.* 13*s.* 1½*d.* has been awarded for the building and enlargement of schools. We propose to take this item for the purpose of illustrating one of the positions we are obliged to take with reference to the aid given to popular education by the committee. If it can be proved from these returns that this aid was not needed, that the schools could have done without it, and that it has only gone to create a surplus, and therefore useless accommodation, we shall have done something to show that whatever it may have effected in other ways, in the matter of school accommodation it has only wasted the money of the public.

We have stated that Government has contributed the sum of 654,851*l.* during the last eighteen years towards increasing school accommodation. In the same period there was subscribed, towards the same schools, by the voluntary benevolence of the promoters, the sum of 1,637,534*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* Of the total sum there has, therefore, been contributed:—

By voluntary benevolence	72. per cent.
„ Government	28. „
	100

Was the proportion contributed by Government actually needed or not? We are happy to say that we can answer this question with all

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the formal exactness required by the official mind. The total number of children for whom accommodation has been created by this great expenditure is 529,014. The total number of buildings erected or enlarged, 4,247. Keeping these figures before us, we will go on to another table. We find in the general summary of results of inspection for the year 1855-6, that the school inspectors visited during that year 5,179 schools, in which the average attendance of children was 571,239; the attendance on examination day, 645,905; but the accommodation at 8 square feet of superficial area per child, 877,762. The accommodation therefore exceeds the largest attendance by exactly 231,857. But Government has only provided accommodation for 28 per cent. of 529,014, or 148,124. There would, therefore, have been an excess of accommodation over attendance in the inspected schools alone, *without the aid of a single penny from the State*, from the time the first grant was voted until now, for no fewer than 83,533 children. Whether there has not been a totally needless and uncalled-for waste of public money in this matter we leave the reader to determine. It is a fact, proved by the official returns, that the aid of the State has been utterly useless. It has supplied no deficiency: it has only added to an already enormous excess of accommodation. In this branch of educational work, therefore, the State may be said to have effected for practical purposes literally nothing.

Let us take another item in this great balance sheet—that relating to Normal Schools. The building or enlarging of normal schools has cost the people, through the agency of the State, exactly 106,405*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*; in addition to which voluntary benevolence has contributed 244,073*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* We have now, in the last report of the principal inspector of normal schools, a regretful confession of the fact that these training institutions have not been needed; that they have been supplied in enormous excess; that students do not go to them; that they are in consequence passing through a financial crisis; and that many, from the lack of students, are talking of closing their doors. In case, after all that the country has heard of Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's 'normal' propensities, we should be accused of exaggeration on this head, we beg the reader's attention to the following extract from the report of the Rev. Frederick Temple, Inspector of the Church of England Training Colleges for Schoolmasters. Many will remember Mr. Temple's name as that of the author of the able paper on Popular Education, in the Oxford Essays of 1856:—

'This crisis has been caused by the erection of training colleges having a little outrun the supply of students. Before the year 1852 the students were obtained from a different source from that which at present supplies them. They were picked up, as it were, by accident; many with no previous training for their profession at all; none with more than they might have obtained by acting as voluntary teachers in Sunday schools. . . . . Such a source of supply was easily exhausted, and certainly could not have filled the colleges now at work. But it was always anticipated that when the pupil-teachers, apprenticed under the Minutes of 1846, began to pass into the colleges, the supply of students would be more than enough. Training colleges were erected in this hope. And in 1852, when the first group of pupil-teachers had finished their apprenticeship, and were ready to become students, thirteen training schools connected with the Church of England were ready to re-

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ceive them. The stream was not, however, by any means so full as had been confidently expected. A considerable number of the pupil-teachers, instead of entering the colleges at the close of their apprenticeship, found immediate employment as masters in village schools; some left the profession altogether. And this was not all. Not only did the new supply of students itself fall short of calculation; it also tended to diminish the supply from the original source. . . . . For these reasons the colleges found greater difficulty in keeping faith with their subscribers than they had expected. They had calculated on being entirely full, and therefore availing themselves largely of your Lordships' grants on account of certificates of merit. Since these grants depend on the number of successful students, it followed that when the students fell short of expectation, the grants did also. Several of the smaller training schools found themselves in consequence grievously embarrassed, and during the past year some talked of closing.'*

Has the State aid done anything for the Training Colleges? Here again we confidently leave the answer with the reader.

The next considerable item is that of 211,309*l.*, expended in the augmentation of the salaries of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. How many schools this sum has gone to aid we are not informed; but we find that in 4,411 schools, from which returns have been procured, the expenditure for salaries in 1856, apart from Government aid, was 362,484*l.*, the whole of which was derived from voluntary contributions and school-pence. It is a fair question whether the additional number of schoolmasters created by the aid of Government has been needed, and whether, with the better and more careful management of a school entirely dependent on local resources, it would not, as until recently was the case, be as efficient, and the masters as well rewarded, as now.

Then follows the enormous sum of 822,825*l.*, granted to pay the stipends of pupil-teachers, who are now 10,245 in number. On this branch of our subject we shall allow ourselves to say only one word; the evidence of the inspectors, regarding the general failure of this much-lauded experiment in National Education, being of so much importance, that we must allow them to speak for themselves.

We were amongst those who, when the 'Minute' establishing the system of pupil-teachers was first published, took considerable, but we are now happy to say needless, alarm at the prospect of an addition of some thousands to the number of receivers of Government pay, and subjects of Government patronage. There is scarcely anything so debasing as the influence of receiving payment for work that is not done. There is scarcely anything that so soon corrupts the purity, or saps the feeling of self-respect and independence in a man, as the consciousness that he is dependent on the State for his support. In America, the writer made the acquaintance of a master of one of the Ward Schools in New York, who told him that he dared not give expression to his political principles, or he would be turned out of his office, to make way for a supporter of the party in power. Schoolmasters, as well as custom-house and other officers, here change with the change of administration; and, when the servants of Government in this country shall number scores of thousands, will it be no temptation to a premier to make use of the patronage which a few thousand school

* Minutes, pp. 684, 685.

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vacancies would create? But, as we said, we are happy to find that, with regard to pupil-teachers, no danger is to be apprehended on that score. The difficulty experienced by school-managers is not the difficulty of selection from the many, but of keeping the few. Boys do not seem adequately to appreciate the advantages that are offered them under the new system. As soon as they have received, through its means, an education somewhat superior to that which they would have gained had they left school as pupils only, they neither go to the training colleges, nor remain to become assistant teachers, but seek superior situations as clerks. For this education they are paid, instead of having to pay. The State has generously spent more than three quarters of a million sterling in adding to the commercial value of the services of a few thousand book and shop-keepers—for which we hope the book and shop-keepers are duly thankful. Such appears to be the main result of the pupil-teacher system. Whether this be sound political economy we leave statesmen to determine.

The pupil-teacher system, however, has not entirely succeeded, even in educating the pupil-teachers! Mr. Cooke writes, 'With regard to the general training and instruction of pupil-teachers I have little to add to previous reports. It does not appear to me that there is sufficient reason to believe that the boys are more imperfectly educated than formerly, while I have some reason to believe that the girls are, upon the whole, better instructed, and more thoroughly trained.' (Minutes, p. 230.) 'Not more imperfectly educated than formerly.' What a magnificent result for the expenditure of 800,000*l.*!

Not less conclusive is the following from the Principal of one of the training colleges, through which forty-one apprentices had passed:—

'Only seventeen have had anything like an *intelligent* knowledge of the Bible. The common facts were often utterly confused in the minds of the others. Twenty-nine knew hardly anything of the Liturgy. The meaning and time of the Christian seasons, *e. g.*, Easter, Epiphany, &c., presented great difficulties. Except in seventeen cases, the prevailing characteristic of the work of these forty-one apprentices was inaccuracy, uncertainty whether they knew a thing or not. In the seventeen exceptional cases all are included who could answer with accuracy in *any one* subject, and show that they had been well grounded in anything. In the whole number there were not more than seven or eight who did not break down decidedly in *at least one* principal subject.'*

Mr. Stewart's evidence is still more condemnatory:—

'They cannot afford to reject students who show no fitness for school work, and they thus sent out yearly, as specimens of training, young persons who have really mistaken their calling, and who produce that dissatisfaction with normal education which school-managers too often express undisguisedly.... The failures last year were no less than forty-six per cent. If this amount of inefficiency is taken as a guide in judging of the probable results of the examination at Christmas, 1856, there will be 32·2 Queen's scholars from twelve counties, to be divided among *all* the training colleges for girls within reach of this area. Twelve months ago the possible supply of students from the apprentice system to the Hockerill Training College stood thus in the twelve counties, of which it may be taken as a centre. In ten counties there was an average of 2·1 apprentices in their fifth year; including Middlesex, there was an average of 3·45. Taking the Queen's scholars for ten counties, the average was 1·8 for each county; with Middlesex, the average was

* Minutes, p. 452.

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3·09 Queen's scholars for each of eleven counties; that is to say, that eleven counties, including *the Metropolitan county*, furnished only thirty-four Queen's scholars, a number which could easily have found accommodation in one of the large and long-established London training colleges.'*

Mr. Watkins reports, that in Yorkshire also the pupil-teacher system has comparatively failed. He attributes the circumstance to the higher rate of wages, combined with other temporary advantages, which a boy can earn as a factory worker, to any that can be offered him as a pupil-teacher. 'I am quite satisfied,' writes one of his correspondents,

'That the great difficulty of obtaining pupil-teachers arises from the fact that the parents are unwilling to accept the lower rate of remuneration given when they are apprenticed, and it is to be lamented that they do not regard the *future advancement* of their children so much as a *present income* for their labour. But so it is.'†

Mr. Stewart writes word, that, in the five counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Hertford, and Buckingham, there are only 158 pupil-teachers. Of these he says,—

'Ten have been dismissed for misconduct or unfitness, three have broken their indentures, one has died, five have completed their apprenticeship and taken up other occupations, two have gone into service as domestic servants, owing to the schools in which they were employed being closed, and fifteen have obtained Queen's scholarships.'‡

He adds:—

'The candidates for apprenticeship that have come before me during the past year have been neither numerous nor well prepared. Many of them appeared to look on apprenticeship as worth seeking, provided it could be got without trouble, but they had no idea of making any sacrifice to gain it. Several of the apprentices who have been dismissed looked on their work much in the same light. They were content to fulfil their duties only so long as they did not interfere with the unrestrained gratification of their private follies. If apprenticeship were only a device for educating at the public cost those who cannot obtain such a boon in any other way, no fault can be found with its development in this district; if, however, it is the source for supplying teachers able to carry out the education proposed to this country by your Lordships' Minutes, the progress of the system requires to be far more carefully watched.'§

In another place he says:—

'Out of the thirty-six apprenticeships which have been closed in this district in the year ending August 31, 1856, only fifteen Queen's scholars have been obtained. As there is no certainty that these fifteen scholars will turn out good teachers, or that they will continue in the calling they have adopted, it is quite open for consideration whether the money expended on these thirty-six cases would not have been more profitably spent on half the number of candidates of another class.'‖

Writing of Berkshire, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight, Mr. Warburton, another inspector, says:—

'I regret to have to add that, in some instances, difficulties of a trivial nature encountered on the one hand, or allurements held out on the other, have proved

* Minutes, pp. 434, 435. † Ibid., p. 297. ‡ Ibid., p. 431.
§ Ibid. ‖ Ibid., p. 434.

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sufficient to withdraw pupil-teachers of much promise from the career on which they entered, with the implied intention of not lightly abandoning it.'*

Need we quote any more to prove that the pupil-teacher system is not likely greatly to add either to the efficiency of the next generation of teachers, or to the future number of candidates for the profession?†

We next come to the working of the system of capitation grants. This system, in its full development, has hardly yet had time to bud. In the country it has been in full work for some time, but in large towns only for a very short period. Its object is to increase the average attendance of children at school, and by offering a direct pecuniary advantage to the managers, to induce them to exert themselves to keep the children for a longer period than usual. The grant is allowed on all children who have attended school during a hundred and seventy-six days in the year, and who pay school fees of not less than a penny, nor more than fourpence a week. Yet out of more than six hundred thousand children attending the schools in 1856-7, only 75,440 could be put down for claims on the capitation grant; and it is questionable whether the majority of these would not have attended quite as punctually had there been no such system in operation. It is unquestionably a fact, that the number of schools making application for these grants is increasing, and, of course, will increase, year by year. The number of children on whom the grants are claimed will, of course, increase in the same proportion, but the attendance at the schools does *not* increase; and the inspectors, with scarcely a single exception, give it as their deliberate opinion that, under the present system, it *will not*. What, therefore, becomes of the Privy Council system? It was established, not to increase the salaries of teachers, nor to build supernumerary schools, but to increase the number of children attending school, and to induce their parents to let them remain under instruction until a reasonable age. But the fact is, that the average age of children attending school, together with the average period of their attendance, is decreasing year by year. The burden of complaint in every report that we open is one and the same—that children are taken from school before they even begin to learn. Mr. Horace Mann struck the key of this difficulty when he wrote, 'It is evident that even the lowest amount of wages which the child of a labouring man will receive must be so great a relief to the parents as to render it almost hopeless that they can withstand the inducement and retain the child at school in the face of such tempta-

* Minutes, p. 463.

† We are bound in fairness to state that one of the inspectors, Mr. Douglas Tinling, gives a positive denial to the assertion that in his district, comprising the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, pupil teachers abandon their profession. Out of 228, he states 163 entered a training school, and 41 took office as teachers at once. We quote this in justice to the character of the pupil teachers. It will be noticed that Mr. Tinling fails to state how long the pupils remained in the training schools, or the proportion of good teachers procured from their number. Other evidence that we have quoted will illustrate these points.

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tion. . . . . It is not for the sake of saving a penny per week, but for the sake of gaining a shilling or eighteen pence per week, that a child is transferred from the school to the factory or the fields.'* The rate at which this evil is increasing may be gathered from the following extract from Mr. Cook's report:—

'I will, as usual, preface the few remarks which I have to make this year upon the condition of the schools by a comparison between the age and attendance of the children in this and former years. Last year I reported that—

In 1851 the per-centage of children above 12 years of age was				11·28
„ 1852	„	„	„	13·43
„ 1853	„	„	„	18·85
„ 1854	„	„	„	7·02
„ 1855	„	„	„	10·76

I regret to observe that—

In 1856 the per-centage of children above 12 years of age was 8·24

'I find, moreover, that 50·83 per cent. of children in attendance have been at school *less than one year*. The number of those who have been three years and upwards in the same school amounts only to 13·73 per cent.'†

A curious and rather significant statement follows. After giving the proportions for other districts, Mr. Cook makes a comparison between the schools of the different denominations, which results as follows:—

Church of England Schools	10·91
Roman Catholic	10·30
British and Denominational	11·78.‡

It is generally known that the voluntary element in British schools is stronger than in either the National or the Roman Catholic: in the same schools the relative attendances are the highest.

It would be useless to quote from every writer on this branch of our subject when every writer says the same thing. The lamentation is universal that the system does not ensure the attainment of the chief result. Twelve years ago, Mr. Baines prophesied that it could not and would not,—that no merely mechanical or monetary aid would effect such an object. His prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. In spite of redoubled exertions the system of Government support has entirely broken down.

It is not a little remarkable to note the suggestions which are put forth to remedy this state of things. The adoption of the prize scheme, which we recollect was strongly urged by Mr. Temple, in his Oxford Essay, seems to find most favour. The appeal to parental love—if ever properly made—having failed, it is proposed by this means to substitute an appeal to parental pride. It is supposed that the weaker passion will not fail to effect what the stronger passion has failed to respond to. This is a reversal of the customary course of action. Most people try the minimum force first and the maximum afterwards. Our theorists are of opinion that the maximum force having failed, the minimum will succeed.

* Educational Census, p. xxiii. † Minutes, p. 232. ‡ Ibid., p. 233.

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Another recommendation is—we beg the especial attention of the reader to this suggestion—*that parents should be paid for sending their children to school!* This suggestion is made by Mr. Cook. He says—

'At the same time I am convinced, from my own observations, and from frequent discussions with the most experienced teachers, that no general, and, indeed, no perceptible effect will be produced upon the average attendance, by this system, *unless it be connected with some pecuniary advantage*, some system of prizes or rewards, or be recognised in some formal and very public manner by the employers of labour.'*

If this be not riding a hobby to death we do not know what is. It is the most modest suggestion that has been made in the course of the educational controversy. We have heard of pecuniary compensations for loss of office, but pecuniary compensations for loss of ignorance are an unquestionable novelty in the world. A system must have miserably failed, and utterly failed in the convictions of those who are working it, when such a recommendation as this is put forth for the purpose of propping it up.

Another recommendation is to multiply the number of Infant Schools. Amongst others, Mr. Bowstead lays great stress on this auxiliary to the easy expenditure of the Government grant. The suggestion is an odd one for getting rid of the difficulty encountered by the early age at which children leave; and for ourselves, we cannot see how the addition of a certain number of babies to a school is to insure an increased attendance of boys and girls above twelve years of age. But it will do one thing—*it will augment the capitation grant.* There will not be much difficulty for a parent in keeping children *who cannot work* a hundred and eighty days at school.

There is more hesitancy in suggesting the adoption of a compulsory system of education than formerly. We do not find one direct recommendation of such a course in the whole of the present reports; but we do find a very remarkable testimony against it from the pen of the Rev. F. Watkins, inspector of the Church Schools in Yorkshiire. This gentleman writes:—

'I have gone largely into the subject of children's wages, as affecting the school apprenticeship, and I think it is difficult to deny that compulsory education in the manufacturing and mining districts, where child-labour is much used and highly remunerated, is practically impossible. I mean by this expression, compulsory attendance at school until the age of thirteen or fourteen years, *i. e.* about five times as long as the usual school-stay now is, and continued for about three years after it now ceases. For I conclude that no compeller of education would venture to affix a higher penalty for the infraction of the education law than a fine, and that not of very large amount. This is the case in Prussia, and wherever the circumstances of Prussia at all resemble those of the districts of which I am speaking, there the education law is broken, and the fine paid over and over again. A parent could afford to do this out of the high wages of his child, rather than lose the whole of the wages. A statement has been made, which seems incredible, that in the town of Elberfeld, with its population of 40,000, there were in one year 12,000 convictions of parents for breaking the educational law, and preferring to pay the fine imposed upon them. Even allowing for considerable exaggeration here, one may fairly conclude that in that district, where child-labour is valuable,

* Minutes, p. 235.

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the law was broken continually and contemptuously. Nor can anyone doubt that something of the same kind would happen in manufacturing Yorkshire. And what, we may well ask, would be the moral effect on the minds of the people living under a law which they hated as much as they despised, which they evaded whenever they were able, and broke whenever they could afford it?'*

The idea of the inevitable connexion between ignorance and crime is also abandoned. Mr. Bellairs, one of the oldest inspectors, candidly confesses that he cannot see his way to any definite conclusion on the subject.† Mr. Laurie goes further, and states, on official authority, that *nearly three-fourths of the juveniles who find their way through the various avenues of crime to some of our penitentiaries, have received instruction in Government and other schools for periods averaging three years.* The statistics on which he bases this statement were, he says, furnished to him by the chaplains of Pentonville, Parkhurst, Millbank, and Preston Penitentiaries. In Pentonville, it appears,

*'Four-fifths of 5,000 had received instruction for an average period of four years. Millbank will, no doubt, approach this, while three-fourths of the Parkhurst delinquents, 94 in number, averaged only 22 months, and again, about the same proportion (in 1,000) of the Preston prisoners somewhat exceeded this term of attendance at school; attended, of course, with the usual irregularity.'‡

Some time ago, we made a similar calculation from the moral and judicial statistics of the principal counties in England, the continental governments, and the United States of America, with invariably the same result, namely, that where education has been forced there crime has been forced in equal proportion. Massachussetts and Pennsylvania, the two best educated states of America, furnish a greater proportion of criminals to the population than any others; while Prussia and Saxony are the two most immoral states of continental Europe.

We might continue this analysis almost *ad infinitum*, but we have probably said and quoted sufficient to induce the warmest friends of the Privy Council system to pause before they seek to extend its operations further. We beg of them, at any rate, carefully to read the reports of their own inspectors concerning the practical efficiency of the system. They abound with illustrations and opinions similar to those we have quoted, so numerous, that we might fill a complete number of this journal with them. We do not mean to say that they write avowedly to condemn the system under which they are acting, but being called upon to report on the general state of education in the schools which it is their duty to visit, they unhesitatingly give all the facts concerning them which may tend to form a correct public opinion on the subject in hand. They are warm partisans of the Privy Council Committee; but if they state circumstances which show that every branch of the operations of that committee fails to produce its proper fruit, what are we to conclude? For ourselves, we reply, in the words

* Minutes, p. 292. † See Ibid., p. 266. ‡ Ibid., p. 576.

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which Mr. Cook applies to the working of industrial schools—'No merely functional system will answer; the work must be done by individuals animated and directed by Christian zeal, or it had better be left undone;' in other words, it must be left to the voluntary principle.

Religion made Easy.

As a general rule, that which is obtained without vigilant personal effort is worth but little. We have no faith in the manœuvres by which it is attempted to make the various paths of life so smooth and level as to defy the discovery of a lost horizontal, or a stone out of its place. For a few pence books may be had which profess to teach French in six lessons. Go to the unfortunate one who has been simple enough to try the experiment, and you will find that he knows next to nothing of the language. He may have scraped together a few odd facts; he may be able to tell the meaning of certain words and phrases; but set him down in the Boulevards to talk to a Parisian and you make him a laughing-stock. According to an advertisement which you read in yesterday's newspapers, the tooth-ache—no matter how bad—may be cured in an instant, and for the merest trifle. Believe it not. Be sure that he who uses the remedy will be worse afterwards than before, though it might for a few seconds relieve the pain. Low-priced books are the dearest. Beware of all 'substitutes for silver.' Time will show right speedily that the word 'substitute' can only be used sarcastically when applied to the article in question. The garment which has been ticketed in the plate-glass window as an awful bargain will soon be worn out.

Even thus is it in the realm of religion. All attempts to render it easier of accomplishment, are foolish and wrong. The prize of our high calling is not to be reached by any *legerdemain* which supersedes the old method of industry, patience, and self-denial. Only an immense pretence can be produced, a something bearing the name and arrogating to itself the titles of religion. Religion will not be made easy: with imperial dignity it scorns the notion as an insult. It authorizes no 'short cuts' and nearer routes. Let it be carefully marked, however, that we distinguish between religion and the *way* to it. We have not spoken one word of the latter. Far be it from us to say that it is difficult. Forgiveness, acceptance, peace, which are the A B C of personal Christianity, the way to religion, these the great God has been pleased to render very plain, and comparatively easy. He requireth no immense price nor great toil on our parts before he will bestow upon us his pardoning mercy. No. The gospel, which leadeth to religion, is 'without money and without price.' But we speak of the end, not the means. Moreover, we would not be unmindful of the words, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.' They are words of truth. The commands are just; the requirements are reasonable. The Saviour is no tyrant; he exacts nothing. *He* throws no

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difficulties in our way. But this is not saying there are not difficulties —difficulties, indeed, so many as to render the gate 'strait' and the road 'narrow.' So many are the outward and inward temptations which assail us that that cannot be religion which knows nothing of them, and those are 'blind leaders' who would make godliness attainable without stern battle.

One of the methods by which men attempt to make religion easy, is that which relates to what is termed imputed righteousness. Whatever may be the precise and definite doctrine of the Bible hereupon, sure we are that it is either grossly misrepresented or shamefully abused. Some there be who comfort themselves with the assurance that Christ has fulfilled the moral law for them; that he has worked out a righteousness on their behalf, and, therefore, no strict claim is laid upon them to be strenuous in their efforts to rise in the scale of true excellence. Now, every unprejudiced reader of the gospel and epistles must see that there is a terrible fallacy here. Vain and superfluous to the last degree were all the injunctions, counsels, and encouragements to holiness and usefulness which Christ and his apostles gave, if this dogma be correct. Whatever the imputed righteousness of Christ may be, it cannot be a substitute for individual goodness. The fact that my brother is a tradesman does not make me one; before I can truthfully apply that term to myself, I must buy and sell, barter and bargain. Neither does the possession of goodness by another entitle me to the name of Christian; before I can lawfully claim it I must wrestle with sin and practise its opposite. If the main object of our calling were to reach a locality called heaven, to inhabit a new world called Paradise, this would change the aspect of affairs. But is it? Is it not rather to make ourselves fit for such a place, to culture our hearts and rule our lives so as to be prepared for Paradise —so to feel and act as to make the crown of life sit gracefully upon our heads? And to this end, as to learning also, there is 'no royal road.' If we would reign yonder, we must conquer here. When the character is put into the crucible no 'substitute' for the 'silver' of sincere and earnest obedience will please the Great Refiner. The royal robe of heaven shall cover those shoulders only which on earth have ached beneath the heavy cross. So far as we have overcome self and enthroned Christ in our hearts, brought our wills into harmony with the law of God, and placed our supreme affection on the Father of mercies, so far are we religious, and no farther. More than a persevering and zealous striving for this God does not ask; less he will never sanction.

The giving of money, instead of one's self, is another plan by which men try to make religion easy. We pity the ignorance and condemn the unrighteousness of those who have done this in bygone times. There is not a Protestant in existence who does not marvel at and discountenance the conduct of the priest who could receive, and the lord who could give, on his death-bed, a princely donation for ecclesiastical and charitable purposes as an atonement for a very questionable life. 'No, no,' we all say, 'not so is the omniscient and

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all-pure God blinded or satisfied.' And we speak rightly. But is not the same principle acted upon, though in a modified form, by modern accusers of ancient wrong-doers? 'I give alms of all that I possess;' that is the sum total of some experiences. We would not for a moment doubt that the majority of those who contribute to the support of our religious institutions are actuated by a motive of pure philanthropy; nevertheless, we cannot but think that there are cases in which a very low and corrupt motive is the cause of the handsome donation. In the latter instances, it is felt that genuine consecration to God necessarily involves the abandonment of wrong but pleasurable pursuits, and the doing of many things against which our depraved nature rebels. At the same time it is felt that *something* must be done, and the result is an attempt at compromise. By offering liberal sums of money conscience is, to a certain extent, pacified, and if the doer of the deed has occasional misgivings awakened by seeing the piety and earnestness of others, he tries to silence his doubts by hoping that as God is not a hard master, all will come right at last. But the Lord looketh at the heart. With him the giver sanctifies the gift. Presented from a selfish motive, the costliest offering is rejected. Before our sacrifices will be accepted, we must sacrifice ourselves. 'The Lord had respect unto Abel, and to his offering.' First the donor is regarded, then the donation. Jehovah asks not, What is it? but, What is *he*? Lack of inward fealty is not to be compensated for by abundance of yellow coin. Choice presents of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, did the Magi lay at the feet of Jesus, but not until they had worshipped him.

Closely related to the spurious mode of action to which we have just alluded is a third, namely, the giving of money in the place of personal effort for the good of mankind. Knowing that to come into immediate contact with the worst forms of sin, to view vice not as an abstract thing, but as an appalling, practical reality, and to labour for their removal in the face of discouraging difficulties, is not altogether pleasant work, there are some who depute others to do it for them. To keep their hand clean and to secure it from ugly scars they put on the glove of proxy. For the same reason that they hire a clerk to keep their accounts, pay a maid to sweep their rooms, and engage a substitute for themselves in the militia, they unburden their coffers for religious institutions. It is the easiest method of doing good, and by far the most respectable. But this will not be well-pleasing to God. He demands *both* our money and our personal effort. Every talent is to accumulate: all our powers are to be consecrated. He who has not only physical and mental strength with which to engage in philanthropic efforts, but also wealth, is doubly responsible. Because I have a pair of horses, shall one of them do all the work, and the other remain unemployed? Nay, they shall both be put into harness. And, in truth, this plan of getting benevolent labour accomplished by paying others for doing it argues a very sickly and feeble piety. It is a water-mark which shows that the tide has ebbed exceeding low. The moral and spiritual heroes of our race had no sympathy with such

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second-hand measures. They were so full of hatred to sin that they could not but battle with it themselves; so well read in the lesson of love that they could not depute to others the refined luxury of blessing men; so thoroughly at one with the plans of their Master above that they could not rest without themselves doing somewhat to accomplish them. Thus was it with John Howard: he not merely expended a fortune in behalf of oppressed and maltreated prisoners, but with surprising patience travelled throughout Europe to secure their rights. So was it with Thomas Clarkson: for the slave he not simply gave his money, but toiled *like* a slave. And if that man of lion-courage and womanly tenderness, Martin Luther, had possessed the wealth of argosies, still would he have laboured even as he did. The greater regard for my friend the more anxious am I and the prouder to serve him with my own hands; no, a paid menial shall not do for him what I can. If our hearts are in their right places, thus shall we feel in reference to God's work. If we have made him our friend, we shall be eager to work for him in our own persons: no one shall assume our honourable and esteemed position. The true Christian says, 'With that hand, O God, I give thee my gold, and with this my toil: for Jesus' sake accept them.' So, my friend, may you and I speak and act.

T. F. S.

The German Pulpit.

GOD'S THOUGHTS AND MEN'S THOUGHTS CONCERNING LIFE AND DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLHOM.

'From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples' how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day. Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee. But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of man. Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.'—*Matt.* xvi. 21—25.

BRETHREN, we are now entering upon the solemn holy season of the Passion; we are now, in obedience to the call of our Lord and Saviour, a holy company of pilgrims, travelling towards Jerusalem, to watch the greatest event that has taken place since the beginning of the world—our redemption through the suffering and death of the Son of God. To watch the highest revelation of God's love; how he laid down his life for us while we were yet sinners: to see the miraculous image of the cross, the tree of life upon the mountain of Golgotha. And we are met on the threshold of this holy season, with its strange solemnity, by the history of the temptation of Christ by the devil, which opens the account of this circle of mysteries, and which

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you have heard read to you from the altar, as the gospel for the first Sunday in Lent. That just this gospel should open the series of the gospels for this season, I should think, astonishes no one. Well is it that that temptation should be announced to us, as it is, at the beginning of our Lord's public ministry; it was, properly speaking, a crisis in his life; the image, or rather the counterpart, of our temptations. But it was not the only one, nor the last. His whole life was a series of temptations. And never were they so fierce or threatening as at the last, in the hours of his suffering and death. 'The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me.' With these words he prepares himself to meet death, with all its difficulties. Satan came again to tempt him—again to be overcome, once for all. If the devil in the wilderness, taking advantage of the human necessities of the Son of Man, tempted him, as he was hungering, to ask that the stones might become bread, is it not also a temptation when he exclaims, in the greatest bodily anguish, 'I thirst?' If the devil then would tempt him to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, was it not also temptation when the Jews scoffingly cried out beneath the cross, 'Let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him?' If, then, the prince of this world tried to induce him to fall down and worship him, and promised him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, tempting him to found an earthly kingdom by means of outward pomp, rather than a heavenly kingdom through poverty and suffering, does not the same temptation come back to him when, now that the hour of his deepest humiliation had struck, when his cup was full, and they came to seize him and put him to death, he needed only to speak one little word, and legions of the heavenly host would have descended to shelter him with their golden weapons? Yes, there is a close connexion between the history of his temptations and his passion—how close a one is clearly shown us in our text. He began to speak to his disciples of his sufferings and death, and scarcely had he uttered the words for the first time, when Satan drew near to him to tempt him—to tempt him by the words of one of his own disciples; and we see from his words of reproof how forcibly our Lord remembered his temptation in the wilderness.

It is a tempting word that Peter speaks. But wherein does the temptation peculiarly lie? It lies in this, that the divine thoughts of the Lord are met directly he reveals them by the thoughts of men; that Peter tries to draw him down from his divine thoughts of death to *his* human thoughts of life. Divine and human thoughts about life and death here come into conflict with one another.

And are they not still always opposed to one another? Is not the greatest hindrance to the understanding and approval of these words about the cross still this, that our human thoughts oppose God's thoughts as there revealed to us? And now, at the beginning of this solemn season of the Passion, may we find our text to-day helping us to enter into God's thoughts about Christ's death, warning us how alone all our reflections upon the Passion can benefit us for time and

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eternity; and putting from us all merely human thoughts on the subject, let us look together at

God's thoughts and men's thoughts concerning life and death.

We will look first at the Lord, the author; then at ourselves, his followers.

Now, Lord our Saviour, reveal to us, as thou didst even to the disciples, thy divine thoughts of life and death. Oh, consider how much there is in our hearts that hides and obscures thy holy cross from us. Take it all away, and teach us thy truth, that at this holy season we may learn, not as Peter did, what was but human, but by looking unto thee alone, what is divine. Amen.

1. Our Lord had spoken of his suffering and death for the first time. From the time when, as we are told in the verses preceding the text, the disciples had made the confession, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;' from that time Jesus began to show them how he must go up to Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders, and chief priest, and scribes, and be killed, and the third day rise again. That was something quite new in the ears of the disciples. Till then, they heard nothing of it. And how it surprised them, how strange it seemed to them, we learn from Peter. He took the Lord aside, spoke harshly to him, indignant, as it were, at such unprecedented words, rebuked him, and said, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, that shall not be unto thee.' Half beseeching, half threatening, he eagerly sought to hold Christ back. It is impossible, he thinks; *that* can never happen. That be far from thee. God forbid that it should be thus unto thee. Brethren, our Lord making use of the strongest possible expression, calls him, on account of these words, 'Satan!' But that must not hinder us from looking more closely into the reason of these thoughts of Peter, not to excuse him from Christ's censure; rather, by so doing, the more we know how naturally, so to speak, these thoughts were suggested to him, the more solemn and important does the strong reply of Christ appear to us. Yes, it was natural that the prediction of our Lord should astonish his disciples. Human, as he said, were their thoughts. It is human to tremble before the words—'suffering death.' In whatever way thoughts of death encounter us, our human nature struggles against them—a distinct witness that it does not belong to the original constitution of our being, but that it has forced itself into our nature as something alien from it. Thoughts of death always awaken dismay in us, while the sight of life awakens joy, and the sense of life excites and fosters these feelings. The more purely, therefore, the more originally and fully we have to do with life, the greater is our joy at this consciousness; but, at the same time, the more incomprehensible and gloomy does the mention of death sound. And where could there be a purer, more original life, than in him who is himself *the life*, to whom the Father, as he hath life in himself, hath also given to have life in himself. And there he stood before his disciples, the source of life, amidst the creative activity of their lives. They had known him to be so, and had even now confessed, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' They

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had seen him but a short time before providing food for thousands; proving himself the Prince of Life at the sick bed, at the bier, and at the grave, robbing even death of its prey. They had perceived the breath of life in all his words. They had themselves been quickened by him; his living power had penetrated them with new life—and now he suddenly speaks to them of his *death!* He tells them clearly and certainly that he must suffer and be put to death. He, the Life, must die! He must be condemned as a malefactor. He who gave life to others must be put to death! Do we still wonder that they did not understand? That they should not be able to comprehend how life and death could come together? They had followed him as their Master; they had known him as the Christ of God. Out of the fulness of their love they had given themselves up to him. This had been their fondest hope, that the love in which they had found their blessedness should be diffused; that the kingdom, the beginning of which had come in their own hearts, should extend further and further. With what a blow did all these hopes appear now to be scattered, for he, the centre and source of this life, must die, will die. They thought he must live longer, to carry on that work; they thought that for the salvation of mankind his life must be a long continuing one. And now he himself points them to death—to a disgraceful death—as his approaching end. They see death stretching out its hand to destroy their highest, dearest friend. Do we still wonder that they are terrified? Oh, it is love, though a mistaken one; it is love which looks forth from those words of the disciple, love to his Lord and Master, in whom he had found all; love, which could not bear the thoughts of separation; which felt that the life of him whom he loved was his life—that his death would be his death—and so he, in the fulness of his love, trembling in the deepest depth of his soul, tottering, as in front of a precipice, suddenly cries out, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, that shall not be unto thee.'

That was humanly spoken! Yes, truly, we will not blame and find fault rashly; humanly, out of a human love of life, and a human fear of death, out of a human conception of the office and work of Christ, out of a human love to him. But how sternly does our Lord dismiss such thoughts. 'Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of man.' Divine and human thoughts come into contact with one another. What a difference! Surely those words of the prophet, if ever true, were true then. 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' Men's thoughts turned upon life. God's thoughts upon death. He showed his disciples how he *must* suffer and be killed. That is the *must* of a divine necessity, the *must* of the divine plan of salvation. So had the Father willed, so had he decreed before the foundation of the world, for this had he sent the Son, that he might give his life a ransom for many. For this he had himself put the bitter cup of suffering into his hands.

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Such also are the thoughts of the Son. He *must* suffer; that is the *must* of his holy will, which, in child-like obedience he changes into an 'I will.' For this he is come into the world; for this he, as the Lamb of God, bears the sins of the world; for this he takes the cup from the hands of his Father. 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have eternal life.' 'The Son of Man is not come to be ministered unto but to minister, and so give his life a ransom for many.' Those are God's divine thoughts of death, and, lo, they turn to thoughts of life. That which Peter was wishing for in his way, can only be obtained in this wonderful way. Life can only come through death. Only if the corn of wheat falls into the ground and dies, can it bring forth much fruit. If it was Peter's love which led him to utter such words, it is only as the crucified that Christ is the object of the highest love; and he who cannot love him on the cross, dares not altogether say that he loves him; men will life, and get only death. God wills death, and through death to give life.

And now, brethren, have our thoughts changed since those days; are they not still opposed to God's thoughts? Is there no offence at the cross? Do men no longer stumble at a suffering and dying Saviour? Oh, as high as heaven is above the earth, so high still are God's thoughts above men's thoughts. 'Be it far from thee, Lord, that shall not be unto thee,' is still the answer given by many to the preaching of the cross. That he must suffer and be put to death—it is that at which men take offence; the cross is that stone upon which so many are dashed to pieces. And why? They think of what is human, not of what is divine. They will willingly obey a teacher and master who preached wisdom to them, and perhaps also worked wonders, but will they obey one who has conquered death by *dying?*—Never! They will take comfort and warning from his *words*, but from the words of the cross—never! They will bow before his image, and before his glory, and before the mild and radiant majesty of his life,—but will they bend their knees before the martyr on Golgotha?—Never! They admire him; yes, there are many who are drawn towards him with a kind of enthusiasm, but that is all. Earthly thoughts intrude to tempt and offend their souls. Oh listen, listen: 'Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.' Yes, dismiss your thoughts so. Away with them! They obstruct your way to the cross, your way to the fountain of life. It is Satan that tempts and misleads you, trying to make the cross appear foolishness unto you. Away with all earthly thoughts; that is the first duty at this holy season. Give God's thoughts admission to your spirits; letting them abide therein. That is the only way to know Christ, to understand the mystery of the cross, as the power of God unto salvation. Truly *so* does it become, though apparently a folly, yet a divine and hidden wisdom, in comparison of which all our thinkings and imaginings are but foolishness.

2. We have now looked at one aspect of our text. Our Lord, here

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as elsewhere, instead of removing the offence created by his words, only increases it by what he goes on to say. He speaks not only of his own suffering and death, but of the suffering and death of his disciples; and so brings the offence still nearer, addresses the words that had so astonished Peter right to his own heart, and requires of them that from which Peter had sought to restrain him. 'If any man will follow me,' he says, 'let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' You see he demands of those who would follow him that they should do so exactly in his own way. He requires death—to die; 'Let him deny himself.' That means, he must deny his own life, disown it, kill it. 'Let him take up his cross and follow me.' He must, as I, such is the requirement, be crucified; his old man must be crucified. There is death here, to suffer, to die, —such are God's thoughts.

What does the world say to this, brethren? Have you never heard its answer in your own hearts? 'Be it far from thee; that shall not be unto thee.' Life, to live, that is our desire. 'Live and let live,' that is our motto! To make life as cheerful as possible, as rich as we can; therefore, to care but little for others, and much for ourselves, seeing that we have trouble and needs enough of our own. To stifle all earnestness, that we may pass through life more gaily; to bear what must be borne, and to endure what cannot be helped—and so to pass through life—do you know nothing of such maxims? Oh, do not think that I am only speaking of those who act upon such maxims, in the most superficial and carnal meaning of them. I speak to all whose motto is, 'To live;' who seek to occupy their life with its manifold purposes, with amassing wealth, to fill it with learning, to decorate it with art. And when men speak to them of death, they are seized with blank dismay. Repentance, regeneration, the death of the old man—they understand nothing of them, and turn from them as gloomy words. Self-denial, the cross, self-renunciation—they are things which they avoid and fly from. And then when a man listens to Christ's call, when the words, 'If any man will follow me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me,' sink deep into any heart; when a man in repentance, earnest repentance, is on the point of dying, according to the old man, and begins to deny himself, and take up his cross—oh, how does he immediately hear on all hands, 'Be it far from thee; that shall not be unto thee.' 'Be it far from thee,' says the world; why will you become morose and melancholy? Come to us, we offer you the love of life. Why will you take so much trouble to be better than others? 'Be it far from thee,' say his friends; how can you ever get on in the world with such gloomy thoughts? 'That shall not be unto thee.' Shake off such morbid thoughts, such useless self-tormenting. Try to make your life as happy as possible, and it will all pass off. 'Be it far from thee.' Tell your fears to your own flesh and blood; is it not natural to rejoice, is it not human? Why will you think about death and dying? Have not thousands and thousands made themselves happy upon this beautiful earth? Why will you be unhappy? There must be some way, without such torture. 'Be it far from thee; that shall not be unto thee.'

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Such are men's thoughts. Death—God will have it; it is an unalterable law of his kingdom; he demands death—an inexorable *must*. Oh, there is a sternness, a mighty sternness, about the discipleship of Jesus Christ. Do not be deceived by those who represent it as easy. It begins with death—continues with death. Every step is bounded by death in the narrow way. 'Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple. Without renunciation, nothing can be gained in Christ's kingdom. You can have nothing, unless you are first willing to give up everything; just as Abraham brought his well-beloved son to the altar, and by God's grace received him thence again.

And look again at the opposition between God's thoughts and men's thoughts. They desire life—he commanded death. And how wonderful is the change that takes place here.—Men's thoughts are all about life, but they bring death: God's thoughts, which are about death, lead to life. 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.' Oh, the folly of our earthly thoughts! Men long for life, pursue after it, desire to enjoy it to the full, to save it, and make sure of it; and when they get to the end, they have been grasping death instead of life; that which they wished to save has escaped out of their hands. For this life that they wished to keep, the natural life, was only a shadow, a lie, that must vanish some time, even if it do so first in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment. But those who give up their life find it again. Those who venture at Christ's call to part with their natural life, who have the courage to descend into the abyss of death, certain that the arms of his love will enfold them, find life, new life, because *his* life. Every thing that they have sacrificed they receive back a hundred fold. They give it to him as an *apparent* good; he gives it back to them as a *real* good. Those who will take up their cross and follow him, bearing it willingly after him, find it to be a crown of life; and those that sow here in tears will one day reap in joy. How strange the contrast! It is human to desire life, and if you desire it you will die. It is divine to desire death, and if you desire it you will live eternally. Away, then, with all such earthly thoughts, whether they come from our own hearts or from the world; away with them, they lead to death; let us follow Christ; let us deny ourselves, willing to bear our cross after him. And when the world around us and in us, when our flesh and blood from an innate dread of suffering, say to us, as Peter did to Christ, 'Be it far from thee,' let us say with him, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of man. Oh, brethren, do not let us allow ourselves to be deceived. However the temptation may come to us; if it is the pleasure of the world that tempts us—perhaps even lawful pleasures—or the glory of the world; or if it come to us from the lips of those who are dearest to us on earth; or if it take the form of human love—whatever will keep you back from following Christ, whatever induces you to save your life—it is Satan who tempts you, seeking after your soul. Say with Christ, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Turn away, as he turned away; tear yourself away. Look not behind

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you. Go the road he went; there is no other. Only hew ho loses his life can find it.

A hard, hard road! If it has never appeared so to you, you do not yet know what it is to be Christ's disciple. Those words about the cross are hard to the natural man; harder still are those words about dying. Both hang together. They are both learned together. The cross and death of Christ can only be understood by those who are dead with him, and only those can die with him who have recognised his cross and death as the power of God. Come, then, to the cross to learn how to die, to learn how he has died for us sinners, and has given us life; so learn how to die yourselves that you may live with him. But who will teach us this? 'As the heaven is higher than the earth, so are God's thoughts higher than our thoughts.' Who will go up to bring him down from above? Truly we need no one. The Spirit has come down to teach us. He only can show us the truth about those mysteries of suffering and death; they are God's thoughts; and as 'no man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man which is in him, even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God.' Let us seek his teaching at this holy season. Let us dismiss all earthly thoughts; let us sit at the foot of the cross, to learn as simple, lowly children, and the Spirit from above will unfold to us all the mysteries of the death of Jesus Christ. He will work in our souls that we who have been baptized into Christ's death may learn from him to die; that his death may not be lost upon us, but bear fruit in us all; that having once died with him we may also live with him. Amen.

Heart.

FROM HEINE.

High in the heavens the sun was glowing;
Around him the white clouds, like waves, were flowing;
The sea was very still and grey.
Dreamily thinking, as I lay
Close by the gliding vessel's wheel,
A sleepless slumber did o'er me steal;
And I saw the Christ, the healer of woe,
In white and waving garments go;
Walking in giant form went he
Over the land and sea.
High in the heaven he towered his head,
And his hands in blessing forth he spread
Over the land and sea.
And for a heart, O wonder meet!
In his breast the sun did throb and beat;
In his breast, for a heart to the only One,
Shone the red, the flaming sun.
The flaming red sunheart of the Lord
Forth its gracious life-beams poured;
Its fair and love-benignant light
Softly shone, with warming might,
Over the land and sea.

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Sounds of solemn bells, that go
Through the still air to and fro,
Drew, like swans, in a rosy band,
The gliding ship to the grassy land,
Where a mighty city, towered and high,
Breaks and jags the line of the sky.

Oh, wonder of peace, how still was the town!
The hollow tumult had all gone down
Of the bustling and babbling trades.
Men and women, and youths and maids,
White clothes wearing,
Palm branches bearing,
Walked through the clean and echoing streets;
And when one with another meets,
They look at each other with eyes that tell
That they understand each other well.
And, trembling with love and sweet restraint,
Each kisses the other upon the brow,
And looks above, like a hoping saint,
To the holy, healing sunheart's glow;
Which atoning all, its red blood streams
Downward in still outwelling beams;
Till, threefold blessed, they call aloud,
The single hearts of a happy crowd,
Praised be Jesus Christ!

A Christian Common-Place Book.

'WISDOM THAT IS HID, AND TREASURE THAT IS NOT SEEN—WHAT PROFIT IS THERE IN THEM BOTH?'—*Jesus the Son of Sirach.*

DURING many centuries, every government thought it was its bounden duty to encourage religious truth, and discourage religious error. The mischief this has produced is incalculable. Putting aside all other considerations, it is enough to mention its two leading consequences; which are, the increase of hypocrisy, and the increase of perjury. The increase of hypocrisy is the inevitable result of connecting any description of penalty with the profession of particular opinions. Whatever may be the case with individuals, it is certain that the majority of men find an extreme difficulty in long resisting constant temptation. And when the temptation comes to them in the shape of honour and emolument, they are too often ready to profess the dominant opinions, and abandon, not indeed their belief, but the external marks by which that belief is made public. Every man who takes this step is a hypocrite; and every government which encourages this step to be taken, is an abettor of hypocrisy and a creator of hypocrites. Well, therefore, may we say, that when a government holds out as a bait, that those who profess certain opinions shall enjoy certain privileges, it plays the part of the tempter of old, and, like the Evil One, basely offers the good things of this world to him who will change his worship and deny his faith. At the same time, and as a part of this system, the increase of perjury has accompanied the increase of hypocrisy. For legislators, plainly seeing that proselytes thus obtained could not be relied upon, have met the danger by the most extraordinary precautions; and compelling men to confirm their belief by repeated oaths, have thus sought to protect the old creed against the new converts. It is this suspicion as to the motives of others, which has given rise to oaths of every kind and in every direction. In England, even the boy at college is forced to swear about matters which he cannot understand, and which far riper minds are unable

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to master. If he afterwards goes into Parliament, he must again swear about his religion; and at nearly every stage of political life he must take fresh oaths; the solemnity of which is often strangely contrasted with the trivial functions to which they are the prelude. A solemn adjuration of the Diety being thus made at every turn, it has happened, as might have been expected, that oaths, enjoined as a matter of course, have at length degenerated into a matter of form. What is lightly taken is easily broken. And the best observers of English society—observers, too, whose characters are very different, and who hold the most opposite opinions—are all agreed on this, that the perjury habitually practised in England, and of which government is the immediate creator, is so general, that it has become a source of national corruption, has diminished the value of human testimony, and shaken the confidence which men naturally place in the word of their fellow-creatures.

The open vices, and, what is much more dangerous, the hidden corruption, thus generated in the midst of society by the ignorant interference of Christian rulers, is indeed a painful subject; but it is one which I could not omit in an analysis of the causes of civilisation. It would be easy to push the inquiry still further, and to show how legislators, in every attempt they have made to protect some particular interests, and uphold some particular principles, have not only failed, but have brought about results diametrically opposite to those which they proposed. We have seen that their laws in favour of industry have injured industry; that their laws in favour of religion have increased hypocrisy; and that their laws to secure truth have encouraged perjury. Exactly in the same way, nearly every country has taken steps to prevent usury, and keep down the interest of money; and the invariable effect has been to increase usury, and raise the interest of money. For, since no prohibition, however stringent, can destroy the natural relation between demand and supply, it has followed, that when some men want to borrow, and other men want to lend, both parties are sure to find means of evading a law which interferes with their mutual rights. If the two parties were left to adjust their own bargain undisturbed, the usury would depend on the circumstances of the loan; such as the amount of security, and the chance of repayment. But this natural arrangement has been complicated by the interference of government. A certain risk being always incurred by those who disobey the law, the usurer, very properly, refuses to lend his money unless he is also compensated for the danger he is in from the penalty hanging over him. This compensation can only be made by the borrower, who is thus obliged to pay what in reality is a double interest: one interest for the natural risk on the loan, and another interest for the extra risk from the law. Such, then, is the position in which every European legislature has placed itself. By enactments against usury, it has increased what it wished to destroy; it has passed laws, which the imperative necessities of men compel them to violate: while, to wind up the whole, the penalty for such violation falls on the borrowers; that is, on the very class in whose favour the legislators interfered. —*T. H. Buckle.*

Record of Christian Missions.

Since our last issue, it has been announced in the daily papers, that the devoted and enterprising Livingston has re-embarked, duly equipped for pursuing afresh the researches which he so nobly commenced in Central Africa.

He has with him a staff of scientific gentlemen: he has at his service a tiny steam launch, of very light draught. By a twelvemonth's sojourn among us he has given us some stirring and startling news of unknown races in the interior of Africa, and deservedly he has earned the laurels of his country. He resumes his enterprise under new and improved auspices,—for he proceeds under the sanction

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and patronage of the British Government, as her Majesty's consul; and he bears away with him the hearty good wishes and prayers of all Christians and philanthropists, that are earnest for the extension of knowledge and Bible truths among the nations of the earth. Dr. Livingston has our warmest congratulations, and, feeble though our benediction may be, we do most sincerely wish him 'God speed.'

With such a man in our midst, we have been made to feel that there has been 'a giant in these days.' And as for the London Missionary Society,—apart from other important considerations,—the abilities, the energy, the daring, the endurance, the self-denial, and the successes of Livingston, have gained for the society a fame and renown in the wide, wide world, which the whole phalanx of her missionaries, of the present and of past generations, have not yet secured for her, or for any other society. For a man of his stamp, no missionary institution could afford the means and appliances that are now offered him in the new relations which he has assumed; and we cannot fail to express our joy that those facilities, which it was impossible for the London Missionary Society to concede, have been liberally granted Livingston, by his country and by our Queen, for the purpose of aiding him in carrying out further explorations in the interior of Africa,—the results of which will redound, we trust, to the advance of science, the improvement of our fellow-creatures, and the glory of Christ's kingdom.

We may reasonably perhaps hope that Dr. Livingston's little vessel will meet with a better fate in the Zambesi than that which has overtaken the *Dayspring* in the Niger. In the 'Intelligencer' of the current month, we have a narrative from the pen of the coloured missionary, the Rev. Samuel Crowther, who leads the new expedition—a continuation of his journal from the date to which the last detailed advices extended. It appears that the *Dayspring* struck, in attempting to force a narrow and unknown channel, between an island and two great rocks. No blame can be attached to any party in the affair. The steamer now lies with her head down in the river, without a chance of recovery.

The wreck of the *Dayspring* has not been without its service to the cause in which the missionaries are embarked. They are getting intimately acquainted with the numerous kings of the native tribes, by all of whom they have been received with great friendliness. We give a cursory extract from Mr. Crowther's journal, illustrative of the superstitions of the native tribes:—

'Since our ship struck, we have been told by many of the natives what they believed in part to be the cause of our disasters. It is the belief of all the nations that Ketsa, the god of the peak, has a particular dislike to red clothes; and no one passing up and down the river in their canoes dare put on any till they have cleared it a long way: that we, having red things about our ship, excited the anger of the god, which they believed was the cause of the fate of our ship. Some three or four nights ago there was a constant beating of drums, singing, and dancing in the village. On inquiry, we were told the Ketsa was about to be worshipped. All these particulars made us more inquisitive to visit the village, and see, if possible, the shrines of Ketsa. The first cause of complaint, and of the priests' anger, was, that the next morning after our ship struck, they came to sympathize with us, but that no notice was taken of them; so they kept to their village, and forbade their wives to come to and trade in our market. The second cause was, that we came to them with our red dresses, contrary to the law of

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Ketsa, which forbids any one to approach it with such colour; nor even are they allowed, during the time of its worship, to put their shirts on, as we saw they were obliged to put on country clothes only, whereas we came there contrary to the laws of Ketsa. When he had exhausted his store of complaints, we explained to them the cause of the seeming indifference with which they thought we had treated them; that being strangers, and in such an unsettled state, it was impossible for us to know everybody, nor the villages from which they came to visit us; but now, being somewhat settled, we began to seek them out; and hearing that their god disliked red cloths, we brought them nothing, as we had given red cloths to their neighbouring chiefs. Mr. Glover told them, that as to his red clothes, he would never change them: they were what he used in his own country: that if he changed his red dresses he must change his red face also, which they said was impossible. I asked if their Ketsa forbade their drinking of palm-wine, eating of fowls, mutton, or beef, whether that prohibition was binding on others also. Then they burst into a fit of laughter, and said it was not. I told them that the law of Ketsa, as regards red clothes and wearing shirts, was applicable also: it was binding on them, but not on us. The matter being thus brought to an amicable end, they promised to pay us a visit to-morrow, which, being the Sabbath, I took the opportunity to tell them was the day of Soho (the great God), who made of one blood all nations of the earth (here I took hold of Mr. Glover's hand, and that of our Nupe interpreter, we being of three different nations, yet God has made us all alike in the members of our bodies, pointing to each separately): the Great God who made these great waters on which we came here, the long ridges of hills which hemmed us round, and the high hill of Ketsa, which stands in the midst of the great waters, is the God whom we worship, fear, honour, and love, and nothing else; that to-morrow was his day, in which we do not buy, nor sell, nor work, it being dedicated to his service. They were quite surprised to hear that we had a sacred day also.'

In the intelligence page of the same journal we find some affecting details of the circumstances attending the death of that good and faithful missionary, the Bishop of Calcutta. The extract we quote is from a letter by M'Leod Wylie, Esq., the well-known and liberal supporter of the missions of the Free Church in the East Indies. He writes under date of January 4th:—'I knew him before I went to England in 1854, and received from him many tokens of affectionate regard; but since my return I have had the happiness to know him intimately, and to enjoy much delightful, and, I do trust, profitable intercourse with him. In 1856, while the archdeacon was still in England, and he had no domestic chaplain, my wife and I stayed some time with him, and afterwards I used frequently to visit him. I cherish now the remembrance of those hours, and of the truths I learned from him. He had peculiarities, but he had a lofty mind—sanctified, contented, and directed by Divine grace, working effectually. I knew his real humility; I saw his ready and quick spiritual exertions; and I reverenced his immovable steadfastness in the maintenance and love of the first great truths of the gospel. He died, without suffering, rather suddenly, but not unexpectedly. My wife went over soon after, and saw him lying on his couch, by the side of his writing-table, with desk open, his Bible, his watch, and everything as we were in the habit of seeing them, ready for use, and in use. I did not see him till he was laid out, and somewhat changed; but she described his majestic brow, his

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fine countenance, and the sweet expression of peace, as inexpressibly affecting. He had been ailing the day before, and his state occasioned some anxiety. At night he sent for the archdeacon, and, after expressing his sense of unworthiness in terms of the deepest abasement, he was reminded that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. "Ah! but my dear friend," he said, "that is for those who are walking in the light. We have talked of that text before." The archdeacon said, that he doubted not he had so striven to walk.

'I remember being with him in one of his alarming attacks, in 1856, and finding him in a similar state of self-abasement. He described to me his dangerous disorder, and then said, "But why should I murmur? Others have been taken away by this disease. Frederick the Wise died of it. Bishop Ryder died of it. Zachary Macaulay died of it. And what am I!" Afterwards, I saw him again that day, when he was relieved from suffering, and again witnessed a scene I shall never forget: there was, at such times, such profound feeling and such a noble manner.'

Our readers will be aware that the present ministry have appointed the Rev. G. E. L. Cotton as successor to the evangelical bishop. Mr. Cotton we know to be a man of very liberal feeling, of great cultivation and marked ability. He has for some years been identified with the Broad-Church party in the Establishment. We hope that this appointment will elevate the tone of Episcopal missions in the East.

It is with feelings of unusual pleasure and devout thankfulness that we can record the gradual resumption of their labours by all the missionaries in our Indian empire. At Barkergunge the itinerant missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society have all resumed their work. At Cawnpore Mr. Gregson, of the same denomination, is working apparently with very encouraging success amongst the soldiers in the barracks and the native Christians, who now assemble without fear every Sunday. He writes—(we quote from the 'Missionary Herald'):—

My work here is extensive and interesting. I have four hospitals, with nearly 300 patients to attend to. I meet with very much to encourage me. One most pleasing instance of conversion has just come under my notice, and several have died of whom I cherish some hope; several others have got better, and very many manifest an interest in my visits, and a seriousness of demeanour very pleasing. I have service twice a week in my tent; but owing to the constant arrival and departure of troops, the attendance is not large. Just as it gets known where service is, a new detachment arrives and the old one moves off. Besides this, I have a large body of native Christians to look after. I collect subscriptions and administer to their wants. I try to get work for them, and my greatest difficulty has been to get them to work. Now, I am succeeding. I have lectured some of them most severely on their idleness and unwillingness to work, and from some for whom I found work, but who would not take it because the pay did not suit them, I was obliged to withhold all further aid; now they have nearly all come to, and are rapidly obtaining situations. I meet them every Sunday morning, and preach extempore. The exercise in the language is very good for me. I besides read, with a catechist, one hour a day, Hindustani. I have not been so happy in my work since I came to India before; until ten days ago I was alone. A chaplain has now arrived; how far he will interfere with me I know not. As yet I have not

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seen or heard of his being in any of the hospitals where my chief work lies, and should he be like many of his class, my presence will be as much needed as ever.

At Benares, the Church missionaries work as peacefully as ever. The Christians of Gorruckpore, who were obliged to abandon that place after severe suffering and take refuge at Alejung, are about, since the capture of Gorruckpore by the Goorkas, to return. From Agra, Mr. French, of the Church Missionary Society, writes:—'At present we have not collected much more than one-third of our former numbers. It seems probable, however, that by slow degrees we shall recover confidence, and rally our fugitives. The upper classes in the college, which had been most under our direct influence and personal religious training, held by us most faithfully, and exhibited a loyalty and genuine good feeling strikingly in contrast with the general indifference, if not disaffection, which prevailed towards our rule.'

Before we can again address our readers, we have very little doubt that the whole of the missionary districts will have been re-occupied, and that the gospel of love and good-will be again preached to all.

Next to New Zealand there is no country where the preaching of Christianity appears to have been so effective as in the Feejee Islands, or as the Wesleyan missionaries write, the 'Fiji' Islands. We have often alluded to the gratifying characteristics of missionary work in this old home of cannibalism; the 'Notes' of the Wesleyan Missionary Society afford us another opportunity of directing attention to this field in the great vineyard. It might be headed, 'Voluntaryism amongst the Feejees.'

'I am happy to inform you,' writes Mr. Wilson, a Wesleyan missionary, that the Lord is still favouring us with success. Throughout Fiji the gospel is regenerating society. Notwithstanding the unwearied efforts of Popery, the envy and enmity of some heathen, and the cruel menacings of a few cannibal chiefs, men everywhere 'speak of the glory of Christ's kingdom, and talk of his power.' The Fijian's admiration of the glory of this kingdom, and his appreciation of the benefits it confers, is shown not only by his industrious efforts to acquire knowledge, and by prayer for an increase of holiness, but also by a new-born liberality of soul, which prompts him to subscribe to the support of his teacher and minister. In this circuit, during the two past quarters, the people have contributed, so that all the teachers and paid agents have been well remunerated, and last quarter a small balance was in favour of the circuit-steward. Among a variety of articles were twenty-four whales' teeth. 'Now,' said the teachers, 'we know that true religion is getting into their hearts, when they are beginning to give their most precious things to God: it was never like this before.' They were, however, a little disappointed when they saw the size of the teeth; the contributors had acted like some good friends at home, who give silver, but who select a fourpenny-piece instead of a crown.'

As a companion-picture to the above—but one offering as great a contrast in its subject, and the reminisciences which it will awaken—we offer the following from the pen of Mr. Parsons, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who has lately taken a tour through Turkish Armenia. It relates to the present condition of ancient Nice—the Nice of Constantine's time, where the first great council of the Christian Church was held:—

'The next morning we spent an hour wandering among the ancient ruins of this

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ancient Bithynia. I never before realized the idea of a heap of ruins. These are not the ruins of a city, but of many cities; of cities built by Bithynian kings, of cities built by Grecian conquerors and emperors, and called in honour of their wives Antigonæ and Nicæa, of cities destroyed and restored by Roman emperors, of cities destroyed by earthquakes. Now, a few Turkish and Greek khans and houses, for the accommodation of the weekly bazaar, alone give any appearance of life to the place. We found what is said to be the site of the great, the first Œcumenical Council of the Christian Church, where, at the call of Constantine, and in his presence, 318 venerable bishops, besides innumerable presbyters, deacons, and others, assembled, A.D. 325. There we, two plain men from a country then unknown, with an Armenian preacher and Turkish guide, trampled down weeds and briers, and refreshed ourselves with blackberries, while trying to picture to ourselves those in robes of priestly and imperial splendour, arguing and establishing the use of the word Ὁμοούσιος, as indicating the relation of the Son to the Father. We hastened thence to the abodes of living men to preach the same Saviour of sinners; and what were our reflections on the way? Once these hills and the shores of this beautiful lake resounded with the praises of that Saviour. Now, in the place of those Greek Christian bishops and people battling so valiantly for the truth, idolatry, in the name of Christianity, and Moslem bigotry, reign! And three weak men, going from place to place, maintaining and publishing that Jesus is the Son of God and the Saviour of men! Has the work gone back? Yes, back and out! It had expired long before the Second Council of Nice, A.D. 786, when the lawfulness of the worship of images was established. But it is to be renewed again. It is being revived. And had we not in our company, while making these reflections, the commingling elements of the reviving work through which this land is, in the providence and by the grace of God, to be regenerated? viz., two Armenians, one Bulgarian, one Turk, and two Americans of Puritan stock! . . . .

'The Armenian population in these places about the Lake of Nice is not far from 25,000 souls! A large field, some of it ripe for the harvest: and yet I have not one permanent labourer for it.'

Not one! And three thousand missionaries could make the same of more than twice as many equally desolate places. And yet Christ's own people require every kind of spurring, in the shape of lectures, speeches, sermons, and visits, before they can be brought to give a half reluctant support to Christian missions!

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

MAY, 1858.

The Politics of Dissenters.

The commercial crisis and the Indian war having passed away, and there being no symptoms of a 'Revival' in London or elsewhere, it may not be considered out of place, nor altogether inappropriate with regard to time or occasion, if we direct the attention of the readers of the 'Christian Spectator' to a subject that they may be presumed to regard with, at least, a certain degree of interest and enthusiasm. The politics of Dissenters! What are they? how are they pursued? what is their ultimate aim? These are the three leading questions that we propose, as briefly as possible, to discuss in the few observations that shall follow.

We presume that all our readers are agreed that it is not unlawful for a Christian to take a part in questions that relate to the public policy of the State. Some time ago we had occasion to wait upon a wealthy London barrister, for the purpose of seeking his co-operation in an important matter relating to some local politics, and were rather taken aback by the expression of an objection, based on religious grounds, to having anything to do with politics. We found it was of no use arguing the question with him. He had had nothing to do with politics all his life, and would not change now. We briefly attempted to point out to him—not with the hope of making an immediate convert, but with the trust that what we might say would tend to expand his somewhat narrow sympathies, if not to correct his mistaken principles—that it was impossible to separate the Christian from the citizen; that in the nature of things, and especially of religious things, it could not be, and ought not to be; that if Christianity influenced a man at all, it must influence him with regard to his relation to the State and his fellow-citizens, just as much as it did with regard to his relation to the Church and the members of it; that it was a thing that changed the whole position of the *man*, and that, just as much in regard to any public as to any private enterprise; that it

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was as absurd and inconsistent to imagine that he could ignore his Christianity when the policy of the State was in question, as to imagine that he could throw off his profession on any other occasion that might suit his inclination. We told him that he *did not* do this, even though he might imagine he did, for that, one way or other, he could not help his religious character and profession guiding both his own principles and conduct, and equally influencing the principles and conduct of those around him. Finally, we reminded him, as he was a Baptist, of John Foster's expression of opinion on this subject:—'This interdiction,' says the great essayist, 'comes with its worst appearance, when it is put forth in terms affecting a profound reverence of religion; a reverence which cannot endure that so holy a thing should be defiled by being brought in any contact with such a subject as the disastrous effect of bad government, or the intellectual and moral state of the people. The advocate of schemes for the improvement of their rational nature *may*, it seems, take his ground—his strongest ground —on religion, for enforcing on *individuals* the duty of promoting such an object. In the name and authority of religion, he may press on their consciences with respect to the application of their property and influence; and he may adopt under its sanction a strongly judicial language in censure of their negligence, their insensibility to their accountableness, and their lavish expenditures foreign to the most important uses. In all this he does well. But the instant he begins to make the like judicial application of its laws to the public conduct of the governing authorities, that instant he debases Christianity to politics, most likely to party politics, and a pious horror is affected at the profanation. Christianity is to be honoured somewhat after the same manner as the lama of Thibet. It is to stay in its temple, to have the proprieties of homage duly preserved within its precincts, but to be exempted (in reverence of its sanctity!) from all cognisance of great public affairs, even in the points where they most interfere with, or involve its interests. It could show, perhaps, in what manner the administration of those affairs injures these interests, but it would degrade its sacred character by talking of any such matter. But Christianity must have leave to decline the sinister compliment of such pretended anxiety to preserve it immaculate. As to its sacred character, it can *venture that* as the strength of its intrinsic quality, and of its own guardianship, while, regardless of the limit thus attempted in mock reverence to be prescribed, it steps in a censorial capacity on what will be called a political ground, so far as to take account of what concern has been shown, or what means have been left disposable, for operations to promote the grand essentials of human welfare, by that public system which has grasped and expended the strength of the community. Christianity is not so demure a thing that it cannot, without violating its consecrated character, go into the exercise of this judicial office. And as to its *right* to do so, either it has a right to take cognisance now of the manner in which the spirit and measures of states and their regulations have upon the most momentary interests, or it will have no right to be brought forward as the supreme law for

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the final award on those proceedings and those men.' This reference, however, was not more successful than had been the previous argument. Our friend solemnly said he was too old to change now, and politely presented us, as we were leaving, with a twelve-paged tract, entitled, 'The Duty of Christians not to meddle with Politics!'

Who shall define what are the politics of Dissenters? There are some who have none; some who have worse than none; some who have just sufficient to starve upon; and some, a growing number, to whom the politics of public life are an essential part of their whole life—having as real a portion in its method and end as any social or private duty. We cannot profess to envy the first-mentioned class. They will commonly be found to be either sunk in entire ignorance or cased in gross apathy. The former need little more than an ordinary degree of enlightenment, such as cheap newspapers and other publications will in time bestow. In the United States, where every one who can read is a newspaper reader, and almost every one a newspaper buyer, there is scarcely such a person to be met with as a non-political citizen. In the latter division, however, will be found many persons of lofty thought, high principle, great intelligence, and superior position. We are acquainted with one or two such, who care as little for the right of voting for the return of a member to Parliament, as for the right of voting for the election of a beadle or churchwarden. The secret of their apathy consists in certain peculiarities of their mental constitution or habit. They are the spiders of the intellectual world—men whose houses are cells, who bear no other relation to the outer world than that necessitated by the getting of their food, and the spinning of their webs. The seclusion in which they live having injured their moral, as well as their intellectual being, they have lost all sympathy with the victims of public wrongs, and almost all capability of being excited by them. We may, on the whole, best describe the condition of this class by comparing them to those who are deficient in some one of the five natural senses. They appear to have no means of communication with certain truths. Or, to use another illustration, politics are to them what chemistry and astronomy are to other minds. They cannot love them; do not understand them; will not study them. They are fully conscious of their apathy, and will readily acknowledge it, but they do not appear to see that their neglect involves a defect of moral training, if not of moral principle. The only thing that can rouse this class is the public discussion of a question having an important bearing upon their commonest human sympathies; such, for instance, as the Slave-trade. Then their polished weapons, like new Damascus blades, will be unsheathed for service such as the finer intellects only can perform.

Next, those who have worse than no politics; that is, of course, who have *bad* politics. By this expression, we do not mean politics different from our own, although, in a sense, we may be disposed, on certain occasions, to describe these also as bad, that is, as mistaken. But as we wish now to treat this question, we use the word in its strongest signification, as meaning *morally* bad. A selfish policy, such as the

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policy of protection, is, in this sense, a bad policy. An unjust policy, such as that which upholds church-rates, is a bad policy. It will usually be found that the advocates of these policies rely on their numerical, instead of their moral strength. Their principles or their position has made them tyrants, and they use their strength tyrannically. They are insensible to moral influences, and can only, in any case, be overcome by the exhibition of a superior force of the kind to which they are accustomed to attach most importance. Satan could only be driven out of heaven by physical force, and though of the Son it was said,

'The half his strength he put not forth,'

yet was it necessary to put forth that amount to which alone the rebel would submit. Bad politicians are to be overcome only in the same way. If you are to conquer them, you must fight them with their own weapons.

The conduct of this controversy, and the education of the half-fed and half-educated of the other class we have named, are the work of the more active and earnest politicians. Amongst Dissenters, this class is now rapidly growing both in intelligence and numbers. It is gaining fast on the apathetic and the vicious, and bids fair, before many years, to outnumber both these parties combined. Its depth of moral conviction has increased with the increase of its numbers. It is commanding the respect of politicians and statesmen of all sections of society, and is fast becoming a recognised power in the State. We believe that it will soon hold the balance of parties in the House of Commons. It may or may not be destined to lead the party of liberty in the next great national struggle—that, namely, between the advocates of a Free, and the adherents of a Fettered Church—but it is preparing the way for the contest. And if it be not called to conduct this great battle itself, it will, at any rate, have furnished the ammunition, and educated the leaders. It will have been to the principal combatants what the *lanista* was to the gladiators of ancient Rome—the school for the training, trial, and first exhibition of their strength.

The principles of this great and growing section of the Nonconformist body, are now too well known to need a definition. They are primarily based on a deep religious conviction of the injurious influences of a mere worldly policy in the affairs of the Christian Church. But for this feeling, very few that we know would now be spending their strength in the cause. They believe that it is only caricaturing the 'fair form' of religion to dress it in the pauper clothes of the State, and that it is a shame and a degradation to the Church to make it a victim or an instrument of a merely selfish or sordid State-craft. Added to this, however, there exists a keen and galling sense of the injustice of which they are the victims, by their being compelled to support a form of religion of which they conscientiously disapprove; of the social degradation to which they are compelled to submit in consequence of their profession of Dissent, and some sense of disgust at the intolerable pride, arrogance, and selfishness of the State-endowed sect. The latter

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feelings are of too personal a nature to be obtruded into public controversy, but they often very materially influence the springs of political, and especially of local political, action.

The first combined movement of this, which is commonly termed the more advanced section of Dissenters, was originated by the establishment of the British Anti-State-Church Association, now just fourteen years ago. It is somewhat remarkable that during the whole of this fourteen years, although the movement then initiated has grown from babyhood almost to manhood, and although many of those who were first connected with it have either died for ever to this world, or have fallen away from their first love, it has not been found necessary, in the least degree, to alter the declaration of fundamental principles, or the statement of aims to be pursued. To overcome the objections of some apparently squeamish friends, who, until then, had stood aloof from its operations, a conference of delegates consented, a few years ago, to change the title of the society, but its principles and practical aims have never been modified. It is almost foreign to our present purpose to take any notice of the personal changes that have taken place in connexion with this society since its establishment, but to those who had an acquaintance with many of the earlier executive committee, there will be found to be, in one respect, a mournful change both of and with its members. The editor of the 'Nonconformist,' who was the originator of the society, is still, we believe, its presiding spirit, but only a few other prominent members of the first committee now remain. There have died:—

Mr. John Childs, Bungay.
" Josiah Conder, London.
Rev. Dr. Cox, Hackney.
" Dr. Payne, Exeter.
Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, Glasgow.
J. M. Webb, Esq., Brixton.
Rev. Dr. Young, Perth.

There have fallen away:—

Mr. R. Beasley, London.
Rev. J. Campbell, D.D.
Rev. J. P. Mursell, Leicester.

And, it may be, some others whom we do not know, or of whom we are uncertain.

There remain only:—

Rev. J. Acworth, Bradford.
Mr. W. Baines, Leicester.
Rev. Dr. Brown, Edinburgh.
Rev. J. Burnet, Camberwell.
Mr. J. M. Hare, London.
Mr. E. Miall, London.

Six out of fifty!

It does not become us to inquire or to discuss the reasons of these remarkable changes. Whatever they may have been, there can be no question that the society has not suffered either from its defections, or from the changes of its living members. We cannot profess to be intimately acquainted with its management, but we know it to be the general opinion that there is no public society

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that is so admirably organized; that does so much work with such comparatively small resources, or that is so ably and effectively represented in its officers; and we are confident that it is scarcely possible for any public body to be animated by a juster or a more unsectarian, catholic, or earnest spirit. It seems to be decided, or rather the Religious Liberation Society, *née* the British Anti-State-Church Association, seems itself to have decided, that all combined political action must in future flow through its channel. Some channel there must be, and it would be a very difficult matter just now to find another, much less a better. We believe it does every work that it is asked to do; nearly always does it well, and often does it for nothing! What more can the most unreasonable person demand? Yet most 'gift-horses' are 'looked in the mouth,' and why not this? What has this society done that warrants it in making, as it has recently done, a demand for moral and pecuniary support from all sections of Nonconformists?

We have been told ourselves, when we have been urging its claims upon the attention of a few personal friends, that it has sown division in the ranks of dissent. True, and yet not true. True, that, for a time, the ranks have appeared a little divided, but not true that the society has intentionally 'sown division.' Remembering the weak, tame, cowardly, purposeless, and dependent thing, that was called Dissent less than a quarter of a century ago, one ought not to be surprised that the birth of a new spirit in its little world should have occasioned a little disquietude. There were aged dames of both sexes, who were confident that God had forsaken his tabernacle; and who held up their hands in pious horror at the sound of the word 'politics.' There were respectable Whiggish Dissenters who, seeing that no one of the great traditional families had espoused it; that it could not, and was not likely to, boast a single Russell, Grey, or Elliott on the Executive, stoutly proclaimed that it was democratic, and that *they* had nothing to do with it. There were 'quiet' Dissenters who thought it was too noisy. There were charitable Dissenters who thought that the Church contained a great deal that was good, and therefore that it was not right to speak against it. There were mercenary Dissenters, who thought it would injure their trade if they were to connect themselves with it; and there were indifferent Dissenters, who did not care about it;—all these were more or less opposed, and the division was very apparent. But the men who commenced the movement were no ordinary men. Descended in pure Puritanical descent from the early political Nonconformists, they shrank not from their work. They knew that their truth was a truth of God, of as divine a descent as any that had been revealed in Person, book, or nature. They guarded, defended, and battled for it as for an ark with its tables and Shekinah. And what has been the result? They have not materially altered a single expression in the declaration of their fundamental principle, and they have not discontinued any one of their very first modes of agitation, yet the leading members of every old section of Dissent have voluntarily and spontaneously given in their adhesion to the society. As

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one result, therefore, of its operations, Dissenters were never more united than they are now. Formerly, there was nothing to unite them. They have now a great and noble principle for which to contend, and have trusted leaders to guide and direct them.

This result, however, would have been of no practical value if it had not tended to advance more ultimate aims. Union is worth nothing in itself, or for its own sake, and, therefore, no organization that has any real work to do will look to it as to an end. Mere union was never one of the objects sought for by the Liberation Society. If it had been, we do not hesitate to say, that it would not have attained it to anything like the extent that now characterises Dissent. Its one object was stated to be the liberation of religion from State patronage and control. What has it been able to effect towards the accomplishment of its own proclaimed purpose? In answering this question we shall, by implication, answer the other question—what claims, if any, has this society upon the support and confidence of Dissenters?

The British Anti-State-Church Association began its work, many years ago, by first seeking to indoctrinate Dissenters themselves with what has since been called the 'Anti-State-Church principle.' This was undoubtedly thinning, to the sharpest possible degree, the wedge that they hoped one day to be able to drive home. Many would have imagined that the Nonconformists of Great Britain could need no indoctrination on such a subject. But the executive of the Association had a better knowledge of their brethren, and therefore did not hesitate to begin at the very beginning by issuing a Nonconformist's 'Catechism.' In doing this, they certainly avoided the mistake which the late Mr. Horner once charged upon Mr. Brougham's first attempts in favour of political reform. 'It is amongst the very sincere and zealous friends,' he said, 'that you will find the most perfect specimens of wrong-headedness, men of a Dissenting, provincial cast of virtue, who will drive a wedge the broad end foremost, utter strangers to all prudence and moderation in political business.'*

To this teaching of elementary principles there followed a systematic exposure of the practical evils of a State establishment of religion, and to this a series of practical suggestions. We do not mean to say that years of agitation were deliberately mapped out on this plan, although, to some extent, for aught we know, this may have been the case; but such, to our view, was the course taken by the executive. In doing this it no doubt adapted itself to the changing aspects and feelings of the great body of Dissenters,—an adaptation which the admirable nature of the constitution of the society rendered much less difficult than would have been found to be the case under other circumstances.

The first direct Parliamentary action of the committee was initiated in the year 1853, after the return of Mr. Miall and others to the House of Commons. It seems hardly possible that it is only a little more than four years ago since this society was organized into a poli-

* Horner's Life and Correspondence, chap. x.

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tical party, so much has it accomplished in this short space of time. A brief summary of its 'accomplished facts' is given in a private circular lately issued from the office of the society, bearing the signature of Mr. Edward Miall, chairman, Mr. W. Edwards, treasurer, and Mr. J. C. Williams, secretary. We presume we are not infringing on the strict rules of etiquette in quoting from it here. The writers say, we think without any exaggeration :—

'It is allowed by all who have any acquaintance with the subject, that the opening of Oxford University to Dissenters, and the giving them free access to academical degrees at Cambridge, carried through Parliament in opposition to the Government, were mainly due to the active exertions of this society.

'It contributed material assistance towards obtaining the extinction of the *Regium Donum* in England, and of ministers' money in Ireland; it initiated a movement for the impartial disendowment of all sects in Ireland, in favour of which upwards of 120 members of the House of Commons, either by voting or pairing, have declared themselves.

'In reference to the abolition of church-rates it has succeeded in converting a minority of forty-eight into a majority of forty-three, and has thereby extorted from an unwilling Government a pledge to bring forth a measure for the settlement of the question. Meanwhile it has helped, and still continues to help, by means of its publications, and of the legal and other advice it has afforded, to extinguish the rate in a great many parishes.

'The recent satisfactory changes in the laws regulating the interment of the dead were introduced at its instance, and carried through by its influence. And it has carefully watched all measures having an ecclesiastical bearing which have been introduced into Parliament, several of which it has modified, and some of which it has successfully opposed.'

They add :—

'To this direct action of the society upon the Legislature, the indirect influence it has brought to bear upon the composition of the House of Commons ought to be added. For several years it has carried on correspondence with almost every borough in the kingdom open to popular contest; has collected accurate information; stimulated registration; and acted as a medium of introduction and communication between constituencies and candidates; and this with such decisive effect, that at the last general election, sudden as it was, the society was able to increase considerably the number of its Parliamentry friends. This department of its work it continues to pursue with unflagging perseverance.

'It has now acquired a solid reputation. The misconceptions and prejudices which retarded its earlier movements have disappeared. Many Dissenters who once stood aloof from it now render it hearty support. It has accumulated a valuable stock of political and legal information. It has improved its machinery, and works it every year with increased facility. Its correspondents, located in all parts of

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the kingdom, never were so numerous as at the present moment. Public officials recognise its influence; and it has established a high character for ability and business capacity in the House of Commons.'

But the society has, in our own estimation, done more than this. It has not only created a political party amongst religious Dissenters, and contributed to the reform of all our ecclesiastical legislation, but it has succeeded, perhaps, without any expectation or intention on its own part, in creating a party of what, for distinction's sake, may be termed political Dissenters; that is, not chapel-going Dissenters or Nonconformists, strictly so called, but Dissenters on political or merely moral grounds, not from the theory, but the working of a State establishment of religion. Men of this class are now to be met with everywhere and in every section of society. They were, perhaps, in one sense of the word, Dissenters before they heard of the Liberation Society, but its action alone has, so to speak, discovered them. It is this class, and not chapel-goers, who have carried the abolition of church-rates in large towns; it is this class that elect the radical members of Parliament; and it is this class that will ultimately force the separation of the Church from the State. Nonconformists usually work from different motives, with different principles, and often with different weapons from those adopted by this large and increasing body of statesmen and politicians, but they ought everywhere gladly to welcome their aid, and cordially to accept any offer of co-operation from them. Working together, they may come to understand each other better, and from such an understanding the best results may be anticipated.

Upon this review we can frankly say that we know of no other, not to say better, way of advancing the 'Politics of Dissenters' than through the agency of this society. It has hitherto ably, honourably, actively, and consistently represented them. In this, and not in any mere abstract or sentimental profession, consists its claim upon the earnest and practical support of the whole body of Dissenters in this kingdom. We believe its aim to be the highest aim of Christian statesmanship, and its action to be above suspicion; and we know that its present resources are miserably inadequate to the labour it has undertaken. In liberally and heartily contributing to its support, we believe that Christian men and women will do more to advance the progress of personal Christianity in these realms than they could do in any other similar way. For there is nothing that so effectually obstructs the rapid spread of Christianity, and nothing that has so grossly misrepresented its character to the world, as the Church with three Masters—CHRIST, CÆSAR, AND MAMMON.

One word before we close to the executive of the Religious Liberation Society. We do not know, but we are afraid, that their one great defect has been their modesty in asking for money. We earnestly pray of them to cherish this feeling no longer. We have ourselves a pretty fair knowledge of the country, and we believe that if a personal appeal on behalf of the society were made to Dissenters

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generally, they would at once respond to it. With plenty of confidence —such as secretaries of missionary societies are not usually deficient in —and a well-organized band of agents, we are confident that the income of the society would soon be increased by some thousands above its present amount. This, however, is not an article on the practical working of the society, and we will therefore leave this branch of our subject for discussion in some future number.

On the whole, the politics of Dissenters appear to us to be looking up. Their principles and aims are far higher than we have ever known them to be; their tone is more elevated; their immediate objects less selfish; and the modes of action by which it is sought to accomplish those objects far wiser and better considered than any of which the Nonconformists of this or any previous generation have been able to boast. There is, therefore, every reason to express our most devout acknowledgments to the Mighty Disposer for the past, and to 'take courage' for the work and the reward that lie hid in the future.

Kingsley's and Helps's Poems.*

We do not know how it may have befallen with you, dear reader, but we are not yet cured of 'expecting.' We 'expected' much more than we have found in both the books we are about briefly to introduce to you,—not, we fear, without showing a little irritation at having been baulked of the delight we looked for.

'*Oulita, the Serf*' (the title, we remark in passing, has a very common-place, third-rate, melo-drama sound with it), is published without any author's name attached; but it is well known and publicly stated to be the work of Mr. Arthur Helps, the author of 'Friends in Council,' and 'Companions of my Solitude,' and the 'History of the Spanish Conquest of America.' In any case, the authorship of the 'Tragedy' could not long be a secret, for there is no mistaking the tone of the reflections on the conflicts of our poor human nature with the awful facts that clip us round with a ring of iron. We must not be charged with writing nonsense and offering information that does not inform, if we put down, for the instruction of readers not acquainted with Mr. Arthur Helps's manner, that he is a genial-acrid, melancholy-cheerful, believing, generous sceptic. We only fear that the word sceptic may be here and there misunderstood; but there is no other word which will suit our purpose, and we use it without any reference to Mr. Helps's attitude towards Christianity. All men, whatever their positive faiths, and whatever their religious trust, feel 'the burden and mystery of life;' other things supposed equal, the finer the intelligence and the moral nature of the individual, the more heavily the

* 'Andromeda, and Other Poems,' by Charles Kingsley. Parker. 'Oulita, the Serf;' a Tragedy. Parker.

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burden weighs. Lofty minds have always a tinge of sadness, over which a desultory humour plays like lightning on summer clouds. Some men, it will be observed, grasp the darkness and misery of existence at a stroke, thrust it aside, and under some plea, whether of policy and *savoir-vivre*, or of positive faith, call it a mystery,—and there an end; a free, unimpeded path being left right ahead for the march of thought and deed thenceforward. Others,—men, generally speaking, of more imagination and intelligence and less productive energy,—find this impossible. The 'burden and mystery of life' is to them incommensurable, omnipresent, not to be treated by any *coup-de-main* of the intellect. It is a spectre at the side of bed and board, never wholly laid; it is a flavour in the daily cup; a painful murmur mingled in every sound that rises to the ear,—something diffused, like an odour or the echo of a bell, by no means to be disposed of by giving it a name, and saying, "Lie there, for a Mystery, as you are, and trouble me no more!' Those, for whom the great riddle exists thus, are *Sceptics*. Such a sceptic is Mr. Arthur Helps. Such a sceptic was Montaigne. Such a sceptic is Emerson. Such a sceptic is Tennyson. Such a sceptic is many a good Independent, Wesleyan, or Calvinist, including a few ministers, who are excellent men and excellent teachers too.

It is needless to say that Tragedy is a form of composition peculiarly seductive to a man in whom the sceptical turn arises from quick emotiveness combined with intellectual subtlety and many-sidedness. To such a man the clashing of thought and feeling which make a tragedy are one continuous soliloquy; while the climax embodies in a scene the whole puzzle of the present and the future, sums up the battle of life in a conquering sorrow, brings the Everlasting No and the Everlasting Yes face to face, and makes them join in calling Goodness Queen, though her crown be of thorns and her royal purple stained with blood. But something more than a fine intellect and delicate emotiveness is needed for producing a tragedy. In dramatic writing we want the poet to place us at the stand-point of actual witnesses of the conflict of events, interested in the first and foremost place as human creatures, and philosophising only in an undertone, or postponing our philosophy altogether till the battle is over and done. We want him to start from the men and women and what the men and women do, from persons and actions, and not from the beginnings and ends and innermost relations of actions; in a word, we require concreteness of conception. Tinged, of course, we must have it, with the poet's subordinate peculiarities of thought and feeling; but unless the concreteness rules we are apt to say, with more or less justice, 'this man has poetry in him, but he is not a poet.'

That is, in truth, precisely what we say of Mr. Arthur Helps, and his tragedy is a useful study for young aspirants, looked at in the light in which we have briefly placed it. The versification, it must be added, is exceedingly bad,—provokingly so. What a mystery is this rhyming and this modulating of lines! How a man of the culture of

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Mr. Helps should produce such halting, abortive blank verse may well set one upon his wits to find out where the 'organ' of *Versification* lies!

The story of 'Oulita' might be worse. Count Edgar Von Straubenheim, a Russian noble, high in the Imperial good opinion, but in his affectional relations, like too many public men, a victim to state reasons, is betrothed to the Princess Marie Lanskof, but (the usual thing in this world of cross-currents) *loves* Oulita, her father's serf singing-girl. The Count might have married the Princess, like a good subject, nevertheless, but an unforeseen crisis occurs (unforeseen crises always *do* occur in life), and precipitates him on his own and Oulita's ruin. Her not ungenerous (as generosity goes in Russia) but passionate mistress, the Princess, threatens her with the lash for some offence against her dignity. The least rebellious subject in the world might be forgiven for saying, 'I will violate every law of my country rather than that the creature I love shall be scored with the whip;' and our poor friend the Count, after trying milder measures in vain, lays a little plot for carrying off Oulita; its *essential* feature being the burning of a palace, an *accidental* feature the killing of a villain, whose death was too good for him. But there are plots and plots; and this scheme comes to grief, in spite of the 'murder and arson,' as the Emperor calls it, of the Count. The Princess learns all; but when her first tiger-fit is past, Oulita, who had been in the Count's custody, throws herself at her feet, and the two women are reconciled. Meanwhile the Count is sentenced to Siberia. Oulita attempts to cut the knot by taking her own life, but her death leaves the stage no clearer. The Count thinks it 'beyond even the ample privilege of baseness allowed to men' to marry Marie now, and goes into exile.

It will be seen that in this simple plot there is great subtlety of conception. Any one who attempts to unravel the moral relations of the characters, and apportion praise and blame, will find himself puzzled. The conflict between the absolute, unchanging laws of God—the secondary mutable laws of Social Order, which are yet so powerful for misery or the reverse—and the strongest of our passions,—this, which in civilized communities, is two-thirds of the battle of life, is the perplexed theme of 'Oulita.' It comes home to men's and women's business and bosoms. Mr. Helps, like the air of Elsinore, 'bites shrewdly;' but he offers no antidote for ripping open one's wounds, if one happens to have them. He cannot but be deeply conscious that an awful Something is wanting in his drama. Yet the want does not press upon the mind with instant weight in the perusal. The one idea which possesses us is, that Oulita shall not be flogged, and that result seems cheaply bought at the price of her death and the exile of her lover-friend. Still, the general impression left is one of deep sadness. An extract or two will serve to show the quality of the thinking, the feeling, and the verse, and illustrate the total effect. The Count, who has met Oulita before, encounters her in a wood near Lanskof Castle, on the eve of his marriage:—

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OULITA.

You, Sir, are one of the Count's retinue?
Will the Count come to-day.

COUNT.

He came with us.
But what brought you here, maiden? Can they spare
Such beauty in the muster to receive him?

OULITA.

Good Lord, what fools we women must be deemed,
When the first word you deign to address us with
Is some obsequious compliment—a veteran
Exhausted by long service in the wars—
About our beauty; why, we've all heard that
Before.

COUNT.

Not the less welcome, perhaps, on that account.
But listen now, fair maid: it has been said
By some adventurous thinker,—a most bold,
Poetic man, who threw out strange ideas,
I' the hope that thus discoveries might be made—
That women are a little curious. He
Said it; not I. Building myself upon
His thought, I offer you a fair exchange.
You shall disclose to me why you came hither,
And what have been your thoughts. I will tell you
What sort of man the Count is; what will be
His dress the marriage day; what gems he brings.
I am his foster-brother.

OULITA.

Curiosity
I see does not belong to men. Your thoughts,
Fair Sir, if you will first reveal, and then,
As a mere make-weight—not that I care to know—
Declare the ways and manners of the Count,
I may, in turn, what brought me to the wood,
And what have been my thoughts, disclose.

COUNT.

The Count is of my height, and some men say,
Resembles me. His dress is rich and slovenly;
His mind, perhaps, the same. When he is angry
You will not know it. Doubtless he loves your mistress.
Rubies and diamonds glistening, intertwined
In serpent forms—

OULITA.

Spare us the jewels, Sir,
The gifts for great princesses do not much
Concern us serfs: your own thoughts now—

COUNT.

Poor trash—
Mere melancholy thoughts, fit for a servitor:
How this tree here hemmed in its puny neighbour,

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Drinking the air and light from it; how that,
The vagrant branches into shapes grotesque
Constrained, insisted yet on being beautiful,
And like a homely girl with one charm only,
Took care to make that charm discernible.

OULITA.

We furnish you with many thoughts, I see.
(*Aside*) I recognise this man. The same, I'm sure,
Who followed me about in Moscow.

COUNT.

And ruin everywhere—ruin and growth—
I saw.
Then, rustling, came a creature of the wood,
And perched upon a log, and neither ate,
Nor played, but seemed in meditation lost.
I wondered what it thought of—think it did;—
My ears were gladdened by a song, and then
My eyes by seeing you. And now, young maiden,
For your bright thoughts, and why you hither came.

OULITA.

That I might talk a little to myself,
And be alone, I came. I saw a fawn
Tormented by a gadfly, and I thought:
Is life's plan cruel everywhere—the scourge
Throughout the world? If men were kind to one
Another, and if women—harder task—
Were kind to women, would the world be still
Distraught and miserable? Thus I let
My simple thoughts run on; and then I heard
A footstep: quickly turned and saw—your worship.
I did not think of meeting such a questioner,
And answering like a child.

COUNT.

You serve the Princess?

OULITA.

I am her reader, Sir.

COUNT.

Hence the philosophy.
I will enlarge upon your pleasant text;
With still more cheering strains exalt the theme
Of human nature. What a thing is man:
He plans and toils, and much result comes from it,
But just the opposite of what he meant.
With large expense of power and great dexterity
He does the thing he would not; hardly knows
Whether to fold his hands and let the flood
Of ill move in upon him, or to advance
And make by his good speed a swifter ruin.
Much he foresees—enough to terrify,
If not to guide;—and then a darker passage.
He loves or hates: madness on either side—
Too comical to pity, and too dread
A thing wholly to laugh at: such is man.
You are displeased with my poor thoughts.

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OULITA.

No more, Sir;
Pray you, no more. The lightest thing that breathes
Might make the same complaint: that it was bounded—
Lived but a day—that other creatures quelled it—
That it was not the universe. The fly
Upon that leaf might make a moan to reach
The stars.

COUNT.

And be a foolish, querulous fly,
For all its bravery of words.'

Once more, Oulita, watched over by her lover-friend, is at her embroidery 'in a room in a house in Moscow:'—

OULITA.

When will he come, when will he come? Did men
See further into our hearts, would they despise
Us more? We weary time with prayers to pass:
We waste our stock of thought, devising words
That should convey, and not convey, how much
We love. And when the idol deigns to come,
Mute worshippers are we. I've read in books
When ships meet on the sea's highway, that friends
Whose hearts have widowed been for weary years
Meet and say nothing; or, at best, of tides,
Of winds, and such-like trivialities
Discourse, as neighbours in the market-place;
And then the ships sail on their different ways,
Carrying two 'wildered minds that mourn their dumbness
For ever and for ever. So we lovers—
But hark! He comes.

(*Enter the* COUNT.)

COUNT.

At last I'm here, Oulita.
Why, what a queen it is!

OULITA.

A queen of your
Enthronement, my good lord; they told me 'twas
Your wish that I should appear in this disguise.

COUNT.

Disguised before, Oulita; now yourself
I see.

OULITA.

(*Aside*) Said I not right? 'Twas of the winds
And waves the friends would talk. (*Aloud*)—
The ball, my lord,
Was sumptuous, and the most unpleasant truths
Imparted by the maskers to each other.
Put on your mask, and I will wrap this gauze
Around my head, and we will meet as strangers.

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(*Masked*) Fair Sir, there is a maiden whom I know—
She is not at the ball—that bade me come
And pour out all my heart in thanks to you
For some great benefaction. What it was
She said not; and, indeed, a simple wench,
Fit to stoop o'er embroidery the whole
Day long, and murmur to herself her gratitude,
She bade me kiss your hand. For her I kiss it.
'Tis, as I said, a silly girl. At Court
She would be lost.

COUNT.

You speak in mysteries,
Fair mask. No girl owes gratitude to me.
Besides, I hate the word. Please you, so good,
Convey this kiss to her, [*Kisses her hand.*
And if you find,
(So strange a girl it is) you cannot kiss her,—
I mean her lips—I must myself convey
My answer.'

That touch about friends meeting at sea is not new, but it is well applied. We can extract no more, and quit 'Oulita' by saying that we are not sorry Mr. Helps has written it, and yet wish he had made it a series of prose scenes told in the style which he has exemplified in Milverton's story of that German maiden in 'Companions of my Solitude.'

We are more at a loss in approaching Mr. Kingsley's volume than Mr. Helps's. Not that we need trouble ourselves here about his philosophy or his faith. He is a man of the most positive speech and the most strongly-marked tendencies; and you are always sure of his moral system and his grounds of religious trust—for half a page at a time; *i. e.*, till you stumble upon some contradictory passage, in which it is quite evident that a man of genius has taken advantage of the dramatic license, and let off his own steam in the person of one of his characters, or in an interjectional sentence which you may read two or three ways. But whether this be scepticism or not, we need not discuss. The question which this disappointing, yet rich and beautiful volume of poems too forcibly suggests is,—can a man of three ideas be a poet? Mr. Kingsley has precisely three ideas, Hunting, Fighting, and Loving,—especially Loving; and the peculiarity of his writing is that, instead of finding these in life and nature, he starts from them to find out life and nature. Now this is *poetry read backwards*; and in reading Mr. Kingsley's poems, you are constantly ready to exclaim, 'Sing, heavenly Muse! but don't preach!' Inspiration is impersonal and undogmatic. You, Charles Kingsley, are always,—in prose, and, woe the day! in verse,—denunciative and hortative, or you are nothing; except in the few exquisite contrary instances which had deceived thousands, ourselves amongst the number, into the belief that you were above and beyond all things a Poet. But we doubt it now. You are above and beyond all things a Preacher. Perseus preaches — Andromeda preaches — the poacher's widow preaches—Earl Harrold's 'leman' preaches—everybody and every-

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thing, even the stump of a tree, the side of a rock, and the salmon in the water—and Mr. Kingsley takes down the sermon. We are glad enough of so musical and truthful a reporter; but both text and discourse grow a little tiresome by repetition. This Poet-prophet will soon be called an erotomaniac. You cannot turn a page without coming up with 'kisses' and 'white limbs;' unless you have a buccaneers', viking's or a fox-hunter's chorus; almost the only change of diet in which the present heavenly Muse allows herself. We know what Mr. Kingsley will say. He will say that this age wants more manliness and more passion, and that fuller, freer life would tend to cure the sneaking nauseous vice of modern civilization in great cities. Be it so; and be it, also, that Mr. Kingsley's idiosyncrasy peculiarly fits him to see and to propound this idea. We are yet quite sure that he is over-doing his theme to the length of positive humour. It would not be so apparent, probably, if his manner had more repose; but in that he is painfully deficient: his prose sentences rattle and rumble like waggon-wheels, crushing as they go, and his verses' feet clatter like hoof-beats.

In the principal, or rather the longest, poem in this volume, Mr. Kingsley has told in hexameters the story of Andromeda. He has told it beautifully and powerfully, of course, but we shall do him no injustice if we say that he has done nothing with the old tale which any one of fair imaginative power might not have done for himself. We cannot isolate a single passage deeply tinged with immortal light; the whole is provokingly fine, but not fine enough. The characters are absolute lay figures made to talk Kingsley; and the moral 'tag' is a thing to be only regretted. Perhaps one of the best passages, because one of the least exaggerated, is that in which the exposed maiden expostulates with Perseus for what she deems his rashness in engaging to encounter the Sea-monster:—

'Beautiful, why wilt thou die? Is the light of the sun, then, so worthless,
Worthless to sport with thy fellows in flowery glades of the forest,
Under the broad green oaks, where never again shall I wander,
Tossing the ball with my maidens, or wreathing the altar in garlands,
Careless, with dances and songs, till the glens rang loud to our laughter.
Too full of death the great earth is already; the halls full of weepers,
Quarried by tombs all cliffs, and the bones gleam white on the sea-floor
Numberless, gnawn by the herds who attend on the pitiless sea-gods,
Even as mine will be soon: and yet noble it seems to me, dying,
Giving my life for the many, to save to the arms of their lovers
Maidens and youths for awhile: thee, fairest of all, shall I slay thee?
Add not thy bones to the many, thus angering idly the dread ones!
Either the monster will crush, or the sea-queen's self overwhelm thee,
Vengeful, in tempest and foam, and the thundering walls of the surges.
Why wilt thou follow me down? can we love in the black blank darkness?
Love in the realms of the dead, in the land where all is forgotten?
Why wilt thou follow me down? is it joy, on the desolate oozes,
Meagre to flit, grey ghosts in the depths of the grey salt water?
Beautiful! why wilt thou die, and defraud fair girls of thy manhood?
Surely one waits for thee longing, afar in the isles of the ocean.
Go thy way; I mine; for the gods grudge pleasure to mortals.'

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Next to this we like the close, and should like it still better if the word 'singing' in every instance could replace 'chanting.' Pallas gives Andromeda a bridal veil and good advice:—

'Then, as a pine upon Ida when southwest winds blow landward,
Stately she bent to the damsel, and breathed on her: under her breathing
Taller and fairer she grew; and the goddess spoke in her wisdom:
'"Courage I give thee; the heart of a queen, and the mind of Immortals,
Godlike to talk with the gods, and to look on their eyes unshrinking;
Fearing the sun and the stars no more, and the blue salt water;
Fearing us only, the lords of Olympus, friends of the heroes;
Chastely and wisely to govern thyself and thy house and thy people,
Bearing a god-like race to thy spouse, till dying I set thee
High for a star in the heavens, a sign and a hope to the seamen,
Spreading thy long white arms all night in the heights of the æther,
Hard by thy sire and the hero thy spouse, while near thee thy mother
Sits in her ivory chair, as she plaits ambrosial tresses.
All night long thou wilt shine; all day thou wilt feast on Olympus,
Happy, the guest of the gods, by thy husband, the god-begotten."
Blissful, they turned them to go: but the fair-tressed Pallas Athené
Rose, like a pillar of tall white cloud, toward silver Olympus;
Far above ocean and shore, and the peaks of the isles and the mainland;
Where no frost nor storm is, in clear blue windless abysses,
High in the home of the summer, the seats of the happy Immortals,
Shrouded in keen deep blaze, unapproachable; there ever youthful
Hebé, Harmonié, and the daughter of Jove, Aphrodité,
Whirled in the white-linked dance with the gold-crowned Hours and the Graces,
Hand within hand, while clear piped Phœbe, queen of the woodlands.
All day long they rejoiced: but Athené still in her chamber
Bent herself over her loom, as the stars rang loud to her singing,
Chanting of order and right, and of foresight, warden of nations;
Chanting of labour and craft, and of wealth in the port and the garner;
Chanting of valour and fame, and the man who can fall with the foremost,
Fighting for children and wife, and the field which his father bequeathed him.
Sweetly and solemnly sang she, and planned new lessons for mortals:
Happy, who hearing obey her, the wise unsullied Athené.'

With very many of the smaller poems we are all familiar. The alterations in 'The Three Fishes' are not, to our thinking, improvements. In his imitative vein Mr. Kingsley is exceedingly fine, and the following seems to us perfect:—

THE WIERD LADY.

'The swevens came up round Harold the Earl
Like motes in the sunnés beam;
And over him stood the Wierd Lady,
In her charmèd castle over the sea,
Sang "Lie thou still and dream."

"Thy steed is dead in his stall, Earl Harold,
Since thou hast bid with me;
The rust has eaten thy harness bright,
And the rats have eaten thy greyhound light,
That was so fair and free."

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Mary Mother she stooped from heaven;
She wakened Earl Harold out of his sweven,
To don his harness on;
And over the land and over the sea
He wended abroad to his own countrie,
A weary way to gon.

O but his beard was white with eld,
O but his hair was grey;
He stumbled on by stock and stone,
And as he journeyed he made his moan
Along that weary way.

Earl Harold came to his castle wall;
The gate was burnt with fire;
Roof and rafter were fallen down,
The folk were strangers all in the town,
And strangers all in the shire.

Earl Harold came to a house of nuns,
And he heard the dead-bell toll;
He saw the sexton stand by a grave;
"Now Christ have mercy who did us save,
Upon yon fair man's soul."

The nuns they came from the convent gate,
By one, by two, by three;
They sang for the soul of a lady bright
Who died for the love of a traitor knight:
It was his own lady.

He stayed the corpse beside the grave;
"A sign, a sign!" quod he.
"Mary Mother, who rulest heaven,
Send me a sign if I be forgiven
By the woman who so loved me."

A white dove out of the coffin flew;
Earl Harold's mouth it kist;
He fell on his face wherever he stood;
And the white dove carried his soul to God
Or ever the bearers wist.'

On the whole, and in brief, what of this anxiously looked-for volume of poems by one of the most remarkable men of his day? That we may all be glad to have collected here the exquisite fugitive pieces which we have lain long so close to our hearts, but that as a poetic 'manifesto' from a man of genius, of splendid culture, and in the full maturity of his powers, the volume is a bitter disappointment. The men we love may transcend our hopes of them as much as they please, but, next to self-contempt, the most uncomfortable thing in the world is to find them fall below it.

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Pastor and Deacon.

My Dear Spectator,

It is rumoured that, for the present at least, all thought of establishing a sustentation fund is abandoned, on account of the difficulties in the way, but you will be glad to hear that already some good has resulted from the recent discussion. The deacons of churches are just now receiving an amount of attention, which I doubt not, to some of them, will appear rather too particular to be pleasant. Daily they receive from booksellers circulars announcing the publication of interesting pamphlets and tracts upon the support of the gospel ministry; newspapers are sent them, detailing what manner of persons they ought to be; benevolent people enclose them appeals, which a Christian conscience can scarcely disregard; ministers are preaching about them, and county associations, in a manly, straightforward way, are stating what course they for the future intend adopting, when they have to deal with niggardly and dishonest congregations. The ventilation of the question has done good already, and, unless the feeling which has been awakened is allowed to die away, I sincerely believe we shall see the deserving minister fairly supported without receiving aid from any sustentation fund. But to accomplish this desirable object, there must be a thorough change in the habits and views of many of those who now hold office in the church, and for the future no deacons must be elected who are not prepared and ready to do their work.

My dear Spectator, I am not about to abuse the liberty you so nobly allow your correspondents. I will set down nought in malice, but at the same time I will nothing extenuate. I shall put before you a few specimens of deacons who are of no manner of use to a church, and who, doubtless, will endeavour to throw cold water upon the enthusiasm which has recently been excited in respect to the support of the ministry.

But first, let me give you the portrait of one whom a young minister of my acquaintance calls his "model deacon." I, too, know him well, and can therefore describe him from the life. He is a man in middle life, and is engaged in business from morning till night; he has a family to support, and to support respectably. He has to experience the losses and disappointments of trade, and to get through somehow or other a vast amount of official work in the parish, in which his house of business is situated. His time is fully occupied, and he is thoroughly diligent and earnest in his earthly calling. I scarcely know a man of business who has less leisure at his command than he. And yet by economizing time, he succeeds in attending to the affairs of a growing church and congregation, in a manner that gives almost universal satisfaction. He has the sole management of letting the seats, and I do not detract from the popularity of his minister when I say, that it is owing in a large degree to this good man's urbanity and kindness to strangers that

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more than a hundred and twenty sittings have been let within the last six months. He is scarcely ever absent from the prayer-meeting or lecture, unless parish business compels him; and for more than an hour after each of these services he remains in the chapel to meet any who wish to see him, or to smooth down those little disturbances which occasionally arise in the best-regulated churches. If, as some philosophers tell us, there is one dear and cherished thought, which every one falls back upon when the mind is resting from the busy cares of time, I am sure that in his case it is the real success of the gospel in his church. I never hear him talk upon any other subject with such enthusiasm as he speaks upon this. He usually spends Saturday evening in his pastor's society, and by his beautiful earnestness and devoutness of spirit, helps to prepare him for the work of the coming day. On the Sabbath he is in chapel long before the time of commencing public worship, and enters the vestry with the smile of one who calls the Sabbath a delight; presently he takes his stand by the door, and politely conducts strangers to the best seats he can find for them, accommodates them without any fussiness or ostentation. During the last three months he has visited nearly every member of the church and congregation, read and prayed with the sick, and conversed with inquirers and candidates for church fellowship.

It is almost needless to say, that such a deacon affectionately ministers to his pastor's wants. He subscribes liberally to his support, and in many ways shows those delicate little attentions and kindnesses which go so far in making a pastor's life happy and comfortable. Not long ago this good deacon thought that although his minister was receiving a pretty good income, that another seventy or eighty pounds a year would be acceptable to him, and put the very thought of want out of his mind. Without calling any church meeting, or making any stir about it whatever, he quietly went round among a hundred of the congregation, and got each of them to promise an additional shilling or so per quarter, and the matter was accomplished in a week. I linger over this picture of a model deacon, and in leaving him I find myself joining in the heavy sighs which I hear breaking forth from the hearts of many poor pastors, as they cry, 'O! that we had such helpers in the vineyard of our Lord!'*

Very different from such a man is Mr. Coin, whom I have known for some years. He is the managing deacon of a church, consisting of nearly one hundred and fifty members, and the whole congregation may number about four hundred persons. He is the treasurer and general controller of the financial affairs of the church. He is sixty-five years of age, and has been in office about fifteen years. How he came to be elected I can't tell. He is as cold-hearted and passionless as a lump of ice, and the very sight of him has frequently succeeded in freezing up the warmth of a speaker's heart. He takes not the slightest interest in the church; he scarcely ever attends a prayer-

* Somebody suggests that this highly estimable individual is not a 'deacon,' but an assistant pastor.—Ed.

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meeting; he never visits the sick; he is as stingy as a miser—although, to use a common expression, he is rolling in wealth. He even gets two other persons to sit in his pew, although it will only hold four, in order to make his own quarterly subscription a little less. This unsympathetic being is the pastor's paymaster; and I will tell you how he pays him. He first of all gets in all the bills of the quarter for gas, coals, and attendance, &c., and with the first instalment of pew-rents he pays *them;* then as the moneys come in he hands them over in miserable driblets to his minister, impressing on his attention the fact that he will not advance a single farthing more than he receives! He has nearly broken the hearts of two ministers, and is trying to break another.

Well, a few years ago, there was a stir among the people to add to their minister's income. Some young life had entered into the church, and, with the generosity and gratitude of young converts, the new members desired to minister to the temporal wants of the pastor who so faithfully cared for their souls. Mr. Coin was appealed to; I think I see him now; he sat under the shade of a beautiful tree, smoking his pipe, when two or three of the members waited upon him; he listened to all that they had to say in his usual cold-blooded way, and did not deign even a reply when they had finished speaking. Being urged, however, he said, 'I will consider of it.' And this was the reply that he gave week after week, month after month, until the subject was dropped.

Faugh! what is to be done with such a man? Supposing, which God forbid, such deacons to be scattered over the country, they would be enough to freeze up all the life and warmth in their neighbourhood. Unless they amend their ways, or, somehow or other, are made to resign office, their ministers will always be miserably supported. They will not contribute themselves, nor will they allow others to do so, but at once discourage all the promptings of benevolence. If the whole tribe of which Mr. Coin is the representative could be swept out of the church to find their appropriate place among the selfish and unconverted of the world, it seems to me that we should advance more rapidly towards a better state of things, but with such deacons at the head of our churches I see little promise of brighter and happier days.

I sincerely wish Mr. Coin had a pastor like the one who some years ago literally ruled over the church at ———. This minister would never preach a single sermon without being paid beforehand; and his deacons were obliged to take him a certain amount every Saturday, or go sermonless the next day. He would not preach on credit; he did not ask his tradesmen to give him credit for the necessaries of life which he purchased at their shops, and why should they expect him to give them credit for a week of hard mental toil and study? Not a very exalted or Pauline kind of argument, certainly; but there are some people in this world who are not capable of anything higher, and to whom it might be applied with considerable advantage. There are managers of churches who seem to have no idea of common

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honesty; they pledge themselves to support their ministers; they go from their word without a blush. They would prosecute their fellow-tradesmen without a moment's hesitation if they found them defaulters in their payments, but would hold up holy hands of astonishment if their minister threatened to put *them* into the County Court for their breach of faith. And while such deacons as Mr. Coin exist, and until they amend their ways, I think there is room in the world for a few such men as that rather earthly Christian who insisted upon cash payments for that which he had to offer in return.

There is another deacon, my dear Spectator, whom I should like to see amend his ways, or go straight out of the church to-morrow. I refer to Mr. Uncouth. You have seen this gentleman as well as myself, and I doubt not most of your readers have some slight acquaintance with him. He is an incorrigible fellow, and several have given him up as a hopeless character. Here is his description in two words —vinegar incarnate. He meets his minister only to vex and agitate him; he has not a single word of encouragement to offer; he talks loudly to him in the street about the people wanting food: 'Yes, sir! sixteen ounces to the pound is what *we* want, and what we *once* used to have, when our late dear minister was with us. Ah! he *was* a man, sir! No short weight with him! Sixteen ounces to the pound, sir. Six—teen—oun—ces—to—the—pound—sir,' he keeps repeating, until the passer-by loses the voice in the distance.

Now, be it understood, I do not complain of Mr. Uncouth desiring to have for himself and the people the fullest and most thorough expression of gospel truth; I like him for that. But this man who talks so earnestly and loudly to his minister, does more to keep persons away from the chapel he attends than Jem Bunce the publican, who stands at his door with a smiling face, inviting the thoughtless to take a stroll round his tea-gardens. He is known throughout the town as the most quarrelsome, snarling man within miles round. He was dismissed from one church on account of his disagreeable temper, but another church, counting it an infirmity, received him as a member, and soon afterwards made him a deacon. Gradually one and all began to be afraid of him. The little Sunday-school children slunk away to other schools; strangers would not come to the chapel to be treated with a dose of his bad manners; and there he sits, almost in solitary glory, in almost an empty place, scowling at the minister, and saying to him on the Monday morning, 'we want sixteen ounces to the pound, sir; six—teen—oun—ces—to—the—pound—sir!'

I believe, my dear Spectator, that it is not always the minister who is responsible for empty pews. Men like Mr. Uncouth are enough to empty the places to which they belong. I know a place of worship at this moment where humble-minded really Christian persons cannot bring themselves to sit down at the Lord's table, because of the evil temper of one of the deacons. I do not now enter into the propriety of their conduct, but I state a fact that reverential, godly people keep from the Lord's table, because, at the utmost stretch of their charity,

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they cannot count it the communion of saints when an office-bearer in the church daily outrages the text, 'If a man says, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'

I know a church, the senior deacon of which was landlord of a house of ill fame. The pastor found it out, remonstrated with him, but in vain. He was an old, old man, on the brink of the grave, but he would not, although immensely rich, either part with the house, or still better, raze it to the ground!

While we have such deacons, and empty pews as the result, we cannot expect that those who are unfortunately the pastors of such persons will receive any adequate support. *They* act as brazen gates against the admission of hearers.

It is of no use our shutting our eyes to the fact, that if there be a prejudice against any of the leading people of a place of worship, that prejudice will frequently outweigh the eloquence of the pulpit and the worth of the pastor. While, then, we hear so much, but not too much, in the present day, of an earnest and consistent ministry being the want of the age, let us hear a little more of earnest, suitable, and consistent deacons being the want of the church. And let some means be devised to put a man like Mr. Uncouth in his proper place; he is more fitted to be a keeper of animals in the Zoological Gardens than he is to be the friend, the adviser, and purseholder of a minister. It is sheer folly for any minister to suppose that he will be the loser by such a man being turned out of office; but here, alas! comes the question, Who will bell the cat?

'I should like to see the man who will turn me out,' says Mr. Uncouth, putting himself in an attitude of defiance; and there I suppose we must leave him, until the necessity of the time give birth to his conqueror.

I must pass hastily over the character of Mr. Fixture, because Mr. Letseat has stepped up to have his portrait sketched, and I want to do him justice. Mr. Fixture has been twelve years deacon of a Christian church, and it is expected that his son will soon be called to fill the same office, and do honour to the name of Fixture. During the twelve years that he has been a deacon he has never been known to invite a single person to come to his place of worship, although he mingles largely with the poor and reprobate, who are known never to attend either church or chapel. He comes, it is true, regularly to chapel every Lord's day; but though a dozen people may be waiting at the door to be accommodated with seats, he will not stir from his pew to show the common courtesy due to strangers. In his pew he sits like a fixture indeed, utterly careless as to their coming in or going away.

Now, how is a minister to succeed with deacons like Fixture? They are hindrances rather than helps. It does not cost much to give a kind look; a gentle word can be spoken without much trouble; and when there are empty pews, it would not take long to show strangers into them. Yet there are deacons who will not even do

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a little work like this, and the minister has sometimes to see with pain people whom he might have benefited departing from the doors of the sanctuary.

But Mr. Letseat must claim our particular attention ere we close our list—I am afraid it is only a too faithful one—of specimens of modern deacons. He was elected deacon more on account of his business habits and power than for any rare spiritual gifts he possessed. It was thought that he would bring some of the energy which characterised all his proceedings in trade and commerce into the management of the financial affairs of the church. The letting of pews and sittings was given into his charge, and the minister began to think himself happy in having such an able man as his treasurer; but his rejoicing was brief, as I shall show you. Mr. Letseat thought he could rule in the church as he ruled in the counting-house. He became, at least wanted to become, a commander, removing people from sittings that they had long been accustomed to, making the old stagers of the place, as they were called, give up their sittings to new comers, and doing all this without the slightest atom of conciliation in his spirit, and apparently with no other purpose but that of carrying out some scheme of order which he had determined was to be applied to the place.

He showed the same spirit to strangers. When they required sittings he would just send them word that such and such were to let, and could not refrain from adding in a postscript, that if those pointed out to them would not do, no others were at their disposal.

The consequence was, that the church soon became filled with murmurs and discontent. Mr. Letseat paid no heed to these ominous signs, until at length the chapel was half emptied of its occupants. Finding that the plan he had adopted would not really answer, he then suddenly, on the old adage of extremes meeting, took an exactly opposite course, which so far succeeded as to bring a great number of the people back again. *He paid little or no attention to the letting of pews at all.* Hearers came and sat where they liked; frequently in the places of those who had for long years been members of the place. No agreement was made with them as to payment, and though the chapel gradually filled again, the minister's salary, which had been considerably lessened by the revolution which followed Mr. Letseat's appointment, did not proportionably increase. The whole church soon became confused, and what would have been the further result I know not, if the minister had not, like a brave man, dismissed Mr. Letseat from his office, and with the consent of the church, or as much of it as remained, appointed another person in his place.

And this is what I should like to see done with all the 'Letseats' in the kingdom who are not fitted for the office. If ever ministers are to be adequately supported by the pew-rents, the whole tribe of such deacons must become extinct. The deacon who has the management of the pews ought to be selected with great care. He may be a man of good business habits, but if he has not an amiability of temper and

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a general desire to please, which will commend him to the congregation and to occasional hearers, his election will end in failure. On the other hand, he must not be too tame and yielding, or endless feuds and jealousies will arise, and the whole church be filled with discomfort. Here I may, perhaps, aptly quote my friend's description of his 'model deacon.'

'He is a man of a most amiable temperament, encased in a firmness which is not easily shaken. He thoroughly knows the different characters who make up the church and congregation, and never shocks John Jones by putting Thomas Price in the same pew, if not mutually pleasant and desirable. He collects the pew-rents in advance, and regularly on quarter-day I have a cheque on his bankers for the amount. Such is a brief outline of my deacon's business qualities, and I wish that every minister was blessed with such a man.'

Amen, say I.

My dear Spectator, it is really time that the useless deacons of the country should be swept out of office. When we have the right men in the right place, both as pastors and deacons, then we shall have flourishing churches, but in order to secure the latter, a little more discretion must be used in their election than that which is too frequently practised.

We want no more such deacons as those I have sketched. Mr. Coin must no longer be elected because of his money, nor Mr. Uncouth to spite a sister church, and Messrs. Fixture and Letseat must not even be thought of in connexion with the office. Let the church manfully take the Scriptural standard of what a deacon ought to be, and aim to keep closely to it. Let not the office be simply an honorary one, or given to attach two or three men of influence and respectability to a place of worship. Let no one be chosen who is not generally acceptable in the eyes of the people. Let no miserable little cliques be formed to bring in 'our man.' Let no one be chosen who is of a quarrelsome, factious disposition, and who has been known to be a troubler of the peace of Israel in other places.

Surely, my dear Spectator, the church is not quite so destitute of living men as to have no Stephen in it fitted for the work—a man full of faith and power, and of the Holy Ghost! When more care is exercised in the election of deacons, and more care and discretion practised in the acceptance of calls to the pastorate, we shall hear no more of sustentation funds.

PETER POORPARSON.

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The American Revival.

COLLOQUIÆ PERSONÆ.

Mr. Habakkuk Mather, *a Merchant of New York, on a visit to England.*
Mr. Henry Esterling, *an English Gentleman.*

Scene—*A Library in a Suburban Villa.*

Mr. Esterling. And so Ben has gone to Texas? Well, he is one of the last persons that I should have suspected of possessing a roving disposition.

Mr. Mather. And I, although he was my brother. It was very sudden at last. He came into the store one morning, inquired if I could give him a commission for New Orleans or Galveston, and left two days afterwards. I believe the 'Revival' was at the bottom of it.

E. How? Surely he was not afraid of being converted?

M. No; not exactly that, although I think he would have kept aloof from such influences; but the fact is, he was engaged to a young lady, who has been carried away by the prevailing excitement, and from a fashionable Broadway belle has become apparently a most humble, earnest, and sincere follower of the Lord. And Ben, as you know, with all his hearty and genial disposition, is what would be called a thorough man of the world, and as some Scotch friends of mine and yours expressively said, he could not 'abide' the change. So he wrote Mary a letter, and left.

E. Is the engagement terminated, then?

M. No! oh, no; she will not have it terminated. She says he may escape for a time from her influence, but he cannot escape from God's. She prays for him at fixed hours every day, and he knows it. Besides this, she has publicly asked the prayers of one of the great city congregations on his behalf—sent up a slip of paper to the president, with names and circumstances—and, accordingly, special prayer was offered, and, without wishing to speak irreverently, I must say I believe she will win. In fact, I think Ben would have staid if he had not been of the same opinion. He was positively afraid of her, and ran away to get out of the reach of her moral influence. Ben, as you know, is gay, not much gayer than was Mary herself, perhaps, before this took place, but he has not the moral courage of Mary's sex, and was terrified at the idea of avowing himself a Christian. You see, therefore, how the matter stands. In his 'heart of hearts' I believe he wishes he could be like her, and depend upon it he will be before long. I shall be curious to ask him when he returns, how he felt at those times when he knew that Mary was praying for him. It will be an interesting and not uninstructive case of spiritual anatomy. There is very little false shame attending the expression of religious feelings amongst us just now, and Ben is peculiarly open—'open as the day,' as Mary said of him just before I left.

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E. I have been reading the newspapers you kindly brought to me, and am disposed to take a somewhat more favourable view of the character of the present great awakening than I have hitherto done; or, indeed, than most people have done in this country. You must be aware that 'Revivals,' as they have been carried on in America, are utterly foreign to the English character and habits, and I suppose I might appropriately add, the English taste—and taste has a greater influence in such matters than most people would be willing to believe. We do not like much excitement. As a stock-broker said to me the other day, we cannot afford it. Naturally rather indifferent in our manners, and slow in feeling and perception, all our individual and national life, and all the institutions which express them, take it for granted that there will be nothing exciting to disturb them. We *have* our disturbances, but they are as the occultations of Jupiter—very small when compared with our whole orbit, and nearly always taken into the account. We reckon upon them now much as a tradesman reckons the per-centage of his bad debts, or the man of property the proportion of expenses he may incur for repairs to the rent he expects to receive. A 'Revival' amongst us—supposing it could take place—would create as much surprise, and, I think I may say, consternation, as would a sudden deflexion in Jupiter's orbit to the astronomer, or a disastrous fire to a tradesman or house-owner.

M. You are very severe on your national character.

E. Stop a moment. Severe, not at all! But, of course, I look at the matter as an Englishman. I was going to add, that there are two vested interests in this country which, it seems to me, will always furnish sufficient ballast to prevent our good ship from going too fast, or getting unsteady—the Established Church and the National Debt. The Church dare not encourage excitement on any point. Excitement demands liberty, and liberty would have to be paid for at a very heavy sacrifice in the shape of money and social influence. Excepting Charles Kingsley, Frederick Maurice, and one or two others, every clergyman is a Conservative, and, if he wishes to better his position, as people say, must grow in years and Conservatism together. As for the bishops, I could, perhaps, imagine the Bishop of Oxford or the Bishop of London going so far as to say, 'he dared not, for conscience sake, oppose such a movement;' but I should as soon expect to see Lord Derby presiding at a Chartist convocation as a bishop at a Revival meeting. Besides, public extempore prayers are not allowed in the Establishment even to ordained clergymen, and a 'Revival,' without great prayer-meetings, would be like a Parliament without speeches. In addition to this, the hard, heavy mould which has been impressed by law and custom upon the religious worship of the Established Church, has now become so fixed, that it would be easier to break than to expand it, even in such a direction. On the whole, therefore, I think it extremely improbable that a 'Revival' of the American kind will ever take place within the Church. But if such should ever occur, the last days of the Establishment as it now exists will be at hand.

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M. God hasten a 'Revival' then, my friend! You, such a—what do you call yourself?—Anti-State-Churchman, and with this belief, yet frown upon Revivals! I should have thought that you would have wished to live just long enough to see the birth of such a spirit in the Church, and that then, like Simeon, you would say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

E. Aye! I could say it then, at least I think so; but you have not heard me out. If I did not think Revivals to be altogether foreign to our national habits, I could hope for such a day; but they would be more unreal here than they are even in America, and therefore would contain a greater amount of alloy, and leave behind, after the roughest washing, a greater amount of earth—or if a spade must be called a spade, I will say *dirt*—than they do in your country. I expect the Establishment to be destroyed by other means. But I was about to say a word concerning the influence of the National Debt on the Conservative feelings of the people of this country. That, too, is an influence altogether unfavourable to excitement, and therefore to 'Revivals.' There are three hundred thousand holders of Consols in England; they are the wealthiest people in the kingdom, and are directly interested in the cause of national order and quiet, and therefore interested against Revivals. This is not a far-fetched argument. I have no hesitation in saying that a Revival in London of the kind that is now going on in New York, would be attended by an immediate depreciation in the price of Consols. And that is the way that my friend the broker looks at it, and therefore honestly expresses his opinion that he cannot afford it. It is what Professor Newman would call one of the immoral influences of the National Debt.

M. So as we have our Almighty Dollar, as Mr. Dickens said, you have your Almighty Consols?

E. Exactly so, although I do not like the form of expression.

M. Well, notwithstanding all my love for the old country, a love which as you know has brought me to England, whether I have had business or not, almost every year for nearly twenty years, I would prefer to be in America, and if anything had been needed to decide my preference, this matter of 'the Revival' would have been sufficient. Since I have been in your country on the present occasion I have been astonished at the want of information and the indifference concerning the Great Awakening that is now being experienced throughout the Union. It is true that your people might have been more interested if they had been made acquainted, through their newspapers, with the real character and extent of the 'Revival,' but your newspaper editors are generally remarkably correct judges of public sympathies, and if they had been of the opinion that their readers would have felt much interest in the matter they would have offered their columns to information and discussion as quickly as they have done to the Norfolk Biffin, or Mr. Rarey.

E. Perhaps they do not get the New York daily papers?

M. Oh, yes, they do; at least they pretend that they do. You

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have seen those I have brought over? In the 'Tribune,' there are every day six, and sometimes eight or ten closely printed columns filled with reports concerning the progress of the Revival. If the mother country had sympathized with us as it ought, the newspapers would have reprinted every word!

E. What? All about 'Awful Gardner' and 'Screeching Harry?'

M. Don't you rile me! What I was going to say was this, that I bless God my country is open to Revival influences! You spoke just now about the present excitement being 'carried on;' there has been nothing of the kind. There has been no systematic carrying on of 'Revivals' in the States for more than a hundred years. During that period, in one part of the country or the other, there have been more than forty great Awakenings. In the first two or three there was, unquestionably, a great deal of fictitious and hurtful excitement—excitement of the kind that fills the mad-houses; that creates brain diseases of all descriptions, and that makes St. Vitus's dance almost an epidemic. That was in the time of the 'Revival-makers.' Public opinion, however, has since unanimously condemned this hurtful and artificial stimulus, and for some years past, as well as on the present occasion, the ablest ministers of all denominations have successfully exerted their influence in moderating and regulating the popular excitement. As far as I am aware, not a single Revival-maker has been engaged in the present awakening. The preachers who are now conducting the daily devotional services are men who are remarkable for their steadiness of character. I need only mention the names of Dr. Cheever, Dr. Spring, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. De Witt, Dr. Sprague, and Albert Barnes,—names known to every cultivated English Christian,—to convince you that whatever there may have been on former occasions, there can be no fanaticism attending the present movement.

E. That I cheerfully grant you. After having read the daily papers, I have been compelled to arrive at the same conclusion. Indeed, I cannot adequately express my admiration of the strength of character evinced by your leading preachers. Not one seems to have been carried away by the excitement.

M. I am rejoiced to hear you say that. There has not been one who has lost his common sense, his reason, or his self-possession. I have an intimate knowledge of everything that has occurred, and I cannot help expressing my conviction that there is no body of clergy in the world who could have passed through such a trial with greater strength than have those of my own country. I should not have thought it was in human nature to do as they have done, nor, indeed, is it. Only Divine strength could have been sufficient. If they had not cried, 'Deliver us from temptation,' no power could have restrained them. But not only have they done nothing to excite the agitation: they have resolutely kept it within the bounds of the very strictest propriety. I know, myself, of only two instances in New York where they have been exceeded without meeting with an instant rebuke, and these occurred on only one occasion. It was at the largest religious meeting ever held in America, when the firemen of New

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York, with their families, on Sunday, the 30th March, met in a body at the Academy of Music to listen to an address from Mr. Corbit, of the Methodist church. The preacher took for his text the words of Jeremiah, 'Is not my word like the fire, saith the Lord?' and preached certainly a rather exciting sermon. Two political allusions acted on the inflamed audience like a spark upon gunpowder. I have Mr. Corbit's sermon, as it was reported in the paper the next day, and will read the passages to you.

(*Reads*)—'And as fire is the master element in the material world, so is the word of God the master element in the moral world. His scheme of redemption will go on and on and on until Jesus of Nazareth shall reign King of nations, as he now reigns King of saints. Man cannot stop the tide of the advancing cause of God; barricades may be erected across its track; *party platforms may be built up in order to stop its progress*; great names may be desecrated by being invoked against it; but, my friends, it is winning. Armies may be marshalled to resist it: *Constitutions and the Union may be dragged with sacrilegious hands and planted athwart the path of the spirit which created them, and without which they are but tools of tyrants and oppression*; obstacles and difficulties may be heaped upon it mountain high; it may be sunk deeper than ever plummet sounded; but under all this it will turn, like old Enceladus under Etna, and in due time burst forth, flaming the fiercer for the blast which sought its destruction, and finding fuel and food in the very instrumentalities which were hurled against it. It is a living principle, and cannot die. Instability there may be in all other things; the hills may be moved, and the heavens rent away like a scroll, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.'

Well, at this passage the audience, many of whom rose on their feet, cried as with one voice, 'Glory, glory!' and, under the circumstances, I, as an American, am not disposed to blame them. The next allusion, though, perhaps, rather out of place in the pulpit, would have brought down a storm of applause from any American audience. The preacher was referring to the Bible as the book of counsel to many American statesmen, and gave the following anecdote, the connexion of which with his subject I confess I cannot see, but the anecdote is good, and worth repeating:—'While Franklin,' he said, 'was minister to England, he was at dinner at the house of a rich English nobleman, and after dinner, the wine was brought in for drinking toasts. The Englishman was called upon for a toast; he raised his glass and said, "England, the sun of the world." Next a French nobleman was called on, France being regarded as the next large power; he raised his glass and gave "France, the moon that reflects the borrowed rays of the sun round the globe." There was great consternation felt, for nothing but stars seemed left for Franklin. He sat there, and I think if he ever prayed he prayed just about that time, and when his turn came he gave, "George Washington, the Joshua of the New World; he commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they both obeyed him."' Well, you may imagine the applause which followed; and I do think, if I had been there, I should have given three cheers myself. But after all, why should not people laugh in a place of worship?

E. Why? because, if they have a deep consciousness of the actual presence of God with them they cannot laugh. Could you? Remember that the I AM cannot be conceived of as a Momus. But people both

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laughed and applauded in Chrysostom's time, and in Luther's time too. So they do, I believe, at Mr. Mursell's lectures at Manchester, and Mr. Parkinson's at Rochdale. However, I do not condemn. It is better to laugh than to yawn; and merriment is better than weariness.

M. Well, I can recollect only one other instance of a tendency to undue excitement throughout the present Revival, and that was instantly repressed. It occurred at a Union prayer-meeting of all denominations, held in the Ninth-street Reformed Dutch Church, New York, on the 2nd of March. At the outset of this meeting a woman, known by the rather strange cognomen of 'Screeching Harry,' took part in the exercises, and by her terrific wailing, several ladies were taken home sick. The committee, however, then and there told her that her services must be dispensed with, and she did not make her appearance again, except in the newspapers. I can assure you, my friend, that the excitement is too real, and the feeling too earnest for any noisy preacher or prayers to find the least encouragement.

E. I should like to ask you, whether you think that this 'Revival' is tending to a real change in the dispositions of men? Is God's Spirit really at work? That is the question. Do you know of any American Zaccheus who, under its influence, has restored goods or money wrongfully taken? Have any infidels been converted? Is there a better feeling towards the slaves in the South, or even towards the coloured population in the North,—say in New York? Is God's Spirit at work in *all* the churches? or does it seem to be—don't start or frown—does it seem to favour only certain sects? Is it decidedly anti-Presbyterian, or anti-Episcopalian, or decidedly pro-Methodist? The rain commonly descendeth equally upon all; and God, we know, is no respecter either of persons or sects.

M. Some of your questions I cannot answer, and others, I confess, cast a shadow of doubt and sorrow over my mind. I have *not* heard of any person who has confessed to having been a wrong-doer towards others.

E. Yet, if 50,000 persons in a week have been converted, there must have been one or two amongst them who have not walked justly all their lives?

M. One would certainly think so; but who is to judge? There may have been many private confessions of injustice, and many cases of restitution. Publicity is not necessary to establish the genuineness of the change in such instances.

E. Very true; and I accept the suggestion. But about the slaves?

M. The Revival has not reached the slave states. The cordon is drawn too tight. They are almost as impenetrable to such influences as you represent your Established Church to be.

E. But if it be God's movement, and not man's, why should the slave be forgotten? Is he to be doubly cursed?

M. Ask the same question concerning your own ryot population in India, or your Arabs of the city in London, and answer it if you can! I can only say, 'God moves in a mysterious way. His path is in the

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sea; his footstep in deep waters.' 'Who of us can understand him? But the Revival *has* reached the coloured population of the free states. They are holding meetings in many of the principal cities. As you might have supposed, however, they have their own way of conducting their services, and a rather queer way it is sometimes. At New Bedford the African churches, as they are termed, are thronged almost every evening in the week. A correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from New Bedford, gives an account of one of these meetings. He says, that such exclamations as these often resound through the excited assemblies:—

'"That's God's truth! Glory! I know God will hear dat prayer, cause he said he would! De blessing is coming! I feel it, oh, I feel it—it feels good! Hell clutches us, but it couldn't hold us! Pray, broders; pray, sisters—put in all you know! Dat's de way! White folks think coloured folks don't know nothin'! Lord, drive out the giggling devils! Make dem feel hotter-er and hotter-er! &c."

'Among the hymns which they sing is one with the following chorus:—

"The devil and me, we don't agree,
I don't like him, and he don't like me."'*

E. That is not unlike one of Mrs. Stowe's descriptions of a negro camp meeting.

M. No, and I have myself been a witness to similar scenes in the coloured churches in New York. The coloured population have, however, participated in this movement in another way. They have, in one or two instances, availed themselves of the novel custom of sending written requests for the especial prayers of the worshippers. It is the fashion to read these requests aloud, and to offer prayer immediately. On the 24th of March a special prayer-meeting of all denominations was held at the John-street Methodist church, New York, when the following petition was presented:—

'A fugitive from the bondage of the South asks an interest in the prayers of this congregation, that he may safely effect by flight his escape from the laws of the United States. He also asks that they will join him in a prayer to Almighty God that his family, whom he had been compelled to abandon by the certainty of being sold away from them, may be delivered out of the hands of the task-masters, and restored to his bosom.

His
'HENRY × SMITH.
mark.

'Witness:
'Oliver Johnson, No. 133, Nassau-street.'

Now, in reply to one of your questions, I am glad to be able to say that this petition was very cordially responded to by many a loud 'amen' from the great congregation, but the committees, at two other meetings held on the same day, *refused to receive it.* So there is a large portion of the old leaven still left. I dare not say anything as to the real Christianity of the two committees. It is a difficult question; but I could have hoped that at such a time every prejudice of this kind had been broken down. It is very sorrowful.

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* New York Daily Tribune, March 15th.

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E. Sorrowful? Aye! Refuse to *pray* for a person? Good God! And you call this a *revival* of religion! Do you know of any other instances?

M. Give me a pipe.

E. With all my heart. I don't smoke myself, but I always keep the weed for my friends; but it's not Virginian, and I hope not slave-grown.

M. Depend upon it, it is. 'Bristol bird's-eye?' It comes from the heart of the slave states. The fact is, there is no good tobacco grown excepting on the slave plantations.

E. I am sorry to hear it. Many Quakers whom I know would give up their quiet pipes if they thought of that.

M. Stuff! do they give up sugar and cotton?

E. My little boy says, when he is 'posed,' that he 'doesn't want to talk.' Take a whiff and go on with the 'Revivals.' I am more deeply interested than I expected to be.

M. The worst illustration of the old prejudice that I have met in the course of the 'great awakening—'

E. I beg your pardon,—but it has just occurred to me what a good thing it is that it has not received the title of the Great Enlightening! People may be awake, and yet not see much. I will endeavour to remember that it only pretends to be an 'awakening.' Go on.

M. Thank you. I was about to say that one of the worst illustrations of the old prejudice against colour has been furnished at the very place where the Revival commenced, namely, the North Dutch church in New York. Do you recollect the church?

E. Oh, yes, very well. It is in William-street, the Tower-street of New York.

M. Just so. Well, on the 18th of March a coloured man presented himself at one of the prayer-meetings, and I am sorry to say was thrust out.

E. WHAT!

M. Don't be angry! Weep! There were circumstances attending the expulsion which rather mitigated its harshness. The officer whose duty it was to lead the 'coloured brother' out, was very ashamed of his work. In one of the daily papers of the 26th of March there is a full narrative of the transaction from the pen of the expelled man. Shall I read it to you?

E. By all means.

Mr. Habbakuk Mather reads from the 'New York Daily Tribune,' of the 26th of March, in the year of Grace One thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, the following narrative of an incident in the last 'great awakening' of the 'freest and most enlightened people on the face of the earth:'—

'*To the Editor of the New York Tribune.*

'On Friday last, for the first time during the present religious excitement, I attended one of the daily prayer-meetings now so numerous in our city. I chose the one held in the North Dutch church, corner of Fulton and William-streets,

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on account of its convenient nearness. I went early, and on arriving there took a seat near the door. Looking around the room, I saw only one coloured person present beside myself—a lady, decently clad—indeed, as well as the majority of the females present. She had, like myself, taken a not very eligible seat, sitting close to the wall. On going in from the Fulton-street side I found a notice on the door of the room on the first floor, stating that a meeting was held in that room, and also stating that the next floor was opened for the same purpose; and finding but few persons on the first floor I went to the one above. I had sat there about ten minutes reading in one of the hymn-books, when a man who had been in earnest consultation in the entry with two others who were in the room at the time I entered, came in and addressed the lady who sat some distance from me, who immediately rose and followed him. The gentleman, then coming to where I sat, said to me:

'"Brother! won't you take a seat with me?"

'"I intend but remaining a short time," said I; "and if you have no objection, will stay here."

'"I wish you *would* come and take a seat with *me*," he said again, rather beseechingly.

'Without further hesitation, and fearing that the object of my visit might be thwarted (which was to present a note from one in distress, asking an interest in the prayers of the meeting), I followed him. He led the way up another flight of stairs to the top of the building, on the third floor, where he halted on the landing, and turning to the lady, said:

'"I presume you are a sister in Christ?"

'"I am," said she.

'"To what church are you attached?"

'"To Mr. Garnett's," she answered.

'"Ah!" said he, "I am happy to see our coloured friends taking an interest in the salvation of their immortal souls." Then turning to me, he said:

'"You are also a dear brother, I suppose? To what church do you belong?"

'I told him that I was a member of the Episcopal Church.

'"I am very glad to hear it," he added. "We have *sometimes* very interesting meetings up here."

'The lady and myself were the only persons in the room, and as the time for commencing was very near at hand, we needed the knowledge of the fact that "*sometimes*" there were "very interesting meetings up there" to induce us to remain.

'After placing a chair in the far end of the room, near the window, and requesting the lady to be seated, leading her to it, he said to us:

'"I hope you will not think anything, my dear sister and brother, of my inviting you up here; you know how it is."

'"Yes," said the lady, "I know all about these things."

'"I had been spoken to," said he, "by a couple of the brothers down stairs, and we thought you would like to come 'up' here. The coloured people have good meetings 'up' here, and we generally lead them ourselves."

'He then, after placing a chair near the lady, and asking me to be seated, turned to leave, remarking, that while we were waiting we might like to have a little religious conversation by ourselves, but when near the door was brought up by the lady saying—

'"I hope these are about the last days of 'these things,' and when we get in the other world, for which we all profess to be striving, this distinction will be done away."

'"Oh, yes," he replied, "there will be no more of it there, I hope."

'After he had gone, the lady, being left alone with me, said:

'"This is the first time I have ever been to any of these meetings, and this shall be the last. I would not have come up here had it not been that I did not want to show an unchristian spirit, but I don't think that I shall ever come again."

'I told her that these things were a part of the American religion; and while I disapproved the attempt to get up "a coloured men's prayer-meeting, we should have to adopt some other means to enjoy the full fruition of the blessings of the

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outpouring of the Spirit, than by having an "interesting time up there by ourselves."

'As the leader of the middle meeting was about to commence the exercises, I bade adieu to my companion, and returned to my business.

'I am yours, truly,

'*New York, March 25th*, 1858. 'A COLOURED MAN.'

E. Ugh! That fellow—I mean the white 'brother'—liked his mission about as much as a new executioner might be supposed to enjoy his first exhibition on the scaffold. I am glad to find he had a dim consciousness of the rascality of his work. And that is the church where this great awakening commenced! A *very* great awakening! I suppose they consider the upper room a kind of back-door to heaven?

M. Nay! This is only one case, and I would believe one of not very frequent occurrence. We have men who act very differently. Have you read Henry Ward Beecher's Revival sermon?

E. No, not yet, but I saw it in one of the papers you brought.

M. Then I can give you an anecdote which may raise your estimate of the moral courage and manliness of some of our preachers. On the last Saturday in March, Mr. Beecher was requested to conduct a religious service at the Old Theatre in New York. It was crammed with people, and about ten thousand persons stood outside. A marvellous sight for the busiest day in a great and active commercial city! Some twenty or thirty petitions were presented, when the hour for the sermon came, and Mr. Beecher said, 'I shall reserve to the last a petition which I shall read, and for which I shall offer prayer by and bye.' A very admirable address—characterised by that strong common sense and manliness of thought, for which this preacher is distinguished—was then delivered. Toward the close, he took up a piece of paper and said,—'I am going to read you a request for prayer, and I don't do it to disturb any man's opinions, but I expect to carry with me the sympathies of every man in this congregation.' And he read as follows; adding, 'I took pains to ascertain whether this was a genuine case before I came in here, and a gentleman, whose word is as good as gold to me, assured me it was a true and genuine case.'

'A woman—a member of a Methodist church—who, through much suffering and peril, even of life, has just succeeded in making her escape from Southern slavery, desires to offer up thanks to God for his goodness in bringing her safely to this city, and to ask the prayers of Christians that she may escape the toils of the man-hunters, and be guided safely to a land of freedom.

Her

'ISABELLA × WHITE.

mark.

And he *did* pray for her, I can assure you. If any man-hunters were there, I will answer for it their knees trembled.

E. He is *a man*. Nobody dared have done that when I was in New York ten years ago. Public opinion must have made great strides since then. Pray for a slave before a mixed audience in New York! Why, I do believe many preachers would sooner have prayed for a dead dog. I begin to hope something from the Revival now.

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M. There are other indications of its reality. It has broken down every old distinction between different denominations. Almost every meeting that is held is a 'union' meeting, and I do believe it would be impossible for a more fraternal feeling to exist. It has not yet extended to every sect in the great cities. The Episcopalians, Old-School Presbyterians, Unitarians, and Roman Catholics, have hardly, if at all, experienced its influence, but in some of the cities of the 'Far West,' the first two denominations are sharing largely in the wealth that is being bestowed upon the churches. Public opinion, with very little exception, unanimously supports the movement, and none doubt its reality. Dr. Bellows, a celebrated Unitarian preacher, gave a lecture upon it the other day, in which he aptly said, 'This Revival we must welcome as we do violent thunder-storms after long droughts —they may not be so good for living things as gentle and moderate rains, but they are much better than no rain.' Even the Roman Catholic newspapers do not sneer at it. Some of their clergy strongly condemn it, but the organ of Archbishop Hughes expresses considerable respect for it, and thinks that its influence on the community may be very beneficial. There is, no doubt, some degree of unhealthy excitement connected with it; it would be strange if there were not. Many people, I dare say, mistake mere nervous excitability for religious anxiety; and very many think their vulgar curiosity to be nothing less than sincere interest. The disgust of the world brought on by the recent commercial depression is, no doubt, held by others to be synonymous with love for the things of heaven. But, for myself, I believe that there has been a great and wonderful turning of the hearts of men towards God. If English Christians could read the reports, I am sure they would say, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' Not a class has been exempted, or has exempted itself from the movement. Policemen are meeting almost daily to talk to each other of the wonderful things of God. Firemen congregate in thousands to hear the word preached. Clerks leave their ledgers; merchants their counting-houses; ladies their boudoirs; students their studies; boys their schools; aye, and members of Congress their senatorial labours, to meet and pray for more light and love from above. I am, as you know, an Anti-slavery man. I am a believer in the providence of God. I need not say to you I believe also that God is a rewarder of those that seek him. I have a feeling that the unexpected defeat of the Kansas Lecompton Constitution was God's answer to the prayer of his people for more light—perhaps an answer to the especial prayers of those members of Congress who, at twelve o'clock every day, have left the House of Representatives for the House of Prayer.

E. Are you sure that they were not slave-owners?

M. What if they were? I suppose you will grant that a slave-owner may be a Christian? For my part, hater of slavery as I am, I find it easier to believe even a South Carolinian planter to be a good Christian than to believe in the Christianity of your pampered and titled Lord Bishops.

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E. Pardon me. I did not intend to quibble, much less to sneer.

M. I am sorry for my warmth, but the incredulity and the unwillingness to believe the best with regard to this movement, which many old country people have manifested, have really angered me. They seem to suppose that we have an altogether lower order of Christianity amongst us, and that we require to be told what is real and what is spurious in religion. Yet I think I may safely say that every preacher who has addressed a Revival meeting has taken an almost painful care to discriminate between true and false Revivals, and not a few sermons have been preached on that especial subject. I know we are an excitable people, and that we sometimes go half-mad upon particular questions, but we never keep mad for six months together. If there was a

'Chiel amang us takin' notes'

here to night I should tell him to put that in italics. We are confessedly more open to Revival influences than you are. Climate may have something to do with this; race more; and doctrinal belief more still. Dr. Baird, in his 'Religion in America'—a book that is rather popular, I believe, with English voluntaries, and one, therefore, that I may safely quote as an authority to you in his three chapters on 'American Revivals,' accounts for them, if I remember rightly, principally from the last consideration. The Americans, he says, believe in immediate conversion, and act upon the belief. But you have the book on your shelf, and if you have not read it lately, I should be glad if you would look through those three chapters.

E. I am glad you have reminded me of them. The remark which you last made recalls to my recollection a sentence in Sir Bulwer Lytton's tale, now being printed in 'Blackwood.' If a man, he says, believes that he is destined to accomplish a certain action in life, there are a thousand chances to one but he fulfils the destiny. So, if you believe only in immediate conversions, and believe especially in Revival conversions, if you are converted at all, it is sure to be immediately, and very likely under Revival influences.

M. Just so; although you have put the matter in a rather Mohammedan way. But, after all, Revivals are not so unnatural as most people in this country suppose. Your own Isaac Taylor has described our condition in a sentence. 'No persuasion,' he says, 'or instruction can of itself, in any one instance, avail to penetrate the deathlike indifference of the human mind towards spiritual objects; but when once this torpor is removed by inscrutable grace, then the very feeblest and most inadequate means are sufficient for effecting the renovation of the heart.' * *We* were in a 'state of torpor;' inscrutable grace has removed that state; and it has pleased God, by the 'feebleness' of preaching, and the 'inadequacy' of prayer, to renovate the hearts of the people.

* Natural History of Enthusiasm, p. 64.

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E. So be it.

(*A Knock at the door.*)

Come in!

Enter Servant. Supper is on the table, sir, and mistress says it will get cold if you don't come down directly.

E. Tell your mistress we will come at once.

M. Well, Esterling, we can both say with Gamaliel, 'If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, we cannot overthrow it.'

E. Nay, Gamaliel was a Jew! We can do more than that. Let us pray that God, for Christ's sake, will bless it, and make it a means of eternal blessing to all men.

M. Worthy of my English friend and Christian brother!

A Catechism of Humbug.*

A VERY odd book to write, and equally odd and very *infra dig.* many will think for the grave and serious 'Christian Spectator' to condescend upon; both of which opinions will be entirely changed long before the reader has finished this article. There is as much mystery about the authorship of this clever little brochure as once hung over the authorship of Southey's 'Doctor;' and as that wonderful medley was pronounced by a staid old lady just parfit nonsense; so we fear much of this book will be misunderstood, especially by those to whom it is specially adapted. Gossip some years ago attributed this 'Catechism' to a learned prelate of the Church of Ireland, and those who ought to know have assured us there can be no doubt in the matter, and certainly internal evidence is not wanting to suggest the same pen and the same logical acumen that gave the world the 'Historic Doubts concerning the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte.' It is now nearly a quarter of a century since its publication, and we believe we are correct in saying, that, from some cause or other, the copies remaining unsold shortly after their issue were bought up, so that it is now next to impossible to get one. The spirit of the age, twenty years ago, was, it seems, equally paradoxical as at present, and furnishes another illustration of nothing new being under the sun. Our masked satirist thus describes the characteristics of *his* times; and the lapse of so many years has not greatly improved them:—'An age which has consolidated, melted down, and purified, all the wisdom, learning, prejudices, and ignorance of all former ages, whether of iron, brass, or tin, and has converted them into a kind of *German silver*, which looks and sounds as well, and therefore must be *as* valuable as the old-fashioned sterling metal, and *more* valuable for being cheaper;—an

* The Catechism of Humbug; by a Fellow of the University of London: intended for the use of the students therein. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 21, College Green. 1835.

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age which, as it has outstripped all past, so it is also to excel all future ages, in every thing that can make one age to differ as much as possible from another;—an age of superlatives, when every thing good is better, and every thing bad is worse than it was ever known to be before;—an age of universal knowledge without study, huge undertakings without capital, good breeding without politeness, retrenchment without saving, reform without improvement, and fashion without anything;—things formerly difficult, now made easy to the meanest understanding;—things once considered simple, now rendered incomprehensible, even to those who have made them so by their fanciful explanations;—ancient allies chastised in mistake for enemies, and natural enemies hugged like spoiled children;—hospitals and asylums for old men and young children shut up, while expensive establishments are maintained for tigers and alligators;—an age—when starving Irishmen walk barefoot through England, in search of some one to keep them alive; while their well-fed pigs are whirled in steam-coaches at twenty miles an hour in search of somebody to kill them;—an age—where shall I stop?—of polar expeditions and political economy; discovery and discontent; Roman Catholic emancipation and Roman cement palaces; railroads and reform; union of trades and unknown tongues; whims of every kind and whigs of no kind; sham humanity and real humbug.'

Over such an age our author sheds no tears, nor indulges in any spiteful utterances; and 'being confined to his room, and having nothing else to do,' he resolved to write this book; 'this fragment of a *great* work, which is to effect mighty changes in the conduct of society: to teach men to throw off the flimsy mask of pretended respect for truth, which so badly fits their practical disregard of it, and to act *honestly* on that principle, or want of principle, which has such complete sway over their motives and conduct.' Some fragments of this 'fragment' we are about to give our readers, the more acceptable as the original is inaccessible to them. Perhaps we need not altogether deplore the characteristics of the age just quoted, since they have suggested this piquant Catechism, the author of which, exempt of course from any tendency to these vanities or falsehoods, has doubtless said to society in general, what Apemantus long since said to Timon in particular—'No; I'll nothing; for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee.' At any rate, his raillery, as we shall now see, is the raillery of a scholar and a gentleman, and not of the cynic or misanthrope of Shakesperian conception. In enumerating the characteristics of the nineteenth century, 'humanity and humbug,' finished the sentence by way we are told of 'antithesis, because an antithesis sounds well at the *close of a long sentence;* and this recollect is a valuable secret in writing, and one which comes within the province of this identical *humbug;* because a good antithesis stamps as current many a *false principle* and many a *nonsensical axiom.*'* Although,

* *E.g.* Burke's aphorism, that 'vice loses *half* its evil by losing *all* its grossness;' or as improved on by a lady, 'vice loses *all* its deformity by losing *half* its grossness.'

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therefore, it is many centuries since Solomon discovered that all was humbug, it is only in these modern times it has assumed the form of a system, so that there is now in 'most people a positive inclination to be humbugged.' This disposition forms the ground-work of the speeches of statesmen, and of the advertisement of all patent inventions; it regulates alike the phraseology of science and the forms of good breeding; it presides in courts of justice, counsels in the chamber of the invalid, and sometimes dogmatizes in the pulpit. But we must come to the Catechism itself, and proceed to the exposition of our theme in catechetical form, a mode of teaching, happily, going out of fashion, and except in this instance, a very barbarous method of teaching young or old. Our readers will, we trust, believe that the following are veritable extracts, and that no deception is intended; if they should suspect otherwise, we would remind them 'that for the uninitiated it is just as well for them to listen to nonsense, which they cannot, as to truth, which they do not comprehend.' Another antithesis be it observed, and at the close of a sentence too. The *ars*, not *cacoethes*, scribendi.

'What is humbug?

'It may be defined to be that propensity of the human mind which inclines us to convey to others, by our words or our actions, an impression concerning ourselves or other objects, which our conscience or our judgment does not sanction as correct.

'How is it distinguished from *falsehood* or *deceit*?

'Some species of it are scarcely distinguishable; and such may be considered as forming the connecting link between these two propensities; but in general humbug does not operate by the same means as falsehood.

'To what is humbug generally opposed?

'To *sincerity*, as direct falsehood is to truth.

'How is it divided?

'Into *active* and *passive*; or in other words, a propensity to humbug others, and a propensity to be humbugged ourselves.

'How are the objects of these propensities respectively termed?

'The object of the active propensity is called a *humbugger*; and of the passive, a *humbuggee*; but the former is more commonly termed a *sharp*, and the latter a *flat*.

'What are those persons called who have neither intellect enough to be sharps, nor imagination enough to be flats?

'*Naturals*.

'How many are the simple modes of active humbug?

'They may be reduced to four; the first two it possesses in common with direct falsehood; the last two are proper to itself.

'Name them.

'Pretending, dissembling, rigmaroling, and cajoling.'

Then follow definitions of these terms, expressed with mathematical correctness and logical precision, and the 'fragment of the great work' begins to reveal itself in sundry chapters, extracts from which we are now about to make; and first:—

Of Pretending.

'How does pretence differ from that species of falsehood called *simulation* or *suggestio falsi*?

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'It is more comprehensive; as though it often does employ falsehood, it frequently makes use of truth, and most commonly of a mixture of both together.

'What are the principal species of it?

'Pretence to *knowledge*, pretence to *feelings*, and pretence in *external circumstances*.

* * * * * * *

'Why has pretence to knowledge become necessary for upholding our characters in society?

'Because every man is expected to know, or at least to profess to know, every branch of knowledge; admitted ignorance upon any subject is justly considered as disgraceful; and as few have leisure or abilities for universal study, pretence to knowledge becomes necessary.

'Whence has arisen this thirst for universal knowledge?

'It is not so much the knowledge, as the reputation for it, that is coveted; and that desire has in a great measure been fostered, like most other propensities, by the facilities which exist for gratifying it.

'Is, then, pretence to knowledge laudable?

'Unquestionably. Happiness is the great object of society, and whatever raises a man in the opinion of others, and consequently in his own, ministers to his vanity and self-esteem, and, *therefore*, to his happiness.

'Is no injury inflicted on society by lowering the standard of truth?

'None. The error was in imposing any standard value upon it at all. The value is not necessarily lowered, but simply removed, and truth is left to find its own level.

'Has truth then no intrinsic value?

'None. Like every other commodity, its value must depend upon the market; it is worth just what it will bring; and it was only raised to an unnatural value by the prohibition upon falsehood.

'Is, then, the employment of truth or falsehood a matter of indifference?

'Quite so to those who understand their proper use; and on such as have any remaining prejudices in favour of the supposed intrinsic value of truth it can be successfully urged that, just as a credit circulation is preferable to a metallic currency, it is a foolish waste of capital where humbug passes as current as bank-notes, and direct falsehood is discounted on liberal terms, to persevere in the employment of so costly a medium as truth in our dealings with society, when we might better treasure it up as a curiosity which may some day or other find admirers, or export it to America, where, by all accounts, the market is not overstocked.'

Section second opens with a similarly sharp fusillade on *pretence to feeling*; reminding us of the familiar lines in which the same thought is expressed without any pretence.

'Sweet is a legacy; and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too, too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,' &c. &c.

Our 'unbeknown' but respected author puts the thing more plainly, though less poetically than this, as the following passages will prove; though, as we quote, we are afraid our readers will fancy we are 'making it all up out of our head;' if they do, let them inquire at 'all the booksellers' for this Catechism, and they will be disappointed:—

'Mention some instances of *pretence to feeling*?

'Affectation of grief, as in deep mourning and long faces worn at the funeral of a rich relation; or of satisfaction, as in the warm congratulations we offer to a

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successful rival whom in our hearts we are wishing at Jericho; affectation of zeal, which abounds in the addresses of lawyers to a jury, and the speeches of party leaders of the House of Commons to their constituents; or of moderation, as in a starving nobleman who has unexpectedly succeeded to fifty thousand a-year, and wishes to appear most fashionably careless of his change of circumstances; affectation of regard, which is uniformly employed in refusing a favour to a friend; or of indifference towards an object we would give the world to obtain, but which is placed beyond our reach.

'You have not mentioned affectation of piety?

'There is less to be got by this than by most other kinds of pretence; there *is*, however, some share of it in what is called inconsistently the religious *world*.

* * * * * *

'What is fashion, or *pretence in external circumstances*?

'A certain supreme station in society, assumed by, and conceded to, a small number of individuals who exercise the sole power of admission to their privileged class.

'What are the advantages enjoyed by persons of fashion?*

'The liberty of saying and doing what they please, with the certainty of being admired and imitated by the vulgar; *astonishing the natives*, as it is called; and the advantage of unlimited credit upon all tradesmen whom they honour with their patronage.

'Does fashion depend upon rank?

'No.

'Upon wealth?

'No.

'Upon talents or acquirements?

'Still less.

'Upon public or private virtue?

'Least of all.

'What then?

'Upon a conformity with certain conventional habits and notions, in themselves trifling or irrational; an unruffled indifference to the opinions and affairs of all the world, except the exclusive set; and a sufficient degree of nonchalance to set up such qualifications, as pretensions to pre-eminence.'

Our readers will, we fear, become weary of this catechetical process of our unknown or slightly-guessed-at author; we will therefore hasten towards a conclusion. To many, also, this calm dissection of society, regardless of the sufferings of those who are under the knife, may possibly appear too surgically heartless; still we confess to great satisfaction in seeing this same society thus turned inside out, and its foibles or humbugs made 'patent,' to use the stock term, to all observers; and trust that those who are thus anatomized will survive the operation. A few more brief quotations will be all we shall inflict on our readers. The following we cannot help, as members of the fourth estate, strongly condemning. No one who reads our literature, especially ——— but we forbear—can hesitate in pronouncing the following either a calumny, or what is as bad, a piece of presumptuous ignorance. Not content with saying that the principal helps to

* This is an evident plagiarism from Southey, and is too bad in one writing on pretence. 'There are, however,' says Southey, 'three tribes in England, not named in the Old Testament, who considerably outnumber all the rest. These are the High Vulgarites, who are the children of Rahank and Pashan; the Middle Vulgarites, who are the children of Mammon and Terade; and the Low Vulgarites, who are the children of Tabag, Rahag, Bohobtayul.'

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pretence to knowledge are 'reviews,* magazines, lectures, and publications for diffusing general knowledge;' sayings unjust as well as severe, and quite sufficient to induce the author to buy up his own production, and 'hide his diminished head;' there occurs the following atrocious passage, that might possibly apply to the 'British Slanderer,' or the 'Earthy Vessel,' but by remotest implication can have no connexion with the honest portions of our literature.

'How is literary rigmarole principally employed?

'In book-making in general, to swell the size, and consequently the price of the book. It constitutes nearly the sole element in prospectuses and literary puffs of new books, or new editions of old ones, and abounds much in reviews, magazines, and other works of criticism.'

Under the head of Cajoling there occurs the following paragraph, which is specially suitable to our present financial position as a nation. It just occurs to us that possibly D'Israeli himself wrote this book. It would be worth while to ascertain this: some honourable member, 'on his legs,' might ask the question; we don't say it would be polite, Parliamentary, or Palmerstonian; but that is nothing; now-a-days we can do anything.

'How is cajoling employed in financial schemes?

'Principally in the framing of a document called the "Budget," which is a statement of the revenue and expenditure of the nation.

'Ought not this to be clear and intelligible to everyone who is obliged to pay taxes?

'By no means. Government cannot go on without taxes; and as they *must* be paid, it is the duty of the minister of finance to make them appear as reasonable and necessary as possible; the budget ought, therefore, to consist of very perplexed statements and very detailed accounts, avoiding round numbers, in order to display extreme accuracy; for as arithmetic is at best but a dry study, most persons will be willing to believe that an account containing so many figures must be satisfactory, especially if they see halfpence in the total.

'But surely this account cannot blind the people against the continuance of oppressive taxes?

'No! and for that reason it is proper for the minister, as a popular measure, to remove or diminish some of the public burdens, which, however, is put on in another shape, and gives the same relief as a coach-horse experiences by being changed from one side of the pole to the other.'

As many a true word is spoken in joke, so beneath this pleasant disguise of satire, not sarcasm, are many true words and true thoughts which are worthy of notice. We never vend, much less puff, our own wares, otherwise we would strongly recommend this article to the attention of all whom it may concern; and if our readers *can* procure a copy of the book, from which these extracts are said to be taken, they will do themselves no harm by its attentive perusal. Christian Spectators see too much humbug not to be increasingly jealous for the government of truth—everywhere—at all times—and under all circumstances.

W. G. B.

* This was written before we had any existence.—P. D.

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Modern Congregational Literature; its Lights and Shadows.*

We are painfully reminded, by the appearance of the interesting volumes before us, of the heavy loss the world of letters has sustained by the heliacal setting of the 'bright particular star,' whose short but brilliant orbit is here so lovingly yet truthfully described by a father's hand. Dissenting literature in particular—oh! how we hate the necessity which compels us to tack on a sectarian epithet to so catholic a word—can ill spare so doughty a representative of its scanty, and it would even seem, dwindling ranks. For if we would rightly appreciate the true worth and significance of the name of Vaughan, father and son, in the roll of the Congregational authorship of our time, we must not shrink from the startling reflection how short the list is, and how alarming is its tendency year by year to contract, rather than, as we should expect in these days of University education, to swell into more respectable proportions. We trust we have a wholesome dread of the curse of Canaan, and we assuredly feel no malignant pleasure in exposing a parent's shame to the world's cold scorn and derision. We would gladly hide the nakedness of the 'Congregational Literary Register,' which is annually paraded in the 'Year Book,' and until we have something better to show in this department, would in all good faith most earnestly counsel the suppression of what we cannot refrain from calling such a 'beggarly account of empty boxes.' There—we have blurted out the unlucky phrase, which we had been honestly striving to keep back. We are in for it, and are fairly bound, we admit, to say something in its justification, but we should lay ourselves open to the charge of having gratuitously libelled our own beloved denomination. That our remarks may be the less invidious, we will say nothing about the latest issues of the 'Year Book.' It is no great cruelty to the writers when we assume that nine-tenths, and perhaps a fraction of the remaining tithe, of the productions chronicled two years ago are now hopelessly forgotten by the public. We know we have to deal with a *genus irritabile* in everything we say about authors, and that those belonging to the Dissenting press are by no means an exception to the rule. But we are greatly mistaken in the men, if all but the most morbidly thin-skinned amongst them would not in general terms assent to the above statement. It is so with all literature. Far fewer books than infants survive a second year. The loving parents may nurse and coddle them, but they die notwithstanding. Not that the evil eye of reviewers is fatal to many of them. Our craft the wicked world says is far more indulgent to many a rickety bantling than is meet. But somehow or other the starveling and thin little things don't thrive, and the awful

* Essays and Remains of the Rev. R. A. Vaughan. Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. R. Vaughan, D.D. In 2 vols. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

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bills of mortality in Paternoster-row, together with certain other bills, receipted or not as the case may be, for the funeral expenses, record the sequel to the history of what the compiler of the 'Congregational Literary Register' piously hoped would prove a healthy progeny. *Vixerunt!* That is all that can be said of them, and it is, perhaps, too complimentary an epitaph for some of the number.

Taking, then, the 'Year Books' from the first issued (that for 1846) to that for 1856, and omitting that for 1852 (which we have unfortunately mislaid), we find that the numerical statistics stand thus:—

Publications issued by Ministers and Members of the Congregational Denomination during the year		1845	91
"	"	1846	77
"	"	1847	83
"	"	1848	67
"	"	1849	118
"	"	1850	141
"	"	1852	127
"	"	1853	98
"	"	1854	104
"	"	1855	68
Total during 10 years			974

The annual average is about ninety-seven and a half, something less than two per week. The list of New Publications in the 'Athenæum,' which is far from being an exhaustive one, averages, if our memory does not deceive us, about fifty each week. If, therefore, the literary activity of the Congregationalists were on a par with that of the nation at large, we ought to constitute no more than about four per cent. of the whole population. The Religious Census shows that Congregationalists are really three times as numerous in England and Wales as this estimate would make them, and about twice as numerous throughout the British Isles. Moreover, the 'Athenæum' catalogue, besides omitting occasionally many substantive works, always passes over mere tracts, and but seldom mentions single sermons, addresses, and so forth, whereas these constitute a rather serious discount from the credit side of our ledger. In 1845, we must deduct about a dozen such, if we would make a fair comparison. In 1846 they are about a third of the whole. The next year, out of a score of productions in theology, nine belong to this small fry, and there are more which have found their way into the quiet little creek appropriated to *works* on 'Church Polity, Education, &c.' Indeed, there are just as many ranged under this as under the former title. Amongst the sixty-seven appearances of 1848, we find fifteen, or nearly a quarter of the whole, assignable to this category. The list for 1849 comprises a smaller proportion, but abounds with pamphlets, and shilling and sixpenny books. The high figure of one hundred and forty-one productions given for 1850, at once suggests the misgiving, that the single sermon, tract, and lecture-class, is pretty largely represented amongst them. Accordingly we have counted forty-nine, or considerably more than a third of the sum total, which must be deducted on this score. In

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1852, the total is swelled by the funeral sermons on the death of the Duke of Wellington, of which there are seven, besides forty-four more of these minor publications. For the remaining three years, we have an aggregate of two hundred and seventy appearances in all, and, again, more than one-third of them belong to the Liliput library.

So much for the minnows. As to the Tritons, they are, indeed,

— 'rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

If, according to the Greek proverb, a big book is a big bore, we may at least congratulate ourselves on our freedom from annoyance on that head. In a physical sense, ours is undoubtedly a light literature. We doubt whether the entire issue for some single years would outweigh a copy of Dr. Morison's 'Chinese Bible,' which used to be considered a load for a good-sized dog. Of course, folios and quartos are here out of the question,* although in other quarters they are becoming less rare than they were a few years ago. Of works extending to more than one volume, we do not find a single specimen in 1855, nor in several other years. Indeed, the entire number of such productions for the whole ten years we have taken may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Amongst the Congregational lectures, Dr. Halley's book on the 'Sacraments' belongs to this class; in classical literature, we have Dr. W. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography;' in biography and history, there is the Rev. Joseph Fletcher's 'Memoir and Select Works' of his father, Dr. Fletcher, and the same gentleman's 'History of Independency.' We need not go through the entire list, although, as we have said, it would not take us long. Of less bulky, but still substantial books—say octavos or duodecimos of from 400 to 600 pages—the proportion to the whole is really alarmingly small. Half-a-dozen a-year or so is about the number, and these would be materially reduced in quantity, and still more in quality, were the pretty regular annual contributions bearing the honoured name of Vaughan withdrawn. One for every two months really seems a fully fair allowance. The remainder were for the most part evidently put forth as ephemeral productions, without any expectation, even on the part of the writers themselves, that they would survive the season of their appearance.

We have said nothing as to the *subjects* of these works, although we may remark in passing that they are nearly all theological, and that scarcely any are written by laymen. This neglect of general literature, and the monopoly of our press by ministers—reminding us of the clerical monopoly of the pen in the barbarous ages—are by no means healthy signs.

Least of all have we ventured upon the still more delicate task of discriminating between the relative *merits* of these various publications. Of course there are good, bad, and indifferent amongst them, and the degrees of goodness, badness, and indifferency take a tolerably wide range. Some, too, were good always, and always will be good;

* In 1854 there is a folio mentioned, we think by mistake. It is the Rev. Charles Williams's 'Switzerland and the North of Italy,' published by Mr. Cassell. It is an illustrated work.

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whilst others, like faded roses, remind us of their former blooming on by their lingering perfume. Others there are, many others we fea whose appearance at all was from the first a sin and a shame. To bott such abortions in spirits of wine, as is done in the 'Year Book,' can on serve the purposes of morbid anatomy. Upon the whole, we hope o readers will by this time begin to agree with us, that the less we bra about our literature, as is still the fashion in some quarters, the bette and that the sooner we seriously set about elevating it, instead debasing it, and throttling it, by hereticating every vigorous min amongst us, as the very same vain boasters are continually doing the better chance shall we stand of laying hold of the intellect an heart of England and the world. It may be true that we are n behind our Baptist brethren in this respect, and that we are far i advance of the Methodists. But why should the orthodox Dissenter yield the laurel of literature to the Unitarians, who, whilst scarcely twentieth part as numerous as Congregationalists, write more works and especially more scholarly works, than we have ever as ye managed to produce? We gladly admit that on the whole we hav gained largely on these our old rivals of late years, and that in th growingly important department of the periodical press in particular in reference to which our prospects are much brighter than in others we have quite distanced them at last.

For this triumph how much do we owe to Dr. Vaughan, the founder of the 'British Quarterly Review,' and to his gifted son—too soon alas! snatched away from us—whose brilliant, and at the same time solidly-learned, articles have added so much to its lustre. They are here wreathed into a chaplet for his urn; and it is a chaplet of *immortelles*, placed there by one who, because, as the Memoir fully shows, he was his intellectual no less than his natural father, was alone entitled to discharge the pious office. Here is a little anecdote bearing on this point, which we give as strikingly characteristic of both the Doctor and his admirable son. 'His love of reading, especially on literary subjects, was early manifested. While quite a child, he often sat at my feet for considerable intervals, with his book on his knee, he intent on his work, and I intent on mine. On one of these occasions I remember him suddenly looking up and saying, "Papa, I think I *must* be a literary man." "Do you, Al," was my reply; "what makes you think so?" "Because," said he, "I remember being *within the sound of the scratching of your pen* almost as long as I can remember anything."' Such a son, tutored by such a sire, could not but grow up a scholar, and it is most interesting to follow the various phases of his development, mental and spiritual, in this very instructive biographical sketch; to follow the gentle footsteps of the marvellous boy from University College School, and the College itself, where, in 1842, he graduated in honours in classics, and was the second man of his year in the University of London, to Lancashire Independent College, to Germany, Bath, where he was co-pastor with the venerable Mr. Jay, and to Birmingham, where he was minister from 1850 till within two or three years of his death.

The following extracts, from letters written during his stay in Ger-

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many, show that the calm and glowing belief which animated both his preaching and his printed productions was not attained save after severe struggles. It was the victory after conflicts like those here described which enabled him to enter the depths of the inner life of those whom he has so gloriously depicted in his masterly work, the 'Hours with the Mystics,' which is incomparably the best on the subject in the English, if not also in another, language.

'*November*, 1846.—I scarcely know how the days go by. I live mentally like the earth, ever turning, now in light, now in shadow; at one time doing much, at another seeing so much to do that I do nothing; forming many plans of books —cobweb fancies, mere brain-spinning, as the Germans call it; imagining sometimes our future life, and tossed on tumultuous feelings, waves of all sorts, and sizes, and strengths, and brightness, and darkness, with only the most distant possible sight of the haven caught only at intervals. And the thought fails not to come (how far just or not let the experience of every one decide), does not this shifting of shadows, and alternation of fears, and hopes, and restlessness, and vague aspiring, and despondency equally vague, does it not all come from the desire after happiness? And if a man could cease to wish to be happy, would he not be happy that instant? At least with a certain sort and fashion of happiness; but a something well worth having as the world goes, and which many a pining, downcast wretch would rejoice to obtain. It is not the true—that is in heaven—it is a graven image of it, however—an emanation, a picture, and what more can we expect? Therefore, the question, How may I be most happy? is sin, and comes to the same thing as, How may I be most wretched? In the search after the greatest good lie the seeds of the greatest evil. Some such philosophy might a solitary make, having a cavern on the sea shore, and to whom the gloomy grandeur of the waves had imparted something of their own nature. Such a philosophy must a man alone at some time make for himself, to whom the outer world is the rocky cave, with its mere crust and water; and his own soul, with its limitless desires, its heaving commotion, or its deceitful slumber, the sea. Is not truth more likely to come to man's mind in converse with itself, and the truth about and above itself, than in company with his fellows? Let any one take out the viper selfishness from his bosom, which has been warmed there so long (and if some of the heart comes away with it, let him not heed it), and let him, standing in the midst of change, and love, and hatred, say, None of these things move me—they may come or go, they are the accident, not the essence of my nature; and let him regard all about him as not concerned with himself—shut his eyes quite to his own little, contemptible, and soon-to-be-forgotten earthly career, and say, "What will happen to me I know not—what comes I care not—this only I know, that, whatever happens to myself, there abides the holy which I worship—the beautiful, unchanged, undiminished, whether I am happy or wretched. There are fellow-creatures to be served, and served they shall be, perhaps by me, certainly by some. I love them, and, if permitted, will bless them." Would not such a man have come to a great pass, even the *outpassing* of the fretful and feverish desires that torment most of us? He would neither pine after fame, nor joy, nor love, but he would be love—he would be absorbed in what was beyond himself—he would lose his own identity in affection, in longing to be one with the purposes of God, to be a part of the building God's providence and grace build up; whether a stone near the foundation, dark, beneath the ground, in affliction or obscurity, or nearer one of the glorious pinnacles in the sunshine and light of men, it is not his concern, it is God's—some must be down beneath, and if that place God sees best for him, there he would soonest lie.

'It might appear that such notions lean too much toward the quietism of some of the French Catholic writers; but yet when a man sees but a few fathoms into the pit of darkness, namely, his own heart, it becomes sober verity. This is not German philosophy—my reading has been lying lately another way; but

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this is how my own thoughts turn themselves, and work themselves, and keep me waking at night, and haunt me in the daytime. So I write as I am now thinking. But you will say such views of life lead to indifferentism—bring a frosty winter into life's very spring, and pull it to pieces as completely as you used to do our flowers. Exactly, I reply, the thing required—indifference—that is, to pull to pieces our own flowers for ourselves, to have no set form and shape of life-happiness which we will choose and have for our own, and say, I will have that or nothing, like a child with its toy. Then, and then only, are we free, and at least not so unhappy as we otherwise should be.

'*November 27th*, 1846.—Pour moi, physically I am well, metaphysically no great things; it is such very hard work to keep out of a universal disgust of existence. It is a perpetual driving on a lee-shore, and no rounding the cape. Life becomes a sort of dolorous delight and magnificent misery; I know not what else to call it. The past is a garden with so many flowers that the nourishment they draw for their support takes all the moisture and productive power from the barren soil of the present: the future—that you know I always regard rather as a precipice than as land of Beulah—a thing which, as it is not, may never be. If the past is not a torment, the future ought not to be a delusion. Take away the past and the future, and what is the present? A season wherein, when we do think, we are unhappy; when we do not think, unwise. Verily, threescore years and ten of this sort of thing ought to content any man. Every winter should come to each, asking him at the close of the year, "Well, have you not had enough of it now?" And man stands up with his sins and his sorrows, his unsatisfied desires and contemptible aspirations, and thinks himself a hero because he can say "No!" Every drowning kitten would say as much if it could speak. It is not heroism, only instinct. In overcoming the instinct there is certainly heroism. I never could understand that natural shrinking which theologians and casuists alike unite in saying a man must feel at the prospect of annihilation. They say that the thought rubs the soul against the grain, that it flies in the face of the first principles of our nature—that to believe in ceasing to be, must be, till you do cease to be, the utmost misery. I cannot perceive it. The reason for what they say is, I conceive, in the mistake that they imagine the soul as existing *after it has been annihilated*, and as regretting its own annihilation—that they cannot separate the idea of annihilation in their minds from that of an after-consciousness which shall be affected in some manner thereby, seeing that annihilation cannot be unpleasing to the annihilated, for there is no annihilated at all when he has been annihilated. So much for people's ideas on the subject. . . . . I wish I could see in Scripture good reason for believing in the annihilation of the lost.'

Of his reviews, the most learned are the papers on 'Origen' and on 'Schleiermacher,' whilst the most widely-appreciated will be those on Kingsley's 'Hypatia,' on 'Sydney Smith's Life,' and on Mackay's 'Regious Development in Greece.' The following extract from the last-mentioned essay will serve to show how completely Mr. Vaughan mastered the doubts before alluded to, and at the same time will furnish a good specimen of his nervous, if sometimes too ornate style.

'The prospect Mr. Mackay's religion would place before us is anything but cheering. Man's greatness lies in his "aspirations," he tells us, and the life of the world must be an "infinite search." He hopes that some day some one may somewhere arise to realize the dreams of Plato (vol i. p. 53). Nothing more could, on his principles, be looked for. A sorrowful gospel this. The prisoner is not comforted by the assurance that his aspirations after freedom are a proof that he was made for something better than captivity. By divine assistance man has repeatedly realized, and not merely longed for, true greatness—even in time. Light from Heaven has given truth to those who otherwise could have found no true resting-place in the painful wanderings of an infinite search. Such a blessing

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Socrates would have embraced; for such a certainty Plato has expressed his ardent desire. The fairest visions of the latter have been surpassed long since. How completely has the "vaulting ambition" of our author overleaped itself! He aspires to be so far before us as to criticise Paul with a lofty air of superiority; and falls, in fact, so far behind, as to tarry in the rear of Plato. Rejecting revelation, he can realize no higher guidance than that of a grovelling Utilitarianism; no loftier hope than a vague approximation towards cognizance of some pantheistic vitality of the universe, called its law of life. To this frigid and poverty-stricken region he invites us, as to a land of promise—of promise, truly, and nothing more. It is the old story. The fox that had lost his tail strove hard to exult in taillessness, and mounting the vulpine rostrum, became earnest as Mr. Mackay in his advocacy of mutilation.

'These are some, and only some, of the objections which lie against the two principles which may be termed the main pillars of what this writer calls his religion. In opposition to the first, that miracles and special providence are incompatible with law and equivalent to anarchy, it has been shown that such intervention is in harmony with the Divine government throughout—science being witness; and that the attempt to escape the difficulties of supra-naturalism makes the sceptic discerning what is wondrous, ridiculously credulous of what is impossible. With regard to the second leading proposition—that Christianity, as apprehended by the great majority of its professors, is the foe of progress—his fallacy has been made apparent; the middle term, Progress, is what logicians call undistributed, and the whole syllogism futile. The progress of religion is not of the same kind as that of science; but it is not, therefore, as the loose talking of Mr. Mackay would induce us to believe, stationary itself, and hostile to advancement elsewhere. His moral code can find no higher sanction than pain and pleasure. On his system you know that an action is wrong, when, after it, you experience some suffering directly traceable, according to the laws of nature, to that act. To him that eateth mince pies, and finds they disagree with him, such eating is sin. For doing good and suffering for it patiently, we can find no good reason in all his philosophy. To exchange the motives and the precepts of the New Testament for the divinity of the breeches-pocket and theology of the gastric juice, would assuredly be retrogression rather than progress. He finds it difficult to discover a religion with little enough religion in it to please him. Christianity is too well provided with the limbs and lineaments of a vigorous reality for his taste: it is not sufficiently necessitous and feeble to win his favour. He would not have his religion walk of itself, but be the piteous object of scientific charity, and carried about in a mechanical appurtenance. Nay, even that perhaps would scarcely satisfy him at last, and he would be found as hard to please as the rich old beggar in "Le Diable Boiteux," who replied to the one-armed mendicant soliciting his daughter's hand—"Bless my soul! you can't think of such a thing. My son-in-law must be a miserable-looking object, that would draw money from a usurer! Pshaw! you have only lost an arm; you ought really to be ashamed of yourself to ask for my daughter. I'd have you know I have already refused a fellow without legs, who goes about in a bowl!"'

The following high estimate, formed by so competent a critic as Sir James Stephen, of Mr. Vaughan's intellectual powers, is the more valuable, as not being an indiscriminate eulogium. We heartily endorse it, and commend the distinguished writer's friendly hints to Dissenters touching the liberalizing of their literature, to all whom they may concern. The extract is from a letter to Dr. Vaughan:—

'. . . My intercourse with your son was infrequent, and I being an older man than his father, he always, when we met, chose rather to listen than to speak, and to give me transient glimpses into the wakings of his mind, instead of making any exhibition of them. If I had not read his poetry, his reviews (or some of them), and his "Hours with the Mystics," I should hardly have been aware of all that was meant by the few, the simple, and the modest terms in which he was

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accustomed to address me. But from his writings and his conversation, illustrating each other (to his preaching I never happened to listen), I inferred that the bright-eyed, intelligent, and picturesque-looking boy, whom I had so often seen immediately below your pulpit at Kensington, had grown up just to the very bloom of early manhood, rich in a large store of accurate and well-digested scholarship, with rather a keen eye for the comedy of life, and with a taste which was gaining the mastery over that kind of luxuriance of fancy which so often attends the youth of those whom nature has marked out for future eminence.

'I shall never forget the good-humoured archness with which he accepted my protest against some of the embellishments of his book on Mysticism, nor the cordiality with which he received my suggestions for giving a greater unity of design to his future literary labours. He was one of those wise men who welcome even an unfavourable criticism when pronounced in sincerity and good faith, and on whom not even the most insignificant kindness is ever thrown away. If it had pleased God to prolong his life, it is my firm conviction that he would have accomplished the wish which I think I have more than once expressed to you regarding that branch of the Christian church of which both he and you were ministers—the wish, I mean, that there might arise among you some men, who, in the loftiness and depth and compass of their inquiries, theological and philosophical, should forget that they were dissenters from any other religious communion, and should constrain their readers and their hearers to forget it too. He seemed to me formed to add another name to those of the great Nonconformists of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, and to throw over whatever he might undertake not a little of that more elaborate polish which the scholars of Oxford and of Cambridge have been accustomed to regard as their peculiar boast.

'The so frequent disappointment, by a premature death, of such hopes as these, which seems to be a kind of habit in the providential government of the world, is doubtless prompted by reasons as just and profound as to us they are obscure. It remains for us all to adore them in silent acquiescence. For those to whom these mysterious dispensations bring some of the keenest of human sorrows, is reserved a far more arduous duty—the duty of meek resignation, which I think is imposed more often on the ministers of the gospel than on other men, that they may learn by their own bitter experience a lesson which it so often falls to their lot to teach. Ever, my dear Dr. Vaughan,

'Most truly yours,

'JAMES STEPHEN.'

A Christian Common-Place Book.

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT SO MANY GENERATIONS OF MEN CAN HAVE BEEN WRONG IN ANY GREAT DOCTRINE of revealed religion? Yes! assuredly it is possible. The Reformation is expressly founded on the fact that ALL EUROPE WAS WRONG on some of the most important doctrines of Christianity for a thousand years—during the midnight darkness of the middle ages: *wrong* on the grand central doctrine of Justification. There is no church, or church-party, in Christendom which does not hold it for certain that it is quite possible for thousands upon thousands of the most learned divines and millions of the common people, to misunderstand and pervert the greatest doctrines of revelation. Both Roman Catholics and Protestants believe that after the learned rabbins of Judaism have studied the Old Testament for eighteen hundred years, they are still wrong in regarding Christ as an impostor. The Protestants believe that all the learned men of Romanism are wrong in religion fundamentally. The Roman Catholics, again, believe that all the learned men of Protestant countries, and all their disciples, are wrong on the fundamentals of the gospel. In the same manner all the Calvinistic

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divines of Europe believe that all the Arminian divines misunderstand one important doctrine of Christianity; and the Arminians think the same of the Calvinists. Thus also the popular opinion maintained by the large majority of divines is in favour of the doctrine of Christ's Second Advent after the Millennium. But a great multitude of learned Christians in all ages have maintained that the right doctrine clearly is that Christ will return from the heavens before the Millennium, and they therefore regard the doctrine of the majority as manifestly erroneous. In the same manner the large majority of Englishmen profess to believe that the Book of Common Prayer 'containeth nothing which cannot be proved by warrant of holy Scripture;' and we all know how many thousands of most learned men, occupants of the rectories and curacies of the Establishment, have delighted in upholding that position for nearly three hundred and fifty years. But all the learned Scotch divines, and all the English Nonconformists, multitudes of whom have been the equals of their opponents in literature and ability, maintain that one of the strongest arguments in favour of the chief peculiarities of the Prayer Book is the fact that they are so advantageous to the professors of them; and that the New Testament contains no warrant for Prelacy, Ecclesiastical Courts, Baptismal Regeneration, or the compulsory support of religion. Thus, finally, the opinion of Christendom, generally, is in favour of infant baptism, and the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; but this does not hinder a small minority scattered through Europe from maintaining that the practice of the apostles obviously was to baptize only intelligent confessors of Christ, and that infant baptism, notwithstanding its universality and antiquity, is a pernicious error.

When, therefore, we hear it said that 'if we are about to attempt to establish any doctrine different from that which is generally held, that very fact is probable evidence that we are going astray,'—that 'if the new doctrine were true, it would certainly have been maintained long ago by such great divines as Baxter and Howe, Cranmer and Jewel,'—we reply, that this is not a candid mode of reasoning since the Baxter-and-Howe-argument is employed only when it suits the purpose. A great name may be a short argument; but it is a very shallow one. You must first prove that any particular great man had specially studied the subject in dispute; and even then great names are chiefly useful as counterbalancing one another, and clearing the way for the common people to meditate humbly on the word of God. '*Call no man Father upon earth.*'

It is then quite *possible*, as all agree, for a very common and very ancient opinion to be utterly false; and unless that opinion has especially resulted from the study of the Scripture, it is far more likely to be false than true. For human nature generates false doctrines in religion as a waste ground generates briers and thorns. A world where the immense majority of intelligent beings out of Christendom have in all ages thought it best to worship blocks of wood and stone; where the immense majority in Christendom itself, for a thousand years and more, have thought it best to address principally the human mother of the Man Christ Jesus, instead of God; and where the bulk of the race is so stupid and obstinate in the sin of idol worship, that the Psalmist says, 'They that make them *are like unto them*;'—such a world is scarcely the place to ask whether it is *possible* for a common opinion to be false. It is *most probably false*, if it has not been taken directly out of the conscience or out of the Scriptures, which reveal the mind of God. God himself declared by all his prophets that Christendom, as the punishment of its early sins, should be given over to believe falsehood. And truth can, therefore, now be recovered only by progressive reformation. Let no man relinquish the employment of his spiritual understanding, from the consideration of his insignificance. He may be indeed insignificant himself, but if an honest student of the Bible, God may reveal to him 'the great things of his law.' 'He revealeth them to babes.'—*Edward White's Theory of Missions.*

Paul could not, as I said before, prove his words to be true. If you are in a fog, and the sun breaks out upon your path, the cleverest man in the world cannot prove that it is the sun. But

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the sun proves it; the buildings about you prove it; the faces that you look upon prove it. The Jews and Greeks who believed St. Paul had testimonies of the same kind, that they were not believing a lie. They had been in a fog; everything in heaven and earth had been dark to them. As the light shone upon their hearts, all the universe became lighted up. They were still in the old places; they had still the old persons near them; yet all had become new. The works they were doing, birth, sorrow, death, all became changed when they confessed Christ who was born of the Virgin; Christ who had been the heir of sorrow; Christ who had died. They found that not sorrow or death, but separation from the righteous and true God, was the misery of his creatures. They found that Christ had made them one with him, and that sorrow, death, and the sense of their own sins, all drew them to him as their everlasting refuge and home.—*Maurice's Preaching a Call to Worship.*

The blessing of worshipping in churches is, that it is a common worship; that all say 'We have erred and strayed' together; that all say 'Our Father' together. The blessing of praying in churches is, that it convicts us of our narrow, partial feelings, of our wandering attention, of our poor and selfish desires; that it rebukes us for them; that it points to God's Truth and Love as the inheritance and exceeding great reward which we should seek after together, which we should hold out to our neighbours as theirs, that we may strive for it more earnestly ourselves. But when we have learnt that this is the prise of our high calling when we have thoroughly believed that God is over all, nigh unto all that call upon him, we need not fear if he should exclude us from churches, or fix us on sick beds, or send us to distant lands, where his ordinances are withheld. These will be methods of his discipline to make us know him better and worship him better; to make us dissatisfied with even his most precious gifts, seeing we are intended to find our rest, not in them, but in him.—*Ibid.*

In all probability, the improvement of mankind is destined, under Providence, to advance nearly in proportion as good men feel the responsibility for it, resting on themselves as individuals, and are actuated by a bold sentiment of independence (humble at the same time, in reference to the necessity of Divine intervention), in the prosecution of it. Each person who is standing still to look, with grief or indignation, at the evils which are overrunning the world, would do well to recollect what he may have read of some gallant partisan, who, perceiving where a prompt movement, with the comparatively slender force at his command, would make an impression infallibly tending to the success of the warfare, could not endure to lose the time till some great sultan should find it convenient to come in slow march and the pomp of state, to take on him the direction of the campaign.—*John Foster's Popular Ignorance.*

Record of Christian Missions.

We could scarcely give more interesting information this month than that contained in the 'Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society. Many of our readers, we are aware, see this periodical before we have the opportunity of making reference to it in these pages, but very many do not. These will be thankful for any information, such as the following, having reference to the great African Mission.

'It will be in the recollection of our readers,' says the editor, 'that the Rev. R. Moffat having been invited by the directors to afford his valuable assistance in the establishment of the projected new missions, expressed, in his reply, inserted in the 'Missionary Chronicle" of November ult., his cordial concurrence in the measure, and his intention to set out with the least avoidable delay for the country of the

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Matabele, in the hope that, through his influence with their potent sovereign, Moselekatse, the success of the enterprise might be promoted. Accordingly, our honoured brother commenced his long and somewhat perilous journey at the end of July, and, after the delays on his route necessary for the rest and refreshment of himself, his fellow-travellers, and their oxen, and having visited, in succession, Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, and Sekhomi, chief of the Bamanguato, he arrived, on the 5th of September, within ten or twelve days' journey from Moselekatse's country.

'The following extract of a letter just received from Mrs. Moffat, bearing date the 5th November, and embodying the above facts, will be read with interest:—

'"My dear husband's last letter to you, of July, would lead you to expect he would leave us about the end of that month to proceed to the far interior to make preliminary arrangements with Moselekatse for commencing a mission there. This he did on the 28th of that month, since which we have from time to time continued to hear from him by companies of natives going to the south to seek employment. Hunting parties, too, keep coming out, and one of the first of these brought us most cheering intelligence in addition to Mr. M.'s letters. While he was at the Bamanguato a messenger arrived there from the Zulu (or Matabelian) monarch, 'Entreating of Sekhomi to change his habits and be more peaceable, not to kill people or annoy travellers. He said Moshete (Moffat) had advised him to do so, and he had followed his good counsel, had laid his spears in the water, and was expecting Moffat, and was longing very much to see him again, and he hoped Sekhomi would do nothing to hinder him.' This intelligence was most seasonable to me, for up to that time I had, when in low moods, had some misgivings about the new project, so suddenly resolved upon. I feared that that people, or rather the tyrant king, was not prepared for such an event; but when the Griqua hunter told me this, and assured me that he both *saw and heard the man*, my doubts and fears gave way, nor have they troubled me since. There are in this our day so many proofs of Divine power being exerted over men and kingdoms, quite as unlikely as this, that we must feel assured that, if 'the set time to favour them is come, none can let.' My faith is greatly strengthened, and I am enabled to wrestle hard for the success of the enterprise. We have Mr. M.'s journal up to the 5th September, then ten days beyond the Bamanguato; he and his people had been mercifully preserved up to that time, and in ten or twelve days more he would, if all was well, be among the Matabele."

'Mrs. Moffat's letter is accompanied by a portion of her husband's journal, but as the incidents recorded, although in themselves of considerable interest, are nearly of the same general character as those which occurred on the former journey, an extended notice of which appeared in the January and three following numbers of the "Missionary Chronicle" for 1856, it has not been deemed necessary to repeat the information now furnished. During his temporary sojourn with Sechele, and afterwards with Sekhomi, Mr. Moffat had the opportunity of discovering some new and singular traits in the characters of those chiefs; but his intercourse with them on this occasion had no direct bearing upon the main object of his mission, excepting so far as they and their people formed connecting links between the Kuruman station and the country of the Matabele.

'It will be remembered that Sechele and his people, when residing at Kolobeng, the station formerly occupied by Dr. Livingston, were, in the year 1852, exposed to a ferocious attack from the emigrant Boers, who destroyed the settlement and

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killed numbers of the inhabitants. Sechele has for many years professed the Christian faith, and although it cannot be denied that his acts have too often belied that profession, he has uniformly approved himself the steady friend of the missionaries. On the contrary, Sekhomi, the chief of the Bamanguato, has long been notorious for duplicity and chicane in all his transactions with the missionaries. It was this man who intercepted the letters and supplies forwarded to Dr. Livingston when on his journey in the interior. It is, however, remarkable that Sekhomi, though extremely jealous of the power of the formidable Moselekatse, and averse to his holding correspondence with the missionaries, did not venture to oppose any obstacle to Mr. Moffat's journey—another instance, among many, of the extraordinary influence our friend is enabled to exercise over the rude minds of these native despots.

'It is a striking fact, adverted to in Mrs. Moffat's letter, that while Mr. M. was still sojourning among the Bamanguato, a messenger arrived from Moselekatse with exhortations from that redoubted chief to Sekhomi to abstain from war and bloodshed, upon the strength of the missionary's counsels to that effect. Well may the incident be regarded by our devoted brother as a providential token in his favour, and serve to animate and encourage him in the prosecution of his enterprise.

'We have also the intelligence in the same periodical that preparations are in a state of forwardness for sending out four young missionaries with a view to commence the projected new missions on the Zambese. These brethren will be accompanied by the Rev. H. Elmore, at present on a visit to this country, who, by seventeen years' experience of missionary life and labour in South Africa, possesses peculiar qualifications for the work of directing and co-operating in this important enterprise. The missionary band will, it is expected, embark for their destination in about two months from the present time.'

The last intelligence from Africa informs us that Dr. Livingston had arrived at Sierra Leone, and departed in the *Pearl* for the Cape of Good Hope, and that Mr. Moffat had left Kuruman for Cape Town to meet him.

We have further intelligence from North Africa in the journal of the enterprising black missionary, the Rev. S. Crowther. Mr. Crowther and his party are evangelising on the banks of the Niger. Here is an interesting result of their efforts and influence:—

'As we entered the town of Onishta to-day, and approached our lodging, we saw a large number of people in the street, neatly dressed in their best; and in one of our landlord's squares there was a crowd of people, of both sexes, dancing to the beat of drums, with which was kept up constant firing of muskets. We stepped into the entrance to see what it was, but the crowd was so thick that we could not see much, except the dancers, who were moving in antic gestures.

'When we came to our lodging, one of the headmen paid us a visit, and I asked him the cause of the amusement; when I was told that it was in honour of the burial of a relative of our landlord, who died some months ago. Simon Jonas, who remained on shore last night, had heard that a human sacrifice was to be made to the manes of the dead, and he told the people of the wickedness of the practice. On my putting the question as to the cause of the amuse-

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ment, the headman was conscience-stricken, and told Simon Jonas that the victim was not yet killed. We then took the opportunity, and spoke most seriously to the headman, in the hearing of many people, who stood in our square, of the abomination of this wicked practice, more so that the victim was a poor defenceless female slave. He then assured us that they had not known it was bad to do so; and as we had now told them, the human sacrifice should not be performed, but a bullock would be killed in its stead.'

We have no important intelligence from India, but a scrap of information in the 'Missionary Herald' indicates the revival of missionary work and societies in that country. At Agra we are informed the resumption of missionary work is attended with encouraging results. Both Mr. Parsons and Mr. Evans go frequently into the streets and markets, and are gratified with the readiness of the people to hear the gospel. Thakur Das observes the same in the villages. The Mohammedans appear humbled; and it may be hoped that these persistent enemies of the gospel and of English rule will not again receive from the Government the favour which has hitherto been shown to them. The friends usually meeting in the cantonment chapel are about to put it into repair; but as the seat of government is soon to be removed to Allahabad, and many of the members are in the public service, as well as those who form the church in the civil lines, the church will be considerably reduced in numbers.

In the Wesleyan 'Notices' we meet with a vivid illustration of the perils and disappointments of missionary work amongst the heathen. The subjoined extracts are from the diary of Mr. Wilson, of the Fiji Islands, from whose letters we have often quoted in this journal:—

'9th.—Late in the evening a teacher arrived from one of the towns on the coast, where a watch is kept because of Retova's canoes. He reports that an enemy's canoe put into a small town subject to Bua, and one of their number was killed. Presently fifteen came to destroy the town, but did not succeed. They carried away as many yams as possible, and destroyed the gardens. He also reports that twenty more were seen on Saturday evening, suspiciously gliding along the coast, and feared they were concealed near to this place. This excited some degree of solicitude, as a sufficient guard was not left to resist two canoes. A diligent watch must be kept, whilst we put our trust in Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

'10th.—No news from the chiefs at war, and we begin to be afraid they have not succeeded, or have sustained some injury, as Fijians are exceedingly fond of reporting anything that is pleasing.

'11th.—To-day sad news arrived from Nandy. A teacher has been barbarously murdered,—a married man, the father of two children. In another place two Christian youths have also been killed, one of whom has been eaten. The heathen are assuming a very menacing aspect, notwithstanding the fine imposed by Captain Denham for their misconduct, and their numerous and fair promises on board the *Herald*. Mr. and Mrs. Fordham are both suffering in health.

'12th.—I preached at Dalomo, and was informed that a *batikadi*, or kidnapper, was seen the night before. These are the most daring and dreaded of all Fijians in war. Three generally go in company; two lie in wait, whilst the third glides around or through the town like a spirit, making his observations, and watching

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his opportunity. If he sees anyone asleep, he soon dispatches him, and runs away. But if he is observed, and no alarm is given, he moves towards the place where his companions are concealed, and if he by whom he is observed ventures to follow, he pays the penalty with his life.

'18th.—At our weekly teachers' meeting, with deep regret, we learned that three teachers could not with safety remain at their stations; the Christians not being able to protect them from the heathen. This is a trial, but not a discouragement; and we shall pray and labour to get this trial sanctified to the purification of those professing Christianity.'

We notice in the same journal, with deep regret, a statement of the death of Dr. Charles Cook, the president of the French Wesleyan Conference, and one of the oldest, ablest, most zealous, and successful missionaries of the gospel. A brief memoir accompanies the statement—a portion of which we transfer to our pages:—

'Few names have been so familiar to the friends of Wesleyan missions for the past forty years as that of Dr. Cook. He had laboured only two years in the Methodist ministry in England when, in the year 1818, he was appointed to the French mission. Genuine piety, clear experience of personal salvation, simplicity of purpose, ardent temperament, moderated by a wide range of general information, were some of the more prominent qualifications which fitted him for the difficult work to which he was appointed. A long life of toil and usefulness has justified his separation to the work in France, which, from the outset of his missionary career, it was his great object to promote. Amidst the severest disappointments and discouragements in the early history of the French Mission, his confidence never failed; when appearances were most unfavourable as to permanent success, his motto was, "To patient faith the prize is sure," and he lived to see the fulfilment of his hopes and wishes. The extracts from his journal in the year 1819, published in the Missionary Report for 1820, may, both for the spirit manifested, and the amount of service accomplished, compare favourably with the best compositions of the kind, and mark out the plan of labour which he pursued successfully to the close of his career.

'His labours in France were interrupted for one year, when, in 1824, he was appointed missionary to Palestine. His interesting researches in the Holy Land, at Jerusalem, Damascus, and elsewhere, resulted in producing in the Missionary Committee the conviction that, whatever might be the wants of those regions, there were other parts of the field of the world which had more immediate claims on their attention and culture.

'To trace Dr. Cook's labours in France would be to write a history of Methodism in that empire. He was repeatedly resident in Paris, where he was held in high esteem by evangelical Christians of every denomination; his visits to Normandy were seasons to be remembered; and in the South of France pastors and people welcomed him as a messenger from God. Many persons, who have had the opportunity of witnessing the results of his labours, and those of his colleagues in the South of France, have expressed their admiration at the extent and the genuine character of the religious work in which he had been so highly favoured. The late Mr. Thomas Allan, of Frederick-place, Old Jewry, who will be remembered as an ardent friend of missions, as well as a most useful member of the Missionary Committee, gave it as his opinion, that he had never seen a people who came so near to his idea of the early Methodists in simplicity, piety, and zeal, as Dr. Cook's

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societies and congregations in the South of France. He was so deeply impressed with what he witnessed, that he made a most earnest application to the committee that ten more missionaries might be sent, and seconded his appeal with a handsome subscription towards defraying the expense.

'The lamented Dr. Beecham, who in the year 1838 visited the stations of the society in the Upper Alps, as well as in the other departments of the South of France, returned with a similarly favourable testimony to the zeal and devotedness of Dr. Cook and his colleagues, and the truly scriptural character of the work which the great Head of the Church was effecting by their instrumentality. In the year 1852 Dr. Beecham again visited Dr. Cook and his fellow-labourers prior to the formation of the French Conference, and was again refreshed in spirit by all that he heard and saw of the work of God. His general character justifies the expression of the venerable D'Aubigne, the historian of the Reformation, in a letter addressed to Mr. Gallienne, that Dr. Cook was the John Wesley of the Continent; that he was to France, Switzerland, and Sardinia, on a smaller scale, what Mr. Wesley in his day was to England, in awakening the attention of multitudes to the vast concerns of religion and eternity.

'In the valleys and mountains of those regions Dr. Cook's memory will long be cherished and respected by a devoted and loving Christian people.

'In the year 1852, it was deemed expedient to form the Methodist societies in France into a distinct connexion or conference, affiliated with the British Conference. Of this first Methodist Conference in France Dr. Cook was the president, and continued to hold the same responsible office to the time of his death by the appointment of the British Conference, and at the request of the ministers of the Conference in France. The honour thus conferred upon him he bore with the meekness of a follower of Christ, and with the grace of one whose mind had been well disciplined in spiritual and intellectual pursuits. If his office gave him any additional importance in the estimation of his wide circle of friends, whether pastors or people, the influence thus acquired was used for one sole purpose—that of advancing the interests of Christ's kingdom. In the gift of such a minister to his church we may see and acknowledge the favour and blessing of God; and by his removal from his labour to his reward, we are reminded of the urgent duty of being "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."'

Monthly Retrospect.

THERE ought now to be no apology needed for talking about the weather. We all know that, when Englishman meets Englishman, there comes a tug of words, concerning all the skyey influences. But this is only when they are strangers, and wish to break the first icy reserve, by suggesting topics in which they have sympathies that are in common. But you and I, that is, 'we,' dear reader, are old friends, yet we cannot meet on this new first of May without a word concerning the weather. Not a mere passing remark as we shake hands, but a burst of genuine, honest enthusiasm, such as:—

Reader. 'What a sky to day!'
Editor. 'Nay! what a sky for the last thirty days!'

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R. 'Ah! If we were but boys, how we should enjoy it.'

E. 'Wrong, when we were boys, we took no notice of it.'

R. 'Well, I have not felt so much like a boy for ten years; what a degree of animal spirits a clear sky, a bright sun, and a dry atmosphere, give.'

E. 'And something better than that. I am sure it must keep people from sinning.'

R. 'So am I. It is one of God's influences. Only a happy God could have thought of Nature, such as we see it—brimming with enjoyment.

E. 'I will carry that thought with me, all the day—and—print it!'

We do believe, good reader, that we should forget all about Church-rates, India Bills, and Railway quarrels, and separate without even a thrust at Palmerston! There is a new year's wish to all—ought there not this month to be a new May's wish, for a thorough Christian enjoyment of the weather?

But there are two India Bills, and a few Indian 'Resolutions,' on which we should like to say a word or two. For the present India Bill 'No. 1,' with Lord Palmerston's name at the back of it, stands over, and on the whole, we hope, will stand over during the remainder of the present session. It is by far the better bill of the two, and differs in principle not at all from the 'Resolutions,' but its success would jeopardize an honest Government, and probably restore a great quack to office. Personally, we shall regret its ultimate withdrawal on one account only; viz.—that it is the production of the writer who, over the signature of 'Indophilus,' has done so much to place many of the most important bearings of the Indian question rightly before the English people. India Bill 'No. 2,' endorsed with Mr. Disraeli's name, has been withdrawn. It will, however, always be remembered as one of the greatest curiosities of Parliamentary history. Future chroniclers and annalists will delight to enliven their heavy pages with a description of its provisions. It is on the whole, perhaps, just such an application of the representative principle as one might expect from a member of the House of Lords, but, alas! it has brought the author, in place of the system, into contempt. Then come the 'Resolutions,' which our readers have doubtless seen in the newspapers, but perhaps not read, and so we quote them for information and reference here, trusting that they will be read and re-read, for on the decision of Parliament with regard to them rests the whole future of the millions of British India:—

'1. That, as the territories under the government of the East India Company are by law to remain under such government only until Parliament shall otherwise provide, this House is of opinion that it is expedient that the transfer of such government to the Crown should now take place, in order that the direct superintendence of the whole empire may be placed under one executive authority.

'2. That for this purpose it is expedient to provide that her Majesty, by one of her principal Secretaries of State, shall have and perform all the powers and duties relating to the government and revenues of India which are or may be now exercised and performed by the East India Company, or by the Court of Directors or Court of Proprietors of the said Company, either alone or with the approbation of the Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

'3. That such Secretary of State shall be responsible for the government of India and the transaction of business in the United Kingdom relating thereto in the same manner and to the same extent as any of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State are responsible in the several departments over which they preside.

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'4. That, in order to assist such Secretary of State in the discharge of his duties, it is expedient that a Council be appointed of not less than twelve nor more than eighteen members.

'5. That, in order to secure the greatest amount of knowledge and experience in the management of the affairs of India, it is advisable that the principal portion of the members of the Council shall have served in India for a term of years to be limited by statute.

'6. That, with a view to the efficiency and independence of the Council, it is expedient that it should be partly nominated and partly elected.

'7. That the members of the nominated portion of the Council shall be selected by her Majesty, subject, as a general rule, to the qualification above expressed, and one-half at the least of the elected members shall possess the like qualifications.

'8. That the members of the elected portion of the Council shall be chosen by a constituency composed of persons who have previously held military commissions or civil appointments in India, in her Majesty's service or in that of the Government of India, or who may possess a direct interest, to an amount to be specified, in some property charged or secured on the revenues or territories of India.

'9. That the Council shall be presided over by the Secretary of State, or by some member of the Council to be nominated by him as vice-president.

'10. That arrangements shall be made from time to time by the Secretary of State and the Council for the meetings of the Council, for the mode of procedure at such meetings, and for the distribution and transaction of business.

'11. That all despatches, letters, orders, and communications shall be addressed to the Secretary of State, and shall be open to the inspection of every member of the Council, except such as are now by law addressed to the secret committee of the Court of Directors.

'12. That the recommendation of persons for first appointments shall be made to her Majesty by the Secretary of State, with the concurrence of the Council; and the same rules shall be observed in the making of such recommendations as have been followed by the Court of Directors in the making of such appointments.

'13. That, for the purpose of ascertaining the fitness of persons for the several appointments for which they may be so recommended, the same rules for the examination of cadets and of clerks shall be adhered to which are now followed by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, until the same be altered by the Secretary of State and Council of India.

'14. That provision shall be made for transferring to the Crown all the real and personal property of the Company, except their capital stock, and the dividend thereon, so as to vest the same in her Majesty, for the purposes of the government of India; for continuing the charge on the revenues of India alone of the dividend on the capital stock of the said Company until the redemption thereof, and of all the territorial and other debts and engagements which are payable by the Company out of the revenues of India; for auditing the accounts of the Home Government of India, under the direction of her Majesty's Treasury; for laying such accounts annually before Parliament; and for securing the preference given by the 3rd and 4th of William IV. to the dividends on the capital stock of the said Company and the right of the said Company to demand the redemption of such dividends, and their right on the Security Fund undiminished and unaffected by the transfer to the Crown of the direct government of her Majesty's Indian possessions.'

These Resolutions cover the whole ground of the controversy. The first, three ought to pass without a division, but Lord Goderich threatens to oppose them as 'Resolutions' without reserve, and he will be backed by all the pure Palmerstonians. If they chose, the Radicals might now secure a church-rate, or almost any other bill, by threatening to withdraw their support—a course they will, one day, be obliged to adopt on some question, not involving one of their own principles, but the fate of a cabinet. We are afraid it is the only means left them, to compel a dishonest or unwilling ministry to recognise and bow to the expressed will of the people and their representatives.

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The ground cleared of the first three Resolutions, the question of council or no council follows. Out of Parliament, this has been decided against the council. The 'Times,' and nearly the whole of the Liberal press, see in the proposal for a council only the present East Indian directorship under another name. Ministers see in it a sop for the Company, and a vast increase of valuable patronage. The fact is, that, excepting to the ministry for the time being, and to tax-payers, it will be an entire sham. If required at all, such a council could be of use only in India itself, for, if anything is certain with regard to the future government of that country, it is, that it must be governed as Canada, Australia, and other dependencies are governed—in India, and not in England. All the information and advice which a minister can need, he will be able to get, if not from the scores of old Indians resident in this country, at any rate from the public press. It will, of course, be considered contrary to dignity to take counsel from such a quarter, but the people will, perhaps, consider, that it is not worth while to pay for another's pride, at the cost of several thousands of pounds, and the loss of all responsibility. We hope, therefore, that these resolutions will be strenuously opposed.

The adoption of the competitive system is a step in the direction of a good and effective administration of affairs. The redemption of the Indian debt—as that debt has been incurred through the increase of the Company's territories—is of course necessary, and as equitable as necessary.

There remain only two other subjects of legislation. The first is religion. A clause should certainly be introduced, freeing the Government from all connexion with religion in India, and prohibiting it from endowing or paying the ministers or services of any sect or denomination whatever. We hope to hear of a notice for the introduction of such a clause within a very few days. We believe it could be carried against any Government.—The second subject for legislation is—Means of immediate information. India is being revolutionized, and the precise effects of the revolution ought at once to be known. India also does not pay. The annual deficit in its revenue lately has been two millions sterling, and the deficit is increasing. It should be seen what steps are necessary for the increase of the revenue, or the reduction of the expenditure. There are some remarks on this subject, from the pen of Mr. Henry Richard, in a pamphlet recently published :*—

'Above all, we think that the friends of India reform should insist upon the appointment of an imperial commission, to go out to India itself as soon as the rebellion is suppressed, to inquire into the actual condition of the country, and of the people; a commission composed of men of the highest character and qualifications, and most especially and emphatically not under the influence, direct or indirect, of the East India Company. This is absolutely indispensable as the basis of intelligible legislative action—not, indeed, as regards the constitution of the Government at home, in respect to which we can judge here as well, if not better, than in India; but as regards the measures necessary to develop the resources, to rectify the wrongs, and to promote the well-being and prosperity of India itself. The absence of authoritative information, such as would be supplied by the evidence of such a commission, has been always a formidable difficulty in

* '*The Present and Future of India under British Rule.*' Ward and Co. Our readers would do well to purchase this admirable little work. It is the ablest exposure of our system of rule in India we have yet met with,—and we have read nearly every book on the question that has been published.

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the way of those who have laboured in Parliament for the benefit of India. For their statement of the abuses and grievances of which they were complaining, have been always met by counter-statements on the part of the representatives of the East India Company, put forth with such a show of authority, and sustained by such an array of official documents and returns, picked and cooked for the occasion, that however far were the complainants from being convinced, they were at least, for the nonce, effectually silenced and discouraged. . . . .

'So is it constantly as respects the general condition of India. Specific allegations of misrule are encountered by elaborate general pictures, drawn in the brightest colours, of marvellous progress and universal prosperity and contentment. An array of statistics about revenue and public works, and imports and exports, is marshalled before the bewildered eyes of the Legislature and the country, in such confident fashion as to leave on their minds only an impression of the stupendous audacity of those who can dare to challenge the perfection of a system productive of such results, and the monstrous ingratitude of the people in India that could repine at and rebel against so paradisaical a rule. How these representations are estimated in India, however, is perfectly well known to those conversant with the India press.'

We are glad to be relieved from the necessity of offering any comment on the progress of the Indian War. The last news of the fall of Lucknow, and flight of the rebels, is, we hope, almost the very last news that we shall receive. We have only to reward those who have served us so well, and put our house in good order for the future.

So with China. Yeh and Palmerston have fallen together. Though opposed in their prosperity, yet in their adversity they are not divided. We shall now, perhaps, see the opening of China to English commerce and the English—no—the Christian religion.

The Chancellor's Budget—the 'penny budget,' as it is likely to be called, must be received without a word of complaint. It is, perhaps, on the whole, as unobjectionable as any such announcement could be, and nothing could be clearer than the speech by which it was introduced. There is a temptation for ambitious statesmen to be great on principles of taxation and finance, on such occasions, but Mr. Disrael exercised a prudent discretion, and kept himself within the most modest bounds. Last time he—

'O'erleaped himself,'

and fell on the other side. Caution is the natural result of such an accident; and besides, as the Right Hon. Gentleman might say, why should he spin principles for other chancellors to weave?

Church-rates are not yet abolished. The Liberation Society strained every nerve; every Liberal member kept his seat on the 21st, as though the result depended on his single vote; Mr. Bright spoke with a vigour and effect, such as entitles him to the admiration and gratitude of every friend of religious liberty; but the other side had evidently made up their minds that there should be no division on the merits of the bill, and therefore spoke so as to preclude the possibility of a vote. However, the question is in the right hands, and we have no doubt that Government will be compelled to give way—or take the consequences. What these consequences may be, Mr. Bright told them on the 23rd. 'We don't want to see the present Government out of office, but we are determined to carry this bill.' We are now promised, however, a bill from the Derby Government for abolition. Lord Derby's bill for the abolition of church-rates—after the declaration to the lay members' committee! *Credat Judas!*

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The Chancellor directed attention in his budget to the educational estimates. This year they are to be 1,000,000*l.* sterling. For the amount he can scarcely be held responsible, as he has been such a short time in office. His own opinion seemed to be, that the sum demanded was getting to be excessive, and he warned the House of the consequences. In a few years he calculates it will be 4,000,000*l.* sterling! It will be the fault of the country if, after this, it does not take the cue and the game into its own hands.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We print the following letter as we have received it. It may suggest to some of our friends a new instrument and method of Christian work. We are glad our correspondent has found a friend and teacher in this journal, and need hardly say that we shall be glad to do our best to remove his difficulties, although we dare say many of them have been already discussed in this periodical:—

To the Editor of the 'CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.'

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 6th, 1858.

SIR,—I presume I am addressing a stranger. Certain it is I know nothing of your individuality; and it was only a few weeks ago I heard of your periodical.

How is this, do you ask? For the simple reason that I had given up reading generally—and given up reading all *our* periodical literature.

I found most of my friends read for pleasure merely—others to pass time, as one man goes to the race-course, and another to the public-house. They became book-worms, and what they read rather tended to lead them on in the path of routine than to *think* for themselves and communicate to others.

And what I did read, by a strange and uncontrollable perversity led me to doubt and ultimately despise the glaring absurdities which passed current for evangelical piety.

Things and doctrines and talk were put in the place of objects, motives, and actions clearly laid own in the standard we both referred to for final appeal.

I felt I was out of joint, and thought I was single. I blamed myself entirely, though I confess I sometimes used to think it hard that Providence had made and placed me thus!

Years have rolled on, and I have alternated between doubt and belief in every possible stage my mind was capable of resting in. Religion was innate in me, I felt—it was reflected in all nature, viewed in the abstract; and it was rendered in the simplest and beautifulest wording in the Scriptures—especially in the words of Jesus Christ.

My eyes opened to find—not so much the world in error, favouring horrible delusions, and seducing men by false words with double meaning—but to find the Church generally doing so, and the body to which I was attached by conviction and education, and youthful impulse, perhaps the worst of all.

It is useless concealing it: our piety has degenerated into cant, and our Christianity into stereotyped nonsense—unadapted to the age.

This was my dismal view of the subject. Yet I strove, and prayed (sometimes), and thought, and lived in hope to be able to *find out* a secret I felt to be somewhere, to leave to my children: as I could not help thinking ever and anon that God would not put one in the light and make us to believe we were in the dark; that if he had given us a mission here we should know it, and be taught by the same intuition how to do it, whether by instinct, reason, nature, comparison, or revelation.

At last I fixed on Nature as my guide. Here I saw God—quiet, silent, but ever active, and moving in harmony with my own moral being. For some time I have tried to interpret my duty as revealed in the Scriptures from, through, and by natural laws, so far as I could read them.

I confess to being perplexed, and felt a singular joy when I read your April number on Sunday, to find others thought, on many subjects, at least, as I did. I only once felt this before, and that was on reading 'Dred.' My astonishment in both cases was great, as you may suppose, to find that other minds, in different places, were feeling just as I was, but perhaps more clearly and more practically.

I have got a new idea, a new thing to live for: all is not so dismal; and that which used to annoy and disgust me, may yet be turned to purposes of good.

I don't believe in faiths or catechisms, or long graces (or even graces at all as they are) or family worship as carried on now, or opening banks with prayer, or chapel-going, or church-membership, or anything that is current and overlaid by a blinding gold-dust.

May the time soon come when every man will speak the truth, act it, live it, feel it, and communicate it.

You ask, 'What is truth?' That which a man thinks. It must be so in us: abstract truth belongs only to God, and is not contingent.

Is it our fault, or our misfortune, then, that we do not all see alike? Nay, may it not be our good fortune?

As I have many difficulties to get over, if I put them suggestively to you, can you, through your journal, try to get me out of them? for depend upon it I am not alone in them.

Yours faithfully, EARNEST TRUEMAN.

Received—'W. L. H.' 'T. W.'

'P. H.'—Reluctantly declined.

'T. W. F.'—Under consideration.

'E. A.,' Northumberland.—Not suitable.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JUNE, 1858.

Anent Mr. Spurgeon.*

THERE were heroes before Agamemnon. There have been statesmen before Mr. D'Israeli, and preachers before Mr. Spurgeon. In estimating the present, we avail ourselves of the past. And as the student of history, watching the actors of to-day, stands begirt with mighty men of yore, so the Christian who is called to study any remarkable pulpit 'phenomenon' enters the assembly with (not to go back to earlier ages) Luther, Melancthon, and Zuingle about him, with Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Saurin, with Taylor and Barrow and South, with Howe and Bates (the silver-tongued), and Baxter, with Hall and Foster and Chalmers; and whether the question be of intellectual stature, of spiritual height, of moral pith or holy earnestness, or whatever else pertaining to pulpit quality, he has some sort of legitimate standard of comparison. Or, if popular effect be the subject, he remembers how such men as Peter the Hermit and others have swayed assemblies ten times larger than any that gather round the most popular preacher of our day, and a single tongue has moved a nation, a Christendom. So that when any extraordinary claims are made on behalf of any man, they to whom the past has not been in vain find that criteria are not altogether wanting.

Theology, too, is not without a history. And whatever doctrine may be presented to our notice, we can compare it, not only with The Book, but with the judgments that through these sixteen or seventeen centuries the greatest and most diverse thinkers have formed of the

* 'Contra and Pro. The Anti-Puritan Teachings of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on the subject of Sanctification exhibited.' By Pro-Puritan. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

'Gems from Spurgeon; being chiefly Extracts from his authorised Sermons.' London: Partridge and Co.

'Spurgeon's Calvinism examined and refuted.' By Silas Henn. London: Cooke, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row.

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meaning of the book. And while Protestants *profess* to call no man Master, they are not, therefore, insensible to the value of a true *consensus patrum*, nor ignorant of the worth of the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. The history of opinion is not necessarily sniffed at because we are bound to stand on our own individual judgment.

The writer of the first-mentioned pamphlet has empannelled a jury of genuine Puritan divines, both those of later as well as earlier date, and before this tribunal has summoned our New Park-street friend. Mr. Spurgeon cannot demur to the court that has been constituted, for he makes his especial boast of being the reproducer in these degenerate days of 'the good old Puritan divinity.' And we are quite sure he must admit that the complainant has stated his case temperately and not unkindly. The indictment is to the effect, that Mr. Spurgeon, while professing to identify himself with the sturdily earnest and masculine Puritan theology, has painfully and dangerously run counter to it. 'I have to bring,' says this competent Christian witness, 'I have to bring against this talented young preacher *the serious charge of teaching* UNSOUND DOCTRINE.' One point is selected, and that only is dealt with in the tract before us. The writer quotes the following from a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon on the text, 'JESUS ONLY' (the italics are ours):—

'Next, JESUS ONLY TO SANCTIFY US. Some professors will not say so. We are justified by God, they say, but we have to sanctify ourselves. *They believe in what they call progressive sanctification!* Is that scriptural or not? Say some, I have always thought that sanctification is continual, but I am not sure that it is progressive. Hundreds and thousands of divines have always written it down as a settled truth that God's people are sanctified progressively, and that the longer they are here, the more and more sanctified they get. Did any of them ever stop and ask an old companion whether he found it so? I have asked many; and I have heard an old saint say, whose hairs are silvered o'er with grey, "I think my heart is as bad now as ever it was, and I am sure, if it is not so, I think it is, and it plagues me more and more than ever it did." It has been the custom to pray to God to keep young men in the slippery paths of youth. Why, the paths of old age are quite as slippery; they are all slippery paths, all the way to heaven. *The heart is as bad as the devil when we are converted; it will be as bad as the devil till we die!* There will be the old nature in us unchanged, and unchangeable; and there will have to be a fight between the new nature and the old nature, until at last the house of David shall overcome, and we shall get clean free from sin. Beloved, *do not be looking, with regard to sanctification, then, for any great progress.* Expect it to be continual every day, but do not expect that your old nature will get holier every day; and, in your sanctification, take this for your motto—Jesus only!'

We do not wonder that Pro-Puritan says, 'I was quite startled at first reading these words; I have read them again and again, and the more I ponder them, and compare them with God's word, the more deeply am I persuaded that not only is the paragraph badly expressed, and in some parts contradictory, but that it contains *serious error;* and further, that its tendency must be evil in a practical point of view,' &c.

On the passage quoted above, Pro-Puritan comments in a serious and earnest Christian spirit, but as the tract (only 24 pages) is easily pro-

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curable, we will only say that the author is perfectly familiar with our Puritan writers, has no wish to disparage Mr. Spurgeon, whose talent he ungrudgingly recognises, and that he has, evidently, written out of the pure love of truth. We quote a sentence or two from his concluding paragraphs:—

'In conclusion, I can truly say that, in what I have written, I have no wish to depreciate Mr. Spurgeon's extraordinary abilities; or to deny that he preaches much glorious truth. May his great powers be more and more matured; and the *whole* truth, in all its loveliness, and in due proportions, be brought out in his ministry, to the glory of God. But I do deny his claim to identity of doctrinal views with our noble old divines, and firmly believe some parts of his teaching to be unscriptural. . . . . It would be a great pleasure to me, and I doubt not to many others, to hear that Mr. Spurgeon had repudiated such views on sanctification as are published in his sermon on "Jesus only;" had seen the shallowness of, and dangers in, the writings of Dr. Crisp and Dr. Hawker, and given in his full adhesion to the views of Owen, Watson, Brooks, and other sound Puritan divines.'

With the writer, we regret Mr. Spurgeon's sneers at progressive sanctification, not confined to this sermon, and are sure he has much to learn, and much to unlearn, before he is what we earnestly desire he may become, 'a workman that *needeth not* to be ashamed.'

This opinion, however, will not be endorsed by the well-meaning compiler of the second publication on our list, who has brought together, under several alphabetically arranged headings, various extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and labelled them 'Gems.' Of course, our Christian lapidary is entitled to his own opinion, and can collect and set what stones he pleases. To whom anything is a gem, let him prize it accordingly; although, for our part, whether old notions about Aaron's breastplate, or occasional kindlings of soul over the pages of one who wrote a certain Apocalypse, and where 'precious stones,' indeed, flash on us, and 'gates of pearl,' and 'streets of gold,' and foundation-walls of 'jaspar,' 'sapphire,' 'emerald,' &c. &c., 'and the twelfth an amethyst' have familiarized us with something slightly different, we do not undertake to say, but somehow we take up, and glance at, and put down again, without any remarkable enthusiasm, these 'Gems from Spurgeon.' We do not, indeed, disparage them as 'paste,' though we should think most of the Christian writers whose books find a 'market' would furnish things of equal worth, and that abundantly; while some of the quaint old divines and painful preachers would be to our present collector a perfect Golconda.

Mr. Spurgeon expresses himself plainly, often forcibly, sometimes very graphically; and, while we regret the plenteous issue from his mint of coin that honest 'John Littlejohn' will have to nail to the counter, yet we are glad at other times to catch the ring of true metal. We hope the publication may be serviceable to that class of people who would perhaps accept these 'Gems from Spurgeon' sooner than diamonds of finest water from another. Some of the 'Gems,' however, want a little cutting, we submit. We offer our readers a fair sample (the italics are ours):—

'The Bible.—Let no one turn away from the Bible because it is not a book of

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learning and wisdom. It is. *Would ye know astronomy?* It is here: it tells you of the Sun of Righteousness, and the Star of Bethlehem. *Would you know botany?* It is here: it tells you of the Plant of Renown, the Lily of the Valley, and the Rose of Sharon. *Would you know geology and mineralogy?* You shall learn it here: for you may read of the Rock of Ages, and the White Stone, with a name graven thereon, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.'

'CALVARY.—*It is pleasant* to look back to Calvary's hill, and *to behold that bleeding form expiring* on the tree; it is *sweet, amazingly sweet, to pry* with eyes of love between those thick olives, *and hear the groanings* of the Man who sweat great drops of blood.'

'CHRIST.—There is nothing in heaven that is equal to Christ; there is no flower in all the garden of Paradise that blooms so sweetly as the Rose of Sharon. There is *not a gem with which the crowns of the glorified are now bedighted that glistens one half so gloriously as the eye of Christ.*'

'DEATH.—Death! *That is a sweet and blessed mode of taking us out of the world,* which will happen to us all by-and-bye. In a few more years the chariot of fire and the horses of fire will take away the Lord's soldiers.'

'GOD.—God is a *master-mind*; he arranged everything in *his gigantic intellect* long before he did it; and, once having settled it, he never alters.'

'GOOD WORKS.—*The best works of the best man,* who is out of Christ, are *nothing but splendid sins*—varnished sins. You have *as great need to be forgiven for your good works* as you have *for your bad ones,* if you are out of Christ.'*

'LOVE.—*All the punishment of Christ's people was distilled into one cup*; no mortal lip might give it so much as a solitary sip. When he put it to his lips, it was so bitter, he well-nigh spurned it—"Let this cup pass from me." But love for his people was so strong, that *he took the cup in both his hands,* and,

> *"At one tremendous draught of love,*
> HE DRANK DAMNATION DRY!"'

We had marked some others, but our space forbids: the merchantman who is seeking goodly pearls may judge from this fair sample whether 'Gems from Spurgeon' will suit him. Much of the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's popularity, we take it, may be divined from these specimens, selected by a zealous admirer.

The reader who is at all familiar with Mr. Spurgeon's sermons will not be surprised that his incessant attacks on the 'Arminians' have at length brought a respondent into the field. The wonder is, that the large body of Christians whom Mr. S. deems it no small part of his regular duty to bring prominently before his audience—sometimes joking at 'our Arminian friends,' sometimes jeering at them, often mocking at them, and putting words and sentiments into their mouths which he must know they would indignantly repudiate, should have exhibited the reticence they have. No doubt they have judged wisely

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* We can scarcely forbear quoting Cowper, who says:—

> 'Is virtue, then, unless of Christian growth,
> Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both?
> Ten thousand sages lost in endless woe,
> For ignorance of what they could not know?
> That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue:
> Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong.
> Truly not I; the partial light men have,
> My creed persuades me, well employed, may save;
> While he that scorns the noon-day beam, perverse
> Shall find the blessing, unimproved, a curse.

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that there is a time for silence; although, if they had taken the Surrey Music Hall for Sunday evenings, and put any of their popular preachers there, Mr. Punshon for instance, we have no doubt that 'Arminianism' would have proved as successful as the crude ultra-Calvinism of Mr. S. But we have no wish to see a revival of the old Fletcher and Toplady controversy. However, a worthy minister of one of the sections of the Wesleyan body has advanced to the rescue, and in a closely printed duodecimo pamphlet of 80 pages not only examines but 'refutes' Mr. Spurgeon's Calvinism. 'Refuted!' quoth we, as our eye fell on the title, and we had our thoughts. Nay, we won't affirm that an infinitesimal fraction of a smile, half pleasant and half melancholy, did not for the moiety of a moment gleam on the face even of a reviewer. It is so easy to refute a thing—on a title-page.

We should think Mr. Spurgeon is not just the champion that thoughtful Calvinistic divines would choose to adopt. He can think, no doubt, but thinking is not his forte. Speaking is more to his taste. In the preface to his 'Saint and Saviour'—a book which gives us the most favourable impression of Mr. S. we have yet received, and which we intend to notice some day—he says, 'Writing is to me the work of a slave. It is a delight, a joy, a rapture, to talk out one's thoughts in words that flash upon the mind at the instant when they are required; but it is poor drudgery to sit still and groan for thoughts and words without succeeding in obtaining them.' Mr. S. quotes Scripture fluently; no man more readily; but we cannot say that his wisdom is yet 'without partiality,' for his 'It is written,' often reminds us of a certain personage whose quotation was divinely counter-quoted. On argument he also adventures, it is true, and his logic is always highly satisfactory—to himself, and, moreover, is of the trenchant *ad captandum* kind which tells on undisciplined minds. But with those who remember that truth lies rather in the meaning than the words of Scripture, and who are not wholly ignorant of the art that teaches to detect plausible fallacies, Mr. Spurgeon's rough-and-ready style of knock-me-down argumentation on the profoundest questions that can ever exercise the human mind can scarcely pass at his own estimate. Dogmatism suits him best. He can be oracular, where, if he were wiser, he would be cautious, if not altogether silent. He can rush in where angels might fear to tread. To him there would seem to be no mysteries, either in heaven above, or in hell beneath. 'Election,' in the baldest form in which itinerant hawker of Antinomianism ever dealt it forth, presents no difficulty to him; nor the belief that the men and women you meet in Fleet-street, all the inhabitants of modern London, and of every town and village in railway-intersected England, in the kraal of the Hottentot, and the ice-cabin of the Esquimaux, not only fell in Adam, but are justly doomed for his sin to exist for ever weltering and shrieking in material fire, in which all but the elect among them shall be miraculously kept alive by their Creator, on purpose that they may suffer the keenest tortures as long as God himself exists—these miserable wretches, not merely the crea-

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tures, but, if the apostle Paul is an authority, the 'offspring'* of the God of Love, being born totally depraved, enslaved to sin from the beginning, unable to repent or to believe in Christ, who, moreover, never died for them, never intercedes for them, never pities them, they not having been eternally elected. Mr. S. thinks this honours 'the sovereignty' of God. Many have believed themselves painfully bound by Scripture to receive some such notion, although they always demur to its being put in plain every-day English, into which, for our own part, we like to render our beliefs, out of the half-foreign dialect of theology, in which ideas are often so strangely disguised that the mental progeny of Darkness can pass off as the very truths of God, Satan's emissaries as angels of light, and *vice versâ*. We say, many have deemed themselves bound to receive this notion, who have trembled and stood in the presence of such a thought as reverently bowed as Moses before the awful symbols that shook Mount Sinai. Mr. Spurgeon, however, deems this proof of 'Divine sovereignty' unutterably precious, and neither his understanding, nor his moral sense, nor his heart, nor any single sentence of Scripture, nor its general tone and spirit and purpose, suggest any misgiving. It is all as plain to him as A B C. No wonder, then, we say, that at length some one should feel irresistibly impelled to do battle against 'Mr. Spurgeon's Calvinism.' Thus Mr. Henn speaks in his preface:—

'I do not deny but Mr. Spurgeon teaches some great truths, and he teaches them in a way which is sure to gain attention to them. He is natural and earnest in his delivery, and speaks from the depth of his soul, and is therefore calculated to do good: hence it is lamentable that that good should, in any measure, be counteracted by the propagation of those false sentiments which he mixes up, more or less, in almost every sermon he preaches.

'I have no ill feeling towards Mr. Spurgeon; I wish him well in every sense of the word. But my abhorrence of error, my love of truth, my desire for the salvation of men, and my regard for the honour of God, constrain me to oppose his unscriptural and mischievous principles, &c.'

Mr. Henn, after quoting from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, first brings forward and comments on several Scripture passages, which he thinks are dead against Calvinism in any form, and not merely Mr. Spurgeon's. He then enters on an examination of the various pet texts which Mr. Spurgeon and the intenser Calvinists are perpetually quoting, and offers what he deems the truer exposition of them, making free use of the commentators whom the Wesleyans regard as masters in their Israel. We are not surprised at Mr. Henn's indignation at Mr. Spurgeon's reckless assertions; and, though we think he somewhat fails in some of his counter-expositions of Scripture, and his own system has perhaps blinded him to the class of truths which the more thoughtful Calvinism is anxious to honour, and, though in forms open to question, does honour, so that he may be thought only to cut the knot which he believes he has untied; yet we cheerfully recognise his Christian spirit, his pious jealousy for the honour of God, and that his

* Acts xvii. 29.

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acquaintance with Scripture is extensive, while we think his failure, perhaps, to apprehend and bring out the fulness of its meaning on some mysterious points far less hurtful than the slap-dash boldness and exaggeration, in the opposite direction, which characterise the preacher he deals with. As a cheap and Christianly written rejoinder, from the 'Arminian' point of view, to Mr. 'Spurgeon's Calvinism,' which is certainly 'examined,' and many will think 'refuted,' we can wish it may be widely circulated.

But, for our own part, we question whether Arminianism will ever 'refute' Calvinism; though we quite as freely state our belief, on the other hand, that neither will Calvinism ever 'refute' Arminianism. The controversy is older than the time of Calvin, or even of Augustine; nor, in philosophical starting point, nor yet in the two opposing mental or intellectual tendencies which range Christians on opposite sides, is the mighty problem one which belongs exclusively to the New Testament era, or the lands of revealed religion. Philosophers have enlisted under the banners of Aristotle or of Plato, rather as the result of their own intellectual temperament than of unbiassed argument. And mental tendencies will dispose some Christians to Calvinism (which is to other systems of Christianity what Mahomedanism is to the various Ethnic religions), and others, equally devout, and equally submissive to Scripture teaching, to the rival system. Each system, when thoughtfully held, is tolerably complete in itself, and also tolerably coherent. Each can marshal a formidable array of texts, and, with equal confidence, summon us 'To the law and to the testimony.' On the opposing banners 'It is written,' and 'Thus saith the Lord,' are blazoned in equally large characters. Each, too, can make its appeal to something within the man himself. The conscious sinner knows himself, in some deep sense, and to some extent, free; hence his feeling of guilt, his anguish, and his fear. He feels himself a slave, hence his yearning, though often bewildered, cry for a Redeemer and a redemption that shall do all and be all for him. But neither Calvinism nor Arminianism covers the whole ground of man's consciousness and necessity. Neither is exhaustive. Neither supplies the key which the human spirit craves. Neither is coincident with Scripture as a whole. Each has to wink hard, and often, like Nelson, puts the glass to the blind eye. Even in its best form, each is but a part of the truth; while, as taught by rash and ignorant men, each is offensive to Christian consciousness, and even to common sense; though, it must be confessed, the exaggerations of one system are more outrageous and pernicious than those of the other; while, on the other hand, it is a curious fact, which we cannot pause to explain, that, as exhibited historically, in days past and present, the system of freedom has promoted servility, and the 'hard' system has produced the spirit of freedom. There are not merely the laurels which English Puritanism won for the English nation in times when the English constitution had yet to be settled, and England made the home of freedom, but to day, while almost every Wesleyan minister is ranged under Tory banners, almost every Calvinistic minister would exult to

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advance the cause of civil and religious liberty all the world over. But to return from this momentary digression—we cannot say that one system is the exact complement of the other. In the department of moral and spiritual truth two halves do not make a whole; and, although Calvinism and Arminianism almost seem to constitute the two sexes of theology, he who sought to wed them would deserve the cap and bells. We would rather see all human names removed from the Church, the Temple of the Living God and proper home of the Truth, believing the prophets and apostles a sufficient foundation, and Jesus Christ the only real corner-stone, in whom alone the one building may grow to be a fit habitation for God through the Spirit. And though we suppose, as philosophy is a necessity of our nature, that some system of theology, *i. e.* some philosophy of religion, is almost inevitable, yet we should rejoice to see it held in perfect subordination, while the acknowledgment of the apostle, that 'we know but in part, and prophesy but in part,' might teach us that our knowledge being but fragmentary, and truth in Scripture being revealed only for practical purposes, and therefore only on its practical side, the more any theological system vaunts its completeness, the more it pronounces its own condemnation. By how much we are consistent Protestants, and abide by the Bible as a whole, by so much, we think, we must refuse to wear the badge of party, and keep ourselves free from bondage to any of the *isms*.

'Our little systems have their day;
They have their day, and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they!'

The Real and the Ideal.

When Cervantes sent forth into the world that redoubtable hero, Don Quixote, 'Knight of the Woeful Figure,' and, mounting him on his gallant steed, Rozinante, dismissed him in quest of noble adventures, he did not forget to give him, in the person of Sancho Panza, one who was in every respect fitted to be the squire of such a chivalrous knight. By this we mean, not that the squire and his donkey were the best companions for Don Quixote de la Mancha and his gallant steed, in so far as the purposes of the noble knight were concerned, but that the squire and donkey aforesaid do most effectually serve the purpose of Cervantes himself. For, although the whole work is an exquisitely keen satire on the sentimental romances which were so much in vogue when the author lived, yet nothing could be further from his intention than to cast ridicule upon all fictitious composition. This is manifest from several considerations. From this, chiefly,—that in order to secure his purpose, Cervantes did not write a dry, moral disquisition

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on the absurdities of the tales of chivalry, but a work of fiction, the different parts of which are bound together by a marked relationship, and the whole of which is pervaded by an artistic unity. And herein he showed his wisdom. He did not discard the weapon of his opponents, but turned it against themselves. His work of ridicule was at the same time one of example. He endeavoured to redeem fiction to its proper sphere,—to strip it of the unmeaning follies which had gathered around it. And rarely, in the history of literature, has the success of satire been so marked and so abiding. For though—as has been remarked—his attempt to stem the torrent of prejudice which then existed in favour of the tales of chivalry, was apparently as 'Quixotic' as the adventure of his own hero against the windmills, yet it is a fact (and a very important fact, too, as illustrating the power of the pen) that, from the publication of 'Don Quixote' is dated the downfall, in Spain, of the taste for these absurd and chimerical romances.

We repeat, then, that it was not the purpose of Cervantes to cast ridicule upon all fictitious composition. And we think, therefore, that —whilst he has painted in his hero a man who lives wholly in an ideal world, which has no connexion whatever with the world around us—his teaching would have been incomplete, and his influence less powerful, had he not contrasted this extreme with its opposite, and shown us, in Sancho Panza, a man who is 'of the earth, earthy,'—who is destitute of a single particle of fancy or imagination, and who is led to follow his master, through all his wanderings, only by the hope that he may possibly be a gainer in the end, and perchance become king over that imaginary 'island,' which the Don is constantly promising to him as the reward of his fidelity. Here, then, we have before our view a contrast of the Real and the Ideal, in their ultimate extremes. The noble spirit of chivalry, misdirected to the achievement of impossible adventures, in circumstances purely ideal,—this is portrayed on the one hand; and here, whilst we laugh, we pity. The coarse, utilitarian spirit, grovelling in the dust,—clever in its own way,—quoting bundles of shrewd proverbs,—greedy of gain,—without one spark of nobleness or fancy,—this is portrayed on the other hand; and here we laugh also, but, whilst we laugh, we despise. We feel at once that we would rather be the knight, mistaking windmills for giants,—supposing every inn to be a magnificent castle, and every woman to be a lady of exalted rank and virtue,—than shrink within the narrow dimensions of the soul of the squire, who has no lofty idea of any woman whatsoever,—to whose degraded spirit everything on earth seems common.

The contrast between the Real and the Ideal,—the spirit of chivalry and that of mere utility,—could hardly be better exemplified than by that famous episode of the history, where, when Don Quixote is all impatient to investigate the cause of those terrible noises which are astonishing both himself and Sancho, the latter, trembling like a coward, says to his master, 'Pray, sir, why will you thus run yourself into mischief? What need you go about this rueful misad-

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venture? 'Tis main dark, and there's ne'er a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off, and get out of harm's way! *Who is there to take notice of our flinching?*' . . . . The squire's views of chivalry and honour seem to have been much akin to those of our own illustrious Jack Falstaff, who, by the way, appeared upon the world's stage only a few years earlier than Sancho. Some of our readers will remember his famous soliloquy:—

'Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if Honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can Honour set-to a leg? No.—Or an arm? No.—Or take away the grief of a wound? No.—Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No.—What is honour? A word.—What is that word? Honour.—What is that Honour? Air.—A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No.—Doth he hear it? No.—Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead.—But will it not live with the living? No.—Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it! Honour's a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism!' It is manifest that although this soliloquy gives evidence of a mind somewhat more philosophic than Sancho's, yet Sir John comes to the very same conclusion. He is your shrewd, utilitarian philosopher, who thinks he sees things as they *really* are, and sneers at those who look at the world around them through the medium of the imagination. And we fear that this philosophy of Jack Falstaff has leavened in no small degree the spirit of our age, and is working at this moment with dangerous influence in spheres from which it ought to be most rigidly excluded.

It has now become quite a common-place to remark that ours is eminently a 'practical' age, and that the 'spirit of the age' has reached its highest development in the Anglo-Saxon character and life. If a submarine telegraph is to connect the old and the new worlds, the Anglo-Saxon declares himself ready for the task,—if the greatest steamship which the world has ever seen is to be built, an English dockyard is the place, and English engineers are the men for the work,—if the African continent is to be trod, an Anglo-Saxon Livingston is the man to do it,—and if the suppression of a mighty mutiny is not altogether an impossible thing, depend upon it that it can and will be effected by such men as Havelock and Campbell. And this same 'practical' spirit pervades, to a wonderful extent, every department of English labour. If any one of the artists of Greece, who, in the olden time, had spent his days in the culture of the Beautiful, were to revisit our earth, and, betaking himself to our great British 'Register Office,' were to examine the records of 'patents' which have been granted during the last fifty years, how he would stand aghast at the strange direction which human activity has taken in our modern times! We almost fancy we can see him gazing with astonishment the most profound on this and the other achievement of practical human endeavour: 'patent ventilating hats' for the head, 'patent shoes' for the feet, 'patent blacking' for the shoes, and so on through the interminable list, until his eye lights upon a familiar word—it is

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a word from his own beautiful language—the '*Eureka*' shirt! O shade of Archimides! he can no longer endure the profanity of such a utilitarian age,—an age 'patented' from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot,—and he is away back again, to breathe the freer air of the Elysian fields, where he may dream of the architecture, the paintings, the sculpture, of old Athens the beautiful!

Now we do not mean here to make light of that industrious character of the English people which has done so much for our country and the world. Especially would we guard ourselves against the charge of depreciating those mighty results which have been achieved by the practical researches of scientific men. We honour the man of business whose commercial sagacity teaches him how he may best turn honest industry to profitable account. We respect the sound common sense and inventive genius which have done aught to increase the happiness and comfort of our race. But we say most emphatically, that these great blessings do not come to us unalloyed, but are attended with numerous and mighty dangers. When the genius of man is almost exclusively occupied with the world of matter, he is in danger of forgetting the far more important world of mind and heart. When our attention is so much occupied with that which is popularly called *the Real*, because it is visible, tangible, palpable to the senses, we are apt to depreciate that which we call *the Ideal*, because it is inward, and lies further from the senses. The man who gives his whole soul to the prosecution of commercial pursuits is very apt—if not absolutely certain—to carry the principles of his ledger into every sphere of his life; to divide his fellow-beings into debtors, creditors, and partners (his wife being one of the latter!)—and to look upon all human action and endeavour in the light of 'profit and loss.' And thus it is, that an eminently scientific age is in danger of falling into materialism, and an eminently commercial age of falling into utilitarianism. We do not say that these are necessary results; we only say that, taking human nature as it is, they are results which are natural. We rejoice to believe, with Christopher North, that 'the philosopher who knows what a rainbow is, does not therefore cease to regard with delight the glory as it spans the storm;' and that 'a drop of dew on a flower, or a tear on the cheek, will be felt to be beautiful, after all mankind have been familiarly acquainted with the philosophy of secretions.' Yet, on the other hand, it remains true that no one is in greater *danger* of falling into a merely prosaic existence than your keen man of science, who has so accustomed himself to observe the details of nature, that, when a flower which he has never seen before is presented to his view, his uppermost thought may have little reference to its rare beauty, but rather to 'genus' and 'species,' 'stamens' and 'pistils,' and his own 'herbarium' at home! And it must also be acknowledged that there is a tendency in the keen pursuit of commerce and money-making to degrade the aspirations of the human soul.

Now it cannot be denied that the age in which we live is at once eminently scientific and eminently commercial. Science and commerce are acting and re-acting upon each other—the exigencies of commerce

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demanding fresh scientific discoveries, and the results of science facilitating and extending commercial pursuits. And the consequence is just what we have stated, that the men of our time are in great danger of exaggerating the importance of what they call the real and practical, and in pursuing the utilitarian of losing sight altogether of the chivalrous and the noble. Do we not constantly meet with men who seem to be sinking into mere calculating machines, who carry the principles of arithmetical computation into almost everything they do? Our 'utilitarian' young man of the world is a very wise individual. *He* is not to be 'caught by sentimentalism,'—not he! 'He knows what's what.' Money is with him the great power in this world. He has an eye to profit, somehow or other, in all that he says and does. He may not exactly go the length of Sancho Panza, when he says, that 'the man who fills his belly wins his heart;' but he is just as fond as Sancho of quoting shrewd proverbs. His favourite maxim is, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' He never thinks of asking himself the question—'What shall it *profit* a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—or if he do ask the question, he forthwith opens a new account, in his private ledger, with the next world, and sets down to his 'credit' a certain amount of church attendance, which he calls 'worship,' and of creed repetition, which he calls 'faith.' It is true, the 'worship' and 'faith' are a 'kind of love' to him; but then, this young gentleman wishes to 'make the best of both worlds.' Speak to him of scrupulous truthfulness; he does not see the *use* of being so very exact, but he does see the use of an occasional 'white lie,' which does no harm, and is rather respectable than otherwise. Speak to him of the chivalrous endeavour of some noble man; he will perhaps sneeringly tell you that 'no man is a hero to his own flunkey,' forgetting—as Carlyle so pithily remarks—that the fault may very possibly lie with the flunkey! He is always advising us 'to take the world as it is,' or 'to wait until we know the world as *he* does.' He sneers at 'love in a cottage.' 'Everybody, of course, knows *that* to be the merest moonshine;' so, 'when once he has a respectable establishment, he will take unto himself a wife,' which, being interpreted, means that he will enter into marriage as he would into a Joint Stock Railway Company. Speak to him of the pleasures of the beautiful and the joy of the imagination; he will tell you that 'he leaves the *ideal* to dreaming poets; as for his part, he likes to stick to *real* life.'

Alas! our young man feels not that in abjuring 'the ideal' he is separating himself from all the greatest who have ever lived—from David and Isaiah, and Paul and John—from Homer and Plato, Virgil and Dante, Shakespere and Milton—from patriots, like Bruce, and Tell, and Cromwell, who fought their noble battles for the liberty of their country—from martyrs, like Stephen and Polycarp, 'of whom the world was not worthy'—from adventurers, like Columbus, who, under the power of hope, have pressed onwards, through difficulties the most severe and dangers the most hazardous, towards the realization of their grand ideas—from heroes, like Martin Luther, who have stood single-handed against the world, thinking not of profit and loss, but only of

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God and duty—yea, from all that is noble, beautiful, and godlike on this earth. And he has ranked himself, too, with the mean and the ignoble, with the Esaus who have 'sold, their birthright for a mess of pottage;' with the Judases, who have 'betrayed innocent blood' for a few wretched 'pieces of silver;' with the Pilates, who have done injustice to gain the plaudits of a mob; with all priests who have lorded it over the consciences of others, and made a gain of their superstition. Are you not ashamed, sir, of your companionship? For these are your self-chosen associates. These are they who have recognised your standard of utility; they have looked at what you call 'the real,' 'the things seen and temporal,' but they have forgotten 'those things which are unseen and eternal.' Alas! alas! 'what a road we have travelled,' from poor unlearned John Bunyan, writing his 'Pilgrim's Progress' in that cell which his imagination has irradiated with the light of 'the ideal,' to this shrewd young man of the world, who 'sticks to real life,' and who keeps that religious ledger of his, with its 'Dr.' side of so much sin, and its 'Cr.' side of so much church attendance and repetition of his '*Credo*.'

But is it true that those things only are *real* which are palpable to the senses? Is the *ideal* necessarily unreal? Does not the imagination oftentimes create for a man what is just as *real* to him as those things which he sees or handles? There is an axiom which is worthy of attention here, and which may help us towards a solution of these questions. It is this, that the 'eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing.' As Carlyle somewhere remarks, 'the same landscape may paint itself, in exactly the same way, on the retina of Newton's eye and on the retina of the eye of Newton's dog; but still, to Newton the landscape is a very different thing from what it is to his dog!' And how absurd would it be for the dog to insist that he sees the landscape as it *really* exists, whilst his master is looking at it through a *false* medium. The principle is of universal application. . . Everything depends on the state of the soul. Take a clodpole like Peter Bell, and then

> 'A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more.'

But to a soul like that of Robert Burns, the mountain-daisy, turned over by the plough, is suggestive of the sweetest thoughts; and he who has felt the beauty of nature can sympathize with Wordsworth when he says, in language which it would puzzle Peter Bell to comprehend,—

> 'Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
> To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

Nay, further, the aspect of external nature will appear different to the same man in different states of mind and feeling. To the hero of 'Locksley Hall,' the sky overhead and the beach at his feet seem bright and beautiful, so long as the love of Amy remains to him; but when

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she proves faithless, then the shore is only 'barren,' and the moorland very 'dreary.' Again, to the old miller, the wheel and the dam and the meal-sacks are the merest common-places of his trade; but if we would learn how they appear to the imagination, we must listen to him who is in love with the 'Miller's daughter:'—

> 'I loved the brimming wave that swam
> Through quiet meadows round the mill,
> The sleepy pool above the dam,
> The pool beneath it never still,
> The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
> The dark round of the dripping-wheel,
> The very air about the door
> Made misty with the floating meal.'

Thus it is that—to use the words of Emerson—'the passion remakes the world for the youth.' His imagination actually creates. On no true principle can it be said that he is only looking at the things which are round about him through an unreal medium. As well might the dog insist that his master sees beauties which are not *really* in the landscape; as well might a blind man insist that there is no 'primrose by the river's brim' because he cannot see it. And, indeed, the same philosophy which asserts that there is no beauty really existing in the landscape or primrose, will, if followed out, lead us to deny the real existence of either primrose or landscape.

The 'ideal,' then, is not necessarily unreal. The man whose mind is devoid of the poetic element, does not, as he supposes, see things as they really are, but only sees them partially. He sees none of those realities which are visible only to the man of imagination. It is he, therefore, who looks at things through a false medium, or at least, through a cloudy atmosphere. For the universe of God is open only to the eye of the *seer;* and a man becomes a true seer just in proportion as he cultivates all the faculties of his being. And, therefore, the true culture of the imagination does—so far as that can go—help a man to see things as they really are. In the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' the 'shepherd' waxes most eloquent on this subject:—'Nae man o' a high order o' mind either thinks or feels through "an unreal medium." But I'll tell you, sir, what he does—he thinks and feels through a fine medium. He breathes the pure air o' the mountain-tap, and he sees through the *clear* air a' the dwallins o' man, and richt through their roofs intil their hearths and their hearts. Did Burns think and feel through an unreal medium when,

> "In glory and in joy,
> Following his plough upon the mountain-side,"

his soul saw the Cottar's Saturday Night, and in words gave the vision imperishable life? Na, na, for as sure as God is in heaven, and he has given us his word on earth, that picture is a picture of the truth; and Burns, in drawing it, saw, felt, and thocht through that *real* medium, in which alone all that is fairest, loveliest, brichtest, best in creation, is made apparent to the eyes of genius, or permanent in its immortal works!'

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The 'shepherd' is right. Imagination purifies the vision. The ideal does not unfrequently pass into the real. To a stranger, for example, the countenance of my friend may seem only ordinary and commonplace, whilst to me it seems noble and beautiful, because I look at it through the medium of the imagination, and every varying expression is to me a manifestation of the soul within. My friend is *really* beautiful to me, though he may not appear so to a stranger or an enemy. They look at him through a different medium; but they do not see all that can be seen. . . . . Take one other and familiar illustration. Here is a soldier fighting on the field of battle. The colours of his regiment are in danger—he rushes to the defence of that old flag—he will shed the last drop of his blood ere he permit that flag to be taken. Will you step in, and tell him that it is *really* a piece of old cotton, a mere rag, which could easily be replaced? But here, again, the ideal has passed into the real. Imagination has created for that soldier a reality which is invisible to you. That flag is to him the symbol of his regiment's honour; its capture would be to him a token of his regiment's disgrace. It is thus that the actual is often transfigured by the spirit of poetry. It is 'the real' we see; but we see it in the light of 'the ideal.' And the sight of such a transfiguration is most refreshing to the heart of man. For it remains in his memory, after he has come down from the mount; and, as he again pursues his journey along the common, dusty highway, the remembrance abides within him, as a well-spring of strength and joy.

'It is strange,' says Emerson, 'how painful is the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and place. There dwells care and canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing.' . . . . This is true; but it is not all the truth. For—as Emerson elsewhere admits—the two kingdoms are not necessarily dissociated. The actual world may be seen in the light of the ideal. The care and canker and fear may be wondrously diminished. They may even give place to joy, as the story of many a noble martyr abundantly proves. And the words of St. Paul tell us of this same possibility—'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Whilst we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

These words sound like poetry—they are poetry. They are the words of a man who was often on the mount of transfiguration. He came into contact—as few men have ever done—with the 'painful kingdom' of the actual. Yet his whole life seems to have been leavened with a poetic spirit. His letters—though dealing with the most practical questions—are full of imagination. His speeches are pervaded by a lofty tone. To Festus, the time-server, 'willing to do the Jews a pleasure,' the hero seems Quixotic:—'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.' The whole spirit of his career was that of nobleness and chivalry. And wherever we see him; whether on Mar's Hill, confronting the sneering philosophers of

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Athens; or in the dungeon of Philippi, singing his midnight song; we have before us a man for whom the most common events of life have been irradiated by a light from heaven. Such a man has learned the secret of converting into poetry the dull prose of existence. And this is the great secret which we have all to learn. We are not meant to live a dreary, matter-of-fact life. For, just as a man may write a poetic or prosaic narrative of the same events, so, out of exactly the same materials, he may weave for himself either a poetic or prosaic life. And, just in proportion as a man cultivates aright all the faculties of his being,—and especially that kingly power of imagination, which Wordsworth calls 'the vision and the faculty *divine*,'—will the duties and events of ordinary life fall into their proper position, and be seen by him in that true light which a higher life can alone shed around them.

And now, we are free to point out the connexion which subsists between our subject and the Christian life. The mission of Christianity in our world is just to develop and ennoble all the faculties of our nature. Not until *all* the powers with which God has endowed us are redeemed from the service of evil, and elevated into the service of good —not until all these powers have been educated and developed according to the original design of the Creator—will the work of Christ be completed in the soul of man. The inference is obvious. As this, and nothing less than this, is the grand aim of Christianity, it follows that in proportion as a man advances in the Christian life, does he possess that secret to which we have referred—the secret of viewing the actual in the light of the ideal, and so of converting into poetry the dullest prose of existence. For Christianity is full of poetry. In all ages, since its birth, it has appealed to the heart and imagination of man. Would that our theologians had always remembered this. Why will so many of them persist in thinking that their chief strength lies in arguments from miracles and prophecies?

O sirs! tell to men, as the evangelists told it, the story of the 'Word made flesh;' speak to them of Him who is at once the 'brightness of the Father's glory,' and the King and Brother of men, who alone on earth has realized the true 'ideal' of what man should be: and your words will possess a mighty power, which all your logical arguments can never exert. Not by such arguments, but by words and deeds which appealed to the heart and conscience, did the fishermen of Galilee desolate the shrines of Paganism.

And here we would make one other remark by the way. If what we have said be true, it is manifest that the technical, theological creed, even if perfectly sound in itself, can never be an *adequate* exponent of Christianity. For such a creed is, to a great extent, just the translation of poetry into prose. It may be well that we should have prose translations of the Iliad; but we do not suppose that our translation can ever be a substitute for the lofty grandeur of the Homeric verse. A sound logical creed may be very useful, if we remember that it is only as the 'argument' of a poem. It becomes worse than useless when we begin to regard it as more important than the poem

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itself, or to suppose that it can ever fully represent the power and beauty which it but feebly indicates.

'There is a way,' says the author of a little book* which we love for its wisdom and poetry, 'there is a way of making truth plain and comprehensible, by unsouling it of all that is deepest and most precious in it. In the logical creed you lose the *livingness* of truth. Instead of butterflies glancing in the sun, you get them arranged by the hand of science, dead in their dusty case. Instead of odorous flowers, sucked by the honey-bees, kissed by the winds, and bathed in the dews, you get them dried in the botanist's portfolio.' And, when once our theologians are content, in their teaching, to come back to the poetry of Scripture, they will find many an ear and heart open, which have been closed, justly or unjustly, against their formal creeds.

Christianity, then, we repeat, is full of poetry. Nor is the Christian life therefore unreal and visionary. Have we not seen that the poet has often an insight into realities, which are altogether invisible to the man who is destitute of imagination? Have we not seen that the life of Paul, the Christian, was not the less real, because it was irradiated and ennobled by a poetic spirit? And will the man of commerce become a visionary dreamer by looking at his daily business in the light of Christian life? Will his workmen become less real to him because he remembers that they are brothers, travelling with himself to the great hereafter, under the eye of the one Brother of all? Will his wife and children become the less real to him in proportion as he loves them with a more unselfish love, and as he sees that halo of glory which the life of Christ sheds around the sanctities of home? Nay, verily; for we can never believe that the realities, either of this life or of the life to come, are seen as they should be by the man who has degraded himself into a money-making machine—who leads a dull, prosaic life, which he calls 'practical'—who is honest only because 'honesty is the best policy'—and who thinks of God's heaven as a 'decided bargain' for a little troublesome painstaking on earth.

We would close these suggestions with one qualifying remark. We have been pleading for the culture of the imagination, as especially necessary in this age of commercial and scientific pursuit. But we must never forget that imagination is not the only faculty of our nature. In this world of the actual, our mission is not to dream, but to work. Give us Don Quixote *rather* than Sancho Panza. Heaven send us crusades *rather* than railway manias! But, why should we have either extreme? We are in the flesh, and have duties of the flesh to discharge; but this is no reason why we should become the slaves of sense. Our nobler part is that heaven-born spirit which binds us to the chivalrous and the beautiful, but neither is this a reason why we should neglect the most ordinary duties of our life on earth. And in proportion as we drink in the spirit of Christ shall we learn how we may live noble and self-sacrificing lives, without leaving the sphere of daily duty in which God has cast our lot. Every earnest and

* 'Lazarus Revived;' James Culross, A.M. London: J. Heaton & Son. 1858.

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devout man has felt how the mount of prayer may become the mount of transfiguration.

The whole question which we have been discussing has been put in a very beautiful, and, as we think, true light, by the authoress of 'Aurora Leigh.' After bitter experience, Aurora is compelled to confess that her 'practical' cousin was so far right. But meanwhile, Romney also has found out his mistake, and comes to tell his 'poet cousin' that it was *she* who had spoken the truth. It is the old story; each had been looking at a different side of the shield. The marriage of Romney and Aurora is a type of the truth. The actual must be wedded to the ideal. To use the words of Tennyson, which embody the same figure, we must not

> '*Divorce* the feeling from her mate, the deed.'

True human life is prose poetry. The seer is to be a *worker* in the world, not a mere dreamer or hermit; on the other hand, the worker is not to be a machine, but a *seer*.

T. G. F.

A Chapter in Natural History.*

WATERTON AND GOSSE.

'An undevout astronomer is mad.' So said or sang the author of 'Night Thoughts.' Before us lie the works of two very devout students of natural history. Yet their devoutness is vastly dissimilar; starts from different points; is sustained by different motives; and directed to opposite aims. Waterton, the hardy veteran of the woods, whose name was familiar to readers of the 'Edinburgh Review' so far back as Sydney Smith's time; the untired plodder through the densely-tangled forests of British Guiana; the willing recluse among wood-cutters and Indians, caring nothing for vampires, chiagoes, or musquitoes, and all but indifferent to boas and alligators; Waterton, who passes through no end of adventures to find out the facts about monkeys, humming-birds, the wourali poison, foxes, &c.; who can't tell a lie, nor bear a lie; who declares, 'on the word of an honest rover, that if I had a cheat to deal with, I would expose him before the face of the public, just as I did the impostor in his bare-faced account of the city of Ixymaya, and 'the two dwarfs named Astegs;'—Waterton, in matters of religion, manifests a devoutness as omnivorous and omnidigestive as the ostrich. As our readers doubt-

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* 'Essays in Natural History.' Third series. By Charles Waterton, esq. With a continuation of the Autobiography, and a Portrait of the Author. London: Longmans. 1857.

'A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.' By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London: Longmans.

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less know, the Watertons of Walton Hall are staunch Roman Catholics, and have been so from time immemorial. Long before Cressy and Agincourt they were on the 'true throne and altar' side; but such a kindly, genial spirit ever underlies the outbursts of this Waterton, that, Rome notwithstanding, we honestly and sincerely love him. We don't quarrel with him, but only laugh at his choice of companions, when he says, 'I myself would rather run the risk of going to hell with St. Edward the Confessor, Venerable Bede, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, than make a dash at heaven in company with Henry VIII., Queen Bess, and Dutch William.'* And though he implores all 'good Protestant readers to skip over the following, which will place me before their eyes in the unenviable light either of a knave or dupe,' although 'this extraordinary narrative is true and correct, as I have a soul to save;' we not having skipped it, will give our readers the benefit of our amusement and edification therefrom:—

In the Tyrol is a wonderful creature, a pretty girl with a bit of the romantic in her, called the Virgin Ecstatica; otherwise Maria Mörl. Mr. Waterton, with some lady relatives, goes to see her, and thus describes this female prodigy, out of whom 'the good Jesuits,' and the 'kind fathers,' have made no little capital. When the party arrived, 'the Ecstatica was on her knee, with her face turned to a crucifix and picture. She appeared quite motionless, her eyes being steadfastly fixed upon these sacred objects. During the whole time that I stood by the side of the bed, gazing at her holy countenance, I could not perceive the smallest movement in her eyes. . . . . Her hands were joined devotionally under her chin, whilst her hair and the rest of her person were just as they have been represented by portraits taken of her. When we had fully satisfied our *curiosity*, Father Capistrani desired her to come out of ecstasy. She obeyed immediately, and then lay reclined with her head on the pillow. Her countenance was that which we suppose common to the angels, and on her face could be clearly descried her calm resignation to the will of her adorable Creator.' Ecstatica, Protestants require to be told, has 'the five wounds of our Saviour marvellously impressed' on her. 'I myself,' continues Mr. W., 'distinctly saw, and felt with my own fingers, the cicatrix on her *left* hand, but her right hand being *out of my reach on account of her position*, it was not in my power to examine it. . . . . The confessor, however, *assured* us that she had the holy wounds of our Saviour's crucifixion on her *feet*, as well as on her *hands*. However, *being perfectly satisfied with his word*, I should have considered it neither proper nor decorous in me to have requested the favour of an inspection. Indeed, it was by no means to be wished for in the present conjuncture, as I had already inspected minutely the cicatrix on her left hand,' &c. Happily for the monks who have to keep Ecstatica, and who like good living, Ecstatica lives upon next to nothing; only now

* He specially hates Dutch William, 'because he brought in the Hanoverian rat.'

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and then 'a grape and a half and a drop of water,' for her 'existence is that of a privileged being.'

On a subsequent occasion, when he was at Dover, Mr. Waterton was pitched clean into the harbour, full fifteen feet, when 'death stared him in the face,' but a Belgian and a Frenchman rescued him and saved his life—at least they had a little to do with it. But he says, 'I ought to remark that I wore the miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin, so well known, and I had daily begged this *consolatrix afflictoram* that she would obtain for me, from our dear Redeemer, the favour that I might not die a sudden and unprovided death.' And thus,—and we heartily rejoice in the issue,—between the Virgin's medal, the Belgian and the Frenchman, 'two blankets,' 'twenty-five ounces of blood from my arm,' and 'to make all sure, twenty grains of jalap mixed with ten grains of calomel,' our hero survived his hydropathic treatment, and this really charming volume is both proof and result. All hail to the 'miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin!'

When, however, monkeys are concerned; when travellers say that monkeys fling cocoa-nuts at the heads of unfortunate passers-by, and that they live in hollow trees, Waterton starts across the Atlantic, and buries himself in South American forests to find out whether this is true or no, and to vindicate monkey reputation if it be false. In such cases he cannot be 'perfectly satisfied' with anybody's word, and we don't blame him.

Mr. Gosse, too, is a devout man—most intelligently devout. Both he and Mr. Waterton are thorough naturalists; but Mr. W.'s devotedness never goes beyond the cloister or the cathedral. *Nature* is his only deity in the woods and in his wanderings, but Mr. Gosse carries with him everywhere that deeply reverent feeling which the true study of life in its minutest forms must ever inspire. Hence Mr. Gosse's God is not left behind in any cathedral, but amidst the solitudes and the savannahs of Jamaica, the author ever preserves the tone and temper of a cultured Christian. It is, as we have recently said, only when Mr. G. theorizes and tries to explain the inexplicable, that he becomes utterly and miserably unintelligible.

These two naturalists' faiths are thoroughly one in the practical and the humane. No one can read these volumes without being convinced that there is nothing in the capture and dissection of 'subjects' to harden the heart or deaden the sensibilities. Of all tender men, Waterton and Gosse are most tender; not *needlessly* would either 'set foot upon a worm.'

One of the first objects that arrests the attention of a traveller in any part of the West Indies,* is a large, black, unwieldy, kite-looking bird, that may be seen anywhere in the heavens, wheeling with measured flight round and round in large circles, as if going to the very heaven itself, yet, like a hypocritical Christian, with eye intent on some earth carrion to which presently it makes a precipitous de-

* It is unknown, singularly enough, in Hayti, close by Jamaica.

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scent, where it may be seen gobbling and hobbling filthily, its red, dry wattles round the neck shaking with epicurean gusto, as bit after bit of decaying or of living luxuries is obscenely snatched at and devoured. This bird is the 'John Crow,' or vulture of the West Indies—the scavenger of these torrid climes, without whom human life would there be impossible, and whom no one may shoot under very heavy penalties.

Now it has long been a vexed question how the vulture finds its food. Whether by sight or by smell, by hearing, or by all three senses? We have ourselves tried to ascertain this many times. Far away in the blue sky, not larger than tiny dots of black ink, might be seen a few vultures poised on the wing, or gracefully sweeping the air in circles; a piece of meat or a fowl's head has been placed in a yard, and in the course of a few, a very few minutes, gradually descended with unerring flight these ever-watchful birds, and 'boned' the piece of prey that had so swiftly decoyed them down to earth from the high empyrean. Everybody knows that the vulture has a tolerably good sized Falstaffian nose. Mr. Waterton says that it is not to *smell* with, only to enable him to *breathe* more freely; and maintains that the vulture detects his food SOLELY through the keenness of his sight. In reference to a paper he once read on this subject, he says, with laudable enthusiasm, supposing he had found the facts to coincide with his theory, 'I felt proud on having at last broken the charm by which men had so long been held in ignorance respecting the history of our vultures; assured that the breach which I had made upon a general and deeply-rooted opinion must gradually dissolve it, as well as many other absurdities which have for ages infested science, like the vile grub beneath the bark of the noblest forest-tree, retarding its growth until happily removed by the constant hammerings of the industrious woodpecker.'

But Mr. Waterton is clearly wrong in attributing the vulture's power of discerning its food exclusively to its power of *sight*, just as others are wrong in attributing it exclusively to the power of *smell*. Mr. Gosse, with his able coadjutor, Mr. Hill, the well-known ornithologist of Jamaica, has established, beyond a doubt, that sometimes to sight, sometimes to smell, sometimes by hearing (the cries of dying animals), and sometimes by the exercise of all three senses combined, the vulture finds its prey. 'She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and on the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off; her young ones also suck up blood; and where the slain is there is she.'

We will quote three illustrations of our position from Mr. Hill's 'Birds of Jamaica,' which we could easily parallel with facts that have fallen under our own observation.

1. There is the sense of *smelling* alone directing the vulture:—

'A poor German immigrant, who lived alone in a detached cottage in Spanish Town, rose from his bed after a two days' confinement by fever, to purchase in the market some fresh meat for a little soup. Before he could do more than prepare the several ingredients of herbs and roots, and put his meat in water for the prepa-

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ration of his pottage, the paroxysm of fever had returned, and he laid himself on his bed exhausted. Two days elapsed in this state of helplessness and inanition; by which time the mass of meat and pot-herbs had putrefied. The stench becoming very perceptible in the neighbourhood, vulture after vulture, as they sailed past, was observed always to descend to the cottage of the German, and to sweep round as if they had tracked some putrid carcase, but failed to find exactly where it was. This led the neighbours to apprehend that the poor man lay dead in the cottage, as no one had seen him for two days. His door was broken open; he was found in a state of helpless feebleness, but the room was most insufferably offensive from something putrefying, which could not immediately be found, for the fever, having deprived the German of his wits, he had no recollection of his uncooked mess of meat and herbs. And no one imagining that the kitchen pot could contain anything offensive, search was made every where but in the right place; at last the potlid was lifted, and the cause of the insupportable stench discovered in the corrupted soup meat.'

2. Here is the sense of *sight* alone directing the vulture to his food.

'After a night and morning of heavy rain, in which the streets of Spanish Town had been inundated to the depth of a foot, and flood after flood had been sweeping to the river the drainage of the whole town, a piece of recent offal had been brought down from some of the yards where an animal had been slaughtered and lodged in the street. A vulture, beating about in search of food, dashed in a slanting direction from a considerable height, and just resting, without closing his wings, snatched up the fresh piece of flesh and carried it off. Here was the sense of sight unassisted by that of smelling, for the meat was too recent to communicate any taint to the morning air, and the vulture stooped to it from a very far distance.'

3. Here are all the *three senses*—sight, smell, and hearing, directing our friend to his breakfast.

'A person in the neighbourhood of Spanish Town having his pastures much trespassed on by vagrant hogs, resorted to his gun to rid himself of the annoyance. A pig which had been mortally wounded, and had run squealing and trailing his blood through the grass, had not gone far before it fell in the agonies of death. At the moment the animal was perceived to be unable to arise, three vultures descended upon it, attracted by the cries of the dying pig and the scent of its reeking blood, and while it was struggling for life, began to tear open its wounds and devour it.'

Mr. Gosse tells a good story about a vulture, who, however directed towards him, found that the 'better part of valour was discretion.'

'To this clear little pool I usually resorted in the middle of the day to bathe, delighting to hold my head under the waterfall, and to receive its sudden coldness like an electric shock, upon my back, until the stimulus ceased, and then to lie at full length in the shallow, just covered by the limpid element. How refreshing this is those only can tell who have felt the lassitude produced by a vertical sun; and how conducive to health, I can thankfully testify. Several pleasant observations have I made on the living things around me, whilst thus delightfully immersed by the half hour together; and as was indeed but fair, observations have been made upon me. On one occasion I had been lying motionless for a long time, just beneath the surface, when a vulture that had marked me from a distance began to descend in circles, sweeping over me, nearer and nearer at every turn, until at length the shadow of his gaunt form swept close between my face and the light; and the rushing of his wide-spread wings fanned my body as he passed. It was evident he had mistaken me for a drowned corpse, and probably it was the motion of my open eyes, as I followed his course, that told him all was not quite right, and

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kept him sailing round in low circles instead of alighting.'—*Naturalist's Sojourn*, p. 82.

Enough is as good as a feast; and perhaps our readers have had enough of vultures; let us pass on to snakes. All people hate snakes. Even the Dahomians, who worship them, do it to appease their wrath. Terrible and revolting must those snake-houses be at Abomey and Whydah! Those great, fat, obese, slimy creatures, too well fed to be vicious, crawling and creeping amongst their worshippers, who say to each, 'THOU art our father, and *thou* hast begotten me.' Snake-worship is a world-wide fact; and one most fruitful of curious suggestions. Egyptians, Ninevites, and Central Africans have all worshipped this most accursed of 'beasts of the fields.' No negro in the West Indies will step *over* a dead snake he may chance to meet on the road; he circumvents him and pitches him into the bush. As an old negro once told us, 'Massa, snake is the devil; he put our grandfather Adam's and our grandmother Eve's eyes out, and we have to crush him under our heel. But we can't do it yet; we only mash his head with a stick.'

Jamaica has no such snakes to boast of as Waterton found in the back-woods of British Guiana; the largest and the most frequently seen in the wayside and in houses, is the *yellow boa* or yellow snake, which never exceeds ten feet in length and six or eight inches in diameter. It is rather alarming to find one of these gentlemen in your bedroom; but there is more fear than danger, as they retreat with precipitation, and never venture to attack. This snake *bites*. It has no poison-fang, and the only danger is local inflammation from the bite or the breaking of some of the teeth in the wound. There are several other smaller varieties, all of them very beautiful in colour—some of them of rainbow hues—which it is impossible to preserve in stuffed specimens; a circumstance that makes Waterton do the pathetic most touchingly. 'I can restore the exact forms and features of dissected animals; but there I stop. Scales of snakes and of fishes after death must infallibly lose their metallic splendour; do what you choose, their skin will assume the hue of parchment. Could these sad changes by the hand of death be obviated with success, then, indeed, our specimens for museums would be as though in life, saving the loss of motion. But on viewing them, after all has been done that can be done, we are forced to exclaim with poor Margaret, in Mallett's inimitable ballad,—

> "That face, alas, no more is fair,
> That lip no longer red;
> Dark are the eyes, now closed in death,
> And every charm is fled."'

Apart from this prodigality of emotion bestowed on a dead snake, it should be observed that snakes, like men and magazines, are often misrepresented. The poetry, printed or painted, is that they move in curves *up and down* when on the ground; or in ascending a tree, embrace it and rise by a series of spiral coils. Pictures and museums have their snakes all done to order in this way—the fact, however, is,

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that on the ground all snakes move from *left to right* with the head slightly raised, and in ascending trees they move in a *perpendicular* line, clinging by means of the tips of their expanded or dilated ribs. It should be noticed, too, that snakes cannot move their eyes; they always appear to be looking at you whichever way you turn, like a glass eye. Hence the popular fiction of the snake's power of fascination by the eye must be resolved into terror on the part of the beholder.

But we must bid adieu to snakes, or our readers will think we are fascinated, and turn to caymans or alligators, of whose flesh the negroes often partake in cutlets or in soup. *De gustibus*, &c. The scientific name is, however, *crocodile;* though they are best known by the other and more popular title. Some years ago, Waterton told a story about his riding ashore on the back of a huge alligator, which had been hooked in the water, and on whose back he strode—the Triton of crocodiles, while the negroes towed him to land. This story was set down as a long-shot out of an old traveller's locker, and critics laughed, and the public laughed too, and looked upon it as a joke. However, the story was a perfectly true one, and the thing has been done by others than Waterton. The following is from Mr. Gosse:—

'Some time in the spring of '29 or '30, a cayman from the neighbouring lagoons of Lyson's estate in St. Thomas-in-the-East, that used occasionally to poach the ducks and ducklings, was taken in his prowl and killed. All sorts of suspicion was entertained about the depredator among the ducks, till the crocodile was surprised lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder. The engineer of the plantation shot at him and wounded him; and though it did not seem that he was much hurt, he was hit with such sensible effect that he immediately rose out of the pond to regain the morass. It was now that David Brown, an African, came up; and before the reptile could make a dodge to get away, he threw himself astride over his back, snatched up his fore paws in a moment, and held them doubled up. The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout, and though able to move freely his hind feet, and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless attempt to grub himself onward. As he was necessarily confined to move in a circle, he was pretty nearly held to one spot. The African kept his seat. His place across the beast being on his shoulders, he was exposed *only* to severe jerks as a chance of being thrown off. In this way a huge reptile eighteen feet long was held *manu forti* by one man, till the engineer reloaded and shot him quickly through the brain. This is precisely the feat performed by Mr. Waterton,' &c.

We only add, that all books of foreign travel must smack of the marvellous, because they treat of things lying without the range of ordinary experience. We accept Livingstone's lion stories and Waterton's snake and crocodile ditto, because we believe that such men could have no motive in deceiving their readers, and because their statements on all other matters are found to be invariably correct when tested by other travellers. But let us finish this alligator story by an adventure of our own. We once had occasion to penetrate a little into the interior of British Guiana, and on our way encountered a large alligator faithfully keeping watch and ward by the *side* (they do not incubate) of her nest, a pile *covered* with grass and sticks some eighteen inches high. The faithful creature moved not an inch from her nest, but barked furiously at us, showing a very wide gape and some very ugly

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teeth. Necessity has no law, and we were compelled to put her to an untimely end. We took the eggs home (they are scarcely larger than a domestic fowl's) and placed them in a box of sand in a window exposed to the sun, and in about ten days they were running about our study in fierce vigour, snapping up any little living thing they chanced to meet with. They all died in infancy, and were preserved in spirits; one egg we opened with our penknife, and the youngster disturbed snapped at us savagely. Him we bound fast in his cell with silk, and put him, egg and all, in safe preservation, where he remains yet.

Waterton and Gosse are singularly happy men. Their writings leave no other impression on the mind. There is a strong conviction, as you read, that these men have lived much in the open air, and keep their blood well supplied with oxygen. They never write in the dumps; never talk about loneliness or solitude. We believe either of them would be as happy as a prince observing the habits of a live bird, or climbing some steep mountain side, looking for some strange plant or animal. Certainly, there is much that is grand and subduing in the sturdy forests, and rugged hills, and great cataracts, and roaring rivers, and the high heavens in their brightness, or surcharged with dark thunderclouds; and long and wonderingly we can look on the many-paged book of nature,—plenarily inspired, as we know each page to be—written with the finger of God within and without; but it is quite possible, and more, to get mopish and reclusive in habit by too long gazing at inanimate nature. Give one, however, life; a rabbit or a rattle-snake; a hen or a humming-bird; a vulture or a violet lizard; and in thinking of these creatures—their lives, experiences, habits, their domestic history, their family cares, their brief but happy career, we get out of ourselves—out of our own littlenesses and petty vexations—as we look at God's living things, and remember our heavenly Father's care of the hugest or minutest, or the most repulsive of his creatures.

Two extracts will illustrate the genial tone of these naturalists' minds. In reading them, we forget all the nonsense about the 'Ecstatica' and the equal or worse nonsense of 'Omphalos.'

'He whose eye can distinguish the various beauties of uncultivated nature, and whose ear is not shut to the wild sounds in the woods, will be delighted in passing up the river Demerara. Every now and then the maam or tinamou sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depth of the forest, and then stops; whilst the yelping of the toucan and the shrill voice of the bird called pi-pi-yo is heard during the interval. The campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger; at a distance of nearly three miles you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes like the distant convent bell. From six to nine in the morning, the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race; after this they gradually die away. From eleven to three all nature is hushed as in a midnight silence, and scarce a note is heard saving that of the campanero and the pi-pi-yo; it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the birds retire to the thickest shade and wait for the refreshing cool of evening.

'At sundown the vampires, bats, and goat-suckers dart from their lonely retreat, and skim along the trees on the river's bank. The different kinds of frog almost stun the ear with their hoarse and hollow sounding croaking, while the owls and goat-suckers lament and mourn all night long.

'About two hours before daybreak, you will hear the red monkey moaning as

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though in deep distress; the houtou, a solitary bird, and only found in the thickest recesses of the forest, distinctly articulates, "houtou, houtou," in a low and plaintive tone, an hour before sunrise; the maam whistles about the same hour; the hannaquoi, pataca, and maroudi announce his near approach to the eastern horizon, and the parrots and the parroquets confirm his arrival there.'—*Waterton.*

There is an equally beautiful quotation from Gosse:—

'While I was up in the calabash tree engaged in detaching the bunches of oncidium,* the beautiful long-tailed humming-bird came shooting by, with its two long velvet black feathers fluttering like streamers behind it, and began to suck at the blossoms of the tree in which I was. Quite regardless of my presence, consciously secure in its power of wing, the little gem hovered around the trunk, and threaded the branches, now probing here, now there, its cloudy wings on each side vibrating with a noise like that of a spinning-wheel, and its emerald breast for a moment flashing brilliantly in the sun's rays; then apparently black, all the light being absorbed; then, as it slightly turned, becoming a dark olive; then in an instant blazing forth again with brilliant effulgence. Several times it came close to me, as I sat motionless with delight, and holding my breath for fear of alarming it and driving it away; it seemed almost worth a voyage across the sea to behold so radiant a creature in all the wildness of its native freedom.

'As I now several years afterwards, here in the suburbs of London, copy these notes for the press, the impressions then produced on my mind, as one novelty after another presented itself—things that I had read of with eager desire to see, that had once been encircled with halos of romance in my imagination—come gushing upon my memory in all their fulness and freshness, like some sweet tune that one has not heard for years, unexpectedly played. But how shall I transfer these impressions to my readers? I can name some of the prominent objects that helped to make up the picture; and by some short description, or a few well-selected epithets, may communicate a certain definiteness to those objects; but the picture itself, the thousand things that cannot be enumerated, birds, insects, flowers, trees, the tone of the whole, the sunlight, the suffused sky, the variety of the foliage, the massive light and shadow, the dark green openings in the forest, all new, rich, and strange—not only new individually, but quite new and strange in character, quite unlike anything that I had seen before;—all this I cannot hope to convey.'

Here we must pause, not desirous to overstep the modest limits of our article; yet we cannot do so without an earnest and honest recommendation to the general reader, who may not have gone very deep into natural science, to get these books for himself, or from some library. He will find in them very little that a child cannot understand—very much that a man will thoroughly appreciate and enjoy.

W. G. P.

* An orchid, remarkable more for its rarity than its beauty.

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The Psalter.

No. 1.

'The Psalter is nothing else than a school and exercise for our heart and mind, to the end that we may have our thoughts and inclinations turned into the same channel, so that he reads the Psalter without spirit who reads it without understanding and faith.'—*Luther.*

Psalm I.

Blest is the man who never strays
  Where the ungodly meet;
Who stands not in the sinner's ways,
  Nor takes the scorner's seat.

But his desire is to the Lord,
  Whose law is his delight;
By day he lives upon its word,
  And meditates by night.

He shall be like a planted tree,
  Where streams refresh its root;
For ever green the leaf shall be,
  And well-matured the fruit.

Not so the ungodly—like the straw
  The tempest drives away,
They shall not stand before the law,
  Or where the righteous pray.

The Lord beholds and knows the path
  The righteous safely try,
But meets the ungodly in his wrath,
  And bids their purpose die.

Psalm II.

Why do the heathen rage in vain?
  Why do their kings unite?
Why strive against Jehovah's reign
  And his anointed smite?

Why say they, 'We will shun their path,
  And cast away their cords.'
He who is throned in heaven shall laugh;
  He shall deride their words.

In his displeasure will he speak,
  And vex them in his ire;
Their sin upon themselves will wreak,
  And frustrate their desire.

'I set my King on Zion's throne,
  I utter the decree,
Thou art my well-beloved Son,
  I have begotten thee.

'Ask of me now; to thee I give
  Dominion from thy birth.
Through thee shall all the heathen live;
  Thou shalt possess the earth.

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'Thy rod of rule shall homage bring
Around thy holy hill;
And every judge and every king
Receive thy sovereign will.'

Rejoice with fear; with love obey;
Ye princes, now be wise;
For ye will perish from the way
If once his anger rise.

Bow down and own his righteous sway,
Lest his wrath over-brim.
Kiss ye the Son; for blest are they
Who put their trust in him.

PSALM III.

Lord! how did they increase
In every path I trod,
Who with their taunt distressed my peace,
He has no help in God.

My glory and my shield,
In thee will I rejoice;
Thy holy hill my help will yield
When I lift up my voice.

I laid me down and slept
Amid their hostile band,
Until the morning safely kept
By thy sustaining hand.

Ten thousand may arise,
But yet I will not fear;
To thee I will address my cries,
And thou at once shalt hear.

Arise, O God, and save;
Salvation is thine own;
Behold thy suppliant people crave
A blessing from thy throne.

PSALM IV.

Thou hast delivered me from thrall
When I was sore distrest;
Therefore give ear unto my call;
Consider my request.

Why turn my glory into shame,
Ye men of sinful heart?
God sets the man who loves his name
Unto himself apart.

Know that the Lord will lift his head,
Therefore refrain from ill;
Speak with thine heart upon thy bed,
And commune and be still!

Many there be that vainly say,
Show us some earthly good?
Lord! lift thy light on us we pray;
Reveal thy Fatherhood.

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Now will I offer while I live
The sacrifice I owe;
And thou, O Lord, shalt gladness give
More than the wicked know.

What though their corn and wine increase,
To thee my joys I tell;
I will both lay me down in peace,
And in thy safety dwell.

PSALM V.

Give ear unto my prayer, O Lord;
Hearken, my King, unto my word;
To thee at morning I will speak;
Thy favour in the morning seek.

In sin thou canst have no delight;
The foolish stand not in thy sight;
Neither shall evil dwell with thee,
For thou dost hate iniquity.

But I will come before thy face
Within the temple of thy grace,
There all thy favour to recount,
And worship toward thy holy mount.

Lead me, O Lord, or else I stray;
Make straight before my face my way;
And give me strength thy name to bless
Within the paths of righteousness.

Defeat the wicked heart and tongue;
Restrain all them who do me wrong;
And teach thine enemies to see
That sin to man is sin to thee.

Let those who love thy truth rejoice,
And sing thy praise with thankful voice;
Blest with the peace thy mercies yield;
Compassed with favour as a shield.

J. W. J.

Sermons in Trees.

THE true glory of the outer world is beheld only by *the seeing eye.* Wordsworth's Peter Bell,* to whom a primrose was a yellow primrose and nothing more, and the innumerable Peter Bells who have preceded or followed him, have known nothing of it; for the real poet or painter, by which we do not mean those only who write verses, or send pictures to the Academy, but all to whom matter is thought also

* It is scarcely necessary to say that the similarity of this illustration to that employed by another writer in a previous page is accidental. Its use, however, for the purpose of illustrating a very similar thought may be considered a small curiosity of authorship.—ED.

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and feeling, sees all external nature in 'a light that never was on sea or shore.' Alas! to how many is there between matter and mind a deep, dark, impassable gulf; how many more can only feebly and painfully bridge it over, making occasional and brief incursions into the larger world with trembling feet; but happy is he by whom this world beyond is beheld as a pleasant and flowery valley, lifting itself in the distance towards everlasting hills—part of the great divinely established universe, which was created for the service and delight of man. Ruskin, in one of his pamphlets, supplies us with a good illustration of this inward vision. He sees in Millais' well-known picture, 'A Dream of the Past,' more perhaps than the artist saw in his own work, so that it is to him both fact and type. The greater number would simply discern in it an old knight, riding home in the twilight of a summer's eve, and carrying the woodman's children across the ford. The picture will never become a little world to them in which they may make discoveries. They will not see in it, as Ruskin does, a type of strong and warlike manhood serving little children as its noblest work, or a still loftier type of the passage across the River of Death, as it contrasts the unconscious innocence of the child with the silent submission of the man. So it is in nature. It is the old story of 'Eyes and no Eyes.' One traveller sees in his journey through life gay-coloured kingfishers, splendid sunsets, and a hundred glories more; another may take the same road and see—nothing!

This vision is necessary to genius, though it does not by itself constitute genius. Nature must find her way into the heart, and bestow faculty upon the eye, before the thought or the word can widely affect humanity. For the gift multiplies itself *after its kind*. The poet or artist who sees most, produces that in which most is to be seen, truth being infinitely reproductive. The discoverer of a continent invites into the new world other discoverers. Columbus makes way for Audubon; so every true thought, whether found or revealed, is a world which cannot be exhausted, because discovery is never completed, only advanced. The eye to which virtue is given clothes nature in robes not her own, and then, even to those who touch them, virtue goes forth.

How much of the influence of the Bible over our moral and spiritual life lies in this power. It does not always *reveal*; it as often takes the truths we had, places them in new relations, and directs them to new issues. It takes of the things of that nature which has ever been round about us and shows them to us. By faith, we know the truth to be the word of God; by experience, we know the word of God to be true. If the words of the Great Teacher be the worthiest and the noblest we have ever heard, it is because they synchronize with nature and the human consciousness—the universe without us and within us together testifying 'This witness is true!' Christ, therefore, is the light not only of the world of thought, but of the world of sense. He is not only the Lord of life, but the Lord of nature. As some scene of human grief or tenderness may have been beheld

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a thousand times before the painter immortalized it; as the word of love or pity may have been uttered a thousand times before the poet engraved it upon adamant; so the flowers blossomed in the valleys, and the flocks were herded on the hill-sides, long ages before the Son of man was born in Bethlehem. Yet when he speaks of the lily of the field, of the lamb that had wandered from the fold, of the sparrow fallen to the ground, and of the seed scattered by the way-side, these touches of nature 'make the whole world kin,' and humanity is led through the truth of the symbol to the 'truth as it is in Jesus.'

How wisely, then, does the Bible turn away from national conventionalities to find its images and types in the eternal truth of sun and moon, and stars, and hills, and trees, and falling waters. The student need not overmuch cumber himself with encyclopædic knowledge of eastern manners and customs, for the voices of nature speak the same tongue all over the world. *We* look upon the same sun-rising and sun-setting, the same moon pacing through the clouds, which were the insignia of a divine royalty in the eyes of Abraham, David, and Isaiah; we see stars as bright as those which shone upon Jacob at Haram, when he tarried there all night with his head pillowed on a stone; and the ripening harvest fields whisper to *us* beneath the sweeping winds the same music which Ruth heard

'When sick for home
She stood in tears among the alien corn.'

In nature, as in heaven, there is but one language, uttering forth all themes in one—the glory of God!

Any page in this great outspread and visibly glorious book is profitable 'for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness.' Turn to it when we will, read it where we may, every line is quick with spiritual analogies—instinct with subtle wisdom. So now that the summer is come, and the trees have been re-published in their latest edition—*not* revised or corrected, as not needing to be—I will say to the readers of this page, 'Let us go out, invisible friend, across the fields, past the hedge-rows, and into the woods. Let us shelter ourselves beneath the restless branches, and muse in some shady haunt, where the mosses shall spread their soft couch for us, and the birds rejoice us with the free and fitful songs of their celestial concert. Let us enter ourselves as students in the great school of nature, and taking with us the word spoken by holy men of old, let us translate its divine thoughts into the language of our own hearts and minds; meanwhile, the open book of field, and brook, and rippling stream, spread out before our eyes, shall be the lexicon in which we may look out its meanings, and find *sermons in trees.*'

'The godly man,' says the Psalmist, 'shall be *like a tree.*' Like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.' The image is almost perfect. How better can the nature and power of the spiritual life be indicated than by the chiefest charac-

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teristics of the tree. He shall be like no dead monumental stone, graven into unalterable form, but be possessed of a quickened and expanding life, like a tree. He shall not be as a reed bending before the stormy wind and tempest, but he shall resist it with stalwart trunk and sturdy branch like a tree. He shall not be like a weed having no root, but he shall be '*planted*' like a tree. He shall not be as 'a root out of a dry ground,' rustling its dry leaves in the east wind, but rather 'planted by the rivers of water' like a tree. He shall not be like a gourd that comes to its transitory ripeness in a night, but he shall bring forth his fruit *in his season* like a tree. He shall not be cut *off* like the field-flower in the frost, but his leaf shall continue as the *leaf* of an evergreen tree. He shall not be driven away like the chaff, but he shall abide and prosper. He shall be *like a tree*.

The godly man is no *accident* on the earth; he is a seed planted, whose place is known. There, through the quickening of an inner vitality, he puts forth the fibres of being, clasps that earth around him which we call circumstances, and so becomes '*rooted*.' There heavenly warmth expands him, and he has earthly dews for his refreshment, and breezes out of the cloud for his discipline. There he outgrows the strength of the wind, which passing by only shakes the innumerable army of leaves. There at last men will come to him for the fruits of wisdom hanging on the boughs and the secure shelter of his outlying branches, and they that rest under his shadow will return.

A happy and a contented life is the life of that godly man who, no longer a sapling, has reached to the steadfast vigour of the tree. His is that over-brimming life which seems to course through all the veins of nature in the morning hours of an early summer. The running, sparkling stream of divine ordinances in providence and in grace, flowing by the roots of his spiritual being, constantly renews his strength; so that even when there is not an inch of shadow upon the plain, when the breezes have been long asleep, and the hot sun is looking out intently from an unclouded heaven, neither do his branches droop nor his leaf wither. Equally throughout the longest day and the darkest night, the summer heats and the winter cold, there is a river whose streams make him glad.

Though the good man brings forth his fruit in his season, yet his season is not the autumn only. Because all seasons are God's, all seasons may be man's. The refreshment is continuous, and so may be the leafiness and the fruitfulness. It is the product of the exuberance of a life divinely nourished, and therefore he may bring forth his fruit *every month*. As the budding of new leaves keeps the tree always green, so the ripening of new seeds laden again the branches which lately yielded their fruit. His faithfulness to the constant processes of God's goodness, to the ever-shining sun, the ever-running stream, the ever-falling dews, demands that he should bring forth 'much fruit.' And not only *much* fruit, but *many* fruits. There may be twelve manner of fruits, and many times twelve. Youth's enthusiasm and energy, manhood's strength and deliberation, age's maturity and experience, the fruit of various temperament, condition, and circum-

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stance—fruits of refreshment for the weary and of consolation for the distressed, the almonds of promptitude, the spikenard of thankfulness, the apples of knowledge, all these are found upon the tree, for 'the trees of the Lord are full of sap.'

Invisible friend! with whom I sit in thought among the knotty roots beneath this over-hanging multitude of leaves, let us seek to be so 'rooted and grounded' in faith and truth that we may be 'trees of the Lord.'

One morning Jesus walked out with his disciples to the sea-shore—a morning when, I doubt not, the air was full of summer sights and sounds. The Great Teacher, out of the fulness of his wisdom, drew lessons from the wood and wild, from the sea and shore. He spake to them of the sower casting his seed sometimes on the good ground, but sometimes among the thorns and on the rocks. And again he spake a parable of the tares of the field. Then, also, he likened the kingdom of heaven unto '*a grain of mustard seed which a man took and cast into his garden, and it grew and waxed* A GREAT TREE, *and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it.*'

So is all truth to be received into the heart that it may take root, grasping with its fibres the inner man, afterwards bringing forth fruit in the manifestation of the life a hundred-fold. The great doctrine of the Christian sacrifice is such a seed, very small and insignificant, but yet destined to germinate and to put forth the blade and the ear. It may germinate invisibly in a self-humiliation and a silent sorrow for sin; but presently it shall be seen, because it cannot be hid. This seed also will bring forth fruit *after its kind.* It will beget sacrifice in us. It will cause us to become living sacrifices maturing into the expansion of surrender to the will of God. God shall work with us as the sun and the air carry on the plant to its fructifying; and we shall work with God, the germ of the truth in us submitting itself to the divine influences. Then it shall absorb for its nourishment all our thoughts, passions, and desires, and become '*a great tree.*'

Truth in the world shall have the same subtle beginning and advance towards the same quiet conquest. The seed of the divine sympathy is to flower into a universal human brotherhood; the seed of the divine justice must develop itself through all human laws. Men may not know the hour of the setting of these seeds, or note the moment of their impregnation, but many recognise them when they break through the clod, and all shall see them when they near their maturity, as they drop their pendant branches into the earth again, re-rooting themselves that they may convert the wilderness of the world into the garden of the Lord. For the tree grows in spite of the tempest; nay, the tempest is its rough minister, compelling it to strike its roots deeper that it may out-face the blast. Let us remember, too, that in proportion as the tree is faithful to the conditions of its life it comes under the sway of wider and nobler conditions. The feeble blade gets its ray of sunshine, its drop of dew, and no more. The sapling casts but one thin line of shadow on the grass. The young tree stretches out its slender arms to

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welcome the shower which is a gift too large for it. Up to its measure God is still faithful, but his faithfulness is beyond its measure. So there is light for man's mind, and love for his heart to the full, but not beyond the full, of human capacity, yet as capacity widens bestowment increases. As the tree grows its roots demand more nourishment from the soil, its leaves drink in larger draughts of the early and the latter rain, it bares a greater breadth to the sunlight; so the human heart, which having been once visited by the divine ray opens all its long-closed chambers to the light, is at last permeated by the glory of the primal love.

I cannot see the friend to whom in fancy I speak, but if he be not already weary, as my sermons are not long (as indeed no sermons ought to be), perhaps he will let me preach to him yet once more.

'*I will be as the dew unto Israel,*' says Hosea, the prophet; '*he shall grow as the lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree.*' Here is *refreshing*. The manner of the Divine Spirit shall be as the manner of the dew; not coming destroyingly as the fierce hail, not beating upon us out of the storm-cloud, but 'not with observation,' covering the dry ground with an all-diffusive mantle as the dew—penetrative and blessed through all the still watches of the night. But not the less mighty because undemonstrative. If you ever lose heart, my friend, about the triumph of God's work in the world, if you are ever disposed to limit the workings of the heavenly Spirit by the conditions of human agency, think of the hushed and silent mightiness of the dew. 'It tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men.' It comes not only to the spreading tree, but to the peeping violet, half hidden in the tufted grass; sparkles not only on the tended garden borders, but lays its soft burden of blessing on the solitary heath and the untrodden brushwood. Oh! my friend, your lot is cast in a Christian land, in the cultivated garden borders, but out yonder, beyond the sea, in the desert and in the wilderness, the parched and thirsty millions receive also the drops of the divine dew, but seldom it may be causing the spirit of man to bring forth and bud responsively to the blessing. The Spirit of God is not dependent upon *us*. The dwellers in heathendom are not all Baal-worshippers. There are redeemed of the Lord within unvisited thresholds. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and wherever the sun shines the dew falls.

Here too is *growth*. The herbage ready to die strikes its roots down and sprouts afresh; the flower which bowed its head now springs upwards as the lily; and the fainting trees, invigorated by the gracious baptism, clap their hands. The lily flourishes by the water-courses, where the shadow falls and the stream murmurs by, and advances very quickly towards its budding and blossoming. It is, therefore, an apt enough symbol for a rapid development of Christian life, but the image is not exhaustive of the thing signified, as no one image can be. For the lily takes very feeble hold upon the ground, so that a new figure is called in to supplement the illustration and to represent

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grounding, or *establishment*. 'He casts forth his roots as Lebanon,' that he may withstand the sweep of the wind through a hundred years. Blessed is the man who unites with rapidity of development, stedfastness of will. It is a good thing that the heart be *established* with grace. 'May we continue in the faith *grounded and settled*.' Let our godliness be as the lily for growth, and as the cedar for strength.

Here also is *fruitfulness*. 'His branches shall spread.' The influence of the godly man shall extend; he shall still bring forth fruit in old age; he shall furnish shade and shelter to his children's children. Beautiful for situation is the old spreading tree, the glory of the village green. There the children sport upon the summer's eve, while hoary-headed age looks on, complacent in the self-flattery of having once done braver deeds themselves. There, under its great shadow, the quiet cattle have many a-time browsed in the sultriness of the mid summer noon; there, amid its wealth of murmuring leaves, a hundred generations of the swallows have built their successive nests, and sung their archetypal song. Through these great branches the flying wind has carried now the clash of the marriage bell, and anon the solemn funeral toll for those whose very tombstones are now defaced by the passing feet of the church-goers. If the stroke of God's lightning visit this tree, rive open its strong trunk and abase its top to the ground, then does all the village mourn. So shall it be with him whose life is a strength and a refreshing to those among whom he dwells. When he dies men lose an ornament and a joy—'there seems to pass away a glory from the earth.' Uproot the lily, and the soil opens out no gap significant of its loss; but if the oak be overthrown, long years after its place is marked by the moss-covered hollow trunk, and the outlying and paralyzed roots—the memorials of a monarch who has lost his crown. So when a good man's place knows him no more, men turn their reverent eyes to the vacant spot and call up the memories of his work. 'The wicked are as a dream when one awaketh, but the memory of the just is blessed.'

Invisible Friend! upon whose patience I have been intruding these homilies, though I shall not hear thy voice, let us now sing a hymn and depart.

'Behold, a sower went forth to sow.'

O Husbandman, divine and blest,
Across our barren world go forth!
Through all the fields of east and west,
Through all the fields of south and north!

Let frozen soils receive the grain,
Where hardy plants of grace may thrive;
Broad-cast it on the sandy plain,
And bid the weary desert live.

Sow justice in the hearts of kings
Whom justice has not ruled before;
And in the rich the trust that brings
A truer wealth than all their store.

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Sow gentle peace in fields of blood,
That earth the fruits of peace may find;
Patience to suffer in the good;
And brotherhood in all mankind.

Plant us upon thy heavenly hill,
To grow within love's summer air;
Fed by the sunshine of thy will,
And the still dews of nightly prayer.

So, in the autumn of our days,
Our ripened fruit shall meet thine eyes,
That thou mayst take it, for thy praise,
To blossom in the eternal skies.

J. W. J.

The Doctrine of the Millennium.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Revised from 'Herzog's Protestant Encyclopedia.'*

CHILIASM or Millennium is a word that has been variously defined by different writers. As it not only belongs to history, but has so rich a history of its own, its accurate sense can only be gained historically. The period of a thousand years, to which its etymology refers, has ever been only a subordinate element. In the early Church its chief characteristic was the expectation of an earthly kingdom, in which Christ, after his second coming, was to reign with his glorified saints. The visible return of Christ to establish an earthly theocracy; the destruction of antichrist; the distinction of a twofold resurrection, that of the righteous for the millennium, and afterwards that of the wicked for the general judgment; the perfection of happiness found both in spiritual and physical good; the fellowship of the saints with Christ in reigning over the wicked; these were the more prominent elements in the early conceptions of the millennium, which, however, with later Chiliasts, have been essentially modified. But such conceptions exclude the notion that the perfection of the Church on earth is to be gained through a purely historical development. The Church does not thus grow up into the millennium simply by the unfolding of that Divine seed which was emplanted in it, but in the personal presence of Christ something new is introduced which gives to the millennium an essentially supernatural character. But, on the other side, we may look at this new introduction not as new, but only as the coming back in its fulness of what is ever the indwelling power of Christianity and the

* We have often referred to this great and useful work in these pages. Despite some glaring faults of editorship—to which we adverted in our first notice, about a year and a half since—it is, and will for a long time remain, the only ecclesiastical encyclopedia worthy the name. We quote the above from the Sixth Part, just issued by Messrs. T. & T. Clark & Co.

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removal of those hindrances of the world by which the Christian spirit is at present restrained. In this case the millennium is, in a certain sense, the result of the unhindered interaction of the present sphere of life, and the kingdom of Christ. In both cases it constitutes only one form of the apocalyptic development without exhausting it, while, at the same time, it embraces this development as a part of itself, without, however, either one being merged in the other.

The belief in its scriptural grounds has always aided in the spread of this doctrine. The promises of the Old Testament, which, if literally understood, have not yet been fulfilled, or of Christ, especially the prophetic visions of Daniel and Ezekiel, the declaration of Paul respecting a kingdom of Christ to be ended in the future, these and similar passages seem to furnish us both with some evidences for the truth of a millennium, and also some outlines of its character. But the chief reliance has always been upon the Revelation of St. John, and the views of an individual respecting the millennium have been, according as he has interpreted this book, literally or figuratively. The history of the one is almost thoroughly that of the other. But there is not, in the entire New Testament, a single trace of such a future millennium. The second coming of the Lord is none other than his coming to judgment at the close of the present dispensation, and this close is far from being preceded by the peace and delight represented by the doctrine of the millennium. Christ speaks only of one resurrection, both of the evil and the good, and when he mentions the resurrection of the just, this is only because the connexion of thought would lead to that, without denying, however, that this resurrection would be at the same time with that of the unjust. Just so the belief of the apostle in the near approaching end of the world, has an apocalyptic, but not a millennarian colour. The progress of the resurrection has, in fact, a succession of time, but here the end of the earthly dispensation is connected immediately with the act of the resurrection of the dead and the general judgment. Besides these there are some passages which, literally interpreted, might seem to have a vague millennarian reference. But the Revelation of John (xx. 4) has certainly the chief outlines of a millennium. It is, however, a manifest misinterpretation, which, since the time of Augustine, has placed the beginning of the thousand years in which the elect are to reign with Christ, not at the second coming of the Lord, but in some point of time already past. This cannot be, because the millennium takes place after the destruction of antichrist and his host (Rev. xix. 19, &c.) In like manner the first resurrection (Rev. xx. 4, 5) of those who are expressly contrasted with the rest of the dead who lived not again until the thousand years were finished (vers. 12, 13, &c.), cannot have an allegorical reference to the first stage of bliss in heaven (Hengstenberg), nor to the mental process of the new birth (Augustine), nor to any spiritual resurrection in the Church in any sense. It can only be the bodily resurrection of those who are bodily dead. But the difficulty yet remains of separating fact from figure. The millennium of the Apocalypse is a hieroglyphic which still awaits its Champollion. The glimpses into this kingdom of the

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saints are strikingly brief. The subsequent representations (as Rev. xx. 1, &c.) respecting it, are mostly derived from the prophetic views of the Old Testament, or unconsciously mingled with pictures of the New Jerusalem.

The idea of the millennium bears unequivocally the stamp of the Jewish idea of the Messiah. Perhaps its first germ was carried over from the current Jewish belief into the popular Christian hope respecting the future kingdom of Christ. Already the prophets had foretold a kingdom of the Messiah, in which, after the restoration of the Jewish state, and the union of all people in the worship of Jehovah, the highest prosperity of the restored nation was also announced. In these representations the Jews afterwards looked most prominently at the political side, to which they were especially led by their civil degradation. The prophetic expressions were given a sensuous interpretation, without any distinction being made between fact and figure. The Jews were to have a bloody vengeance upon their enemies; those who had died before were to be raised to participate in the blessedness of Messiah's kingdom; there was to be a theocratic kingdom of the world in which, under the visible reign of the Messiah, the scattered Jews were to be collected and reign over the nations in a life full of unspeakable pleasure and peace. It was natural that, after the Messianic idea of the Old Testament had been actualized in its highest and fullest sense in the incarnation of the Lord, something of this idea should pass over into the Christian Jew's hope of the future, and that, what had been held by the Jews respecting the first appearance of Christ, should take with the Christian a corresponding form respecting his second advent. But that this was not so is proved from the fact that the Christian notion of the millennium regards it only as a transition step and a preparation for a higher existence, while the Jew was looking for the Messiah's kingdom as the end and consummation of felicity. Moreover, much of the Jewish form was lost in the subsequent development of the doctrine. Among the converts from heathenism it was translated into the language of their myths respecting the golden age.

The truth in the millennium is, on the one side, the well-grounded expectation that there shall be a blooming period of the Church, in which Christianity shall collect again as in a focus the Divine blessings which have been poured out through the ages upon the race, and, on the other side, the want of an organic mediatory step between this world and the next. The difficulties of the doctrine are partly the want of a firm biblical basis, and partly how to conceive of the falling back from this high point, as intimated in Rev. xx. 7.

The history of the doctrine has three periods. 1. In the period of its origin it received the most vigorous impulse, not only from the apostolic intimation of the nearly approaching second advent of the Lord, but far more from the bloody baptism of persecutions. As martyrdom was the seed, so the kingdom of Christ was to be the great harvest-day of the Church. Comfort was sought from the oppressions of the present state, in the certainty of a not distant recompense. The justice of God would seem to ensure that the arena of suffering should

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also be the scene of the glorification, and the universal longing was sharpened, at least with some, by desires after happiness, coupled with a sense of their unmerited wrongs, and a disbelief in the general conversion of the heathen world. The oldest monument of the doctrine, next to the Apocalypse, is the letter ascribed to Barnabas, and which must have been written close on to the times of the apostles. The Jewish Christians, from its connexion with their idea of a Messiah, were unanimous in its support. Before the end of the first century it was also a common belief in the Church gathered from heathenism. Justin Martyr (about the middle of the second century) acknowledged that there were orthodox believers who did not hold to the expectation of an earthly perfection of the Church, but for himself, he saw in this the keystone to the true doctrine. It is true there is nothing in the letters of Clement of Rome, Ignatius, and Polycarp, nor in the apologetic writings of Tatian, Athenagoras, and Theophilus, of Antioch, which has a Chiliastic sense. But whether the silence of the apologists may not indicate a cautious concealment of the political expectation rather than a denial of it, is at once suggested when we notice how carefully Justin touches this point in his Apology to the Roman emperor. Papias, of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, and Irenæus, in addition to the intimations in the Old and New Testaments, based their faith in the doctrine on the oral traditions of those who had seen the face of the apostles. The first deviation from an expectation which, though so deeply grounded, was unsanctioned by any creed of the Church, had its fanatical exaggerations through Montanism, from whose cords even Tertullian was not able fully to break loose. The Roman presbyter Caius (about the end of the second century) opposed that Judean and most sensuous form of the doctrine, as the invention of the arch-heretic, Cerinthus, who had forged Apocalypses in its support, and then claimed that they were the work of a great apostle. There is no ground, however, for saying that this was the opinion of the whole Roman Church. The Alexandrians made a more formidable opposition. Origen was led by his Platonic idealism to affirm, that an earthly kingdom of Christ, abounding in sensuous satisfactions, was nothing but the fable of men who could only interpret the Scriptures literally and in a Judaising sense. Nepos, an Egyptian bishop, opposed the allegorical interpretation of Origen in a treatise, which received in some quarters an almost canonical reverence, and which had a powerful effect, both upon scholars and the churches. A division was threatened, but was composed by the mild Dionysius, of Alexandria (266), who calmly unfolded the spiritual sense of the prophetic passages. Methodius, Bishop of Tyre (311), the counterpart of Origen, defended both the notion of a millennium and many delusions. Its last echo in the Greek Church is the polemic of Apollinaris, of Laodicea, against Dionysius, in the latter half of the fourth century, while Eusebius can only account for its long-continued prominence by the unfitness of Papias to understand the prophetic symbols. The doctrine maintained a longer hold in the West. Commodian (270) described it in the gross and sensuous style of the Ebionites, and the eloquent Lactantius pictured

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it no less grotesquely after the Sybilline manner. It was a darling theme with Victorinus, of Pettau, in the beginning of the fourth century. Jerome did not venture to deny it. But with Augustine arose the idea that the Church is the kingdom of God upon earth, and this, with the changed political position of the Church, led to the downfall of the doctrine. The vigour of its life departed as persecutions ceased, and when Christianity came to sway the civil power, this was regarded as the actual victory which the millennium had promised. But the Church rejected the doctrine, not in its fundamental idea, but in its Judaistic and sensuous form. As such it has a place in the catalogues of heresies of Philastrius and Augustine. The middle ages continued the traditional formula without enlarging it. Nothing awakened hopes of a millennarian future. The prevailing sense of the world was satisfied with the victory of the Church over the world. The clergy were already enjoying the kingdom of a thousand years, in which the glory of the Church had triumphed over emperors and kings. Those disposed towards reform did not look for the perfection of the Church so much in the introduction of a new element, as in the purification of the old. The end of the world was expected at the close of the first thousand years after Christ, and there was little, if any, expectation of a visible earthly reign of the Messiah.

2. With the Reformation came a change. The Bible was now studied, and the impression which had come from the middle ages, that the Apocalypse was a prophetic compendium of the history of the Church, led to new efforts to trace in it the signs of the millennium. The progressing decay of the 'antichrist' Papacy was looked upon as a certain indication that the coming of the Lord was near. Imperfect reforms were attempted to prepare his way, and certain sects discovered signs of his actual return, in the wonders of salvation wrought in the midst of them. The persecutions of the Protestants now, as in the early Church, led the martyrs to expect a speedy redemption. A thousand signs in heaven and upon earth, seemed to herald it. The Reformers shared the common belief in the approaching end of the world, but not in a Chiliastic sense. Indeed, so gross were the views of some, especially of the Anabaptists, that both branches of the Protestant Church (the Lutheran in the Augsburg, and the Reformed in the Helvetic Confession) denounced these caricatures of the millennium as Judaizing fanaticism. This denunciation, since the Catholic dogma had no room for the doctrine, seemed to settle the matter for a time for the whole Church, though different enthusiasts in different parts of the Protestant world continued to agitate it during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

3. The third period of Chiliasm was introduced by Bengel. In 1740, he published his explanation of the Apocalypse, and in 1748, appeared his sixty Addresses to the People. These were the fruit of half a life-time, and they gave a new zest to the study of the book of Revelation. The piety of the Church became deeply interested in it, and it was expected that the doctrine would soon be a regularly adopted article of the orthodox creed. Even those who opposed the

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doctrine admitted its general basis. Oetinger (1782) connected it with his favourite notion of a corporiety body. Crusius, the most influential among Bengel's disciples, treated it in a less sensuous way. Stilling saw the triumph of Antichrist in the rise of French Jacobinism, and found, in this and the infidelity of the age, means for the historical improvement of the doctrine. (1799), Lavater founded his notion of the millennium upon man's need of a sensible union with the Deity.

The chief fields of modern Chiliasm are England, America, and Germany.

I. *Time and duration of the millennium.* When and how long will this kingdom be? has been always asked, not only by a spirit of inquiry, but by faith and piety. Bengel firmly believed that history would put the stamp of truth upon his calculations, even though the year which he had assigned should pass by without any seeming results. In reference to such passages as Mark xiii. 32; Rev. i. 7. &c., it was said that these only referred to the disciples who were not yet free from their Judaistic hopes of the Messiah; that the existence of the numbers made it a duty to investigate them; and that the subject of inquiry was not what the Father had reserved for his power, but what had been revealed in the Scriptures. Or, it was said, that these passages might be taken literally, and if the day and hour could not be told, the year or the general time might be learned from prophecy. Thus, link after link in the chain of calculations has been forged from Hippolytus to the present time. In the eighteenth century arose the bold systems of apocalyptic chronology, the most significant of which was that of Bengel. But as there was no fixed starting-point nor end, it could not fail that these systems should be chaotic, depending as they did upon the chance of combination, and the individual religious sentiments of their authors. Among the Church Fathers the most common claim was, that the coming of the Lord would take place at the close of six thousand years from the creation. Some, after the analogy of the days of the year, and Isa. lxi. 2, would begin the millennium A. D. 365. Hippolytus placed it A.D. 500; Jurieu, A.D. 1785; Bengel, A. D. 1836; Stilling, A. D. 1816; Sander, A. D. 1847; the 'Periods of the Christian Church,' from 1879 to 1887.

Respecting the duration of the millennium, there is a greater harmony. For, as Rev. xx. 4—6 offers us the exact formula, so does the six days' work of creation, cf. Ps. xc. 4; 2 Pet. iii. 8, furnish the prophetic symbol. As, therefore, the days of creation represent the thousands of years of the world's history, so does the Sabbath represent the great World-Sabbath of the millennium. But few have assigned any other duration to this period than a thousand years.

II. *The place and members of this kingdom.* Rev. xx. 4, &c., gives no hint of the place of this kingdom. Many scholars made a double kingdom existing at the same time for a thousand years; viz., the invisible kingdom of the martyrs in heaven (the upper Jerusalem) under the immediate reign of Christ, which should work down with visible results upon the lower Church of converts to the Lord (the earthly Jerusalem). But more commonly the earth has been called the only

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place of the millennium, and Jerusalem its central point of union. This is the watch-tower towards which the eye of Chiliastic hope is turned. The model for the new city of God is, according to Irenæus, 'Jerusalem above, the mother of us all.' According to the Ebionites, Tertullian, Commodian, and Serarius, the heavenly Jerusalem, shining in gold and jewels, was to descend immediately to the earth. Closely connected with this was the question respecting the members of this kingdom. It were too narrow a limitation to confine them to those who had been martyred for the kingdom of God and had remained faithful, or to allow any sect, as the Irvingites, to exclude all but themselves, because they are the only heirs of the kingdom of Christ. The Chiliasm of the Church has, from the beginning, preserved a wide heart for those of whatever name who have been vitally united with the body of the Lord. All faithful Christians, together with the saints of the Old Testament, are the citizens of this kingdom according to the Church Fathers. To these Poiret adds those who have suffered for God's sake, not even excepting the heathen, as Socrates, who have been enlightened by the Logos, though he placed only those among the rulers who had been radically regenerated, while the rest held rank among the happy subjects. Those yet living are changed and associated with those raised from the dead. While to the martyrs is assigned the privilege of the first resurrection and fellowship with the Lord in heaven, the Church still struggling upon earth is to be gloriously quickened and perfected. By a literal application of the yet unfulfilled prophecies respecting Israel, the doctrine of the millennium has sometimes seemed to be opposed to itself, and to deny the absolute character of Christianity. Not only the Ebionites and Apollinaris, but in modern times, Serarius, Oetinger, and Hess, have expected the restoration of the Jews, and the renewal of Levitical ceremonies, to be accomplished through Christ. Crusius regarded the Jews, not simply as the ground, but as also the body and the Crown of the Divine history of redemption. That the Jews, after the restoration of their state as the centre of the kingdom of Christ, may expect a period of the highest glory, is a notion very commonly held. According to Jurieu the Jews are to be the most exalted people of the earth, and the teacher of the rest. Oetinger thinks they will be a nation of princes, having the Gentile Christians in subjection. Peterson also dreams of a Jewish kingdom of the world. And Ebrard founds the restoration of the kingdom of Israel upon Acts i. 6; iii. 20; Rom. xi. 29.

III. *Character of the millennium.*—The Chiliastic representations of the nature of the millennium rest upon the view, that though it is not perfection, it is the actual prophecy of perfection. It was a profound thought of Irenæus, that the saints, in blessed intercourse with the Lord, should here ripen to their immortality, and become able to behold God. This idea of a transition state has many expressions among modern Chiliasts, being theologically entertained by some as the expectation of a religious and moral likeness to God, and by others regarded theosophically as a spiritualizing of nature. But in every case the certainty of perfection comes from a personal fellowship with

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the Lord. The personal presence of the Redeemer in the midst of his saints is thus a fundamental notion of Chiliasm. The most current view has been that, as in the days of his flesh, the Lord would immediately dwell with his own. Where a twofold and parallel kingdom of glory has been supposed, since Christ could not be in the same immediate way present in both at the same time, it has been held that, after establishing, through his visible appearance, his kingdom upon earth, he would then withdraw with his holy ones to the upper Jerusalem, and manifest himself thence to his people, as in the days between his resurrection and ascension, or reign with visible tokens of his majesty upon Zion, through a son of David. According to Burnet, he will be seen, like the Shekinah, in the holy of holies, in a form of light on a throne, descending from heaven. Like most of the fathers, Rothe makes the Lord to appear in visible glory to establish his kingdom upon earth. But, since the kingdom, as one of pure spirits, does not need a material means of manifestation, so everything sensuous is removed from the Redeemer and the saints who attend him, and there remains only their purely spiritual presence on earth. If we look more closely at the representations which have been made of the character of the millennium, we find that this fundamental idea has had the greatest variety of manifestations, according as every one has made the future only a reflection of his ideal of a perfect earthly life. With this general statement, we may pass over a more definite view of the different doctrines which have been held at different times upon this subject.

A prominent question in the doctrine of the millennium has been, whether sin, like death, is to be then swallowed up in victory. This question has been answered affirmatively by many, but only by those who have hardly distinguished between the millennium and heaven, or who, through sectarian enthusiasm, have held fast to the notion of the sinlessness of the regenerated. The Chiliastic transition state is distinguished essentially from the heavenly glory, in that through it the red line of sin still passes. True, the number of the righteous will far exceed that of the wicked, the power of the wicked is restrained harmless, and there is an end to the lower forms of temptation. But the struggle with sin itself endures, and the depth of the new and refined temptations will increase in proportion to the spiritual gifts which are imparted.

Even in this mixed form of life, the necessary correspondence with the character of the natural life is preserved. In the prophetic promise nature is to share the glory of the resurrection, though bearing still the vesture of corruptibility. It is so decidedly the doctrine of Scripture, that the new heaven and the new earth belong to the perfection of the heavenly state, that we cannot mistake it. But just as decidedly does the ideal condition of those raised from the dead demand at least the first steps towards a renewal of nature. It is, therefore, a notion at the basis of almost every form of Chiliasm, that unshackled nature shall also wear the gala garments of the great Sabbath of the world.

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The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

BOOK THE THIRD.

NO. I.—THE POSSESSOR OF THE BOW.

A MAN had an excellent bow of ebony, with which he shot very far and certainly, and which he particularly valued. But once as he was attentively observing it, he said, 'Thou art a little too thick, however. In thy smoothness is thine only ornament. What a pity! But this can be remedied,' thought he. 'I will go and let the best artist carve pictures on the bow.' He went; and the artist carved a whole chase upon the bow, and what could have been more suitable than a chase upon a bow? The man was full of joy. 'Thou deservest these embellishments, my dear bow.' In trying it, he *bends it*, and the bow —breaks.

NO. II.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.

What shall one say to those poets who so willingly take their flight so far above all the comprehension of the greatest part of their readers? What else than that which the nightingale once said to the lark, 'Dost thou only soar so high, my friend, in order not to be heard?'

NO. III.—THE SPIRIT OF SOLOMON.

A venerable old man bore the burden and heat of the day in planting his field with his own hand, and in person scattering the pure seed into the loose lap of the ready earth. Suddenly, a divine apparition stood before him, under the broad shadow of a linden tree. The old man started. 'I am Solomon,' said the phantom, in a familiar voice. 'What doest thou here, old man?' 'If thou art Solomon,' replied the old man, 'how canst thou ask? Thou didst send me in my youth to the ant. I saw her conduct, and learnt from her to be industrious, and to collect. What I then learnt, I still do.' 'Thou hast only half learnt thy lesson,' replied the spirit. 'Go yet once again to the ant, and now learn from her to rest also in the winter of thy years, and enjoy what thou hast collected.'

NO. IV.—THE GIFT OF THE FAIRIES.

Two benevolent fairies stepped to the cradle of a young prince, who subsequently became one of the greatest rulers of his country. 'I endow this my favourite,' said one, 'with the penetrating glance of the eagle, whom the smallest fly in his wide kingdom does not escape.' 'The gift is admirable,' replied the second fairy. 'The prince will become a monarch full of insight. But the eagle does not merely possess the sharp-sightedness to notice the smallest flies; he also possesses too noble a scorn to chase them. And let the prince accept this as my present.' 'Thank thee, sister, for this wise limitation,' replied the first fairy. 'It is true; many would have been far greater kings, if with their penetrating understanding they had been less willing to stoop to the smallest concerns.'

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NO. V.—THE SHEEP AND THE SWALLOW.

A swallow flew down upon a sheep, to pull out a little wool for her nest. The sheep ran angrily hither and thither. 'Why art thou so stingy to me alone?' said the swallow. 'Thou permittest the shepherd to deprive thee of thy wool over and over again, and thou refusest me a little tuft. How is that?' 'It is,' answered the sheep, 'because thou dost not know how to take away my wool quite so skilfully as the shepherd does.'

NO. VI.—THE RAVEN.

The raven noticed that the eagle brooded over his eggs thirty whole days. 'And that is undoubtedly the reason why the young of the eagle become so all-seeing and strong,' said he. 'Good! I will do the same.' And since then the raven really broods thirty whole days over his eggs, but yet has hatched nothing but miserable ravens.

NO. VII.—THE DISPUTE OF THE ANIMALS FOR RANK.

IN FOUR FABLES.

1. There arose among the animals a warm dispute about rank. To compose it, the horse said, 'Let us consult man; he is not one of the contending parties, and can, therefore, be so much the more impartial.' 'But has he sufficient understanding for it?' asked a mole. 'He really needs to know the finest of our often deeply-hidden perfections.' 'That was very wisely thought of!' said the marmot. 'Yes, indeed!' also exclaimed the hedge-hog. 'I do not at all believe man possesses the necessary penetration.' 'Be silent,' commanded the horse. 'We know very well that he who can least rely upon the goodness of his cause, is always most ready to call in question the insight of his judge.'

NO. VIII.

2. Man became the judge. 'Yet a word,' cried the majestic lion, 'before thou pronouncest sentence. According to what rule, O man, wilt thou decide upon our worth?' 'According to what rule? Without doubt, in the degree in which you are more or less useful to me.' 'Excellent!' replied the offended lion. 'How far below the ass I should have to stand then! Thou canst not be our judge, O man! Leave the assembly!'

NO. IX.

3. Man withdrew. 'Now,' said the malicious mole (and the marmot and hedgehog again assented), 'dost thou see, horse? The lion also thinks that man cannot be our judge. The lion thinks as we do.' 'But on better grounds than you,' said the lion, and threw a scornful glance upon them.

NO. X.

4. The lion continued further—'Dispute about rank is, if I consider it rightly, an insignificant one. Consider me the principal or the least, it is all one to me. Enough I know myself.' And so he left the

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assembly. The wise elephant, the bold tiger, the serious bear, the prudent fox, the noble horse, followed him; in short, all who felt their worth, or thought they did. Those who went away last, and murmured most at the divided assembly, were—the monkey and the ass.

NO. XI.—THE BEAR AND THE ELEPHANT.

'The senseless men!' said the bear to the elephant. 'What do they not require of us better animals! I am obliged to dance to music; I, the serious bear! And yet they know very well that such sports do not suit my venerable nature: else why do they laugh when I dance?' 'I also dance to music,' replied the docile elephant; 'and I believe I am quite as serious and venerable as you. Nevertheless, the spectators have never laughed at me; joyous admiration alone was visible upon their countenances. Believe me, then, O bear, men did not laugh because you were dancing, but because you behaved so absurdly in dancing.'

NO. XII.—THE OSTRICH.

The fleet rein-deer saw the ostrich, and said, 'The running of the ostrich is not so very extraordinary; but, undoubtedly, he flies so much the better.' Another time the eagle saw the ostrich, and said, 'The ostrich certainly cannot fly, but I think he must be able to run well.'

NO. XIII.—BENEFITS.

IN TWO FABLES.

1. 'Hast thou a greater benefactor among animals than we are?' asked the bees of man. 'Yes, certainly!' replied man. 'Whom then?' 'The sheep! for its wool is necessary to me, and thy honey is only agreeable.'

NO. XIV.

2. 'And wilt thou know yet another reason why I consider the sheep a greater benefactor than thou, O bee? The sheep gives me its wool without the least difficulty, but when thou givest me thy honey I am always afraid of thy sting.'

NO. XV.—THE OAK.

One stormy night the raging north wind had manifested its power on a lofty oak. It lay stretched on the ground, and a number of low bushes lay crushed beneath it. A fox, whose den was not very far off, saw it the next morning. 'What a tree!' he exclaimed. 'I should never have thought that it had been so large.'

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Twelve of the Spiritual Songs of Novalis.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE MAC DONALD.

For the right understanding of several passages in these 'Spiritual Songs,' I extract two or three sentences from the short account given by Tieck of the life of Novalis:—

'1797. The seventeenth of March was the birthday of his betrothed; and on the nineteenth, towards mid-day, she fell asleep in the arms of her sister and her governess. . . . The mourner shut himself up, and after three days and nights spent in weeping, set out for Arnstadt. . . . He remained many weeks in Thuringia, and came back to his duties comforted, and, in truth, transformed. . . . 1799. He now composed some of his Spiritual Songs, which were to form part of a Christian hymn-book.'

I.

Oh! what should I have been without thee?
Without thee, what my life be worth?
Dim fear and anguish round about me,
I had been lonely in the earth.
Love strong as death were weak as dying;
The future dark, forlorn, and bare;
And when my heart was full of sighing,
To whom should I confide my care?

Still watch with love and sorrow keeping,
The day were but a longer night;
The race of life, I blind with weeping,
Were nothing but an aimless flight.
Abroad my inward tumult endless;
At home dull sorrow by the hearth.
Who that in heaven above is friendless
Could bear his burden on the earth?

But if his face He once unveileth,
And my sad eyes are sure of him,
A sudden, living light assaileth
The darkness bottomless and grim.
With him I first attain the Human;
Dark Fate through him transfigured glows;
And summer, bursting round the true man,
In icy regions blooms and blows.

Life is a love-hour, gently going;
The whole world breathes of loving joys;
For every wound a balm is growing;
And every heart beats like a boy's.
By all his thousand gifts secured,
His humble child I ever am;
That he is with us well assured,
When two are gathered in his name.

Make haste; to all waysides repairing,
The weary wanderers bring in;
Stretch forth the hand to men wayfaring;
With welcome glad their presence win.
With us are heaven and earth united;
Yea, earth is heaven around us spread;
The eyes, by our one faith uplighted,
Behold its gates lift up their head.

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A sin-delusion, ancient, dreary,
Clung to our spirits like a doom;
We groped, like blind men, all night weary;
Desires, regrets alike consume.
Each step we deemed another falling;
And held poor man God's enemy;
And if we thought the heaven was calling,
It spake but death and misery.

The heart, rich well of life outgoing,
An evil being dwelt therein;
And if new light increased our knowing,
New labour only did we win.
To earth an iron band securely
Held us, a trembling, captive crew;
And fear of judgment, coming surely,
Did swallow up hope's residue.

Then full of love and might, to win us,
A Son of man, a Saviour came;
A life-reviving fire within us,
His breath has blown into a flame.
Then saw we first heaven's gates fly open;
And knew our own old fatherland;
Now had we one to trust and hope in—
The children held the father's hand.

Sin haunts no more the path of pleasure,
But every step is now a joy.
With this faith, best of all his treasure,
The father first presents his boy.
By him made holy, life floats o'er us,
A blessed dream of hope and home;
With love and joy around, before us,
We hardly know when death is come.

Here stands, his hard-won glory keeping,
The holy, lovely, love-outworn;
We round him cannot keep from weeping,
We see his truth, and crown of thorn.
And every man is welcome surely,
Who grasps with us the loving hand;
He, growing on his heart securely,
Ripens to fruit of Eden's land.

II.

Eastward far, the light is growing;
Grey old times will now be young;
From the fountain, flashing, glowing,
I will quaff it, deep and long;
Pledge redeemed to prayer in ancient story!
Love itself all clothed upon with glory!

Comes at last to earth before us,
Of all heaven the blessed Son;
Blowing in creative chorus,
Life-winds round the earth are gone,
To new, living, fiery splendours blowing,
Scattered sparks upgathered in their going.

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Ancient graves all round are teeming
With new life and youthful blood;
Endless peace to us redeeming,
Plunges he into life's flood;
Stands the child gift-laden, we around him,
Sure of every prayer, now we have found him.

Let his mild looks of invading
Deep into thy spirit go;
By his blessedness unfading
Thou thyself possessed shalt know,
Spirit, heart, and sense, in one uniting,
And a new harmonious dance inviting.

Grasp his hands with bold endeavour;
Stamp his image thee upon;
Thou must turn thee towards him ever—
Blossom towards the shining sun;
Thou to him thy deepest heart unveiling,
True as woman, findest him unfailing.

The divine we now inherit—
Godhead, once so full of fear;
South and north, with quickening spirit,
Heavenly germs awake, appear;
And in God's rich garden, lowly bending,
We will watch, each bud and blossom tending.

III.

Who in his chamber sitteth lonely,
And weepeth bitter, heavy tears;
To whom in sorrow's garment only
The land around him clothed appears;

Who on the past far off, receding,
As on a dark abyss doth gaze,
Down into which, a sweet woe, pleading,
Is drawing tenderly always;—

As if for him lay wondrous treasure,
Heaped up, far down and seen by none;
After whose key, with strange wild pleasure
And panting breath, he searches on;

The empty future, barren lying,
In length outstretches horribly;
He roams about with lonely sighing,
And seeks himself impetuously:

I fall upon his bosom, weeping:
I once, as thou, was sore distrest;
I lost my pain, its memory keeping,
And now I know the place of rest.

One must console—would thy heart knew him—
Who inly loved, and never lied;
Who even for them, no less, who slew him,
Than for his friends, rejoicing died.

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He died ; and yet thy days of gladness
Are shining with his love and him ;
And in his arms, thy cup of sadness
Is filled with comfort to the brim.

He is the life ; anew thou livest ;
To thy dead bones come powers divine ;
And if to him thy heart thou givest,
His too is then for ever thine.

He keeps the love thy heart deploreth ;
To thy lost treasure he's the door ;
And what his hand to thee restoreth,
Is thine henceforth for evermore.

IV.

Many joyous days have found me,
Setting gracious hours around me :
One alone has staid with me.
'Tis the happy, mournful morrow,
When my heart, with pangs of sorrow,
Saw him die to set it free.

All my former world was shattered ;
All my aspiration scattered ;
To my heart a worm had gone ;
In a grave lay all my treasure,
All my longings, all my pleasure,
And I lived for pain alone.

While I thus, in silence pining,
Ever wept, my life resigning,
Saw but grief and vanity ;
Suddenly, the gravestone hoary
Heaved from off me with a glory,
And the sky looked in on me.

Whom I saw, my heaven revealing,
Whom beside him, lowly kneeling,
Ask not.—Nothing else I see.
Sole in all life's many morrows,
This hour, open as my sorrows,
Shall be with me constantly.

V.

If I him but have,
If he be but mine;
If my heart hence to the grave
Ne'er forgets his love divine ;
Know I nought of sadness ;
Feel I nought but worship, love, and gladness.

If I him but have,
Glad with all I part ;
Follow on my pilgrim staff,
Only him with constant heart ;
Leave them, nothing saying,
On broad, bright, and crowded highways straying.

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If I him but have,
Glad I fall asleep;
For the flood his heart forth gave
Strength within my heart shall keep;
And with soft compelling,
All shall soften like a spring upwelling.

If I him but have,
Mine the world I call;
Like a cherub, happy, grave,
Holding back the virgin's veil;
Rapt in deep beholding,
Earth forsakes me like a scroll upfolding.

Where I have but him,
Is my fatherland;
Every gift to me doth come
As a heritage in hand;
Brothers long deploréd,
I in his disciples find restoréd.

VI.

Were none by thee remaining,
Yet hold by thee I would;
And earth be yet retaining
Some trace of gratitude.
Thy heart, for me in sadness,
Full many a trouble bore:
I give thee back in gladness
My heart for evermore.

I often weep at thinking
Thou hast lain down and died;
And thy redeeméd, shrinking,
Pass on the other side.
For our sakes movéd only,
Thou hast wrought patiently;
And yet thou liest lonely,
And no one thinks of thee.

By every man, unshaken
Thou standest, wilt not rue;
For if by all forsaken,
Thou yet remainest true.
And love must win the wrestle,
Will conquer even these:
They burst in tears, and nestle
Like children to thy knees.

And thus thy love did find me.
O part not then from me;
In very being bind me
Unchangeably to thee.
One day, themselves bethinking,
My brothers too will start,
Look up once more, then sinking,
Fall vanquished on thy heart.

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A Christian Common-Place Book.

For the poverty which was honoured by the great painters and thinkers of the middle ages was an ostentatious, almost a presumptuous poverty; if not this, at least it was chosen and accepted —the poverty of men who had given their goods to feed the simpler poor, and who claimed in honour what they had lost in luxury; or, at the best, in claiming nothing for themselves, had still a proud understanding of their own self-denial and a confident hope of future reward. But it has been reserved for this age to perceive and tell the blessedness of another kind of poverty than this, not voluntary nor proud, but accepted and submissive; not clear-sighted and triumphant, but subdued and patient; partly patient in tenderness—of God's will; partly patient in blindness—of man's oppression; too laborious to be thoughtful—too innocent to be conscious—too long experienced in sorrow to be hopeful—waiting in its peaceful darkness for the unconceived dawn, yet not without its own sweet, complete, untainted happiness, like intermittent notes of birds before the day-break, or the first gleams of heaven's amber on the eastern grey. Such poverty as this it has been reserved for this age of ours to honour while it afflicted; it is reserved for the age to come to honour it—and to spare.—*Ruskin's Notes on the Royal Academy, No. IV.* 1858.

If a blind man were desirous of beholding a landscape, and had the hope at the same time of having his sight miraculously restored to him, he might, even when blind, go to the right post of observation, and turn his face to the right direction, and thus wait for the recovery of that power which was extinguished. And, in like manner, we are all at the right post, when we are giving heed to our Bibles. We are all going through a right exercise when with the strenuous application of our natural powers we are reading and pondering, and comparing and remembering the words of the testimony; and if asked how long we should persevere in this employment, let us persevere in it with patience and prayer until, as Peter says, the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts.—*Chalmers' Lectures on the Romans.*

Even at this day there are many for whom it is expedient that Jesus should go away from them, and for the self-same reason for which it was expedient that he should go away from his disciples. Perhaps I might say that even at this day there is no one for whom this is not expedient, or at least for whom it has not been so at some period of his life. For we are all of us, even those who have been brought up with the greatest wisdom, and the most diligent culture of their religious affections, far too apt to look at Jesus Christ in the first instance in the same light in which the disciples mostly looked upon him while he was with them in the body, as a man like ourselves, a perfect man, indeed, but still a mere man, who came to teach us about God, and the things of heaven, and the way of attaining to them, and to leave us an example, that we might follow his steps. We read the story of his life in the gospels; and even our natural hearts are struck and charmed by the surpassing beauty of his character, by his purity, his meekness, his patience, his wisdom, his unwearable, self-forgetting activity in every work of love. In our better and more serious moments, when the Bible is in our hands, or when we have been stirred by some eloquent picture of the graces manifested in his life, we wish to be like him, to do as he did, to obey his commandments, at least a part of them, the part which requires the least self-sacrifice and self-denial. All the time, indeed, we may be in the habit of acknowledging with our lips that Christ is God, not merely in the public profession of the creed, but whenever our conversation turns upon religion, and whenever we bring the question distinctly before our minds. Yet we scarcely think of him as God. We little think what that acknowledgment means or implies. Our thoughts are solely fixed on the excellence of his human character; and inasmuch as we admire him,

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and wish to be like him, we fancy we may take rank among his true disciples. Nay, we even begin to fancy that we have something in common with him, that our admiration renders us like him. Thus we glorify human nature for Christ's sake; and we glorify ourselves as sharing the same nature with Christ. Meanwhile we think little of his death, except on account of the virtues which he manifested before his judges and on the cross. Now he who thinks of Christ in this manner, if he happens by nature to be of a kindly disposition, may at times really try to imitate him, even as he might try to imitate any other good or great man in history. At times, when brought more immediately and consciously into Christ's presence, by hearing or reading about him, such persons may be kindled to a longing, and even to an effort, to resemble him. There are many such persons in the world; there are many assuredly in this congregation. Among the young, especially in the educated classes, this, or something like it, is the ordinary state of feeling with regard to the Saviour. Yes, my young friends, I feel confident that there are many, very many amongst you, who think of our blessed Lord after this fashion, who admire and revere and love the peerless graces of his character, who would rejoice at times to enrich your own character with a portion of those graces, but who have no lively consciousness that Christ is your God, that he is your Saviour, that he died for your sins to bring you to God,—who do not feel that you need his help, who never seek to enter into a living communion with him, nay, who have no conception what can be meant by such a communion. Accustomed as you are to contemplate the noblest and fairest examples of humanity that history and poetry have set up for the admiration of mankind, accustomed to meditate on the brightest intuitions wherewith philosophy has solaced her journey through the wilderness of logical speculation,—you are wont to think of the virtues exhibited in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, as of the same kind, only superior in degree, purer and more perfect. Now this fair ideal of excellent humanity may indeed be a blessing to you for a time, a light to your understandings, and a joy to your hearts,—as the contemplation of all virtue, of whatsoever is lovely and noble, will ever be to a genial and generous spirit. Were you living in a happy island, in an Elysium, where sin was not, and did not cast her shadow, death, — were there no evil spirit lurking in your own hearts, and ever and anon rising and shaking himself, and shattering the brittle crust with which amiable feelings and conventional morality may have covered them over, and were there no herd of evil spirits howling and prowling on every side around you, tearing the vitals of society, mangling every soul they can seize, while others more craftily put on the mask of pleasure and gain and honour, and use every art in fawning on our self-love,—in a word, had you no immortal souls slumbering beneath the painted sepulchre of mortality, were you not made in the image of God, and fallen from that image, were you the mere insects of time,—then, indeed, it might be sufficient for you to bask in the light of an earthly sun. But the light of that sun will pass away from you: the vapours of sin will hide it from your sight: the glaring lights of the world will draw you afar from it: and ere long you will find a night of thick, impenetrable darkness spread over you and around you, unless you have a living faith in the Sun of Righteousness, whom neither light nor darkness can conceal, and who shines all the brighter upon the soul when everything else seems cheerless and hopeless.—*Hare's Mission of the Comforter.*

A HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

Amidst the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flowers unclose,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she wore
Of amaranths a crown,
Her left hand palms, her right a brandon bore.
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hang down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

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The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn ensphered:
The air stood calm and clear,
No sighs by winds was given;
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

'World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content,
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn,' said she, 'what is your choicest bliss;

'From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time's hour-glass is run, endure.

'Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold:
No; but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit,
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit.

'Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Ind,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phœnix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed.

'Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.

'Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

'All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurk or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

'No; but blest life is this:
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to be by him possess'd;

'When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to him pray;

'To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring:

'Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory's breath,
Which, shadow-like, on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm:

'To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleased with what by virtue one acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill:

'Never on neighbour's well
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcending all,—

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'A love, which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To that uncreated Sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.

'Who such a life doth live
Ye happy e'en may call,
Ere ruthless death a wished end him give;
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For human's earth enjoying angel's heaven.

'Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace:
Life a weak taper is;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.'

This when the nymph had said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang—'This was true happiness.' *W. Drummond.* A.D. 1638.

Record of Christian Missions.

Heathenism, A.D. 1857.

The general subject of Christian Missions having been brought before our readers at no inconsiderable length during the past month, we follow our usual custom in giving, in place of our summary, an illustration of missionary labour amongst the sons of Adam from a source not likely to have been drawn from at any of the annual meetings. The following is an extract of a letter from the Rev. H. Wharton, of the Gold Coast, Africa, Wesleyan missionary, dated James-Town, December 30th, 1857. As a picture of heathen religious life it equals any page of Moffat or Livingstone :—

'My chief object in now writing is, to furnish you with a striking instance of the gross and enslaving superstition in which the poor heathen around us are held by the "prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience," and in which I was providentially instrumental in rescuing from a fearful death the lives of four innocent, unoffending men.

'On the 8th of last month, a steady Christian man, a member of the Basle Society, called on me in the morning, and expressed a desire to speak with me on a subject of importance. I desired him to be seated, and to proceed with what he had to say. He then informed me, in substance, that for some time past many people having died at the town of Teshi, where he resided (Teshi is about nine miles distant from James-Town), and there being at the same time a great scarcity of fish, the chieftains of the town had arrived at the conclusion that some evil-disposed person or persons had not only made fetish in the sea, thereby preventing the fishermen from taking their usual draught of fishes, but that such person or persons were also practising witchcraft, thereby effecting the death of the people of the town.

'To arrive at a clear understanding of matters, a fetishman of great celebrity, residing in a town fifty miles off, was sent for, expressly for the purpose of discovering the guilty party or parties referred to.

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'Kometey, the fetishman, quickly made his appearance in Teshi, and forthwith commenced the exercise of his pernicious craft. In a day or two he announced to the chiefs that his fetish had pointed out to him four men who were guilty of witchcraft. These men were immediately singled out, seized, and imprisoned. Being tried by Kometey himself, they were pronounced guilty. But in order to be further satisfied of the guilt of the four men, they were, by the decree of the chiefs of the town, sent, under a proper escort, three days' journey to another fetish establishment in the neighbourhood of the river Volta, where also, after due ceremony, they were pronounced guilty.

'My informant then stated, that the unfortunate men in question were that day (December 8th) at the town of Poni, eighteen miles distant from Teshi; that it was settled by the chiefs that they should be brought into Teshi on the 10th, and destroyed by fire. Akron, my informant, further assured me, that the men would most certainly be burnt alive, unless measures were taken by the local Government to prevent it.

'As I had no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the circumstances thus related to me, I felt it my duty to make them known to the Hon. E. B. Andrews, Colonial Secretary, who was then on a visit to James-Town on affairs of the Government; but as that gentleman had some hours previously gone on a short journey into the interior, nothing could be done. I therefore directed Akron to return to Teshi and watch closely the movements of the chiefs and head-men of the town relative to the case in question, when the four prisoners were brought into the town, and, as soon as the time was fixed for burning them, to hasten back to me with the intelligence.

'Accordingly, two days afterwards, in the afternoon of the 10th, Akron made again his appearance at the Mission-house, with further information, that the four men from Poni had reached Teshi that morning; that a meeting of the chiefs and people was held on their arrival; and that they were sentenced to be burnt alive at midnight!

'I again repaired to James' Fort, taking Akron with me, and as Mr. Secretary Andrews had returned from his journey, I laid the whole matter before him. Not having at hand an armed force of sufficient strength to check so great an outrage, and to rescue the unfortunate victims of a debasing superstition, his only available course was to direct the interpreter of the police court and the chief constable of James-Town to proceed forthwith to Teshi to avert, if possible, the awful doom of the wretched men referred to. Feeling powerfully impressed that if I accompanied the deputation in my humble capacity as a Christian missionary a greater moral influence might thereby be given to the object contemplated, I resolved to go with them, taking with me my interpreter, Mr. France.

'At six P.M. we started from James Town, and arrived at Teshi at nine o'clock. On entering the town, we found it exceedingly quiet, and but very few persons moving about the streets. Directing my steps to the residence of the king, and inquiring for him, I was informed that I could not see him in the absence of his linguist. That official was therefore sent for, who, when he came, said, with ready falsehood and evidently assumed unconcern, "The king was not in the town, and therefore I could not see him." I replied, I knew the king *was* in the town, and that I must see him, as I had some particular business with him. I was then

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interrogated as to the nature of my business, and desired to mention it to the linguist, in order that it might be communicated to the king. To this request I decidedly objected, saying, "They" (I now saw by the flickering glare of several lighted lamps that the linguist was joined by three or four chiefs, whilst, within the few minutes that had elapsed, several hundreds of the common people, many of whom came armed, stood on either side of me, entirely blocking up the street in which I sat quietly on horseback) "might be sure that the cause which led me to visit them at so late an hour was a very grave one, and therefore I should have no communication on the subject but with the king and his chiefs." The linguist replied that, "when people had any 'palaver,' they usually attended to it in daylight; I had better, therefore, go back to James-Town, and return in the morning, when I might probably have an opportunity of seeing the king." I rejoined, that "the affair which led me to seek an interview with the king and his head-men I had been made acquainted with very late in the afternoon, and therefore my earlier arrival in the town was utterly impracticable, and that if I was refused the audience I now sought, I should remain in the town till morning." To that they all vociferously objected, assuring me that I should not be allowed to do so, as the king had not sent for me. Snatching a light from a man who stood near me, and holding it very near to my face, I desired them all to look at me, and to say whether they had not frequently seen me pass through their town, and if they supposed I now came there in any other character than that of a friend? "True," they replied, "he is the missionary." They saw no soldiers among my people, otherwise they would have driven us all out of the town. If I chose, I might sleep in the street, or go to the friend's house at which I sometimes stayed. I said that "I should neither sleep in the street nor go to any friend's house: I had come to see the king, and they themselves must find me and my people a house to lodge in."

'Finding, I presume, that I was somewhat obstinate in my determination, the linguist, addressing me in the names of the chiefs present, said, "they would retire and hold a consultation as to whether I should remain in the town, and if so, would try to find me a sleeping-place." After a short absence, they returned, and signified their agreement to my remaining in the town, and that they had also provided a house for me.

'The crowded street was now gradually cleared, and as we threaded our way through several narrow passages to our resting-place, Akron gently touched Mr. France, and whispered a wish to see him privately before he retired to rest.

'Arriving at my quarters, a country mat was spread for me on the earthen floor. With tranquil assurance of mind that the men, whose case had brought me hither, would not be sacrificed whilst I remained in the town, I laid down, partly undressed, for the purpose of having a quiet sleep; but that was persistently denied me by an army of creeping vermin, which returned to the attack again and again as they were brushed from my face and hands.

'Mr France having returned from his visit to Akron at midnight, brought me the information that the king, with his chiefs and people, were much excited at my appearance in the town, and had sent out scouts in the opposite directions of James-Town and Prampram, for the purpose of ascertaining if there were any soldiers lurking in the neighbourhood; they had also held a short meeting after

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I left them, at which they declared that, if a single soldier had been with us, they would have roughly handled us; and that, if I attempted in the morning to employ force in the removal of the four men then imprisoned (they had justly concluded that the object of my visit was to seek their liberation), they had resolved to tie our hands behind our backs, and subject us to very harsh treatment Akron was very anxious that Mr. France should urge upon me to write for a small company of soldiers, as, with the assistance of a few dozens, added to the strength of about two hundred of the well-affected men of the town, he was certain we should then be able, by main force, to deliver the wretched men, who were to be destroyed at seven in the morning.

'Whilst Akron was thus addressing Mr. France, a brother of one of the victims entered the room, who also very earnestly entreated that a few soldiers might be sent for. Akron assured Mr. France that the faggots and palm-oil used on such occasions were already prepared; to confirm his statement, he led Mr. France a short distance from his house, and showed him in an open space the fire-wood, which was collected in a vast heap.

'At half-past six the following morning, the king, with his linguist and his chief, and about six or seven hundred of the people, assembled in a central part of the town. Entering into their midst, I saluted the king and his chieftains, and, taking up a position facing them, a circle was quickly formed around me and my people.

'Silence being obtained, I said to the king, through the government interpreter, that "I appeared before him and his captains as their friend,—they had often seen me, and consequently I was no stranger to them. I expressed my regret for having disturbed them at so late an hour last night, but that my unseasonable visit was altogether unavoidable." I then referred to the case of the men who had been tried and condemned for witchcraft, and likely to be executed shortly. "I had come," I said, "in a friendly manner, to intercede for them, and to entreat that so black a deed as the burning of the men might not be perpetrated."

'I was then desired, through the linguist, to "furnish the name of my informant." I, of course, objected to the question, as all the circumstances of the case were well known to many besides myself.

'I was pressed for nearly an hour to give the name of the person who had mentioned the subject to me; but I as steadily refused to do so. In turn I desired them to tell me "how it was that the king of James-Town knew of the case as a messenger from him was then sitting by me, who was sent the day previously to plead for the lives of the men for whom I was also interceding? Did they think that tidings of the public trial of these men, first in their own town by the usual fetish ordeal, and afterwards by a similar test at Awoonah, would not reach the ears of every one, or did they suppose that the people of the villages through which the men had passed to and from Awoonah had not eyes to see or ears to hear of their doings?"

'The whole assembly, with the exception of the chiefs, now became exceedingly clamorous, saying, "I had insulted them,—they had better, therefore, cast dirt upon us, and drive us out of the town."

'Several chiefs instantly rose and authoritatively restored order, at which many of the most boisterous characters walked away, evidently offended. After a brief

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tête-à-tête conversation among the chiefs, the linguist, again addressing me, said "the information I had received was incorrect,—they had no intention to kill the men,—they are the chiefs of the town, and when any thing went wrong, it was their duty to set it right by punishing offenders; they would, however, retire to, hold a consultation, and return to let me know further respecting the affair."

'Here nearly all the chiefs rose, with about sixty men, and walked away some distance from us.

'After ten minutes' absence, they returned, and, resuming their stools, the linguist, with much gravity, said to me through my interpreter, that "what I had heard and stated to them was *correct*,—the four men had been tried and found guilty of taking the lives of many persons by fetish practices, and they had confessed their guilt. Had they not a right to judge their own people? Was not *Adoom* kept in James' Fort for the purpose of detecting criminals? Was not the late king of the Dutch town (contiguous to James-Town) in the habit of killing people, and also causing them to kill themselves? They will not now kill the four men who had committed the crimes referred to, but would fine them heavily, and afterwards deliver them up to their friends." Several men behind me instantly roared out that "they will not depart from their decision of yesterday!"

'In answer to what was spoken by the linguist, I expressed my thanks, and added that I should feel better satisfied if they would allow the men to be brought, that I myself might hear them confess their crime,—that if they were really guilty of having taken the lives of any of the people, they had done what was wrong; and, in order that they, the chiefs, might save themselves from any future trouble with the governor, I advised them, as their friend, to send the men to James' Fort, that they may be tried by the proper authority. Another uproar ensued, several voices inquiring if "the men had killed any of my friends, and if not, why did I wish them to be brought for the purpose of asking any questions? They would not allow it.'

'Failing to carry my point here, I desired to know what the probable amount of the fine would be which they intended to inflict. I asked the question because I thought I could arrange the amount, and would, if my offer was accepted, remove the men to James-Town, to avoid the possibility of any future unpleasantness. I further added, that "I was not aware of *Adoom* being kept in James-Fort for the purpose of trying criminals, nor did I know anything of the practices of the late king of Dutch Akrah."

'Giving *Adoom*, or *Odom*, is one of the many fetish processes by which the innocence or guilt of a person charged with crime is tested. The ordeal is simply this: a small portion of the bark of the odom-tree is given by the fetishman to the person arraigned, which he is required to chew, the juice of which he is made to swallow; this is followed up with a copious draught of water administered in a calabash, which if the stomach retains, the accused individual is pronounced "guilty;" if otherwise, he is said to be *innocent*. A great deal of trickery is, of course, employed in this and other fetish trials.

'Failing here, again, and finding I could do nothing further, I again put the question to the king and his chiefs as to their real intention respecting the men. They confirmed what they had already stated, namely, that "they will not kill them, as they had never yet taken the life of any person in the town."

'As a close to the interview, I solemnly assured the chiefs that, "if they touched

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the lives of the men of whom we had been so long conversing, after the promise they had now faithfully and publicly made, they would involve themselves in very serious difficulties with his Excellency the Governor; and therefore I sincerely hoped they would abide by their present decision."

'I then rose, and bidding them all adieu, rode back to James-Town, heartily thankful to God for the apparent success attending our mission of mercy.

'A few days after my interview with the chiefs of Teshi, they were induced, by the persuasion of the Rev. Mr. Zimmerman, of the Basle Society, to send in the four men to James' Fort.

'I should deem the foregoing statement incomplete were I not to add a copy of a letter which I received a few days after from the Hon. E. B. Andrews, bearing date,

'"*Cape Coast Castle, Nov.* 16, 1857.

'"Rev. Sir,—Having informed the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of your conduct on the 10th instant, in proceeding to Teshi for the purpose of saving by peaceful persuasion the lives of four human beings who were about to be barbarously murdered, I am directed by his Excellency to convey to you the expression of his very high sense of the zeal and devotedness which you displayed on that occasion, and that he has considered it right to bring your conduct to the notice of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State.

'"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

'"(Signed) "E. B. Andrews, *Col. Sec.*"'

'"To the Rev. H. Wharton."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Dissenting minister in Staffordshire has sent us the following letter. We believe it was not intended to be printed, but we think that we can best answer our correspondent's purpose by publishing it. We should be glad to be made a channel of communication with him:—

Sir,—I have read the 'Spectator' from the first, and deem it one of the hopefullest signs of this time that such a periodical can live and grow. Its influence in giving strength to my own convictions, healthy impulse to my spiritual life, and increasing fitness for my work, it were vain to try to calculate. I thank you for it, and pray that it may have 'free course and be glorified.' I am somewhat isolated where I am, and feel that there are many questions I should like to ask you, did I not fear to be intrusive. One shall suffice at present, to which I shall be glad to have your answer, either through the post or 'Spectator,'—Does there exist in England any society or organization of any kind that would be willing to assist in raising a place of worship in a populous district, where there is a great chance of good being done—without any respect to sect or denominationalism—where the present members of the church are few and poor, but earnest and willing to work, and where there is no convenient room that can be hired for the purposes of worship? My reason for asking this question is this, I have been here three years, have a good congregation, but all poor people; the only available place for worship is the theatre, which we now use; it is a wooden structure, large, but very inconvenient. We should like to build, we have bargained for a piece of land, and raised £100 towards its payment, but do not see much prospect of a chapel without help from somewhere; and without some comfortable place could be secured, I feel that I am throwing away my energy and time. I can give further particulars if desired.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JULY, 1858.

A Holiday and its Dream.

Before the door of a substantial farm-house in the north of Scotland stands a vehicle of somewhat singular construction. When analyzed, however, its composition proves to be simple enough. It is a common agricultural cart, over which a semi-cylindrical covering of white canvass has been stretched, by means of a few iron rods bent across. It is thus transformed from a hay or harvest cart into a family travelling carriage, of comfortable dimensions, though somewhat slow of progress. The lack of springs is supplied by thick layers of straw, while bags stuffed with the same material are placed around for seats. Various articles are being stowed away under the bags, and in the corners among the straw, by several children with bright expectant faces; the said articles having been in process of collection and arrangement for a month or six weeks previous, in anticipation of the journey which now lies, in all its length and brightness, the length and brightness of a long northern summer's day, before them. At length, all their private mysteries of provisions, playthings, and books, having found places of safety more or less accessible on demand, every motion of the horse, every shake and rattle of the covered cart, makes them only more impatient to proceed; which desire is at length gratified by their moving on at a funereal pace through the open gate, followed by another cart, loaded with the luggage necessary for a six-weeks' sojourn at one of the fishing villages on the coast, about twenty miles distant from their home. Their father and mother are to follow in the gig at a later hour in the day, expecting to overtake them about half-way on the road. Through the neighbouring village they pass, out upon the somewhat lonely highway.

Now that the seed of my undeveloped story is sent forth to find the soil for its coming growth, let me say something of the internal constitution of the said seed, namely, the covered cart; and principally of

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its germ, a pale boy of thirteen. Some seeds are borne to the place of their destiny by their own wings and the wings of the wind, some by the wings of birds, some by simple gravitation. Mine is dragged along by a stout horse to the sea-shore; and as it oscillates from side to side like a balloon trying to walk, I shall describe as much of its contents as I deem proper. First, though he will be of little use to us afterwards, is a great strong boy of sixteen, who considerably despises this mode of locomotion, believing himself quite capable of driving his mother in the gig, whereas he is only destined to occupy her place, and return in the evening with his father. Then comes the germ of my story, a boy whom repeated attacks of illness in his childhood have blanched, and who looks as if the thinness of its earthly garment had made his soul tremble at the proximity of the ungenial world. Then follows a pretty blonde, with smooth hair, and smooth cheeks, and bright blue eyes, the embodiment of home pleasures and love; whose chief enjoyment, and earthly destiny indeed, so far as yet revealed, seem to consist in administering to the not infrequent cupidities of her younger brother, a very ogre of gingerbread men, and Silenus of bottled milk. This milk, by the way, is expected, from former experience, to afford considerable pleasure at the close of the journey, in the shape of one or two pellets of butter in each bottle; the novelty of the phenomenon, and not any scarcity of the article, constituting the ground of interest. A baby on the lap of a rosy country-girl, and the servant in his blue Sunday coat, who sits outside the cover on the edge of the cart, but looks in ever and anon to show some attention in the way of remark to the young woman, complete the contents of the vehicle.

Herbert Netherby, though, as I have said, only thirteen years of age, had already attained a degree of mental development sufficient for characterization. Disease had favoured the almost unhealthy predominance of the mental over the bodily powers of the child; so that, although the constitution which at one time was supposed to have entirely given way, had for the last few years been gradually gaining strength, he was still far oftener to be seen walking about with his hands in his pockets, and his gaze bent on the ground or turned up to the clouds, than joining in any of the boyish sports of those of his own age in the neighbourhood. A nervous dread of ridicule frequently deterred him from taking part in a game, even when for a moment the fountain of youthfulness seemed to gush forth anew within him, and impel him to find his rest in activity. So the impulse soon passed away, and he relapsed into his former quiescence. This partial isolation from his fellows ministered to the growth of a conscious love of Nature in all her manifestations, which, although its roots were coeval with his being, might not have so soon appeared above ground, but for this lack of human companionship. Thus the little boy became one of Nature's favourites, and enjoyed more than a common share of her teaching. But he loved her most in her stranger moods. The gathering of a dark blue cloud, on a sultry summer afternoon, was watched with intense interest and hope, in expectation of a thunderstorm; and a windy night, after harvest, when the trees moaned and

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tossed their arms about, and the wind ran hither and thither over the yellow desolate fields of stubble, made the child's heart dance within him, and sent him forth careering like a wild thing through the gathering storm. One that might meet him then would not know him for the sedate, actionless boy, whom he had seen in the morning looking listlessly on his schoolfellows' sports. But of all his affections for the shows of Nature, none was so strong as his love for water. This is a common manifestation in childhood, with its toy-mills of rushes, its dams, its bridges, and aqueducts; but not so much in amusements of this sort was it shown in Herbert, as in a quiet, delighted contemplation. Weakness of body prevented his joining his companions when they went bathing and swimming in the neighbouring river; but I believe the sight of their motions in the mystery of the water, floating half-idealized in the clear depth, or gliding along by the most graceful propulsion, gave him as much real enjoyment as they received themselves, though of a different and higher kind, and not altogether unmixed with envy. But it was water itself that delighted him, whether in rest or motion, whether rippling over many stones, like the first half-articulate sounds of a child's speech, mingled with a strange musical tremble and cadence which the heart only, and not the ear, could detect, as it flowed abandonedly down its appointed road; or lying in deep still pools, from the bottom of which gleamed up bright green stones, shining with its purity, or yet brighter water-plants that grew cool in their little grotto, with rocks for walls, and water for an atmosphere and a firmament, and to which the sun-rays came undimmed, but washed of their burning heat. He would lie for an hour by the side of a little hill-streamlet; he would gaze even into a muddy pool, left by last night's rain on the road by which he went to school. Once in such a brown-yellow pool, he beheld a glory—the reflected sun, encircled with a halo of varied hues, vast and wide; like the ring of opal colours seen round the moon when it floats through white clouds high in the heavens, only larger and brighter. Looking up to the sun, he could see nothing but a chaos of black clouds, with brilliant sides next to the sun; the colours he could not see, except in the muddy water. One of the great delights of autumn was when the rains came down for days continuously, and the river grew stormy likewise, forgot its clearness, and spread out like a lake over the low meadows. Yet greater was the delight when the footbridge was carried away; for then, when the storm subsided, they had to cross the stream in a boat to go to the village-school. He longed for water where it could not be; would fain have seen it running through the grass in front of his father's house; and even had a waking vision of a stream with wooden shores that babbled through his bedroom. He would have liked it better still if he could have stepped out of bed with his naked feet on a carpet of green grass, and half-blown, red-tipped daisies. So it may be fancied with what delight the parental decision was heard that that summer they should, as on several previous summers within his recollection, spend some weeks by the great world-water, the father and the grave of rivers.

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At length, after many vain outlooks, and fruitless inquiries of their driver, a sudden turn in the road brought them in sight of the sea at a great distance, espied through the openings of the hills; itself resembling a low blue hill, covered with white stones; as, indeed, the little girl, on the joyous exclamations of '*the sea! the sea!*' declared somewhat contemptuously that it was; only she remained undecided as to whether those were white stones or sheep scattered all over it. They soon lost sight of it, however, and many a time grew weary watching for it before they saw it again, when it was hailed with perhaps greater rapture than at first. A second time it disappeared; and when once again it was given to their sight, they lost it no more.

The sun was more than half way down the precipice of the heavens, descending to the earth-lake, when they arrived at the place of their sojourn. It was a little cottage, almost on the brow of the height that bordered the sea. Along the greater part of the neighbouring shore, this height went down perpendicularly to the beach or sands; in some places, right into the deep water; but opposite the cottage where they had procured accommodation, it declined gradually, with a sloping, grassy descent to the shore. A winding, broken track led down to the village, nested in a hollow between the heights, up which steep footpaths led in several directions to the high lands above. In front lay the narrow beach, narrow even at low water in neap-tides, for the steep, rocky shore went steep and rocky down into the abyss of the sea. An advanced guard of rocks, broken into a thousand fantastic shapes, occupied the contested ground between land and water; amidst the foremost of which, at half-tide, were many little rocky arbours (forgive the Erinism), with floors of sunny sand, and three or four feet of water; quiet, secluded baths; mermaid-chairs; for here you might sit on the ledges with your feet deep in the water, medicated with the restless glitter and bewilderment of a half-dissolved sunbeam. On the right, a promontory, curving out some distance into the sea, formed a deep bay and natural harbour, into which ran a low pier, overflowed at high tides. Towards the deep sea and the setting sun a number of fishing-boats were issuing from this harbour and diverging in various directions, as the children, stiff and weary, were helped out of the cart by their parents, who had arrived some time before. Herbert's fatigue, however, was soon forgotten in watching from the window, while tea was preparing, the brown-dyed sails of the boats, as they shone almost red in the sun; boats going forth, hunters of the deep, laden with the hopes and fears of the wives and daughters; who, if a gale should spring up in the night, would suffer far more from the perils of the sea, in their safe cottages, than those storm-hardened men tossed on the vexed waves.

For this day, the children were not permitted to renew their acquaintance with the sea, further than by the distant greeting of longing looks and smiles of recognition to the wide face of the tumbling waters. The shore was hidden from their view, with all its burst of beauties struck out from the meeting of things unlike; it lay far down, and the brow of the hill rose

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between it and them; only they knew that below the waves were breaking on the rocks, and they heard the gush and roar filling all the air around. The room in which Herbert slept was a little attic, with a window towards the sea. After gazing with unutterable delight on the boundless water, which lay like a condensed sky before him in the grey light of the sleeping day (for there is no night at this season in the north), till he saw it even when his eyelids closed with weariness, he lay down, and the monotonous lullaby of the sea mingled with his dreams.

Next morning Herbert was wakened by the challenging and replying of the sentinel-cocks, whose crowing sounded to him more clear and musical than that of any of the barn-yard emperors at home. He jumped out of bed. It was a bright sunny morning, and his own soul felt like a flake of sunshine, as he looked out of his little window on the radiant sea, green and flashing, with its clear surface torn into spots of opaque white by the wind that rushed over it. So happy was the child as he dressed himself, that one might have thought he had slept through death and the judgment, and awaked a child still in the kingdom of God, under the new heavens and upon the new earth. Only had he thought so himself, the words, '*there was no more sea*,' would have soon proved, by the sorrow they brought, that he was still on the earth, and that the joy of the sea was still his. Herbert reverenced his Bible; but the way in which his childish understanding received its sayings frequently prevented a full enjoyment of the good things of this world, and brought before him no very enticing vision of the good things to come. However, no such thoughts interfered at this time between his young heart and the smile of God. After breakfast, the children went with their mother down to the lip of the sea. As they descended, the last of the boats which had gone out the night before were returning laden, like bees to their hive. The sea had been bountiful in yielding its treasures. Everything shone with gladness; yet as Herbert drew nearer to the shore he felt for the first time a kind of dread at the recklessness of the waves. On they hurried, assailed the rocks, and devoured the sands, casting themselves in wild abandonment on whatever opposed their progress. He feared at first to go quite near, for he felt they were unsympathizing, caring not for his love or his joy, and might sweep him away with them, like one of those floating sea-weeds. 'If they are such in their play,' thought he, 'what must they be in their anger?' But soon the feeling departed, and he was playing with his old friend as with a tamed wild beast, chasing the retreating waters to their very edge, till they turned and drove him back, to be again routed when their force was spent. Wearied at length of this sport, he left his brother and sister amusing themselves with building castles and pyramids of the wet sand, and wandered along the shore further from the village. Everywhere upon the sand lay the shallowest possible lakes of salt water, which were unperceived, except when a sudden puff of wind blew a thousand ripples into the sun; whereupon they flashed as if a precipitous rain of stormy light had rushed down upon them. On lifting his

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eyes from gazing at one of these pellicles of water, Herbert saw on the opposite side, stooping to pick up some one of the many treasures in which the sea-shore abounds, a little girl, apparently about nine years of age. She did not seem at all aware that she was observed, for when she lifted herself up and saw Herbert, she moved slowly away with a quiet grace, that strangely contrasted with her tattered garments. She was ragged like the sea-shore, or the bunch of dripping sea-weed that she carried in her left hand; her feet were bare, and her legs to the knee, passing over the mirror of the wet sand with a gleam; the wind had evidently been at more trouble with her hair than anyone else; it was black, lustreless, and tangled. The sight of rags was always enough to move Herbert's sympathies, and he wished to speak kindly to the little girl, and gave her a sixpence which he had in his pocket. But when she had thus quietly walked a little way from him, and he had begun to follow, she all at once, and without looking round or perceiving his intention, began to glide along with a wave-like motion, dancing and leaping; till a clear pool in the hollow of a tabular rock imbedded in the sand, arrested her progress. Here she stood like a little statue, gazing into its depth; then, with a dart like a kingfisher, plunged her hands and arms into it, appeared to catch something, at which she looked with as much expression of satisfaction as the back of the head and the curved neck could convey; and again, before Herbert could come near her, was skimming along the uneven shore. He followed, as a boy follows a butterfly, or a motherly lapwing with her simulated lameness; but on her side too the comparison holds good, for without seeming to avoid him, she yet gradually increased the distance between them, till he gave up the pursuit with some degree of disappointment, and returned to the rest of the little party. He soon forgot the ragged child, when he began to take part in the sport of his brother and sister; and, more ambitious than they, proceeded to construct, chiefly for the sake of the moat which last of all he intended to draw around it, a sand-castle of some considerable pretensions, but not destined to be much more enduring than its cousins of the air; for the advancing tide drove him from his stronghold before he had time to dig the projected fosse.

As they returned home, they passed a group of fishermen in their long boots and flapped sou'-westers, who were looking somewhat anxiously seaward; while one of their number, much to Herbert's thoughtless delight, was predicting a stiff gale, and perhaps a storm. A low bank of cloud had gathered along the horizon, and the wind had already freshened; the white spots were thicker on the ridges of the waves, and the sounds of their trampling on the shore grew louder. After dinner, they sat by the window of their little parlour, looking out over the sea, which grew darker and more sullen, ever as the afternoon declined. The cloudy bank had risen and walled out the sun; but a narrow space of blue on the horizon looked like the rent whence the torrent of wind rushed forth on its race-course, the sea, and with the feet of its stormy horses tore up the blue surface, and scattered the ocean-dust in clouds. The delight which Herbert felt

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was rendered more intense by the feeling of awe with which it was mingled. As evening drew on, he went out to enjoy for a short time in the open air the contemplation of the vexed plain of the sea. He wandered along the height on which the cottage stood, but kept at some little distance from the brow of the cliffs, now and then stooping in the attitude of resistance, and struggling with some stormier eddy of the wind, till, descending into a little hollow,—along which in wet weather a small stream flowed to the edge of the rock, where it fell in a narrow waving line of water,—he sunk below the plane of the tempest, and stood in the glow of a sudden calm. He heard the tumult all round and below and above him, but he remained for the moment in peace. Looking up he could see nothing but the sides of the hollow where he stood, upon which rested the rafters of the sky-roof; except towards the sea, where a higher point of the cliff rose abruptly into the air, appearing isolated and alone because the intervening ground was hidden by the edge of the hollow. Simultaneously with the glance which revealed this peak to Herbert, the sun looked out suddenly from beneath the clouds, while in the very act of descending below the horizon; and though Herbert was not in a position to behold this sunset, he saw with astonishment the peculiar radiance, as it flashed forth in the dark vault of the earth and cloudy sky, concentrated on the form of the little ragged girl whom he had followed so vainly in the morning. It was a crown not to her head only, but to her whole person; as if she herself were the crown set on the brows of the majestic shore. It disappeared as suddenly, and left her standing on the peak, dark and stormy; every tress, if tresses they could be called, of her windy hair, every tatter of her scanty garments, seeming individually to protest, 'The wind is my playmate, let me go!' If Aphrodite was born of the sunny sea, this child seemed the offspring of the windy shore; as if the mind of the place had developed for itself a consciousness and this were its embodiment. She seemed to bear a strange affinity to the wild rocks, and the sea-weed, and the pools, and the wide, limitless ocean; and Herbert would scarcely have been shocked to see her cast herself from the lofty cliff into the waves, which now at high-water and with the wind from the sea, dashed half-way up its height. The part of the bank nearest the place where she stood was steep, and Herbert went a little further up to find an easier ascent; but when he emerged in the storm anew, the child had disappeared. In what direction she had gone he could not conjecture. At first he feared she had fallen over the precipice; but the evidently extraordinary nature of the child prevented the fear from taking any fast hold of him; and, indeed, nothing could have been done had this been the case. Yet when he returned home, he could not help thinking much of the little genius of the storm; and several times, as the vapour of dreams began to gather around him, started from his half-sleep in terror, at seeing her fall from the rock-pedestal into the thundering waves at its foot.

Next day the wind still continued off the sea, with vapours and rain. The children were compelled to remain within doors, and betake themselves to books and playthings for amusement. But Herbert's chief

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delight was, as might be expected, in watching the sea and the low grey sky, between which was no distinguishable horizon, although they appeared to meet at a short distance from the land. The wind still increased, and before the afternoon it blew a thorough storm, and wind and waves together raged on the rocky shore. What vessels might be labouring under the low pall of the vapour, no one could tell. The fishermen had secured their boats, drawing them up as high on the shore as they could, though not beyond the reach of something more than spray which sometimes dashed upon them. Many anxious fears were expressed for vessels known to be at sea; and many tales of shipwreck and deliverance were told in the cottages along the shore. The day was drawing towards night, darkened the sooner by the mist that filled the air, when Herbert, standing at the window, and looking out somewhat wearily towards the sea, saw the little human storm-bird dart past like a petrel. His mother happened to be absent from the room, else he could not have snatched his cap as he did, and rushed from the house, buttoning his jacket as his only defence against the weather. The little fellow, though so quiet among his equals, yet had many dreams of adventure, to which everything in the shape of a tale, on which he could lay his hands, ministered. So it was not surprising that after his previous visions of this child he should be tempted to follow her with an impulse too strong for reflection, a reflection which could only have had reference to his mother; for he was a lover of the storm as well as the girl, and would have preferred its buffeting, so long as his strength lasted, to the warmest nook by the fireside. As soon as he was clear of the garden he saw her flitting along, now stopping to gaze down on the sea, now starting again along the heights, frequently blown some distance out of her apparent course by a violent gust of wind, but soon regaining it by struggling up right in the teeth of the storm. The wind smote on the cliff, and rushing up its face and over its edge, formed by its violence a kind of fence to the naked precipice, so that there was little danger of falling over while the storm lasted. Herbert hastened in pursuit, trying as much as possible to keep out of her sight. She did not observe that she was followed, and Herbert drew nearer and nearer to her; till on crossing the hollow whence he had seen her the previous evening, he spied her on the edge of the cliff close to the point where she had then stood. After remaining still for a moment, she seemed to descend perpendicularly until she disappeared, but whether into earth or air, where they approximated so closely, he could not tell. He went towards the place, in spite of a blast of more than ordinary violence, which seemed determined to keep him back, and preserve the secret of its protegée's refuge. When he arrived at the spot where she had disappeared, he saw that the real edge of the precipice was several yards further off, and that the ground sloped down to it from the place where he stood. At his feet, in the slope, was an opening that seemed to penetrate almost perpendicularly into the earth. It required no small exercise of pure will to enable Herbert to follow; but, sure that the child was a real human child and no phantom, he could not allow him-

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self to hesitate long, and so entered the opening. He found it go gradually and spirally downwards. He descended a short distance, stooping, for its roof was very low, till it led him into a small chamber, into one corner of which the stone shaft containing the stair projected half its cylinder, and which looked as if it had been hollowed out of the rock. Towards the sea a narrow window, little more in fact than a loophole through the thick wall, admitted the roar of the waves and a dim grey light into the place. By this light he saw the girl, who had shrunk into the furthest corner of the chamber, bending forward with her hands between her knees, and regarding him with a look that seemed to him one of fear and entreaty, though the duskiness of her position prevented him from seeing her face clearly. The little playfellow of the winds seemed afraid of him. He was about to speak to her, but at the first word a clang of wings arose, and a sea-bird, which had made its home in the apartment, startled by the sound of his voice, dashed through the window into the great misty void without. To quiet the fears of the child, Herbert, on second thoughts, deemed it better to stand by the window for a while, looking out on the sea, and appearing to take no notice of her. It was now much darker, and the fog seemed to have settled down more closely on the face of the deep, so that he could see but a very little way on the surface of the ocean, whose waves appeared to rush bellowing out of the unseen on to the shore of the visible. The shore, however, he could not see, for he stood on its extreme verge, as the spray which now and then dashed through the loop-hole testified. Awed and delighted even to absorption with the terrible spectacle, he almost forgot the presence of the little girl; till a sweet but timid voice, that to his imagination partook undefinably of the wildness of a sea-breeze, almost startled him out of his contemplation. 'Did my mother send you to me?' said the voice. He looked down, and close beside him stood the child, looking up earnestly in his face through the twilight from the window. Unwilling at once to lose the benefit of this introduction, Herbert, without replying to the child's question, asked, 'Where does your mother live?' 'All out there,' was her answer, pointing to the window. While he was thinking what she could mean, the child continued: 'Mother is angry to-night, but when the sun shines and those nasty clouds are driven away, she will laugh again. Mother does not like black clouds and fogs; they spoil her house.' Still perplexed as to what the child's meaning might be, which could not, however, be a common one, Herbert asked, 'Does your mother love you?' 'Yes, except when she is angry. She does not love me to-night; but to-morrow, perhaps, she will be all covered over with laughs to me; and that makes me run to her; and she smiles to me all day, till night comes and she goes to sleep, and leaves me alone; for I hear her sleeping, but I cannot go to sleep with her.' Herbert's sympathies by this time made him suspect that the child must be talking of the sea, which by some means she had come to regard as her mother. He asked, 'Where does your father live then?' 'I have not any father,' said she; 'I had one, but mother took him.' Several other questions Herbert put, but still the

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child's thoughts ran in the same channel. Wild thoughts they were, and uttered with a childish confidence, as if they were the most ordinary facts. Her imagination seemed overwhelmingly awake, and whatever it suggested came to her soul with the impress of self-evident truth. She knew no higher authority. By this time it had become almost dark; and when Herbert said that he must go home to his mother, the child said she would go with him. She ran along in the discursive manner which seemed natural to her; till, coming to one of the paths descending towards the shore, she darted down, without waiting to say good-night, or take any farewell of her companion.

Herbert told his mother about the child. Next day, the storm having abated, and the sun shining out, they were standing near a fisherman on the beach, who like them was gazing seawards, when the child, fresh and joyous, skimmed past along the shore. Mrs. Netherby asked the fisherman if he knew anything of her, and learned the secret of her calling the sea her mother. She had been washed ashore from the wreck of a vessel; floated to the land on a portion of the shattered hull, to which perhaps her own mother's hands had tied her. All besides had perished, at least so far as the fisherman knew. From the fragment they judged it to have been a Dutch vessel, engaged in foreign traffic. Some one probably had said in the child's hearing—'Poor child! she has no mother but the sea.' And her own imagination had nourished the thought. A fisherman who had no family, and who lost his wife shortly after, had taken her to his house and loved her dearly. A year or two ago, as the child said, the sea had taken the only father she knew, and she was left alone. All, however, were kind to her. She was welcome wherever she chose to go and share with the children of the family; but no one knew to-day where she would be to-morrow, nay, where she would have her next meal, or where she would sleep. In everything she was wild, impulsive, affectionate. The simple people of the village treated her as subject to no law, and believed her from her strange ways to be of foreign birth, and probably of high descent. Their natural reverence for her lonely condition caused them to treat her with affectionate deference; and the forsaken child, in her freedom and confidence, was as happy as any wild winged thing of the land or sea. The summer loved her; the winter strengthened her. It seemed as if her first baptism in the salt waves had made her a free creature of the earth and skies; had fortified her, Achilles-like, against all hardship, cold, and nakedness to come; had delivered her from the bonds of habit and custom, and shown in her what earth and air of themselves can do, to make the lowest, most undeveloped life, a divine gift.

The following morning, the surface of the sea was smooth and clear. Not a cloud was in the sky. Looking down from before their cottage on the sea, it seemed to Herbert's eyes to slope steeply up to the horizon, like an opposite hill to that on which he stood; so that the shore lay like a deep narrow valley between them. He saw a little boat belonging to a retired ship-captain, who lived a short way out of the village along the shore, lying far down at the low pier. He could see

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that the oars were on board; and some considerable distance off he descried the old captain, and some one with him, walking towards it. The captain had promised to take him out with him some day in his boat. He ran to his mother, and, though with some hesitation on her part, obtained permission to go and see if the captain could take him that day. He was half-way down the road a moment after the words had left his mother's lips, and was waiting at the boat when the two men came up. They readily agreed to take him with them, for they were going to row to a little village on the opposite side of the bay, and return in the evening. Herbert's delight was unspeakable. One of the men got in: the other handed in Herbert to him; then got in himself, the boat heaving beneath his foot; unmoored and pushed off. This suspension between sea and sky was a new sensation to Herbert; for when he looked down, his eye did not repose on the surface upon which they were floating, but penetrated far into a clear green abyss, where the power of vision seemed rather to vanish than be arrested. When he looked up, the shore they had left was some distance behind them; and he knew, for the first time likewise, what it was to look at the land as he had previously looked at the sea; to regard the land, in its turn, as a *phenomenon*; for he could now observe it as quite apart from himself. Running along the shore like a little bird, he saw the child in whom he had taken so much interest; and further to the right he saw the peak on which she had stood in the sunset, and into whose mysterious chamber she had led him. The captain here put a pocket-telescope into his hand; and with this annihilator of space he soon made new discoveries. He saw a little window in the cliff, doubtless the same from which he had looked out on the dim sea; and perceived likewise that the front of the cliff in that part was no rock, but a wall, regularly and strongly built, on which the waves seemed not to have had so much effect as on the neighbouring rocks. It was not, however, so much exposed to their power; for it stood in a little bay somewhat withdrawn from the water-line. It was evidently the remains of an old fortress, whose front foundation had been laid in the rocks of the shore; then the cliff had been faced up with masonry the whole way, behind which chambers had been cut in the rock, into one of which Herbert had followed the child by the remains of a spiral stair almost choked up with rubbish. The castle itself, which had stood on the top, had mouldered away, leaving only the appearance of a rugged and broken surface. By this time they were near the opposite side, and Herbert looked up with dread at the great cliffs that sprung perpendicularly out of the water, which rose and sank slowly and heavily, with an appearance of immense depth, against their front. Their jagged sides had great holes, into which the sea rushed—far into the dark—with a muffled roar; and large protuberances of rock black and threatening. Numberless shadows lay on their faces; and here and there from the top trickled little streams downwards into the waves, and made part of the depth of the great sea. They passed through a natural arch in a pro-

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jecting rock, lofty and narrow, called the Devil's Bridge, and turning the promontory, were soon arrested by the stones of the beach, and found themselves, in a few minutes, again on dry land. After visiting some small cottages whose inhabitants were tenants of the captain, in which visitation Herbert and his friend accompanied him, they all returned to the little village-inn, where the captain ordered some dinner. After dinner the two men had their tumbler of grog, of which Herbert declined partaking. While they drank it, they talked of sea stories, old and new; telling many a tale to which their young friend was a delighted listener. His evident interest and intelligence pleased them much, and they told several stories for his especial benefit, about the Flying Dutchman and other marine spectres. They taught him a sure way of finding out whether a man were really a sailor, or only a pretender; namely, to ask him which was the foremost rope in a ship lying at anchor. And if he replied the buoy-rope, then he was a true son of Neptune. Herbert begged the captain to explain to him how the little rudder could move the great ship, which he did quite to his satisfaction; but he was not so sure that he understood the explanation (illustrated with a chamber candlestick and a pair of snuffers) which he gave of a fact that had long puzzled him; namely, that the vessel was driven forward in part by the mainsail, which did not go across, but stuck out behind. However, he felt he was nearer understanding it than he was before. How the boy longed to be a sailor, and live always in the midst of the great waters! The blocks and cordage of the fast-rooted flagstaff, which he saw from the window of the little sanded room in which they were sitting, assumed an almost magic interest to him, as the two sailors went on with their tales of storms and rocks, and narrow escapes and shipwrecks, for all their memories seemed to be of the sea. Herbert was more proud of the acquaintance of these old seafarers than he ever was afterwards of the friendship of philosophers or men of science. At length it was time for them to return home. As they rowed slowly along, the sun was going down in the west, and their shadows were flung far on the waves, which gleamed and glistened in the rich calm light. Looking to the land, it seemed as if land and sea were now being wedded together, and the sunlight were falling upon them as the blessing of heaven; for its glory was on the rocks and on the shore, and on the rich depth of the heaving sea. Beneath the boat, wherever it went, shone a paler green from the great waters below. There was no sound save of the oars in the row-locks, the drip from their blades as they rose from the sea and made curves in the air, and the low plash with which they dipped again into the waters. The water in the wake of the boat seemed hastening to compose itself again to that sleep from which it had been unwillingly roused by the passing keel. The boy's heart was full. Often in the midst of tumult and sorrow, in the after years of youth, when he longed for the wings of a dove that he might fly away and be at rest, did his spirit betake itself to that boat still floating in the calm sea of his memory, and there rest till his eyes were closed in peaceful sleep, as if he had been really

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rocked to slumber in the cradle of the kindly sea. On landing he hastened to his mother, whom he found in considerable anxiety on account of their protracted absence.

The next time that Herbert, leaving the family group, approached the sea-child on the shore, she waited his coming, and while they talked together, she often looked towards his mother, as if attracted by her sweet countenance. Mrs. Netherby soon joined them, and spoke kindly to the little girl; while Margaret, who had been amusing herself and her brother with some one of the unfailing delights of the sea-shore, suddenly looking up and seeing them, forsook her game and ran towards them, her bonnet falling backwards in her speed, and hanging by the strings from her neck. As she stood panting and smiling by her mother's side, the gaze of the other child became fixed upon her; so much so, that she seemed sometimes scarcely to hear what either of the others said to her. The result of this contemplation was visible the next day. Mrs. Netherby had invited her to come and see them, which she promised to do, and seemed to know perfectly where they were lodged. Accordingly, the following morning, as they were seated at breakfast, the door of the room opened quietly, without any prefatory tap, and in peeped with wild confidence the smiling face of the yet untamed Undine. But when desired to come in, it was at once evident that civilization had laid at least a finger upon her, and that a new womanly impulse had been awakened in her heart. For there she stood, gazing at little Margaret, and with both hands smoothing down her own hair, which she had managed after a fashion to part in the middle, and had plentifully wetted with sea-water. This however had scarcely succeeded in imparting any gloss to her almost lustreless hair; for in her run up the height on which the cottage stood, it had begun to dry, and little spangles of salt were visible all over its surface. The poor child could not alter her dress; that hung around her with many slashes, through which little lining showed itself except her skin; but she had done all she could to approximate her appearance to that of Margaret, whom, though far inferior to herself in endowments corporeal, and possessed of none of the witchery of her looks, she yet seemed to regard as a little divinity.

The acquaintance thus formed went on and ripened. Her visits to the cottage became more frequent; they often met on the sands and among the rocks; and two or three times Herbert and she found themselves together at the old ruin. Mrs. Netherby's heart was drawn towards the motherless child. She provided better clothing for her; though how far this was a benefit, in a mere cold-and-heat point of view, is questionable. The real good it seemed to do her was, that it aided in the development of self-consciousness; which (however morbid its manifestations may be in this age) is yet a necessary presence in the process of spiritual growth. Margaret, a little vain of her superiority, though it was a loving vanity, tried to teach her how to use her needle, but with little success; while Herbert, as was natural, each seeking to impart his and her own gift, began to teach her

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to read. In this her progress was very fluctuating; closely resembling her bodily movements over the earth's surface; now a dead pause, and now the flight of a bird. Indeed, the bodily and the mental were frequently intermingled more than her youthful preceptor liked; for, now and then, while reading, she would suddenly start up, never heeding where her book might happen to fall, and rush out, flying along the heights, as if nothing else had been in her thoughts all the morning. Next day, or in the afternoon, she would return, and without any apology, would, when requested, resume her studies as if they had been interrupted only in a natural and orderly manner. Still, as a whole, her progress was more than common, and before the time came for her new friends to return to their home, a return which was twice postponed for another week, she could really read a little, and had begun to reap the first-fruits of her labour in the enjoyment of the little tales with which Margaret's books supplied her. Her pleasure in these and her growing appetite for them gave a pretty sure pledge that on her the pains taken would not be wasted, but that her acquirement would be put to growing use.

The remainder of the holiday flowed past in calm, yet varied enjoyment—one of those seasons, which, unimportant though they may seem to other eyes, yet tinge the whole of the future life; ready ever to flow forth from the cave of memory, when a vacuum in the busy thoughts permits the pressure of the encompassing silent sea to send its ever-present waters into the soul. This holiday time was henceforth for him a storehouse of sights and sounds and images of thought, a tiring-room, wherein to clothe the ideas that came forth to act their parts of love or of war upon the stage of reason, rounding them all as with a visible infinitude, wherein dwells an infinite expectation. Surely even for the sad despairing waves, there is some hope out in that boundless room that borders on the sky, and upon which even in the gloomiest hour of tempest, falls sometimes from heaven a glory intense. Often in after years, at night, just ere the sleep, that wipes out the day from the overfilled and blotted tablets of the brain, enwrapped him in its cool, grave-like garments, a vision of the darkened sea, spotted and spangled with pools of unutterable light, would rise before him unbidden, in that infinite space for creation which lies dark and waiting under the closed eyelids. The darkened sea might be but the out-thrown image of his own overshadowed soul; and the spots of light the visual form of the hopes that yet lived, yea grew in the darksome hour. So clearly, though unaccountably, would these be present to him sometimes, that even when he opened his eyes and gazed into the darkness of his room, he yet saw the bright spaces shining on before him. Then he would fall asleep and dream on about the sea; now watching a little cutter, as 'she leaned to the lee, and girdled the wave,' flinging the frolicsome waters from her bows, and parting a path for herself betwixt; then he would be seated with the helm of the same boat in his hand, and from his inward will all the force and the joy seemed to spring, wherewith she dashed headlong on the rising waves, and half pierced them and half drove them under

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her triumphant keel. Not the less bravely, for these shows of the night, did he go forth to the work of the day.

So the time drew near when Herbert must return, thus enriched with new visions of waters in their great home and motherland. He had seen them still and silent as a soul in a holy trance; he had seen them raving in a fury of livid green, swarming with 'white-mouthed waves;' he had seen them lying in one narrow ridge of unbroken blue, where the eye could find no lines to measure the distance withal, and massed the miles into furlongs; and he had seen sweeps and shadows innumerable stretched along its calm expanse, so dividing it into regions, and graduating the distance, that the eye seemed to wander on and on from sea to sea, and the ships to float in oceans beyond oceans of infinite reach. O lonely space! awful indeed wert thou, did no one love us. But he had yet to receive one more vision of the waters, and that was to be in a childish dream. With the story of this dream I must close the holiday; for this dream went with him ever after, breaking forth from the dream-home, and encompassing his waking thoughts with an atmosphere of courage and hope, when his heart was ready to sink within him in a world which was not the world into which the boy thought to enter, when with a clear brow and open arms he ran on to meet and welcome his fate.

On the Sunday preceding the day fixed for their homeward journey, Herbert had gone with his mother to the evening service in a little chapel on the shore. It stood in the midst of the fishermen's cottages, through which they found some difficulty in threading their way to reach it, for they were gathered about it in all possible relations of position to each other. Except that none of them stood upon their chimneys, no two stood alike. And the chapel was a curious little place, with galleries round, that nearly met in the middle, and a high pulpit with a great sounding-board over it, out of which came the voice of an earnest little Methodist, magnified by his position into a prophet of far higher authority to those who heard him, than Moses or Jeremiah to the stiff-necked people of old. The good man was preaching on the parable of the sheep and the goats; and, in his earnestness for his own theology and the souls of his hearers, was not content that the Lord should say these things in his own way, but he must say them in his. And a terrible utterance it was. Looking about, as if unconsciously seeking for some relief from the accumulation of horrors with which the preacher was threatening the goats of his congregation, Herbert spied, in the very front of one of the side galleries, his little pupil, white with terror, and staring with round unwinking eyes full in the face of the prophet of fear. Never after could he read the parable without seeing the blanched face of the child, and feeling in his mind yet again that sadness over the fate of the poor goats which afterwards grew into the question—Doth God care for oxen, and not for goats? He never saw the child again; for they left the next day, and from whatever cause it might be, she did not make her appearance to bid them good-bye. As he went home from the chapel, her face of terror haunted him.

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That night Herbert, as usual, fell asleep with the sound of the waves in his soul. And as he slept he dreamed. He stood, as he thought, upon the cliff, within which lay the remnants of the old castle. The sun was slowly sinking down the western sky, and a great glory lay upon the sea. Close to the shore beneath, by the side of some low rocks, floated a little boat. He thought how delightful it would be to lie in the boat in the sunlight, and let it die away upon his bosom, till the clear stars, the suns of the day of other worlds, but only the far-off comforters of the night of this world, should shine upon him with promises more believed than comprehended. He scrambled down the rocks and reached the boat, stepped on board, and laid himself down in the bows with his face turned towards the sinking sun. Lower and lower sank he. Deeper and deeper grew the joy. The sun seemed to draw all heaven after him, as in a net, downwards to the heart of the dreamer. At length he plunged beneath the waves; but as his last immediate rays disappeared, lo, a new splendour burst upon the astonished boy. The whole waters were illuminated, as from beneath, with the permeating glories of the buried radiance. In rainbow circles, and intermingling fluctuating sweeps of colours, the whole sea lay like an intense opal, molten with the fire of its own hues. The clouds scattered over the heavens gave back the effulgence with a less deep but more heavenly loveliness. So entranced was Herbert with the sight, that he knew not his little bark had slipped from its mooring, and had been borne with the softly sinking tide far from the shore, deep into the midst of the resplendent sea. But betwixt the sea and the sky, just over the grave of the down-gone sun, a dark spot appeared, and parted the earth and the heaven where they mingled in embraces of light. And the dark spot grew and spread; and a cold breath came softly over the face of the shining waters; and the colours paled away; and as the blossoming sea withered and grew grey, the clouds in heaven withered and paled likewise. The sea began to swell and moan and look up, like the soul of a man whose joy hath gone down in darkness; and a horror came over the heart of the sleeper, and in his dream he lifted up his head, meaning to rise and make haste to his home. But the faintness of desolation seized him, for behold the shore was far away, and the great castle-cliff had sunk to a low ridge in the distance. With a cry, his head sank again, and he lay helpless on the bosom of the careless sea. The boat began to rise and fall on the waking waves, at first with a slow dreamy motion, and then higher, and deeper, and faster. Then a great blast of wind laid hold upon it, and whirled it about. Aroused once more by terror, he looked up, and saw that the tops of the waves were torn away, and that the white water was coming out of the black. Higher and higher rose the billows, louder and louder roared the wind across their jagged furrows, tearing awful descants from their bursting chords; now tossing the little boat like a leaf in the lone wilderness of storms; sometimes holding it perched on the crest of a wave, in the very eye of the tempest, while the mad waters danced, raving about, in hopeless confusion; now letting it sink in the hollow of the waves, and

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towering above it great glittering walls of cold waters, that becalmed it in a sheltered vale from the hurricane that raved above, flinging arches of writhing waters across from billow to billow overhead, threatening to close, as in a transparent tomb, the yet living boat. At length, as it rose once more, unwilling, to the awful ridge that hung above it, jagged as with the teeth of furies, and white with rage, a yet fiercer blast tore it from the top of the wave, and flung it upside down on the crest of the preceding billow. The dreamer found himself choking in the waters, and soon lost all consciousness of the buffeting waves, or the shrieking and piercing winds. When the dream again awoke within and around him, he was aware that he was carried along through the storm above the waves; for they reached him only in bursts of spray, while the wind raged around him more fiercely than ever. He opened his eyes and looked downwards. Beneath him seethed, and boiled, and foamed the tumultuous and countless billows, uplifting their wreathy tops to be dashed about in spray, and shot in long vanishing sheets of foam over the distracted wilderness. Such was the turmoil beneath, that he could not tell by the space below whether he was only suspended over the abyss, or borne onwards through the chaotic uproar. But when he closed his eyes he felt that he was moving onwards. Again he opened them, and looked upwards. A shadowy face bent down over him, whence love unutterable was falling upon him in floods from eyes deep, and dark, and still, as the heavens that are above the clouds. Great waves of hair streamed back from the noble head, and floated and fluttered in the tides of the tempest. The face was like his mother's and like his father's, and like a face that he had seen somewhere in a picture, but far more beautiful and strong, and loving than all. With a sudden glory of gladness, in which the spouting pinnacles of the fathomless pyramids of wandering waters dwindled into the confusion of a few troubled water-drops, he knew, he knew that the Lord was carrying his lamb in his bosom. Around him were the everlasting arms, and above him the lamps that light heaven and earth, the eyes that watch and are not weary. Now he felt the arms in which he lay, and he nestled close to that true, wise bosom, which has room in it for all, and where none will strive. Over the waters went the Master, now crossing the calm hollows, now climbing the rising wave, now shrouded in the upper ocean of drifting spray, that flew scattered from the unstable summits, and wrapped him around in its whirling force, and anon calmly descending the gliding slope into the glassy trough below. Sometimes, when he looked up, the dreamer could see nothing but the clouds driving across the heavens, whence now and then a star, in a little well of blue, looked down upon him; but anon he knew that the driving clouds were his drifting hair, and the stars in the blue wells of heaven were his love-lighted eyes. Over the sea he strode, and the floods lifted up their heads in vain. Sometimes the billows seemed to conspire to overwhelm them, and gathered and burst all around and over them; but in a few moments the billows were once more beneath his feet, and they went on safe and sure for some stable shore. Long time the

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journey endured. The boy seemed to have slept, and again awaked in his dream; for he lay in a nest of soft grass on a mountain-side, and the form of a mighty man lay outstretched beside him, as if weary with a great weariness. Below, the sea howled and beat against the very base of the mountain on which they lay; but it was far below, and the sound reached them only like a faint and despairing moan. Again the Lord arose, and lifted him up and bore him onwards. Over the mountain-top they went, through the keen, cold air, and through the fields of snow and ice. On the very peak he paused and looked down. In a vast amphitheatre below, shining with light beyond the brightest sunlight, was gathered a multitude of beings crowding on all sides beyond the reach of the eye, rising up the slopes of the surrounding mountains, till they could not be distinguished from the surface, grouped and massed upon height above height, filling the hollows and little plains and little platforms all about. But every eye looked towards the lowest centre of the mountain-amphitheatre, where a little vacant space seemed to await the presence of some form, which should be the heart of all the throng. Down towards this centre the Lord bore him. Entering the sacred circle, he set him gently down, and then looked all around, as if searching earnestly for some one he could not see.

Not finding whom he sought, he walked across to the other side of the open circle. A path was instantly divided for him through the dense multitude. Through the lane of men and women and children he went; and Herbert ran, following close at his feet; for now all the universe seemed empty save where he was. And he was not rebuked, but suffered to follow; and although the Lord walked fast and far, the little feet following him grew not weary, but grew in speed and power. Through the great crowd and beyond it, never looking back, up and over the brow of a mountain they went, and descended into a pale night, leaving behind them all the gathered universe of men. Hither and thither went the Master, searching up and down the gloomy valley; now looking behind a great rock, and now through a thicket of brushwood; now entering a dark cave, and now ascending a height and gazing all around; till at last, on a bare plain, seated on a grey stone, with her hands in her lap, they found the little orphan child who called the sea her mother. As he drew near, the Lord called out, 'My poor little lamb, I have found you at last.' But she did not seem to hear or understand what he said; for she fell on her knees, and held up her clasped hands, and cried, 'Do not be angry with me. I am a goat, and I ran away because I was afraid. Do not burn me.' But all the answer the Lord made was to stoop and lift her and hold her to his breast, and she was an orphan no more. So he turned and went back over hill and over dale, and Herbert followed, rejoicing that the lost lamb was found. As he followed, lo, in a crevice of a rock, close by his path, bloomed a lovely primrose. He stopped, and plucked it. But ere he resumed his following, a cock crew shrill and loud, and he thought it was the cock that rebuked Peter, and he trembled and looked up: the Master had vanished. He, too, fell a weeping

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bitterly; and again the cock crew, and he opened his eyes, and knew that he had dreamed. His mother stood by his bedside, comforting the weeper with kisses; and he said to her, not yet quite awake, 'Oh, mother, surely he would not come over the sea to find me in the terrible storm, and then leave me because I stopped to pluck a flower!'

A Sunday Morning's Musings.

'Jesus said unto her, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father, but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend to my Father and to your Father; and to my God and to your God.'

As I read these words once and again, many, I hope good and helping, thoughts came to me. Not learned thoughts, for I was then rather desponding, and had been in perplexity, and I find in trouble that I want something more than what Jeremy Taylor appropriately calls 'the filthy stench of old and new heresies,' or 'those deep disputings which yield but shallow comforts.'

Yes, these apostles, and Mary, and all the rest of the disciples, were in trouble about Christ; they *knew* he was gone from them, and they *thought* of him only as a mangled corpse in Joseph's tomb, and although it was 'the third day,' the idea of Christ's resurrection had not so penetrated their souls as to give them any real and living hope that they would ever see him again. No; he, their loved and living Lord, was gone; and, as they thought, gone for ever. So in their own truthful simplicity (for there is very little appearance of myth or oriental extravagance in this singularly unadorned story of the first self-resurrection the world had ever seen), they tell us they went to the sepulchre with the spices they had prepared *to embalm the dead body* of their departed friend. On their way the *women* talked, naturally enough, one to another of the difficulty *they* would have in removing the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre; the sun had just risen as they reached the garden where 'he had made his grave with the rich in his death,' and to their dismay they saw that the stone was already rolled away; and, going nearer, and with the brave hearts of true women, *looking in* to that half-lighted chamber of death, they saw no Christ there. To their poor affrighted minds it would have been a world of consolation just then to have seen the *dead body* of their Lord lying there waiting for their anointing, instead of which the dim light only showed them an empty tomb, and 'the linen clothes lying, and the napkin that was about his head not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.' No wonder they 'were much perplexed thereabout.' There was no poetry in their trouble just then; it was very real and deep! they 'have taken away the Lord, and they knew not where they had laid him.' But this trouble would have become a holy joy if they had but remembered the words

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their dear friend, who had never deceived them, had so often uttered: 'But as yet they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.' And so have I to-day, and yesterday, and other days, been making my dark cloud darker, and my burden heavier, because I have forgotten 'the Scripture;' I have overlooked or disbelieved my Father's word; so 'foolish have I been and ignorant' before God.

Peter and John also came early, though not so early as the women, to the sepulchre; and they, bolder than the women, as men ought to be, *go into* the sepulchre, and search it through and through, but they find no Christ there, for the '*Lord was risen indeed.*' And then the men return home. We know why; evidently they were disheartened and impatient; evidently they had lost all hope for the time, and are going home sad and disconsolate; in that state of mind that dear old Henry Vaughan speaks of in his 'Silex Scintillans:'

> 'He that hath found some fledg'd bird's-nest may know
> At first sight if the bird be flown;
> But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
> That is to him unknown.'

But Mary remained; remained alone; remained to think; remained to weep! 'last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre.' And as she stood absorbed and silent, the very Lord she loved much, because he had forgiven her much, appeared and spoke to her; but her heart was too sad to listen to any one, and 'her eyes were holden,' and she knew him not. But presently he said to her, '*Mary!*' and the well-known accents unlocked the hidden treasures of her heart, and, prompt to act as she was quick to feel, she would have fallen and kissed those feet which once she had washed with her tears and wiped with the hair of her head, when our Lord said, 'Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father,' &c.

There is much in these words that may profit me this Sunday morning. Already I have heard my Master saying, 'Come ye here apart and rest awhile,' and I and others, weary like myself, have left the hot and dusty road of life to sit in 'green pastures' by 'still waters,' while he speaks to us from these words first spoken to Mary, and now spoken to us.

'It is expedient for you,' said Christ to the eleven—for Judas was gone then—'that I go away.' They only knew Christ after the flesh; yes, not only up to the time of his resurrection, but even up to the day of his ascension their knowledge was such, and such only; and I cannot help thinking that the angels meant irony and an implied censure of Jewish *countrymen* when they said to them, 'Ye men of *Galilee*, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?'

And so, at present, Mary knew Christ; he was not lifted up in her heart beyond the idea of being her dearest and kindest earthly friend, who was and ever would be entwined about her tenderest and most womanly associations. And as she was about to prostrate herself before a visible Christ, whose *body* she now saw again, he, her Lord, said, 'Touch me not; do not cling to this outward manifestation o

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myself; this is but the earthly appearance in a body; I shall soon be exalted to heavenly glory, and then when you truly know me you may worship me, but not now; you would only be worshipping me as your risen friend, as a man, and this would be carnal. Presently I shall ascend to my Father and my God; I will then send you the Comforter, who will reveal me to you as the eternal Son of my Father; yes, and your Father too; but now touch me not, worship me not. You might think it an appropriate expression of homage, but if I accepted it, I should strengthen an erring heart, deepen a false impression; and men might think hereafter that unless they could see me, and touch me, and hear my voice, there was no acceptable method of acknowledging me as their Lord and their God.'

These thoughts I had one quiet Sunday morning. All was still around me, and I sat and thought. My own inconstancies and follies came crowding upon me; my sometimes weak resolutions and strong prejudices; my severe judgments of others and my lenient opinions of myself; my shortcomings and indiscretions, and a thousand other things came back to my recollection, and I bent my knees in prayer, and confessed that I had been all this, and worse than this, because I had too much known Christ after the flesh, and henceforth I resolved to know him so no more. Yea more, and I again repeated another favourite verse of old Vaughan:

'I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flowre by pedigree;
Or some poor high-way herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing!
Then should I, tied to one sure state,
All day expect my date.
But I am sadly loose, and stray,
A giddy blast each way;
O let one not thus range;
Thou canst not change.'

My musing finished thus—I do not know whether I shall help you, unknown readers, by thus revealing myself; but I will briefly jot down these two thoughts:

First, I thought kindly and Christianly of the many thousands whose earnestness and devotion are unquestionable, who kiss the crucifix and cross themselves at a picture, and reflected how many tender and loving hearts there were amongst them; hearts akin to Mary's when she was about to fall at our Saviour's feet and worship *there*. It certainly is carnal, external worship; the homage too often of the senses; but I believe they will hereafter attain to higher and nobler views of Christ, and will, with Peter and John, and Paul and Mary, and I hope myself, see no more as in a glass darkly, but face to face. So I will not condemn or curse all Roman Catholics, from whom subtle priests and old traditions have stolen the word of God; but will think of them as fellow-Christians, and pray for them as companions in life's tribulation.

And then I thought,

Well, what in the world will the Millenarians make of this passage?

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They want the appearance and government of a personal, bodily Christ; they mostly fix the place of it at Jerusalem; they tell us gravely that it will be a great advantage for Christ to come from heaven, where invisible he ever dwells, and to whose throne the many thousand visible homes and hearts of Christendom ever lovingly turn, and to settle down in some particular locality, where a few Christians might be able to *see* him, and to *hear* his voice; a privilege which only those who are rich and have plenty of leisure could avail themselves of, abdicating his universal throne in heaven for some particular earthly throne. And that they say would be the 'Millennium.' But, little children, let no man deceive you; Christ would thus become an *idol*, but not having seen him, we now love him, and to him surrender our hearts and lives as to our 'Lord and to our God.'

Yes, and then—and only then—can we say that God is *our* Father, and our God; not irreverently, but as the glad acceptance of the only relationship that can redeem us from the degradation and misery of life. 'Now are we *children* of God; of *our* God; *our* Father. It is a perpetual relationship. Things may not go well with me externally; my surroundings may perplex and worry me, but

'If I him but have,
If he be but mine,'

I drink waters out of my own well; I ever keep jubilee within; ah, a true jubilee, for it is the hallelujah not only of the touched lips, but of the rejoicing heart. The son that was lost is found; the spirit that was divided is restored; and my heaven on earth is begun as through Christ. I approach the Eternal Purity, and say, 'My God and my Father.'

Dear reader, may this Sabbath musing not be wholly resultless to you.

'Oh, holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.'

W. G. T.

German Theologians.

HENGSTENBERG—A SKETCH.

By Philip Schaff, D.D.

NOTE.

[The following is the first of a series of three or four articles, which, with some necessary revision, we purpose reprinting from a work which has recently made its appearance in the United States, from the pen of Dr. Schaff, the well-known and able author of the 'Church History,' and professor in the German Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. The work has been published with a view

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to give precise and accurate information with regard to all the past and present religious characteristics of Germany—more especially those bearing an intimate relationship to the progress of evangelical faith. Those who are acquainted with the learned author's previous works, and with his position amongst the theologians of the modern church, will not need to be informed that of all living men, none could have undertaken such a work as this with greater promise of satisfaction than the author. His peculiar qualifications are best described by himself:—

'To such a task the writer brings the advantages of a regular German university education, some experience as a university teacher, and an American residence sufficiently long to enable him to understand the relations of German and Anglo-Saxon Christianity and literature, and to view the old world from the stand-point of the new. With all the divines described in the third part of this book, except the late Dr. Olshausen, he is acquainted not only through their works, but also by more or less intimate personal intercourse, lately renewed, during a protracted and delightful visit to Germany. Some of them were his honoured teachers at Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin; others his fellow-students, or colleagues; and with many of them he still keeps up a familiar correspondence. In occasionally introducing personal incidents, and harmless traits of character, not before made known to the reading public, he hopes he has in no case violated the strictest laws of propriety and delicacy, which are doubly binding when we treat of persons still living. He could easily have increased the number of sketches from personal knowledge; but he preferred to dwell more at length on the most worthy, characteristic, and influential representatives of the evangelical theology and Christianity of modern Protestant Germany.'

The work bears the title:—'Germany; its University, Theology, and Religion.' It opens with a description of the university educational system of Germany, which is followed by a detailed description of each of the more celebrated seats of learning. Several chapters are devoted to the different denominations and parties, and these are followed by sketches of the most eminent theologians. We regret that only two or three copies of this useful work have been sent to this country. Its wide circulation would tend to correct many ignorant misapprehensions to which we have often referred in these pages concerning the theology of Germany. With this view we reprint a portion of its contents.—Ed. Christ. Spec.]

Dr. Ernst Wilhelm Hengstenberg, professor of Old Testament exegesis in the University of Berlin, is one of the most unpopular, and yet one of the most important and influential men in the kingdom of Prussia. He leads the extreme right wing of the orthodox party in the Established Church, and is the uncompromising opponent of all rationalists and semi-rationalists, all latitudinarians and liberals. He is simply professor, author and editor of a semi-weekly Church Gazette, and holds no seat in the *Consistorium* and *Oberkirchenrath*, like his

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colleagues, Nitzsch, Twesten, and Strauss; nor does he ever preach. But in an unofficial way his power has been widely felt for the last few years in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. He is the confidential adviser of Herr von Raumer, the present minister of public worship and instruction in that kingdom, who rarely makes an important appointment without his consent. It has been said that Hengstenberg, Ludwig von Gerlach, and Stahl, are the three popes, who, since the Revolution of 1848, rule the Church and State of Prussia. At all events, they have much more real power and deeper influence than Herr von Manteuffel and the other ministers of the Crown.

This position Hengstenberg owes to his learning, and above all to his character and principles. Being married into a noble family, and living in comfortable circumstances, he associates freely with the highest classes of society in Berlin. But he never courts the favour or flatters the pride of the men in power. Even his bitterest enemies must acknowledge his manly independence and consistency. He is, in the proper sense of the term, a theological *character*, ruled by principle, and subordinating all temporal considerations to his conscientious convictions of truth.

He shrinks from no opposition, no matter from what quarter it may arise, and hesitates not to attack corruption in the highest places, whenever he feels it his duty to do so. Thus, for instance, he wrote a series of severe articles against the order of the Freemasons, and denounced it as unchurchly, deistic, and infidel, in its tendency. although the Prince of Prussia, heir presumptive to the crown, is one of its chief patrons. Still more recently he came out in the same spirit of fearless independence against duelling, with reference to the unfortunate Hinkeldey-Rochow affair, which created a great stir in the nobility and aristocracy. He wants kings of God's grace, like David, but also court preachers and professors like Nathan and Elijah.

As a lecturer he generally disappoints the expectations of those who hear him for the first time; for instead of seeing an athletic figure, looking like a lion, and speaking in a voice of thunder, they will find a middle-sized, thin, delicately-built, refined-looking, neat and well-dressed gentleman, reading slavishly from his manuscript, in a half-singing, high silvery, monotonous tone. But what he says, and the manner in which he says it, is exceedingly positive and dogmatical. He knows also how, by private intercourse, to attract students to his person, and still more to his views. He is an excellent judge of character, far better than the good-natured Neander was, who suffered himself so often to be deceived. He seldom recommends a young man who does not afterwards realize his expectations. In his friendships he is perfectly reliable.

Hengstenberg is, I believe, a Westphalian by birth, and the son of a Reformed clergyman. He was born in 1802, and studied philology, especially the oriental languages, in the University of Bonn. His first appearance before the public was as a translator of the Metaphysics of Aristotle. After the completion of his university course, he spent a short time at Basil as the private tutor of Dr. Stähelin, now professor

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of oriental literature and Old Testament exegesis in the university of that city. In 1824 he graduated as licentiate of theology at Berlin, and settled as *Privatdocent* in the university. In 1826 he was already promoted to an extraordinary, and some years afterwards to an ordinary professorship of Old Testament exegesis and to a seat in the theological faculty. He soon acquired a commanding influence in the church at large by the publication of the 'Evangelische Kirchenzeitung,' which he commenced in 1827, and continues to edit to this day.

I am not acquainted with the particulars of his change of views, which seems to have been very sudden, as in the case of Calvin. The study of the Bible was probably the chief means. It is said that while at Bonn he belonged to the liberal and progressive class of students. But in Berlin he took at once his place amongst the most evangelical and orthodox divines of the younger generation. When he arrived there, a revival of Christian theology and piety had already commenced in the higher classes. He associated at that time with Neander, Tholuck, Olshausen, Baron von Kottwitz, Count Voss, von Bethmann Hollweg, the Gerlach family, and other leaders of the rising evangelical party, who no doubt contributed to shape his views, although he is too much their contemporary, and too independent in character, to be called the pupil of any of them.

With Schleiermacher's system he seems never to have had the least sympathy, and he permitted one of his correspondents to assail it in his journal as semi-rationalistic and pantheistic. This attack against an older colleague, together with the somewhat indelicate but well-deserved exposure of the frivolities of Gesenius' lectures at Halle, so offended Neander, that he publicly broke off his former (merely nominal) connexion with the 'Evangelische Kirchenzeitung,' in 1830, and ever afterwards occupied a somewhat antagonistic position to Hengstenberg, who was altogether too sharp and uncompromising for his mild and conciliatory temper. But personally, the colleagues always esteemed each other as scholars and Christians, and after Neander's death, Hengstenberg, in the preface to the Kirchenzeitung of 1851, gave a grateful testimony to his excellent character and immortal merits. He correctly remarks there, that the theological differences between them arose from the fact that Neander started from Shleiermacher, while he being younger, had the advantage to commence with the more advanced position of Neander, from which he then proceeded to a still more decidedly scriptural and churchly stand-point.

Dr. Hengstenberg's theology has, throughout, a polemical and apologetical character. Of all the modern German divines, he is the most orthodox champion of the genuineness, integrity, inspiration, and divine authority of the Bible, especially the Old Testament, against the attacks of modern scepticism. In some respects he reminds us of the early Fathers in their conflict with the heathen persecution and heretical perversion of Christianity. But while Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, &c., were mostly and directly concerned with doc-

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trines, Hengstenberg's proper field is Biblical literature; and while the former appealed to Catholic tradition as much as to the Scripture, as a bulwark against heretics, the latter stands on decidedly Protestant ground, *i. e.*, the absolute supremacy of the Bible; although, of course, he makes due account of the patristic testimonies and the faith of the Church concerning the canonical books. He has, indeed, been charged recently with a Romanizing tendency. But this is certainly an error as regards the rule of faith, and all the positive articles of the Protestant creed. It is true, however, that he always regarded the Catholic Church as a confederate of the Evangelical Church in opposition to rationalism and pantheism, and hence he subordinates the Romish controversy to the more fundamental controversy between faith and infidelity, Christ and Anti-Christ.

Hengstenberg is not a philosophical and systematic divine, but an eminent critic and controversialist. He is not an originator of new ideas, but a skilful advocate of old ones. He is not a man of brilliant genius, but of very solid talent, profound learning, strong reasoning power, and clear, direct, common sense. He has little imagination and artistic taste, but a keen understanding and unbending will. His theology rests on practical experience as well as scientific investigation, and is pervaded throughout by a serious and energetic piety. Although he professes now the distinctive Lutheran tenets, he has unquestionably a striking constitutional resemblance to Calvin, more so at least than any other German divine, and owes a great deal to the study of his works, especially his incomparable Commentaries, of which he republished the one on Genesis (1838). Had he been born and educated in Scotland or New England, he would no doubt be a most rigorous Calvinist.

The Calvinistic features of his mind and moral character, in connexion with his high views on inspiration and the divine authority of the Scriptures, account for the fact that Hengstenberg is better understood and more generally appreciated in England and America than almost any other German theologian. Most of his exegetical and critical works are now translated and embodied in Clark's Foreign Library. He would be a decided favourite and standard writer among Presbyterians and Puritans, if it was not for his high-church views on the sacraments and on church authority, which he developed more recently—although not in his Commentaries—and which diminished his popularity in this direction, while they may perhaps have increased it among Episcopalians. To this must be added his views on the Sabbath, the middle state, and the Romish question, in which he differs considerably from Puritanism.

His political or high-state principles harmonize still less with those generally entertained by Christians of the English tongue, or even in France and in Switzerland. Although he cannot help respecting England and America for the sake of their religion, yet he evidently dislikes liberal, especially republican institutions. His sympathies are altogether with an absolute *jure divino* monarchy. He opposed the liberal movements of 1848 and 1849, without the least qualification,

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as a diabolical outbreak, and contributed as much as any man to restore the old order of things in Prussia.

Thus we may say, he is in some respects the most Puritanic and Americanizing, and in other respects the most un-Puritanic and anti-American divine of Germany.

To do justice to Hengstenberg as a scientific divine, we must go back thirty years, to a time when Rationalism was at the zenith of its power and influence, and sapped the very foundation of evangelical Protestantism, the authority and inspiration of the holy Scriptures. His theological career began in an inexorable antagonism to this great and powerful modern heresy. He stood up for the divine origin and authority of the Bible, and the faith of the Church against the destructive criticism of its most learned modern assailants. He met them not only with all the weapons of logic and learning, but traced also their views to the moral depravity of the heart, and its secret hostility to truth and righteousness, as the deepest source of all forms of heresy and infidelity. Thus, without divesting the controversy of its scientific and literary character, he gave it at the same time a moral and practical aspect, and mixed with his arguments the prophetical threats of God's wrath upon his enemies and lukewarm friends.

This is the principal reason why he exposed himself to more bitter hatred, calumny, and slander, than any other divine of the present century. The Rationalists regard him as a Protestant Torquemada, who in another age, and under similar circumstances, would have sent as many heretics to the *auto-da-fes*, as the first Inquisitor-General of Spain. Even Hase, who has too much spirit and taste to sympathize with the ordinary Rationalism of a Röhr and Schulz, forgets his usual candour and impartiality when he comes, in his Church History, to Hengstenberg, whose Kirchenzeitung he characterises as embracing 'the greatest variety of religious elements, from the genuine piety of a Luther or Spener, full of joyful faith in a God born of a virgin, down through the gradations of mere party zeal, pride, and mental imbecility, till we reach the hypocrisy which abuses the language of ardent piety as a means to selfish ends, or even as a cloak to crimes.' All this is highly exaggerated. We are firmly convinced, from long and close observation, of the purity and integrity of Hengstenberg's character; at the same time we have not a particle of doubt that had he lived in the sixteenth century, or even in the seventeenth, he would have approved in the most unqualified terms of the burning of Servetus.

This unyielding firmness and severity of character, which reminds one at times of the zeal of the Old Testament prophets, was no doubt necessary and of essential service to German theology in the revolutionary crisis through which it had to pass. There must be Lutheran as well as Melancthonian, Pauline as well as Johannean characters in the Church. His moral courage in view of the fiercest literary persecution is worthy of all praise, and will alone secure for him the admiration and esteem of posterity. He stood like a rock in the midst of the fluctuations of ever-changing opinions and heresies, and we have

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no doubt that, if circumstances required it, he would not shrink a moment from sealing his faith with his blood.

At the same time, we must admit that Rationalism assumes with Hengstenberg a very wide range, and embraces also the various forms of undecided and inconsistent supernaturalism, and all the medium positions which have their mission and relative importance as well as his unyielding orthodoxy. He is constitutionally opposed to all compromises; he knows no middle course between faith and unbelief, orthodoxy and heresy. He attacks as enemies of Christ all who are not openly his friends. He even denounced the Gustavus Adolphus Society, and prophesied its speedy dissolution, because it did not start at once with a strictly confidential basis. But it succeeded after all, and does a good work—his opposition notwithstanding. He makes great account of the words, 'He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' But he forgets that the same Saviour says on another occasion, what is equally true, and equally worthy to be kept in mind when we judge of others, 'He that is not against us is on our part.' His zeal often degenerates into harshness and injustice. His theology breathes more the spirit of the Old than of the New Testament. His polemics, although always clothed in earnest and decent language, often assume an unnecessary degree of bitterness, and wield too freely the weapons of sarcastic scorn. No wonder that he alienated from him not only the whole school of Schleiermacher, but also that of Neander.

Hengstenberg's writings extend more or less over the whole field of Biblical literature. He lectures also on theological encyclopedia and several books of the New Testament, and his 'Kirchenzeitung' touches upon all the important ecclesiastical questions of the day.

But his main strength and most lasting merits lie in the critical defence and explanation of the Old Testament as the revelation of the only true and living God. It is well known that Rationalism aimed its most unsparing blows at this portion of the canon. Eichhorn, Bertholdt, De Wette, in his earlier period, Gesenius, Bohlen, Lengerke, Vatke, and others, vied with each other in cutting to pieces the venerable writings of Moses and the prophets, with the knife of learned and acute, but arbitrary and irreverent criticism, and in thus representing them as productions of a later age, unworthy of credit. This destructive process was soon afterwards applied to the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament. Strauss resolved the whole history of the God-man, as recorded by St. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, into a mythical dream; and Baur went so far as to deny the apostolical origin of all the books of the New Testament, with the exception of four epistles of Paul and the Revelation of John. It is easy to see that such criticism struck at the root of Christianity, which must stand or fall with the divine inspiration and authority of its original records. The question then here raised was one of life and death, especially for Protestantism, which regards the canonical Scriptures as its bulwark, as the only infallible and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

It was against these assaults of modern scientific infidelity that

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Hengstenberg, in the three volumes of 'Beiträge; or, Contributions to the Introduction to the Old Testament' (1831), &c., defended the genuineness and integrity of some of the most important books of the Jewish canon, the prophecies of Daniel (given up even by Bleek as *vaticinia post eventum*), Zechariah, and the Pentateuch. It must be admitted that he disposes of many difficulties rather by dogmatic assertion and sophistic evasion, than by satisfactory, solid argument. But upon the whole, these 'Contributions' are a triumphant vindication of the orthodox view, and the most learned and acute investigations ever made in this field. The opponents were at first disposed proudly to ignore them as vain attempts to restore obsolete absurdities; but with all the affectation of contempt they felt the destruction which his learning and arguments caused among their ranks, and lived to see most of their own critical novelties growing obsolete, to be assigned at last to the history of the aberrations of the human mind.

Still more important than his Beiträge, which were originally designed to extend over all the assailed portions of the Jewish canon, is the 'Christology of the Old Testament,' commenced in 1829, in three volumes, and now republished since 1854 in a second thoroughly revised edition, and translated by Dr. Meyer of Edinburgh, for Clark's Foreign Library. It contains a full exposition of all the Messianic prophecies, from the first promise after the Fall to the extinction of prophecy, with constant polemical reference to the modern Rationalistic literature.

At first his view of prophecy was very external and mechanical. But in the progress of the work, and especially in the new edition, it underwent considerable modifications, and became more spiritual and organic. He now recognises the idea of a gradual development of the Messianic promise, in keeping with the wants and capacities of the people to whom it was given. It seems impossible that most English divines should still shut their eyes to this law, which pervades all created life—all the works of God. We need only examine impartially the respective passages of Genesis to see that there is a gradual progress of the Messianic prophecy as regards clearness and distinctness from the general promise of a victory of the woman's seed over the serpent, to the patriarchal hope of a blessing that should proceed from Abraham's, and more particularly from Isaac's posterity to the nations of the earth; and from this to the promise of the Lawgiver and Shiloh from the tribe of Judah. In the first case we have simply the assurance of the fact of a future victory, without any hint as to the manner of its accomplishment; in the second we are pointed to the particular nation; and in the third to the tribe from which it should proceed, with the additional declaration that salvation thus promised would be comprehended not in a nation, or an abstract power, but in an individual. In David's time, we learn the family of the future Messiah; and the later prophets, Isaiah especially, reveal to us his character, and the form and circumstances, even the sufferings through which he would accomplish the redemption of Israel not only, but of the whole world.

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With all his unrelenting opposition to the Neological theories, Hengstenberg does not entirely concur with the old Protestant orthodoxy, which overlooks the gradual progress of the revelation from its incipient stages to its culmination point in the incarnation of the eternal Word. A still stronger proof of the difference is furnished by his little book on the prophecies of Balaam (1842). For here he gives up the literal interpretation altogether, and resolves the speaking of the ass and the appearance of the angel into a *vision* which occurred to Balaam. Also in his Commentary on the Song of Solomon (1853), while he revives and defends the allegorical interpretation, he yet modifies the old view, which regarded it as a direct representation of the union of Christ with his Church, and conceives it to be a prophetic picture of the relation of the literal Israel, the bride, to the Messiah before and after his coming.

The most valuable exegetical work of Hengstenberg, next to his Old Testament Christology, is an extended Commentary on the Psalms, in four volumes, which has been translated into English, and furnished the ground-work besides for the more popular and condensed work of Dr. A. Alexander, of Princeton, on the same subject. Here the polemical character recedes more into the back-ground, and gives place to a considerable amount of practical and edifying observations.

More recently this learned divine has also entered the domain of New Testament exegesis, but with far less success. His Commentary on the Revelation of St. John, which might as well have been left untranslated for the author's popularity in England and America, contains a great deal indeed that is permanently valuable, and has in many respects shed new light upon its prophetic mysteries.

Upon the whole, we are far from regarding Hengstenberg as a model interpreter. He is somewhat external and mechanical in his conceptions, bitter in his polemics, categorical and dogmatic in tone, diffuse and careless in style. But with all these defects he stands first amongst the restorers of a believing exegesis of the Old Testament.

Since he broke the ice, a number of young men, some his direct pupils, as Hävernick (who died, alas! too early), and others, more independent co-labourers, as Ranke, the brother of the celebrated historian, Delitzsch and Hofmann in Erlangen, Baumgarten in Rostock, Oehler in Tübingen, Keil and Kurtz in Dorpat, and Bähr in Carlsruhe, have followed and created a rich and valuable literature relating to the elucidation of the Old Testament as a genuine revelation of the only true God and a preparation of the New Testament, which is concealed in the Old, while the Old is revealed in the New.

In conclusion, we must add a few remarks on Hengstenberg as editor of the 'Evangelische Kirchenzeitung' (Church Gazette), and leader of the orthodox party in the Established Church of Prussia. This practical part of his activity, though less known in America, is fully as important and influential for Germany as the one we have more fully considered.

He founded this semi-weekly organ in 1827, so that it has already reached the 58th volume. It can hardly be called a Church Gazette.

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for it has given very little news during the last ten or twenty years. Sometimes, indeed, we read in it extended accounts of the condition of the Church in Hesse, or Baden, or Saxony; but they have nearly always a polemical object in view, and are calculated to give offence and create a sensation. Some of these reports make capital out of scandal, and assume a revolutionary attitude against the church authorities, *e g.* in Baden, which is quite inconsistent with Hengstenberg's doctrine on the duty of absolute submission to the powers that be.

The chief object of the Kirchenzeitung is to discuss, in an earnest and thorough, yet popular style, the leading religious and ecclesiastical questions of the day for the benefit of ministers and educated laymen. This is generally done with a very high degree of ability and power. Many articles belong to the best order of polemical and ascetic writing. The editor gives his own views in full in the 'Vorwort,' which occupies the greater part of the January numbers, and which is called by his admirers, 'Hengstenberg's Thronrede.' He generally commences it with the solemn application of some prophetic portion of Scripture to the times; then he reviews the principal ecclesiastical events of the preceding year, and gives his deliberate judgment on the pending questions.

But the journal owes its reputation fully as much, if not more, to a most able corps of anonymous, yet well-known correspondents. Amongst these we mention the late Otto von Gerlach, and Steiger, who assisted in founding it; Tholuck, and Lange, who contributed many of the most spicy and interesting articles, but had no connexion with it for several years past; Huber, the author of 'Sketches of Spain and Ireland,' and a History of the 'English Universities;' Stahl, the eloquent lawyer and advocate of Lutheranism; Ludwig von Gerlach, a statesman of brilliant genius, who can defend the oddest propositions with the greatest plausibility; Göschel, the speculative New Lutheran, who, in his former days, laboured with more ingenuity than truth to prove Hegel and Göthe to have been orthodox Christians; Vilmar, the eloquent champion of Hessian Puseyism; Leo, the genial historian and fierce polemic, who fully comes up to his name. For the last two or three years, however, Hengstenberg's paper has declined considerably in vivacity, freshness, and interest.

The 'Kirchenzeitung' started from the Pietistic school, and had at first the support and good wishes of all who laboured and prayed for the revival of piety and vital Christianity in Germany. It also stood decidedly on the basis of evangelical union, as established in Prussia since 1817, and made little or no account of the differences between the Lutheran and the Reformed Confessions. It regarded both as essentially agreed in all the fundamental articles of Christianity, and equally opposed to the rationalistic and infidel spirit of the age, which it felt itself called upon to combat.

But in the course of time the journal assumed a more exclusive confessional tone. The 'Vorwort' of 1844 marked a turn in this respect. Since the revolution of 1848 it became still more decided in

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this direction, so that it should now be called the organ of the Lutheran party in the Evangelical Church of Prussia, instead of Evangelical Church Gazette. He himself admits the change, and remarks in the 'Vorwort' to the year 1856, p. 48: 'The editor of the "Evangelical Church Gazette" has often been charged with inconsistency in his relation to the Union. In reply to this, we have to say, that retractations were never considered a disgrace in the Church. On the contrary, it is a gift of God to be pliable and capable of learning in advanced years.'

The change consists principally in two points—the conversion from the Calvinistic to the Lutheran view of the Lord's Supper, and the conviction that the Lutheran Confession must be guarded in all its rights within the United Church of Prussia. With this understanding he professes still to adhere to the Union, as explained in the royal declaration of March 6, 1852. The whole tendency of his journal, however, whether it be his intention or not, looks evidently towards a dissolution of the Union, and the restoration of confessional Lutheranism.

His opposition, it is true, is not so much directed against the Reformed Church, as against those Unionists who seek to amalgamate the two churches, and to absorb the old Confessions in a more liberal creed, or no-creed. This loose latitudinarianism and semi-rationalistic liberalism injures the cause of the Union more than its enemies do; and against it Hengstenberg defends the good right of the reformatory confessions, which should never be given up until we have something better and more perfect in their place, which our distracted age seems to be unable to produce. The Reformed Church he still professes highly to esteem in its proper character, especially for its energetic piety and self-denying zeal for Christ's kingdom at home and abroad. But he thinks it has no proper national root in Germany, except on the frontiers, and has not developed there its peculiar excellences, as in Scotland. He goes with the Lutheran party because it defends, in his view, a higher degree of orthodoxy, and promises to be a stronger national bulwark against infidelity.

Hengstenberg's power and influence has never been greater than at the present time. But after all, the high-church confessionalism, or Lutheran exclusivism, has no deep root in the people, and makes itself exceedingly obnoxious to all the friends of liberty by its close alliance with the political reaction that has set in since 1849. He has not only denounced, in most unsparing terms, the recent revolutionary movements, without any qualification, but even frequently and bitterly attacked the worthy Lutheran pastors in Holstein because they opposed, not from revolutionary propensity, but simply for conscience sake, and on the ground of ancient rights, the anti-German regulations of despotic Denmark, and in consequence of it forfeited their offices and emoluments. It is evident that Dr. Hengstenberg has no sympathy whatever with religious and political freedom, which must necessarily result from Protestantism, wherever it is fully and consistently developed. By opposing all liberal movements, he opposes the spirit of

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the age, the tendency of history, and helps to provoke a new and more fearful revolution, which will sweep away all the artificial restorations of bygone forms of life.

And here is the defect in the high-churchism of Hengstenberg and his school. The churchly tendencies which are indeed needed, should not flow in the narrow channel of Lutheran denominationalism, or any ism or sect, but be as broad and comprehensive as the kingdom of Christ, and in harmony with the deepest wants and movements of the age that hates despotism and loves freedom in Church and State.

Twelve of the Spiritual Songs of Novalis.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE MAC DONALD.

VII.

I MUST weep and sigh for ever.
Am I hopeless? Meet we never?
Ah, one glance, from far, alone!
Holy sadness! never sleeping
Lies the sorrow or the weeping;
I would weep into a stone.

Still I see him bear untiring;
See him still in prayer expiring;
Will this heart for ever beat?
Will my eyes in death close never?
Weeping all into a river
Were a joy for me too sweet.

Weeps then no one but me only?
Must his name re-echo lonely?
Hath the world at once grown dead?
Shall I from his sad eyes never
More drink love and life, for ever?
Is he now for ever dead?

Dead! What is it? What is *dying?*
Wise men, help me with your trying;
Tell me what this horror dim.
He is dumb; and all the sages
Cannot, from the gathered ages,
Tell me where to look for him.

Here on earth is gone for ever
All the joy of my endeavour—
Desert dream of nothing worth.
I too am with him departed;
Would I lay with him still-hearted,
In the hollow of the earth!

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O my Father ! O his Father !
Speedily this body gather
Unto his—this last I pray;
Soon will grass his low mound cover,
And the wind will wander over,
And his form will fade away.

Knew they how he loved them purely,
All men would be Christians surely ;
All things else they would let go ;
In their love him only owning,
All would weep with me bemoaning,
And would die with bitter woe.

VIII.

I cry to all : he liveth still ;
The Lord is risen again ;
His presence all the earth doth fill,
For ever to remain.

I say it. Each with holy mirth
Repeats it to his friend,
That soon will dawn o'er all the earth
The kingdom without end.

And lo ! a new sense waking, shows
The world a fatherland ;
Men drink a rapturous life that flows,
Entrancing, from his hand.

Far down into the deepest sea
Grim death hath sunk away ;
And man may look, elate and free,
Into his coming day.

The darksome way that he went through
Forth in the kingdom goes ;
Who heeds his counsel well, he too
Comes to the Father's house.

All need is gone for weeping here,
When loving eyelids close ;
Or late or soon, a meeting dear
In gladness reaps the woes.

But now to every worthy deed
Each heart must warmer glow ;
For gloriously the vanished seed
In lovelier fields will blow.

He lives ; we are alone no more,
Though left by all, in sooth :
This day for feasting keep in store,
For earth renews her youth.

IX.

The times are all so wretched !
The heart so full of care !
While all things, far-outstretched
A ghostly aspect wear.

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Stealthily wild fears hover
About with noiseless tread;
And hopeless midnights cover
The soul with weight like lead.

Firm earth upheaves like ocean;
No longer law can bind;
The thoughts with giddy motion
Have left the will behind.

Madness entices, dragging
Resistlessly astray;
The pulse of life is flagging,
And fades each sense away.

Who lifts the cross before us,
A hiding-place from grief?
In heaven who waiteth o'er us,
To come with quick relief?

Go to the tree of wonder;
Give silent longing room:
Outbursting flames asunder
The weary dream consume.

An angel thee is raising,
Safe on the solid strand;
And lo! thine eyes are gazing
Upon the promised land.

X.

I know not what were left for seeking,
If that one Being were my friend;
If he said *Brother*, plainly speaking,
And dwelt beside me without end.

So many search with wide endeavour,
Distorted visage, eager eye!
They think themselves the wisest ever,
And yet they pass this treasure by.

This man believes his toil availeth:
'Tis only gold for labour hard;
That man around the whole world saileth,
And brings a name for his reward.

This man the battle crown pursueth,
And that man longs for laurel wreaths;
So each deceived, vain toil reneweth,
And glittering vanity bequeaths.

Has he to you then never spoken?
Nor shown the face for you grown wan?
From life, love sent him, anguish broken,
For us driven out, despised man.

For wondrous gifts no thanks ye render?
Of him have heard no little word?
Not read his deeds, how heavenly tender?
His simple grace ye have not heard?

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From heaven to earth he came, right willing,
The loveliest mother's mighty Son;
With words from him the world is thrilling;
The blind men see, the lame men run.

To us in love's pure consecration,
He gave his very self away;
And for a city's new foundation,
Down in the lowly grave he lay.

Is not this man's love unabating
Enough to give your heart its due?
Fling then its doors wide open, waiting
For him who closed the gulf for you.

Now you will part with any treasure,
And gladly any wish deny;
Yea, keep your heart for his pure pleasure,
If he look on you graciously?

Hero of love! receive my spirit!
Thou art my life, thou art my world!
Thy peace, thy joy, I now inherit,
Were all the earth in ruin hurled.

Thou comest, my lost love restoring;
Love everlasting thine will be;
Down at thy feet heaven sinks adoring,
And yet thy dwelling is with me.

XI.

Hope of the earth, where tarriest thou?
A dwelling waits thee long, below;
Each heart looks up through seeking eyes,
And open to thy blessing lies.

Pour it, O Father, forth with power—
Send him to us this very hour;
Love only, innocence, and shame,
Have kept him that he never came.

Give him from thine into our arm,
Descending with thy breath yet warm;
The heavy clouds around him throw,
And let the child thus downward go.

Send him to us in cooling streams,
In fiery flames with tremulous beams,
In breeze and oil, in sound and dew,
Thrilling our old earth's body through.

So shall the holy fight be fought,
The rage of hell thus come to nought,
And ever-blooming spring abroad
The ancient paradise of God.

The earth awakes, with green revives;
Each form, with spirit teeming, strives
To greet with love the Saviour guest,
And offer him the mother's breast.

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The winter yields. A new year high
The manger's altar standeth by;
It is the first year of the earth,
Born with the child in one glad birth.

The eye beholds the Saviour well;
Yet in it doth the Saviour dwell.
With flowers his head is wreathed about—
From each himself looks smiling out.

He is the star, he is the sun;
Life's spring that evermore doth run;
From herb and stone, light, sea's expanse,
Glimmers his childish countenance.

His childish ways, by none repress,
His ardent love will never rest;
He nestles, with unconscious art,
Divinely fast to every heart.

To us a God, to himself a child,
He loves us all, self-undefiled;
He is our drink, he is our food;
His dearest thanks, to love the good.

The misery grows yet more and more;
A gloomy grief afflicts us sore;
Keep him not, Father, longer thus,
And thou wilt find him soon with us.

XII.

When the heart is almost breaking
In the fearful, troubled hour;
When deep anguish, sickness, aching
Soul and body both devour;
When the thought of those who love us,
To our sorrow addeth theirs;
And the cloud around, above us,
Not a gleam of sunlight bears;

Then, oh then, God cometh nigh us,
And his love infolds the heart,
And his angel standing by us
Stills the longing to depart;
With the cup of life he bendeth,
Wakening comfort in the breast;
Nor in vain the prayer ascendeth,
That the loved may also rest.

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A Word concerning the London Missionary Society.

In the remarkable speech of the Rev. Joseph Mullens, at the last anniversary meeting of the London Missionary Society, there occurred a statement which must have been heard with regretful surprise by the large number of friends and subscribers to the society who remained to listen to Mr. Mullens' address. 'Twenty years ago,' said the speaker, 'the annual income of our society and our donations, subscriptions, and collections, amounted to 50,000*l*. We heard this morning that in the last year it was only 44,000*l*. Again, in 1838, the number of our missionaries was 151; it rose to 170, and it remained at that point for several years. You have heard to-day that in the last year it dropped down to 152.'

We take advantage of the prominent manner in which this fact has now been brought before the public to say a word concerning the London Missionary Society which has long needed to be said, but which we should have been glad if some other member of the religious or ecclesiastical press had seen occasion to utter. The 'Christian Spectator' has so frequently had occasion to discharge the duties of censor and critic when it would willingly have had to fulfil only the more pleasant offices of a friend and teacher, that it would be glad to have been relieved of all such unwelcome tasks for the future. It is always an ungracious labour to find the least fault with a great and useful public institution; and, in the present instance, if the extent of the Christian missionary work were not involved in the matter, we should have declined the task.

Mr. Mullens asks, 'Is the state of things to which he made reference "wise or sound?"' and, 'Is it right?'

We answer, on behalf of very many to whom the position of the London Missionary Society has been a source of no little pain for some years past, *it was to be expected*. It cannot be unknown, even to those who are most welcome at Blomfield-street, and who are the best patrons, or who are the best patronized by the officers of the society, that the London Mission has come to be regarded as not only giving expression to the missionary feelings of the Independent denomination, but as representing a mere section, or clique, of Congregational Dissent. It is the Carlton Club of the Dissenting world, a club that, like its West-end prototype, has *its* 'Standard' amongst the press, and its own Foresters and 'W. B.'s.'

A 'liberal' Dissenter, of unquestionable genius, and undoubted piety, may vainly knock at the door of the Mission House for its introduction to a vacant church; a conservative dullard will be recommended to the best and most promising spheres. Stem its influence, and if you are a man of little power, and as little connexion, why, it were as well that you wrote yourself down 'a German' (whatever that

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may mean!) at once, for the millstone of a doubtful reputation will assuredly be hanged around your neck.

And why not? perhaps the reader may say. Why not conservative as well as liberal head quarters? Not a word have we to say against such an arrangement, but a thousand words, if necessary, against the prostitution of a missionary society to the purposes of a 'School for Scandal,' with a new *dramatis personæ* of modern Sneerwells, Snakes, Candours, and Joseph Surfaces. We should be glad to see Tory Dissent occupying its own offices, eating at its own clubs, writing letters to its own newspaper, editing its own magazine, in its proper place, but its proper place is not the office, nor the board-room of a missionary institution. 'Is it wise or sound? Is it right?' No; but if such things be, is it not to be expected that the income of such a society should actually decrease in twenty years? Christian men may err in allowing personal or political prejudices to interfere with their benevolence; but as it is possible to be benevolent without contributing to a specific society, they will scarcely err in turning the stream of their charity into other channels than those which are habitually polluted by such courses as we have described.

Here, in honour and fairness, we must limit the application of our remarks. The foreign agency of the society is, as far as we know, conducted with perfect impartiality and without prejudice. Its 'liberal' missionaries are as courteously treated as its more conservative; none of either party with whom we have become acquainted but has expressed his high sense of the generosity of the society. Where the funds are spent, they are spent without prejudice; if there were as little where they are collected, the collections might very soon be doubled.

The society's income is certainly not increased by the correspondence and intelligence which it publishes in its monthly paper, the 'Missionary Chronicle.' The writer of this is in the habit of reading every missionary journal that is issued from the press. With one or two remarkable exceptions, none of these can boast of much literary power; it is not needful that they should. But the 'Chronicle' is lower than the very lowest; nothing weaker, worse arranged, or more generally uninteresting issues from the religious press. Reference has been made to this circumstance more than once in the 'Record of Christian Missions' in this journal, and we greatly regret to have to bring it up again, but the interests of the society and of the Christian missions which it conducts, require that some change should be made in its conduct. We do not know who edits it, or if it have an editor, but with Dr. Tidman's literary power and cultivation it would be easy to make it the first missionary journal in this country. The writer of the 'Annual Reports' of the society could very considerably deepen the interest of every reader of the 'Chronicle,' in all the operations of the London Missionary Society.

We are sorry to add a harder word concerning the contents of the 'Missionary Chronicle.' It is matter of public notoriety that the letters

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of the missionaries are not published in their integrity. In saying this, we say what we *know* to be true, and we think the time has come when the society should be publicly informed that the practice of omitting certain—as a custom the more gloomy—portions of the missionaries' correspondence, is not adding to the character of the society. The Christian Church in England can bear, and is entitled to be told, the whole truth concerning the success or failure of missionary labour. If it suspects that the whole truth is not told, that a part is purposely, if not systematically, omitted, is it to be wondered at that it withholds its contributions from the society whose officers, whether with or without sanction, do not scruple at such conduct?

From what has been already advanced, it will be seen that the remarks we have had occasion to make bear more or less upon the action of the executive of the society. Personally, we do not know any officer of the society in London, nor have we ever had the honour of any correspondence with a single official at Blomfield-street; we are, therefore, not an aggrieved man, much less are we an aggrieved minister, but it is a fact patent in nearly every Dissenting circle, that much of the action of a portion of the executive of this society is highly injurious to its interests. With some knowledge of the character of the injury that has already been done, as well as of the extent of feeling against those who have been instrumental in effecting it, we have no hesitation in saying that it would pay the society handsomely to pension off one or more of its officers with an annuity of at least 1,000*l*. In saying this, we are little likely to injure individual interests, or private prospects. It happens that by some accident or misfortune the square men have got into the round holes, with the usual result of not fitting. Their proper spheres we have no doubt they would not only fit, but adorn; in a sphere which nature has not created them to occupy, they do sad, irreparable, and often offensive mischief.

We will say no more at present. What we have written, we have written for the advancement of Christian missions. If we have offended, we have offended. If we have contributed to remove a stumbling-block from the further success of the society, none will more rejoice than we. If our present labour prove to have been in vain, we may try our hand again. Of this we are certain, that a change will have to be made, and that the cause of the decrease in the society's income is to be found not in the waning affections of the Christian people of this country, as Mr. Mullens seemed to suppose, but in the society itself.

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Do the Fine Arts Morally instruct Mankind?

Although there is so little proof either in the present state of the fine arts, or in that in which they formerly existed, that they have ever instructed the human race in moral truth, their advocates continue to maintain that they do so, that fact being, as we suppose, the most influential argument in their favour that they can urge on the religious world. Now we will not object to the landscape-painters that very few of them content themselves with a mere copy of the actual aspect of the natural world, for, while one takes the liberty of the artist to introduce a group of trees where none exist; another places a group of cattle in a part of the picture to set off the hues of the forest; and a third inserts only such a portion of the forest trees as enables the eye to see the light through the whole. We by no means represent this as a fault, but mention it as a fact; for if the moral teaching from the works of our landscape-painters is to be derived from the picture, it must be remembered that it is in these cases drawn from an unhistoric source. Take then, for example, any of the landscapes from the charming pencil of Ruisdael, which are commonly confined to a water-mill, a few knots of trees, and a little piece of road, or a distant hill down which a cavalier is riding with his dog, and meeting with a cripple or a beggarman, bestows his alms, and rides forward; or another subject by the same master, representing, instead of the mill, a few cottages, with some of their inhabitants occupied in different actions at the door; while in the other part of the painting we either have a piece of water covered with some magnificent water-fowl, or a cascade falling pictorially over a rock; or if the reader becomes weary of the productions of this master, let him gaze at one or two of the more exquisite works of Hobbima, where he will find, among finer scenery, perhaps a man driving a team of horses in a cart, or a number of woodmen felling timber in the spring; or it may be that he will discover among the trees two young lovers, world to themselves; or it may be the weary oxherd rollicking in the sunset with his children at the cottage door, or musingly smoking his pipe. Neither in Hobbima nor in Ruisdael is there any other diversity of landscape than such as is presented by their generally flat country. Nor do we much need the qualities of the moral teacher if we assume one or two of the best landscapes of Rubens himself. Not to remind the reader how many of this artist's landscapes are purely imaginative, and introduced merely to set off some mythological story, such as Atalanta and Meleager, attacking the boar, which is now at St. Petersburg, or the deluge of Baucis and Philemon, which is in Vienna, or that exhibiting Ulysses thrown on the Phœnician coast, that may be seen at Florence, we can scarcely recollect a fine landscape by this artist which would rivet the soul of the beholder *on the moral purport* of the works of nature. Surely the connoisseur would not demand from us that we should learn any moral lessons from the

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fine picture in the Louvre, which contains no particular objects but a bird-catcher and some men sawing timber? The forest illuminated by the rays of the sun to be seen at Munich is a noble work of art; but the beholder must be in a morally excited state before he could either feel to kindle within him a sense of admiration of the beauty of the divine works, or a thought of gratitude for eyes, and for the unspeakable advantage of light. In another of Rubens' landscapes, also at Munich, one sees fourteen cows with two women and a man. One can, however, witness the reality any day, which is far more calculated to quicken our moral sentiments, and excite the feeling of gratitude that so many of the animal tribes minister to the wants of mankind. Nay, even let us look at the work which is numbered 169 in Rubens' catalogue, and is called the Prodigal Son. What do we observe there beyond a miserable shed, and as miserable and forlorn a peasant, which, however, are by no means calculated to enforce the sin of prodigality, and the folly of inexperienced impulses for liberty, with half the energetic effect that the Scriptural account of the same story does. One meets with specimens of Rubens' landscapes almost wherever there is to be found a first-rate collection of works of art, but whether one contemplates his 'Prarie de Lacken' in her Majesty's rooms, or the waggon and people who are harvesting in Lord Grosvenor's collection, or the 'Shepherd and his Flock' of Lord Farnborough, or the 'Huntsman and his Dogs,' belonging to the Earl of Mulgrave, we see but the commonest aspects of nature; and if the realities themselves fail to inspire a noble sentiment of moral tuition, we do not see how it can be expected from a pictorial exhibition, however exquisite. The same remarks apply with equal force to Wouvermans,' Zingbaback's, and Everdingen's landscapes, though it must be admitted that the first almost always produces finer specimens of nature, and the last principally abounds in scenes from a more mountainous country. Nor is the case at all mended if we were to choose the finest landscapes that ever left the easel of Bergham, of Adrian Vandevelde, or that soul-stirring master of light and shade, Rembrandt, or the as beautiful productions of Both and Cuyp, or even the more humane views of David Teniers.

We are aware that it may be said that the Dutch landscape-painters are less likely to excite the mind of the student with their moral suggestiveness and spiritual ideas than some of the authors of the French, the Italian, and the Spanish school. We do not see why the Flemish masters of landscapes should be thus set aside; but we will consent to try the merits of the question on the best works which these alleged superior masters have at any time produced. Let us then begin with Claude, several of the very best of whose landscapes we possess in our own National Gallery; and we would seriously ask the advocate of the opinion that the arts deserve national countenance on account of their tendency to improve the moral sentiments of the country, in what way or degree the Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca, or the Embarkation of the Virgins from a magnificent sea port, is likely to impress the beholder in favour of any

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of the morals of our nature by contemplating those two marvellous landscapes to which we have referred. Claude has always been admitted to stand at the head of the French school of landscape artists, but we much doubt whether one gross soul has been ever sublimated by the sight of his landscapes since the day that he produced one to the present moment. Salvator Rosa has done more for the grand landscapes of the Abruzzi in Italy than all its other painters, and yet we confess that while we have looked on some of the happiest of these works of the pencil, we never remember but once when our own soul was elevated above this sordid world, and that was in contemplating Peter preaching from the stump of an old tree to an interesting mass of about two hundred peasants, beggarmen and cavaliers (in our own possession), every eye of whom is fixed upon the preacher; but even in this instance we believe the effect is more owing to the struck audience and the commanding preacher than to the magnificent landscape in which the painter has drawn out his company. Mere landscapes are rarely seen alone without some additions of human history, but even with those additions it is very rare to find any of them raising the soul above the transitory pleasures of society, and even that gorgeous landscape by Velasquez that hangs in the National Gallery would be looked at frequently by ten thousand beholders without touching the conscience of half-a-dozen, or perhaps not even one visitor. It is in vain, therefore, to cite any of the other great masters of Italian or Spanish landscape to prove that they exert a moralizing influence on the intellectual life of the beholder; for if Claude's and S. Rosa's works fail to produce the effect, those of Titian, of Giorgiono, of Corregio, and even of Raphael and M. A. Buonarotti themselves would also fail, especially as the bulk of these artists merely introduced the landscape to heighten the effect of their story, though we may venture to affirm that not one of them ever contemplated that society would ever become so foolish as to imagine that, instead of appealing to the sense of artistic beauty, they were to be regarded as teachers of right morals and of true doctrines.

There may be some, however, who, yielding to our arguments in reference to the landscape-painters, would be still inclined to maintain their doctrine as illustrated by the painters of shipping and the sea. We admit that the sea is much less known by men in general than the land; that the sight of a storm on water is less familiar than one among the trees and buildings of the continent or the islands; and as it is our wish neither to shirk nor do injustice to any part of the argument, we will select two or three of those aquatic artists whose names stand at the very height of their respective schools, such as Backhuysen, Wm. Vandervelde, jun., and old Peters. Backhuysen, whose love of the arts was illustrated in his early life by his neglecting his own mercantile profession to follow the impulses of his taste, has never been equalled by an artist of any country for the accuracy and grandeur with which he has exhibited the horrors of shipwreck, or the tempest sweeping the largest vessels before it as if they had been only paper toys; and whether he has chosen to exhibit the storm on the

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Lake of Galilee or on the coast of Amsterdam, he has thrown into his canvass as vivid and as vast a view of the agitated water as possible. The extraordinary prices which his works now bring proves how general in all civilized countries the productions of this master are valued, but we defy any artist to name the painting, or even the drawing, of Backhuysen—not excepting the finest one known in our own Print-room—which would justify the claims made by so many artists and amateurs in favour of the moral instructions derivable from the fine arts. Nor do the works of Wm. Vandervelde succeed better in making out the point in dispute, for while we cheerfully concede to this master the same relation to the water-painters as Raphael sustains to the artists in history, and admit with how much skill he groups his vessels, and with how finished a perfection he turns out the figures on board, or the rigging and the position of the ships and boats, and that no one has better succeeded in painting the green transparent sea, we are obliged to deny that they contain any of that moral impulse which so many writers impute to them. And while we mention these principal painters of the sea, we ought not to overlook old Peters, whose rougher but more energetic pictures present the ocean-tempest so impressively to the connoisseur, that he can scarcely help hearing the moan of the wind and the loud surges of the billows against the rock, while in some of his sea-storms one can hardly avoid believing in the reality of that foundering ship at a distance, or fail to hear the enthusiastic thanksgiving of the naked few who have succeeded in reaching the rock, from which they with difficulty seem to believe that they cannot be washed back by the next billow. But in which of these paintings shall we look for its aptitude to impress moral and religious instruction?

If the argument has thus far succeeded in proving that the fine arts must depend for support on the taste of their admirers, without claiming for them, what they can never maintain, a kind of silent ministration to society of moral instruction, it will be all the stronger if we turn our attention to that department of the arts which we may denominate the mythologically historic. It is to be regretted that painters have done perhaps more than any other class of men to continue the knowledge of Roman and Grecian mythology, not only in our schools, where it becomes the means of debauching the juvenile mind, but among our educated families, which can scarcely be supposed to form an acquaintance with mythology without suffering some damage to their moral feelings. It may be that the pagan deities mentioned in this history did once absorb the homage of nations, who also believed in the existence of Parnassus, of the gardens of Alcinous, and the other rabble of imaginary and sensual localities, of which the mythological poets furnish the history. But why should we be made so familiar as we are by the best painters with a life-time in which men and women lived without marriage, when mind was the mere slave to the animal passions, when mankind had neither laws for life in this world, when history was all quenched into voluptuous fable, when the ignorant, the sorrowful, and the unfortunate, were pitied by

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no one, and when the heaven of mythology was only represented as a higher brothel, and the abodes of the damned were caves of undignified and unbated suffering for crimes committed against no law, and for infirmities which no one could help? Because the Greeks and the Romans degraded their own spirits and polluted those of their children and servants by believing this horrid time of mental and moral outlawry, is it not better that we should allow this infectious intelligence to be unacquired and neglected, or must we be for ever called barbarians because we will not teach the filthy history of Pan, though he may have been originally a mere personification of the laws of agriculture? Are there not wise men enough in the world, 'bone of our bone,' who have actually suffered and performed their more than heroic parts, worthy both of gratitude and imitation, without defiling my young daughters and their artless brother with the knavish and filthy achievements of Apollo? I know how beautiful some of these histories are, but as they are a lie, and therefore can never instruct, so it appears undesirable to commend them to the knowledge of society, and most of all to set our best artists on their cultivation.

As far back, however, as the history of the arts extends, we find the artists distinguished their works by taking the subjects of their best paintings, drawings, and engravings, from mythological personages. Take, for instance, that great master of the pencil, Andrea Montagna, the master of Correggio, and who, for the perfection of his productions, was knighted by the Duke of Mantua, and who was himself the scholar of Baldini, of Fineguerra, and of Squarcione, how few of his remaining works do we possess that are not mythological? Besides the splendid set in the Court of Hampton Palace, we have from this master the piece called the 'Bacchanals,' which consists of ten figures, drawn with every lascivious accompaniment, and calculated rather to throw off from the thoughts of our youthful gazers all moral considerations than to encourage them; or another Bacchanalian subject by the same hand, where Bacchus sits in a fuddled state of half intoxicated jollity on the edge of a tun, with twelve appropriate companions, employed in different acts of their ideal buffoonery; or, by the same master, we may also object to his 'Combat of Marine Monsters,' fighting in the marshes of the Mantuan pool with bones, reeds, fishes, and other weapons, one of them bearing for a shield a cow's skull. This production, which by the amateurs is called 'a sublime and poetic composition,' contains two horses' heads, one of which is inexpressibly exquisite for its representation of equine rage, only displays how this early master of the arts prostituted his genius; for, beyond the mere expression of it, we should indeed be hard pressed to guess in what conceivable manner works of this nature can serve the cause of morals. Or, to illustrate still further how far the mythological works of the painters are from serving the moral influences of society, we may mention the engraving by Marco Antonio Raimondi, of 'the Loves of the Pagan Gods,' which seems to have been the compound designs of the infamous Peter Aretine and Julio Romano, and which exceeded in libidinous extravagance every production of that or of any subsequent

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age. In short, so disgusting was this set of engravings, that Pope Clement VII. was officially obliged to commit Marco Antonio to prison, and to drive both his colleagues out of the Papal States, who made no better a defence of their vile impurities than that they amused the poet when he was sick, and afforded him relaxation! And so far was the imprisonment of Marco from being sincere, that when he had finished the fine engraving of Baccio Bandinelli, which represents the roasting of St. Lawrence on a gridiron, he obtained his liberty from that very pope whose moral proprieties had been outraged by the lascivious 'Loves of the Pagan Gods.' We should be glad to know which of the moral precepts, even from the laws of nature, is to be served by representing Venus in a state of nudity, newly risen from the bath, drying one of her feet in a style that is designed to show off the better the points of her person. Or how can the 'Judgment of Paris' emulate our young men and women, whether the painter have accompanied the persons with other ideal figures from classical story, or, like the simpler style of Nicholas del Abati, have confined himself to the additional presence of Cupid and one of his hunting dogs? We will make an exception in favour of the arts suggesting a moral influence by the two stories, which are probably by Raphael, of a woman representing virginity, carrying snow in her basket, exposed to the sun, and of the picture entitled 'Love Wounding the Female Bosom;' but even these are commonly neutralized by the nude state of the women and their ill-assorted companions in the painting. But what moral could the shrewdest deducer draw from the mythological picture of the 'Hours' by Guido, in which we have the finest forms, male and female, all nude, or nearly so, attending a chariot drawn by the fabulous horses of the sun, and in every attitude of unmixed delight, displayed as well by Apollo Belvidere as by those feminine attendants of the gods, which are there drawn together to represent the blessing of daylight to our world? Or how will these artistic moralists proceed to draw lessons of improvement from the 'Fall of Phaeton,' in which Jupiter is exhibited angrily darting his thunderbolts at the reckless youth, the four horses which draw the car plunging in as many different directions, and Phaeton himself already dead with alarm? Artists may affirm that when this subject is painted well on a ceiling, it is astonishingly full of splendour and sublimity, the '*beau ideal* in perfection,' as Cumberland has had the daring to express; but we, on the other hand, who think the whole a piece of imaginative extravagance, can neither see in it the punishment of mortal ambition, nor even the power of the gods. We regret to find the magnificent genius even of Michael Angelo trifling with such ridiculous fables as 'Ixion embracing Juno,' in which he represents the former praying to Jupiter, the husband of the latter, while, to turn the whole into a *caricature*, he exhibits a satyr riding on a tree across a gulph! We do not, indeed, know that this artist ever painted or drew the 'Elysium of Lovers,' where we see Apollo descending from the clouds, Love, drawn in a car by two unicorns, is rising, and, in a lake, Venus and Cupid are visible, who beckon the lovers to come over to them.

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This painting and engraving, which exhibit twenty-eight other figures, must be studied, we imagine, a long period before it would be possible to descry the hint which is to conduct us to the moral significance of the whole.

Let us, however, glance at the achievements of the Dutch school of artists in this mythological department; for it must be confessed that, as the arts did not arise either in Holland or Germany before their appearance in Italy and Spain, we need not be surprised to find so many of the Flemish and Dutch painters copying the models of their Italian predecessors. Otho Vennius, the master of Rubens, was particularly addicted to this pagan-divinity-school of painting, into which he might either have been led by his own rare education, or by his residence in the palace of Cardinal Maduccio for seven years, during which time he was an associate with Federigo Zuccaro. And it may have been owing to this acquired taste of his master, Van Veen, that Rubens gave himself up so imaginatively to mythological painting, that we have still left, after all the fires, the wrecks, and the other casualties that are ever lessening the works of the old masters, nearly 300 distinct paintings on mythology alone! These works, varying in prices from 500*l.* to 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.*, will show the reader, in spite of the trash stories that the great Flemish artist has thus illustrated, how large the mercantile value of these pictures to society is; for taken at 500*l.* each alone they would realise 150,000*l.* But Rubens was not contented with merely painting a subject of mythology once, but he painted three copies of 'Andromeda chained to the Rock,' five of 'Atalanta and Meleager,' four of the 'Three Graces,' three of the 'Rape of Proserpine,' five of 'Mercury soothing Argus with his Pipe,' seven of 'Venus and Adonis,' besides duplicates of almost every mythologic work which he executed. We have no hesitation in deploring the waste of such a genius at a time when so much real history needed to be painted, and we do not doubt that the reader will agree with us that the whole 300 of Rubens' mythological works have yet to deliver their first lesson on moral instruction. How different was Rembrandt! Bad and incorrect as his taste often was, crowding a dead monkey into a family picture, or a parcel of old armour into a woman's dressing-room, his keen and shrewd good sense set all the artists of the world an example, by avoiding all this trashy and gaudy material, that is derivable from a mythologic source. The subjects would have often suited his theory of exhibiting his power of colour; but Rembrandt's genius delighted rather in the living, the substantial, and the common Dutchman than in the contemptible fables of Syrinx and Pan, or of Orpheus charming the brutes, or Mercury conveying Psyche to Olympus. What was Apollo to Rembrandt's Beggerman or Ratcatcher? what were Venus and Cupid to his Pancake-baker? or how would Augustus or Hercules compare with the Burgomaster Tix, or the little Coppenol, or to Ephraim Bonus, the Jewish doctor? Would that three-fourths of the artists had only possessed thy shrewd sense, Rembrandt, for then we should never have written these papers.

It is time, however, to desist from further selections out of the

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mythological classics, in which there is scarcely a tale where woman's modesty is not insulted, or some other of the Christian virtues are not belied; and if we press the advocates of this imaginary system of artistic instruction, they think it excuse enough to affirm that the spirit of the age permitted such exhibitions, and that few of them were original, as they were mostly drawn from the sources of antique sculpture. But is either of these an apology for debauching the youth of another age? Jehovah set us the example of ignoring the history of the worthless antediluvians by destroying their records as well as themselves; and so long as the filthy and false records of Greek and Roman idolatry are made the *media* of instructing our youth, and of perpetuating the fine arts, it is our belief that they never will be teachers of such a morality as is at all worth the notice of the present age. It is to the honour of some of the artists of our own country, that they have set themselves in opposition to the mythological taste, which had run mad in England when the arts were in a lower state, and when every lady or gentleman must be exhibited behind some mythologic mask. Sir Joshua Reynolds went into this silly system of painting his ladies, either to represent the pagan goddesses or the English virtues, and what lady of light morals would not willingly sit to the knighted painter when, for the payment of a few pounds of her husband's money, her artist could turn her out for posterity to gaze upon either in the character of 'Prudence,' 'Fortitude,' or 'Hope!' We owe it however to Gainsborough, and the real artists that were rising about him, that the mythologic taste did not farther spread in England; and it is to be hoped that our shrewd good sense is now so far grown as to be trustworthy of going alone. Let no one, however, set us down for acidulated drops of humanity, out of whom the sense of the beautiful has died, and from whose hearts has perished every generous feeling of admiration and honour. We do still enjoy a joke even yet, and hope to laugh and weep over many a good picture yet to be seen; for we can find in our nature store of matter to develop when these good and indestructible pictures do arise, which however does not happen every day. A hundred paintings have to be produced for one or two that will delight the heart of the next generation; fifty *quasis* must appear before we have another Hogarth, or Morland, or Turner; but of all the sickening theories ever started by sentimental young men and sympathizing young ladies, there never was so ridiculous a notion 'founded by fools' as the notion that the fine arts ought to be supported for the same reason that we aid the clergy—because they teach morals!

We can scarcely be said to have finished our business without examining how far this alleged adaptation to instruct society in morals can be found to lie in any of the other departments of art to which we have not referred; and we are aware of only three that we have omitted, works of *genre*, of battle, and of portraits. With respect to the first we shall say little, as we imagine that there are not many advocates of art who could deduce good doctrines from a vase of flowers and fruit, however exquisitely painted by De Heem, or Van Huysum,

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or who would reprove one of the fast young gentlemen by reading him a lecture from a group of dead birds by Mons. Robet; nor do we see how an impudent young lady could be schooled into better behaviour by seeing a larder well stored with venison, fish, fowl, and green peas! Nor would it be easy to draw out a paper of instructions from a well-painted nest of bird's eggs by Weenix, or to rivet home on the heart of a frolicsome youth the folly of his age by showing him one of those highly finished early pictures of Valasquez, who was wont to exhibit the inanimate contents of a Flemish guard-house under the Duke of Alva. And as to the battle painters, whether we select Borgognone, Wouvermans, or Huytenberg, we fear their startling pictures will be as arid of moral instruction as the mythological pieces of Titian or Paolo Veronea. A canvass never exhibits more than one or two groups of a battle; and even the battle of Constantine by Raphael, or that of the Arno by Michael Angelo, only illustrate a few more of these groups, so that we can draw no moral inferences from the whole. The wickedness of all men, the folly of the weak who encounters a stronger enemy that is sure to crush him, and the unconscionable tyranny of victors, may indeed be drawn from these battles; but so may they be drawn from the ordinary civic battles in social life. The moral lessons are not deducible from spirited horses, or from the tug of two or three combatants, on which the painter mostly concentrates his attention, while the rest of the fighters are shadowed off in the distance, and give out no lessons at all. But what shall we say of the illustrious dead to whom the artist has given continuant life on his canvass? The inflexible energy of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, fresh from the pencil of Vandyke, his Lords Arundel, Clarendon, Essex, and Fairfax, with others, are they nothing to the purpose of our moral instruction? Yes, indeed, they are something, as the courtezans and loyal ladies of Sir Peter Lely, and the gentry and scholars painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; but all these, no doubt, convey a flattered representation of the persons they are designed to resemble. But as all portrait painters are not merely content to give the likeness of their sitters, but also generalize their features to lift them out of the class of mere individuals into a similitude of some *beau ideal* that the painter has in his mind, the moral inferences to be drawn from them must therefore be deduced with the greatest caution, and must be compared with their historic deeds.

And now let us return to the Crystal Palace, which is represented to us as a great teaching school, where the arts are to put forth their permanent influence, and to indoctrinate the mind of Great Britain in the principles of artistic tuition. We have shown, however, that this palace is at present destitute of the requisite materials for this instruction; but even if its proprietors could expend another million to purchase specimens of every school, and of every great master, we have more than serious doubts whether such would be the issue of its instructions. We have already examined every department of the fine arts, and have shown how ill adapted those works are to convey that moral influence to society which their amateurs so confidently

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predicate. Some new school of artists must arise with their new works before these fine arts can become powerful expositors of moral ideas or practice; and before such a school could have established itself, it is to be feared that the crotchets of the world about the capacity of the arts to supplement the moral teaching that we already possess will have gone, that the amateurs will have changed their theory, and perhaps come to maintain that the arts are powerful teachers of geometry, of chemistry, or it may be, of civil economy! It would indeed be a miracle if the fine arts could be shown to be able to instruct mankind in moral wisdom, when it is remembered how irreligious, and even immoral, many of the best artists have been. The *religio artium*, whatever it may be, has seldom risen beyond the desire to decorate churches and chapels, and as the Papacy has given the most countenance to that appropriation of the fine arts, many of its modern professors would no doubt have associated themselves with that body, if it had possessed more practical liberty, and had by its extravagancies less offended the shrewd good sense of the painters themselves. It is a fact, however, of which there can be little doubt, that almost every one of our old great artists, whether painters, architects, engravers, or mere designers, was a Papist as far as he had any religion at all. The biographies of these men are, however, stained with dreadful histories, illustrative of the numerous cases in which artists of the easel have died by each other's hands. Many instances occur of cases in which the artists have died by their own hand, while there is a still greater number of instances in which artists have lived a most discreditable life, having not only kept a number of mistresses, but have turned into the world a great number of illegitimate children, which if their sires had been moral teachers, would have been more to their dishonour. It is unnecessary to mention the names of artists who were thus far culpable, but the facts are well known; and if those amateurs with whom we have been concerned still maintain the moral influence of the fine arts, they must remember that they can claim for them no higher a position than that of the inconsistent clergy of all churches, whose instructions are most at war with their own life. Let the fine arts go on improving and elevating the taste of mankind, cultivating the true history of nations, and eschewing the mythological, inspiring a greater number with the love of design and with the sense of the beautiful, and then we are assured that they will never want purchasers or admirers, and that the wider civilization spreads, the greater will be the empire of the fine arts.

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The Psalter.

No. 2.

Psalm VI.

'I conceive that we have here a common lesson, and instruction which is suited to every Christian who is plunged in such distress.'—*Luther*.

Rebuke not in thy wrath, O God,
Chastise not with thine angry rod;
Have mercy, Lord! for thou art strong,
And I am weak; O Lord, how long!

Return, O Lord, and hear my cry,
Draw near and save me, or I die;
Nor can the grave confess thy care;
Nor is thy praise recounted there.

I wear away the night in fears;
Mine eyes are dim with frequent tears;
Behold my foes disdain my grief,
And my petitions for relief.

But I may bid them all depart,
For thou hast healed my broken heart;
Now I rejoice and they despair,
Since the good Lord has heard my prayer.

Psalm VII.

'It teaches—1. That one's being able to stretch forth pure hands to God is an indispensable condition of divine help, under the oppression of enemies; and, 2. that where this condition exists, the divine righteousness affords an undoubted security for deliverance.'—*Hengstenberg*.

O Lord my God, I trust in thee,
Save me from all my foes;
Let thy strong hand deliver me;
Thine eye regard my woes.

Let them not rend me as their prey
When no defence is near;
O Thou who mightier art than they,
Unto my help appear.

If I have waged a sinful strife,
If I have been unjust,
Then let them tread to earth my life;
Mine honour in the dust.

Arise, O Lord, in anger rise,
Mine enemies withstand;
Lift up thyself, and from the skies
Thy judgment now command.

Awake my King, return on high,
While all the people bless;
Judge me in mine integrity,
And in my righteousness.

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O let transgression now depart,
And still maintain the just;
The righteous God who tries the heart,
In him is all my trust.

He who is sovereign Judge and Lord
Is angry every day;
He bends his bow, he whets his sword,
And will the wicked slay.

Behold they travail with their sin,
They dig their trap, but lo!
It is themselves are fallen in,
They reap the ill they sow.

Now to my God will I draw nigh,
His goodness to proclaim;
And come before the Lord most high,
To praise his glorious name.

Psalm VIII.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent
In all the earth thy name;
Thou who hast crowned the firmament,
And all the starry frame.

Out of the mouths of babes and youth
Thou canst thy strength ordain;
To still the enemies of truth,
And their revenge restrain.

When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand,
The moon and stars that gem the sky,
Founded by thy command;

O what is man, that thou shouldst bow
To bless him from above?
Or what the son of man, that thou
Shouldst visit him in love?

Thou makest him to little want
Of dignity divine;*
To him thine honours thou dost grant;
For him thy glories shine.

Thou of thy works hast made him king;
The beasts upon the field,
The birds, and each created thing,
To him their tribute yield.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent
In all the earth thy name;
Thy glory crowns the firmament,
And all the starry frame.

* 'Thou makest him to want little of a Divine standing.'—*Hengstenbery's Trans.*

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Psalm IX.

I will praise thee, O Lord,
With my whole heart and tongue;
I will set forth thy works and word
In a rejoicing song.

Mine enemies turned back,
And perished at thy sight;
Thy word of judgment was not slack;
Thou hast maintained my right.

The wicked are destroyed,
And all the heathen host,
For thou hast made their cities void;
Their very name is lost.

The Lord shall still endure,
Established in his throne;
The world shall prove his judgment sure,
And reverence him alone.

All they that are opprest
Shall put their trust in thee;
Thou art their refuge and their rest,
And wilt their portion be.

Sing praises to the Lord;
Let men declare his power;
He will remember all his word,
In their distressing hour.

Pity me while I praise;
Consider while I grieve;
Thou from the gates of death canst raise;
Thou only canst relieve.

The heathen are sunk down
Within the pit they made;
When God is by his judgment known,
The wicked are afraid.

They hasten to the grave
Who disobey thy will;
But thou, Lord, wilt the needy save,
Their humble hope fulfil.

Rise, let not men prevail,
But judge them in thy sight;
That they, O Lord, who truth assail,
May know themselves aright.

Psalm X.

Why standest thou, O Lord, afar?
Why hidest thou from our distress?
Against the poor the wicked war,
And still imagine wickedness.

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He boasts him of his heart's desire;
  Blesses his gain, and hates the Lord;
Nor to thy name does he aspire,
  In all his thought, in all his word.

Thy judgments are above his sight;
  His ways seem always to succeed;
And while his foes endure his spite,
  His heart has said, 'I shall not need.'

His mouth is cursing and deceit;
  His tongue is vanity and lies;
Oppression lurks in his retreat;
  Against the poor he sets his eyes.

For this he will himself abase
  Their unsuspected foe to be;
He thinks that God will hide his face;
  His heart has said, 'He will not see.'

Arise, O God, lift up thine arm,
  Our waiting hearts thy help desire;
Their pride and their revenge disarm,
  Who say, 'The Lord will not require.'

I know, O God, that thou dost see,
  I know that thou wilt soon requite;
Therefore the poor may rest in thee;
  The fatherless may trust thy might.

Defeat, O Lord, their wicked way,
  Till their transgression be no more;
Till all the heathen own thy sway,
  Thy law receive, thy power adore.

Lord! thou wilt hear the humble prayer;
  Lord! thou wilt cause thine ear to hear;
To make the fatherless thy care,
  And worldly men thy judgment fear.

Psalm XI.

I put my trust, O Lord, in thee,
  Though to my soul they say,
'Far to the sheltering mountain flee,
  As a bird flies away.'

For lo! the wicked bend their bow,
  Their arrow they prepare,
And they that count me as their foe
  Would drive me to despair.

Now the foundations are decayed
  The righteous stand alone;
Yet God on earth his home has made,
  And fixed in heaven his throne.

There will his piercing eyes behold,
  There will his eyelids try,
Those that against his truth are bold,
  And all his laws defy.

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The Lord besets the ungodly path
With all consuming fire,
And rains upon it in his wrath
The tempest of his ire;

But loves the men that know his ways,
And in his truth delight;
The Lord his countenance displays
To them that are upright.

J. W. P.

The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

BOOK THE THIRD.

NO. XVI.—THE HISTORY OF THE OLD WOLF.

IN SEVEN FABLES.

1. The wicked wolf had grown old, and came to the hypocritical determination to live on good terms with the shepherds. So he set out, and came to the shepherd whose flocks were nearest to his den. 'Shepherd,' said he, 'thou callest me a blood-thirsty robber, which I really am not. Certainly, I must seize thy sheep when I am hungry, for hunger is painful. Only preserve me from hunger; only satisfy me, and thou shalt be well contented with me. For I am truly the tamest, gentlest, animal when I am satisfied.' 'When thou art satisfied! That may be, indeed,' replied the shepherd. 'But when art thou satisfied, then? Thou and the miser are never contented. Go thy way!'

NO. XVII.

2. The wolf thus repulsed came to the second shepherd. 'Thou knowest, shepherd,' was his speech, 'that I could kill many a sheep of thine during the year. If thou wilt give me six sheep every year, I am satisfied. Thou canst then sleep securely, and dismiss the dogs without hesitation.' 'Six sheep!' said the shepherd. 'But that is a whole flock!' 'Well then, since it is thou, I will content myself with five,' said the wolf. 'Thou jestest; five sheep! I scarcely sacrifice more than five sheep in the whole year to Pan.' 'Well, then, four?' asked the wolf again, and the shepherd shook his head scornfully. 'Three?—Two?' 'Not a single one,' was at last the decision. 'For it would, indeed, be foolish to make myself tributary to an enemy from whom I can secure myself by watchfulness.'

NO. XVIII.

3. 'Of all good things there are three,' thought the wolf, and came to the third shepherd. 'It grieves me much,' said he, 'that I am decried

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by you shepherds as the most cruel and unprincipled animal. I will now prove to thee, Montan, how they wrong me. Give me yearly a sheep, and thy flock shall be able to graze freely and uninjured in that wood, which none but I render unsafe. One sheep! What a trifle! Could I act more generously, more unselfishly? Thou art laughing, shepherd. What art thou laughing at, then?' 'O, at nothing! But how old art thou, good friend?' said the shepherd. 'What has my age to do with thee? Yet old enough to kill thy dearest lambs.' 'Don't be angry, old Isegrim! I am sorry that thou art come a few years too late with thy proposition. Thy lost teeth betray thee. Thou playest the unselfish one, merely to be able to support thyself so much the more comfortably, and with so much the less danger.'

NO. XIX.

4. The wolf became angry, but collected himself, and then went to the fourth shepherd. His faithful dog was just dead, and the wolf took advantage of this circumstance. 'Shepherd,' said he, 'I have quarrelled with my brothers in the wood, and so much that I shall never again be reconciled to them. Thou knowest how much thou hast to fear from them! If thou wilt take me into thy service in the place of thy dead dog, I will promise thee that they shall not even look enviously at one of thy sheep.' 'Thou wilt protect them from thy brothers in the wood, then?' replied the shepherd. 'What else should I mean? Certainly.' 'That would not be bad! But, if I should receive thee into my flock, say who should then protect my poor sheep from thee? To take a thief into one's own house, in order to be safe from the thieves out of the house, we men consider ——' 'Enough, I see!' said the wolf, 'thou beginnest to moralize. Farewell!'

NO. XX.

5. 'Would I were not so old!' growled the wolf. 'But, alas! I must accommodate myself to the times.' And so he came to the fifth shepherd. 'Dost thou know me?' asked the wolf. 'I know thy kind, at least,' replied the shepherd. 'My kind? I doubt that very much. I am such a singular wolf, that I am well worthy of thy friendship, and that of all shepherds.' 'And how art thou so singular, then?' 'I could not kill a living sheep and eat it; not even to save my life. I support myself only with dead sheep. Is not that praiseworthy? Permit me, then, to come to thy flock now and then and inquire if thou hast ——' 'Spare thy words!' said the shepherd. 'Thou must not eat any sheep at all, not even dead ones, if I am not to be thy enemy. An animal who already eats dead sheep easily learns by hunger to consider sick sheep as dead, and healthy ones as sick. Don't reckon upon my friendship—begone!'

NO. XXI.

6. 'I must now do my best to gain my end,' thought the wolf, and came to the sixth shepherd. 'Shepherd, how do you like my skin?'

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asked the wolf. 'Thy skin?' said the shepherd. 'Let me see! It is beautiful; the dogs cannot have had thee down often.' 'Well then, listen, shepherd, I am old, and shall not last long. Feed me till death; and I will bequeath my skin to thee.' 'Oh, indeed!' said the shepherd. 'Hast thou also found out the tricks of the old misers? No, no; thy skin would in the end cost me more than it is worth. But if it is thy serious intention to make me a present, give it to me at once.' Herewith the shepherd seized his club, and the wolf fled.

NO. XXII.

7. 'Oh, the unmerciful ones!' cried the wolf, and fell into the greatest rage. 'Then I will die as their enemy before hunger kills me, for they will not have it otherwise!' He ran, broke into the dwellings of the shepherds, devoured their children, and was not without great trouble slain by the shepherds. Then spake the wisest of them: 'We did wrong then, indeed, in reducing the old robber to extremities, and depriving him of all means of improvement, however late and enforced this was!'

NO. XXIII.—THE MOUSE.

A philosophic mouse praised kind Nature for having made mice such distinguished objects of her care. 'For one half of us,' said she, 'has received wings, so that if we should be extirpated by the cats we can with little trouble restore our extirpated race from the flitter mice.' The good mouse did not know that there are also winged cats. And thus our pride rests for the most part upon our ignorance!

NO. XXIV.—THE SWALLOW.

Believe me, my friends, the great world is not for the wise man, is not for the poet! People do not know his real worth, and, alas, are often weak enough to exchange him for a worthless fellow. In former times the swallow was quite as tuneful and melodious a bird as the nightingale. But she was soon tired of dwelling in the lonely thickets, and being admired and listened to there by none but the industrious peasant and innocent shepherdess. She quitted her more humble friends and removed to the town. What happened? Because people in the town had not time to hear her divine song she forgot it by degrees, and instead learnt—to build.

NO. XXV.—THE EAGLE.

The eagle was asked, 'Why dost thou breed thy young so high up in the air?' The eagle replied, 'Would they venture so near to the sun when grown up if I bred them low upon the earth?'

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XXVI.—THE YOUNG AND THE OLD STAG.

A stag, whom kind nature had allowed to live for centuries, once said to one of his grandchildren, 'I can still well remember the time when man had not yet invented the thundering gun.' 'What a happy time that must have been for our race!' sighed the grandchild. 'Thou judgest too quickly!' said the old stag. 'The time was different, but not better. Man had bows and arrows then instead of the gun; and we were just as badly off as now.'

NO. XXVII.—THE PEACOCK AND THE COCK.

Once the peacock said to the hen, 'How haughtily and disdainfully thy cock struts about; and yet men do not say, "The proud cock;" but always, "The proud peacock."' 'That is, because man does not mind a well-grounded pride. The cock is proud of his watchfulness, and of his manliness; but of what art thou proud?—of thy colours and feathers.'

NO. XXVIII.—THE STAG.

Nature had formed a stag of more than ordinary size, and long hair hung down from his neck. Then thought he to himself, 'Thou wouldst do well to let thyself be taken for a miserable creature.' And what did the foolish thing do to appear a miserable creature? He hung down his head sorrowfully, and appeared to be often sick. So does a witty fool not seldom believe that people will not take him for a clever fellow if he does not complain of headache and hypochondria.

NO. XXIX.—THE EAGLE AND THE FOX.

'Be not so proud of thy flight!' said the fox to the eagle. 'Thou only mountest so high in the air to be able to look round farther for a carcase.' So I know men who have become thoughtful philosophers, not out of love to truth, but out of desire for a lucrative post.

NO. XXX.—THE SHEPHERD AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Thou art angry, darling of the Muses, at the noisy rabble of Parnassus? Hear, then, from me what the nightingale was once obliged to listen to. 'Sing then, sweet nightingale!' exclaimed a shepherd, one lovely spring evening, to the silent songstress. 'Alas!' said the nightingale, 'the frogs make such a noise that I lose all desire to sing. Dost thou not hear them?' 'Certainly, I hear them,' replied the shepherd, 'but it is only thy silence that is to blame for my hearing them.'

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A Christian Common-Place Book.

A MAN may adopt another as his child, but he can never really *make* him his son. He can never alter the fact that he is the child of another man. Nor can he exterminate the natural feelings which attract so mysteriously the parent and the child. And should the true parent claim her own again, where can the child be found in whose heart there would be no response to a real mother's love? — *God makes us children.* We are not only called sons, we *are* sons. There is reality in this relation; there is only the name in the other. Legally, he reinstates us in all the privileges of children.... The race in its forefather was in the highest sense a child of God, when God created him in his own image, and breathed into him the breath of life. And what altered this relation? The loss of all that higher life which came from God, and the reception of much which came, not from God, but from the devil. But what if this disastrous work be all undone, if, besides the removal of guilt and the forgiveness of sin, all that ever came from the wicked one is taken away, and the higher life that came from God be entirely restored, will he not be truly a child of God once more? In 'them that believe' this is accomplished. The Spirit of God roots out and destroys all that has not come from God, and quickens, restores, and implants only that which has. Every mark of the fall, every blemish that sin has produced, *ungodliness* of every kind, he takes away. On the other hand, he imparts and matures every form of *godliness* instead. And when his work is complete, and we are presented faultless, there will be nothing in us, and nothing on us, which has not been the pure creation of God himself. It is by no mere figure of speech then that the Christian is called a child of God; for it is impossible to conceive of any relation more close, more vital, or more real, than that which exists between the Christian and his God.— *Rev. J. Martin's Heirs of God.*

Still more true is this in relation to spiritual things, that success depends on attention. He who would 'know and understand God,' must give his whole attention to God. The truths to be learned are spiritual; they are not to be understood simply by the reason; they require the exercise of the conscience and the will. They are, moreover, foreign to the world of man's natural ideas; they relate to things past, future, and unseen; and hence are not to be wrought into the mind and character except by a habit of determined attention to them. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' The seat of this 'violence' is in the soul of man himself; and it is to be exercised in gaining a mastery over frivolous wandering thoughts, as well as over sensual destructive passions.

The formation of character is God's ultimate object, and character is formed chiefly by the thoughts that are most familiar to the heart. A man who thinks of God five times a day will be proportionately less influenced by him than a man who thinks of him a hundred times. If the character is to become spiritual, there must be spiritual thoughts, living thoughts derived from the living God himself, lying near the heart, and interesting the mind. Now such thoughts can become predominant only by devoted attention to them; for it is an awful peculiarity of religious truths that if they are not most frequently in the mind, they will be least there; when they are not the delight of the spirit, they are its terror and its disgust.

It is plain, then, that while all methods of reducing religious thought to monotony should be shunned, all means of exciting and sustaining attention to it should be diligently observed by us. If there is one method of securing that any class of thoughts should lose the power of impression, it is to attend to them on a ceremonial plan, only at fixed times and in certain places, and to allow them to recur only at stated intervals, like the striking of a church clock, which, though heard at first, soon ceases to be heard with its recurring chimes, because of its unfailing regularity. Thus when religion is never considered but on Sundays, in connexion with unalterable forms, in sermons with three heads and an improvement, in language of stereotyped uniformity; when all irregularities of action in

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modes of instruction or worship are cautiously shunned; when all vigorous living outbreaks of wholesome speech are forbidden and discouraged,—it soon ceases to operate on the mind! The devil has no objection to a formal respectable religion like that. He is the grand patron of the doctrine that religion is rational in proportion as it is cool, and that piety is commendable in proportion as it never causes a disturbance in the kingdom of darkness. He knows full well that no one can attend who is not interested, and that interest can be sustained only by a wise mingling of 'things new and old.'—*Edward White's Hawley-road Tracts.*

The late Dr. Simeon, than whom no man was ever more unsophisticated, or farther off from rationalism and vain philosophy, writes, in one of his letters:

'Perhaps you little thought that, in what you have said about extremes, and against the golden mean, you would carry me along with you. But I do not only go along with you, I even go far beyond you; for to you I can say in words, what for these thirty years I have proclaimed in deeds (you will not misunderstand me), that the truth is not in the middle, and not in one extreme, but in both extremes. I see you filled with amazement, and doubting whether I am sober. Here were two extremes; observing days, eating meats, &c. "Paul, how do you move? In the mean way?" "No." "To one extreme?" "No." "How then?" "To both extremes in their turn, as occasion requires." Here are two other extremes, Calvinism and Arminianism (for you need not be told how long Calvin and Arminius lived before St. Paul). "How do you move in reference to these, Paul? In the golden mean?" "No." "To one extreme?" "No." "How then?" "To both extremes: to-day I am a strong Calvinist; to-morrow a strong Arminian." "Well, well, Paul, I see thou art beside thyself; go to Aristotle, and learn the golden mean."

'But, my brother, I am unfortunate; I formerly read Aristotle, and liked him much; I have since read Paul, and caught somewhat of his strange notions oscillating (not vacillating) from pole to pole. Sometimes I am a high Calvinist, at other times a low Arminian; so that if extremes please you, I am your man; only remember, it is not *one* extreme that we are to go to, but *both* extremes.'

Such is the verdict of a man who lives in the simplicity of love and finds his wisdom there. On the contrary, there is no so disingenuous and untrustworthy a soul, none so irreverent to truth, or incapable of truth, as one who is rigidly confined to the little *credo* or thimble-measure of his own formula. What he calls consistency, means the same as a small sense of truth; for if he had a larger sense of truth, such as a full Christian experience ought to give him, he would even want several thimbles to contain it.—*Bushnell's Christ in Theology.*

There are some instances of fortune and a fair condition that cannot stand with some others; but if you desire this, you must lose that, and unless you be content with one, you lose the comfort of both. If you covet learning, you must have leisure and a retired life; if to be a politician, you must go abroad and get experience, and do all businesses, and keep all company, and have no leisure at all. If you will be rich, you must be frugal; if you will be popular, you must be bountiful; if a philosopher, you must despise riches. . . . The dispersed excellences and blessings of many men, if given to one, would not make a handsome, but a monstrous fortune. Use, therefore, that faculty which nature hath given thee, and thy education hath made actual, and thy calling hath made a duty. But if thou desirest to be a saint, refuse not his persecution; if thou wouldest be famous as Epamimondas or Fabricius, accept also of their poverty, for that added lustre to their persons, and envy to their fortune, and their virtue without it could not have been so excellent. Let Euphorion sleep quietly with his old rich wife; and let Medius drink on with Alexander; and remember thou canst not have the riches of the first, unless you have the old wife too; nor the favour which the second had with his prince, unless you buy it at his price; that is, lay thy sobriety down first, and thy health a little after; and then their condition, though it look splendidly, yet, when you handle it on all sides, it will prick your finger.—*Jeremy Taylor on Contentedness.*

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Record of Christian Missions.

The missionary journals this month, with the exception of the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' and the 'Baptist Missionary Herald,' contain little besides the annual reports of the societies, of which they are the monthly organs. The 'Chronicle,' with the exception of a few lines, is a reprint of a single number of the 'Patriot' newspaper; but the masterly report of the London Missionary Society is well worth an issue in a form where it is likely to be more carefully and studiously read than when it appeared as newspaper intelligence. The 'Intelligencer' confines its attention solely to India, a subject on which it is getting rather dull and long-winded. The latter quality, indeed, is a weakness of which most of the readers of the 'Intelligencer' have cause to complain. Its correspondence is admirable; its news far more interesting and much better told than any that appears in any other journal; but its essays are often little short of dreary. The 'Herald,' instead of republishing a report of the May meeting, gives a selection, made with good judgment, of the best points from the various speeches that were made on the Baptist Missionary platform. To the 'Herald' we are indebted for the substance of our intelligence this month which, though it may not be new to some, will be fresh and interesting to very many of our readers. There are important communications from India, having reference to the revival of missionary efforts in the disturbed districts. Mr. Wenger writes that 'the impression now prevalent amongst the natives of Bengal is, that it is of no use to resist the progress of Christianity.' The editor of the 'Herald' quotes the following gratifying intelligence with regard to the present conduct of the civil authorities towards native Christians:—

'The change in the tone and conduct of the authorities towards native Christians is wonderful. They are now, not as usually looked down upon, but *sought for* in order to give them situations of trust and confidence under Government, as heads of police, jemadars, &c. This, it is added, is in the North-west provinces. In Bengal, in the district of Hooghley, the magistrate has gathered a corps of one hundred men, chiefly Christians, from Krishnagur, engaging with them a catechist, by whom daily worship is conducted for their benefit. The Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Halliday, has further issued a circular to civilians, missionaries, and others, enquiring to what extent the system of exclusion has been carried, and what difficulties lie in the way of the employment of native Christians in the public service. But while we must approve of this more equitable procedure, it must not be overlooked that there are drawbacks of no slight importance attendant on the change. Opening facilities for employment under Government will on the one hand be likely to induce many to call themselves Christians for the sake of a livelihood, in whom no real change of heart has taken place; and on the other, association with the venality of the courts, or with the vile practices of the police, may prove most injurious to the Christian character of converts, who may be induced to accept places in the public service. Still it is a matter for thankfulness to God that our own Government is at length roused to the impolicy of rejecting from its service the only class of its native subjects which, from having accepted our own faith, can be regarded as indubitably trustworthy and loyal.'

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We learn that at Serampore a fire had broken out in the residence of the students, and occasioned serious damage. At Agra, a similar occurrence had taken place, when an entire square was burned down, and nearly the whole property of the two missionaries destroyed. We are glad to learn that at Agra, since the comparative restoration of order, the missionaries have recommenced preaching in the bazaars and market-place. At first they refrained from going into the larger thoroughfares, in order to feel their way and ascertain the temper of the people. But the readiness to hear the gospel, and the generally courteous demeanour exhibited by their auditors, encouraged the missionaries to act more freely, and they now report that the readiness of the people to assemble and listen to the gospel is much greater than it used to be. Mussulmans form the minority of the congregations. Their conduct before the mutiny was bold, defiant, and contemptuous. Now they appear discouraged and disheartened by its utter failure. Nevertheless the Hindus still reiterate their old dogmas. Some Brahmins are, however, sorely perplexed by the atrocities of the Sepoys, who were most of them Brahmins, and know not how to affirm as formerly the perfect blessedness of all Brahmins after death.

In the principal market of Agra the missionaries often encounter Sikhs and Punjaub Mussulmen. A few among them have appeared particularly thoughtful and desirous to understand the gospel.

From other sources we learn that missionary work over nearly the whole of India is being resumed with an increased ardour and activity. When the societies shall have completed their arrangements for sending out the new missionaries, the people will have the gospel sown amongst them as no heathen people have yet had it. It is a magnificent testimony to the Christian feeling of England that this new enterprize has been conceived, and is being carried forward with such almost unbounded liberality. The Church Missionary Society has received 30,000*l.* for a special Indian Fund, intending to use it in the first instance in the evangelization of the kingdom of Oude. The London Missionary Society has received about 11,000*l.*; the Wesleyans have made arrangements for ten new missionaries; and the Baptists are now considering the best mode of raising in the churches an increased interest in the maintenance and enlargement of missionary labour in India—intending to make a special effort for a 5,000*l.* fund.

The 'Herald' records the arrival in Australia of the Rev. Isaac New, of Birmingham, a minister much respected, and holding a high position as a preacher in the Baptist denomination. We also know of the arrival out of Mr. Binney, in good health, though after a rather unfavourable voyage. Mr. Poore, who went with Mr. Binney, has already returned to this country for more ministers, after only three weeks' sojourn in Australia. We quote part of an interesting diary of Mr. Taylor, of the Baptist denomination, which affords some glimpses of an Australian minister's life :—

On Tuesday morning, October 20, I left Melbourne on a hurried visit to Forest Creek gold diggings, and after a most fatiguing journey, reached the chapel there just in time for a meeting, a most joyous and crowded meeting, at which I was most heartily welcomed. On the following day I rambled among diggers and crushing machines, and had much interesting conversation with friends from many

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parts of England; in the evening preached to a large congregation in the new chapel. The Forest Creek and adjacent diggings cover an immense part of the Mount Alexander district, having the flourishing town of Castlemaine in the centre. I deeply regretted that my time was so limited. At least a month would be needful to get acquainted with the district. On the 22nd I rode ten miles through the bush on a cart to the magnificent country known as the Valley of the Loddon, and preached in the evening to about fifty people in a small canvass chapel. Oh that your good ministers of Bloomsbury Chapel and the Diorama had seen it! What a contrast! However, there were happy faces there; only four females; all the rest of the company strong men, who had trudged in the dark through deep mud to their little Bethel. On the 23rd I was on horseback, riding through the bush before four o'clock a.m., on my way to Castlemaine, which I left by coach at six o'clock, and reached home in the evening, covered with mud, and drenched with rain and hail, wearied, it is true, but thanking God for affording me the opportunity of doing brethren here some little service. Bendigo I have not yet been able to visit. At the urgent request of friends there, I have sent Mr. Henderson, formerly town missionary in Sunderland, to labour for three months at the Bendigo gold fields, the friends engaging to give him 3*l.* per week. At least 30,000 people are at Ararat, and well-nigh entirely destitute of religious instruction. Surely, oh surely, wealthy friends in England will do something towards sending out evangelists! I am afraid my importunity will get tiresome, but my heart is sad at the sight of the neglected state of thousands here. Gladly would I devote every energy of soul and body, and risk health and life itself, in the work of preaching the gospel to the thousands in the gold fields, but I am chained here. Much is doing in Melbourne, and our Sabbath and week-evening congregations are truly encouraging. Soon one large chapel will be erected in Melbourne, by the Collins-street church, and a second will follow immediately for the Albert-street church, if they get a good pastor. It is very cheering, this. Send good men, faithful men, to work for Melbourne and Sydney; men who will lay hold of the affections of the young, and God will give them a rich reward. I mentioned in my last letter that we had some expectation of getting one of the theatres for Sabbath-evening services. In this, however, we have been disappointed. The deacons at Collins-street would have willingly paid a very large rent, but the lessee positively refused, so for the present we must do the best we can, as there is no larger building in the city. I hope by next mail to send you a sketch of the new chapel. Please present my most respectful regards to the committee. Two of Mr. Brock's members have just arrived in Melbourne, and made themselves known to me immediately, and on the very day of their arrival were at an evening service with me. At Forest Creek I met four members of Mr. Noel's church; and at Newstead, in the Valley of the Loddon, with other two. In fact, everywhere I meet with members of English churches, all kind and glad to see me.'

Mr. Taylor subsequently makes an urgent appeal to the Baptist denomination for more ministers. 'Something,' he says, 'on a worthy scale must be done for Australia; all other denominations have been, and are active; we have lagged behind.' 'Unless,' he adds, 'something is done soon, to give the denomination a start, it will be quite lost.' We publish this, not in the hope that the appeal will meet with a response, in the increased emigration of more Christian

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ministers, whether Baptists or otherwise. There is a sentence, however, in the report of the Church Missionary Society of this year, which it will be well to quote in connexion with the enlarged efforts that are now being made in behalf of missions. It is, 'one strong mission is better than several weak ones. Is there no danger of multiplying weak causes just now?

The Parliamentary Reform Committee.

We are glad to be able to make room in these pages for the following circular, having reference to the action of the Guildhall Committee. There is, we believe, an impression that the committee, because it has been little heard of, has been doing nothing since it issued its manifesto. Any of our readers who may have received that impression will now be disabused of their error, and, we hope, be induced to lend their assistance towards realizing the appeal of the committee for such support as it will require:—

'Parliamentary Reform Committee,
'15, *King Street, Cheapside*, E.C.
'21*st June*, 1858.

'Sir,—During the present session of Parliament we have been diligently occupied in rendering support to those motions on the subject of Parliamentary Reform which are in harmony with our published programme. The bill for Abolition of the Property Qualification has passed through both Houses; and that for the Extension of the County Franchise has been read a second time in the Commons by a large majority. The subject of Forty Shilling Freeholds for Scotland has been introduced, and obtained a powerful minority in its favour; and encouraging divisions have taken place on the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments. These results stimulate us to persevere in the earnest, unostentatious, and vigorous efforts we are making to render the House of Commons truly representative of the people.

'An economical expenditure of about 500*l.* has enabled us to prepare, and widely to publish, our programme, and to secure this commencement of its successful advocacy in Parliament. We shall need about the same amount, in addition, to complete without difficulty our first financial year; and we venture, without hesitation, to appeal to our numerous friends to furnish at once the funds which are necessary to continue an organization which has proved, during the short space of six months, so practically useful in advancing the progress of Parliamentary Reform. We do not wish, at present, to resort to any collecting or travelling agency, but take the liberty of enclosing a list of subscriptions, and of soliciting the favour of your name, in addition, for any sum you may be willing to give.

'We are, Sir, yours faithfully,
'S. Morley, *Treasurer*.
'E. S. Pryce, *Secretary*.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'A Reader.'—Dr. Price's 'History of Nonconformity' and the Rev. Joseph Fletcher's 'History of Independency,' both very able works, and well covering their ground. Mr. Fletcher's is the cheapest book.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

AUGUST, 1858.

Robertson's Sermons.

Sydney Smith's recipe for a sleepless night was to take a volume of sermons and read himself into obliviousness. No doubt that the opinion of sermons implied in this sarcasm is too true, and that the majority of them are irresistibly dull and soporific. Blair's Sermons, for instance, cannot be said to be exciting even by the most lively temperament; and we suspect that it was this type of sermons that the aforesaid devout clergyman was chiefly conversant with. The great bulk of more modern sermons are insupportably heavy; so much so, that while sermons are printed by the thousand they are read only by the hundred, and then only by very simple people and elderly ladies, who study the prophecies under Dr. Cumming. But perhaps the most numerous class who read sermons are clergymen and Dissenting ministers who read to steal—and to steal in a shamefully wholesale manner. But more of this anon.

But if the charge of heaviness against the bulk of modern sermons be true, there is a charge, equally true, against some of our very modern sermons of being insupportably lively. Reader, didst thou ever see a dull fellow try to be witty? and wert thou obliged to countenance the delusion, and laugh with the rest, as if the poor dullard had really said a bright thing? We have heard Scotch professors, very safe hands at explaining the categories, and very apt at all the modes of the syllogism, perpetrating some awful things in the name of wit and poetry in the endeavour, we suppose, to make their lectures very lively and attractive to youthful minds. And they used to get well cheered for it! And so now, as preachers have been long abused for long faces, long sermons, and long sentences, many of them have determined to get rid of the reputation, and have set about the

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reformation with a vengeance. The poor *working classes!* they have been made the victims of this experiment. Just as frogs were used for electrical experiments, so the lively school of preachers think that no great harm can be done if they try their hand first of all upon the poor man. One gentleman we remember apologizes for the buffoonery of his lectures on the Sunday afternoons by saying, that he never admits it into the regular performances in the morning or evening. But is it not a great mistake to suppose that this style of thing would be acceptable only to the working classes? If some necessary alterations were made in the style, the middle and upper classes would like lecturing too. Of course, 'dirt pies' would not do for them; but a melodramatic handling of the vices of the rich would be immensely popular. Did they not go to see Tom Thumb in as great crowds as the vulgar? And so set them up a preacher or lecturer, compounded in equal proportions of 'Brimstone and Treacle,' and Belgravia would rush to hear him, despite the attractions of St. Barnabas and the mysterious charms of Puseyism.

The success of such an attempt would raise the whole question as to the purpose of the pulpit and the nature of preaching. Is it to beguile an idle hour, to insinuate instruction through the medium of amusement, and by choosing such topics as may hit the fancy or taste of the hearer, to draw crowded thousands together, and regale them with poor imitations of Dickens, or some other popular novelist? Far be it from us to interdict any man from entering the pulpit and displaying the real power there is in him in his own way; if he has imagination, let him draw upon it to the utmost, so long as it serves the purpose of illustration to his argument or exposition; if he has humour, let him be unsparing of it in lashing all that is ridiculous in vice and folly; and if he has passion, let it kindle and burn in earnest love for the beautiful and holy in religion, and in indignation against the wickednesses of the world. But in the lecturing and preaching we have in our eye the real is sacrificed to the artificial, earnestness has become a canting nuisance, and real power and success are given up to the ambition of being simply popular—and scarcely anything besides.

Our earnest desire is to see the pulpit filled with *men*,—men of incorruptible aims, of high intelligence, and of inspired zeal; who shall rescue it from the boyish taste and shallowness with which it is threatened by some amongst us just now. As a help in this direction, we trust that the sermons of Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, which we beg to introduce to our readers, will exert a powerful influence. We know full well that they have too high a tone of religious thought and feeling ever to be extensively popular amongst the great mass of the religious world; but, nevertheless, the genius that is in them, the pure and lofty sympathies with which they abound, the high intellectual and spiritual qualities they reveal, will make them very dear to the better class of young men amongst our preachers. It would be a great blessing to every young man leaving college if he could put these three volumes

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of sermons upon his shelves as soon as he had settled, and read them often and deeply in close companionship with the Bible.

We are bound to say that Mr. Robertson, in common with the Broad School to which he belonged in the Church of England, held what we believe to be defective views of the doctrine of our Lord's sacrifice. He repudiates almost violently the notion that Christ died as our substitute. That the Saviour bore the punishment due to our sin as the method by which we can obtain pardon, is a doctrine to him utterly revolting. Hear what he says: 'Let no man say that God was angry with his Son. We are sometimes told of a mysterious anguish which Christ endured, the consequence of divine wrath; the sufferings of a heart laden with the conscience of the world's transgressions, which he was bearing as if they were his own sins. Do not add to the Bible what is not in the Bible. The Redeemer's conscience was not bewildered to feel *that* his own which was not his own. He suffered no wrath of God.' Any one who has read these volumes must feel assured that Mr. Robertson has long and anxiously studied this question of questions—this deepest, darkest question which the incarnation of Christ presents. *In which way, in what sense*, did Christ die for our sins? *Can* the innocent endure the punishment due to the guilty? Mr. Robertson answers *No*. Not in the popular theological meaning of those expressions. How then? This is as definite an answer as he can give us: 'Christ came into collision with the world's evil, and he bore the penalty of that daring. He approached the whirling wheel, and was torn in pieces. He laid his hand upon the cockatrice's den, and its fangs pierced him. It is the law which governs the conflict with evil. It can only be crushed by suffering from it. The Son of Man, who puts his naked foot on the serpent's head, crushes it, but the fang goes into his heel.' True, unquestionably, as far as it goes; but not an explanation found in the Bible, and encompassed with as many difficulties as the explanation he repudiates, if regarded as a complete account of the sufferings of Christ. Grant that the pure mind of Christ could not suffer the conscience of sin; and yet the Old and New Testament are so full of phrases importing that, in *some sense*, he bore our sins, that he suffered the just for the unjust, and so on—phrases, the depth and fulness of which do not seem to be reached and exhausted by the theory which Mr. Robertson and Mr. Maurice put forth. Does not this long-standing controversy sufficiently teach us that, after all that has been urged on both sides, there is no theory on the atonement in the word of God? But it is a great fact in God's government left unexplained, 'that we obtain redemption through his blood—even the forgiveness of sins.' Why not be content with preaching so great a truth just as it stands, instead of pausing and hesitating to make the announcement in all its fulness, till we can understand *how* it can be?

We have now discharged our conscience, and can proceed to speak more freely of these volumes and their excellences.

All the great religious thinkers of the world have felt deeply and

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struggled to utter that awful sense of wonder and mystery with which this life fills them. The hard, unpoetical, or merely theological mind cannot appreciate this element of higher natures; to him, as to Peter Bell, a primrose is a primrose; God is a being whose existence he has proved, and whose attributes he has catalogued and described definitely. 'This brave o'erhanging firmament' fills him with no thoughts 'too deep for tears.' Time and eternity have no perplexities for him beyond his own personal vexations. Let us give an extract from a sermon on 'Jacob's wrestling'—one of the finest in these volumes—to illustrate what we said at the beginning of this paragraph :—

'To be blessed by God—to know him and what he is—that is the battle of Jacob's soul from sunset till the dawn of day.

'And that is our struggle—*the* struggle. Let any true man go down into the deeps of his own being and answer us,—what is the cry that comes from the most real parts of his nature? Is it the cry for daily bread? Jacob asked for that in his first communing with God—preservation, safety. Is it it even this—to be forgiven our sins? Jacob had a sin to be forgiven, and in that most solemn moment of his existence he did not say a syllable about it. Or, is it this, "Hallowed be thy name?" No, my brethren. Out of our frail, and yet sublime humanity, the demand that rises in the earthlier hours of our religion may be this,—Save my soul! but in the most unearthly moments it is this,—"Tell me thy name!" We move through a world of mystery; and the deepest question is, what is the Being that is ever near—sometimes felt—never seen. That which has haunted us from childhood with a dream of something surpassingly fair, which has never yet been realized;—that which sweeps through the soul as a desolation, like the blast from the wings of the angel of death, leaving us stricken and silent in our loneliness;—that which has touched us in our tenderest point, and the flesh has quivered with agony, and our mortal affections have shrivelled up with pain;—that which comes to us in aspirations of nobleness and conceptions of superhuman excellence. Shall we say It or He? What is it? Who is he? Those anticipations of immortality and God—what are they? Are they the mere throbbings of my own heart, heard and mistaken for a living something beside me? Are they the sound of my own wishes, echoing through the vast void of nothingness? or shall I call them God, Father, Spirit, Love? A living Being within me or outside me? Tell me thy name, thou awful Mystery of Loveliness. That is the struggle of all earnest life.'

We must also quote the reason the preacher gives why God does not tell Jacob his name.

'He blessed him there,' but refused to tell his name. 'Wherefore dost thou ask after my name? In this, too, seems to lie a most important truth. Names have a power, a strange power, of hiding God. Speech has been sarcastically defined as the art of hiding thought. Well, that sarcastic definition has in it a truth. The

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Eternal Word is the revealer of God's thoughts, and every true word of man is originally the expression of a thought; but by degrees the word hides the thought. Language is valuable for the things of this life; but for the things of the other world, it is an encumbrance almost as much as an assistance. Words often hide from us our ignorance of even earthly truth. The child asks for information, and we satiate his curiosity with words. Who does not know how we satisfy ourselves with the name of some strange bird or plant, or the name of some new law in nature? It is a mystery perplexing us before. We get the name and fancy we understand something more than we did before; but in truth we are more hopelessly ignorant: for before we felt there was a something we had not attained, and so we inquired and searched; now, we fancy we possess it, because we have got the name by which it is known: and the word covers over the abyss of our ignorance. If Jacob had got a *word*, that word might have satisfied him. He would have said, "Now I understand God, and know all about him."'

The person of Christ is a subject difficult to speak of, except in general terms. Orthodox Christians, in the rebound from Unitarianism, have dwelt almost exclusively upon the divine part of his constitution; so that it has become difficult to realize to ourselves the thorough humanity of our Lord. There are some striking and wonderfully suggestive thoughts on this subject in several of these sermons; but we make a quotation from a remarkable discourse on 'The early Development of Jesus.'

'The child, it is written, grew. Two pregnant facts. He was a child, and a child that grew in heart, in intellect, in size, in grace, in favour with God and man. Not a man in child's years. No hotbed precocity marked the holiest of infancies. The Son of Man grew up in the quiet valley of existence—in shadow, not in sunshine—not *forced*. No unnatural stimulating culture had developed the mind or feelings: no public flattery, no sunning of his infantine perfections in the glare of the world's show, had brought the temptation of the wilderness, with which his manhood grappled, too early on his soul. We know that he was childlike as other children, for in after years his brethren thought his fame strange, and his townsmen rejected him. They could not believe *that one* who had gone in and out, ate and drank, and worked, was he whose name is Wonderful. The proverb, true of others, was true of him: 'A prophet is not without honour but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.' You know him in a *picture* at once, by the halo round his brow. There was no glory in his real life to mark him. He was in the world, and the world knew him not. Gradually and gently he woke to consciousness of life and its manifold meaning, found himself in possession of a self; by degrees opened his eyes upon this outer world and drank in its beauty. Early he felt the lily of the field discourse to him of that Invisible Loveliness, and the ravens tell of God his Father. Gradually, and not at once, he embraced the

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sphere of human duties, and woke to his earthly relationships one by one,—the son, the brother, the citizen, the master.'

There are some beautiful passages in a sermon on 'The first Miracle,' one of which we will quote, illustrative of the *complete humanity* of Christ.

'Our humanity is a whole, made up of two opposite poles of character—the manly and the feminine. In the character of Christ neither was found exclusively, but both in perfect balance. He was the Son of Man—the human being—perfect man. There was in him the woman-heart as well as the manly brain; all that was most manly, and all that was most womanly. Remember what he was in life; recollect his stern, iron hardness in the temptation of the desert; recollect the calmness that never quailed in all the uproars of the people, the truth that never faltered, the strict, severe integrity which characterised the Witness of the truth; recollect the justice that never gave way to weak feeling—which let the rich young ruler go his way to perish if he would—which paid the tribute-money—which held the balance fair between the persecuted woman and her accuser, but did not suffer itself to be betrayed by sympathy into any feeble tenderness—the justice that rebuked Peter with indignation, and pronounced the doom of Jerusalem unswervingly. Here is one side or pole of human character, surely not the feminine side. Now, look at the other; recollect the twice recorded tears, which a man would have been ashamed to show, and which are never beautiful in man except when joined with strength like his; and recollect the sympathy craved and yearned for as well as given—the shrinking from solitude in prayer—the trembling of a sorrow unto death—the considerate care which provided bread for the multitude, and said to the tired disciples, as with a sister's rather than a brother's thoughtfulness, "Come ye apart into the desert, and rest awhile." This is the other side or pole of human character, surely not the masculine.'

Almost the first glance into these sermons will reveal to you the spirit of a man who longs for truth and reality more than for daily bread—of a man who cuts sheer down into the heart of things, and who resolutely will strip life and religion of all that is conventional, and look then at them not as they seem, but as they eternally *are*. There is as little of the Churchman about him as possible; you might read ten sermons out of a dozen, and not know that he was a clergyman. But, as with Kingsley and Maurice, you are here and there slightly annoyed that he should be so anxious about the Prayer Book, and should spend so much superior force of intellect to make his statements square with the formulas of that manual. But let that pass. We can, nevertheless, appreciate such passages as the following. Speaking of the ministry of John the Baptist, he says, 'We have another cause to assign for John's success. Men felt that he was real. Reality is the secret of all services. Religion in Jerusalem had long become a thing of forms. Men had settled into a routine of externals as if all religion centred in these. Decencies and proprieties formed the sub-

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stance of human life. And here was a man in God's world once more, who felt that religion was an everlasting reality; here was a man once more, to tell the world that life is sliding into an abyss; that all we see is but a shadow; that the invisible life within is the only real. Here was a man who could feel the splendours of God shining into his soul in the desert without the aid of forms. His locust-food, his hair-garment, his indifference to earthly comforts, spoke out once more that one at least would make it a conviction to live and die upon, that man does not live upon bread alone, but on the living word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. And when that crowd dispersed at sunset, and John was left alone in the twilight, with the infinite of darkness deepening round him, and the roll of Jordan by his side, reflecting the chaste clear stars, there was something there higher than Pharisaic forms to speak to him. There was heaven and eternity to force him to be real. This life was swiftly passing. What was it to a man living like John, but a show and a dream? He was homeless upon earth. Well, but beyond, beyond, in the blue eternities above, there was the prophet's home. He had cut himself off from the solaces of life. He was to make an enemy of the man of honour, Herod. He had made an enemy of the man of religion, the Pharisee. But he was passing into that country, where it matters little whether a man has been clothed in finest linen or in coarsest camel's-hair; that still country, where the struggle-storm of life is over, and such as John find their rest at last in the home of God, which is reserved for the true and brave. If perpetual familiarity with such thoughts as these cannot make a man real, there is nothing in this world that can.'

As a fitting supplement and commentary to the foregoing passage, take the following from the sermon on 'The Glory of the Divine Son,' as illustrative of his deep insight into the real nature of life's struggle:—

'The ascetic life of abstinence, of fasting, austerity, singularity, is the lower and earthlier form of religion. The life of godliness is the glory of Christ. It is a thing far more striking to the vulgar imagination to be religious, after the type and pattern of John the Baptist—to fast—to mortify every inclination—to be found at no feast—to wrap ourselves in solitariness and abstain from all social joys—yes, and far *easier* so to live, and far easier *so* to win a character for religiousness. A silent man is easily reputed wise. A man who suffers none to see him in the common jostle and undress of life easily gathers round him a mysterious veil of unknown sanctity, and men honour him for a saint. The unknown is always wonderful. But the life of Him whom men called a gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners, was a far harder and a far heavenlier religion. To shroud ourselves in no false mist of holiness: to dare to show ourselves as we are, making no solemn affectation of reserve or difference from others: to be found at the marriage feast: to accept the invitation of the rich Pharisee Simon and the scorned Publican Zac-

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cheus: to mix with the crowd of men, using no affected singularity, content to be creatures not too bright or good for human nature's daily food: and yet for a man amidst it all to remain a consecrated spirit, his trials and his solitariness known only to his Father,—a being set apart, not *of* this world, alone in the heart's deeps with God: to put the cup of this world's gladness to his lips and yet be unintoxicated: to gaze steadily on all its grandure, and yet be undazzled, plain and simple in personal desires: to feel its brightness, and yet defy its thrall: this is the difficult and rare and glorious life of God in the soul of man. This, this was the peculiar glory of the life of Christ, which was manifested in that first miracle which Jesus wrought at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee.'

We make no apology for so many extracts, inasmuch as they serve as the best introduction of the author to the reader. In reading these sermons we have often been reminded of two very different men, both of whom have exerted a deep influence on the religious culture of the present day—John Foster and Thomas Carlyle. There is the deep solemnity of thought and feeling which you find in Foster, and the same stern rebuke of fashionable sins and follies. But in Robertson the great intellectual feats are performed with more facility and grace than in Foster. And, on the other hand, in Foster's lectures you find passages which are like volcanic eruptions of thought—grand and fearful, illuminating the horizon far and wide. If Foster had had Robertson's early and university education, he might have added more of the latter's dexterous strength to his own depth and original might. But we are more frequently reminded of Thomas Carlyle. Though there is not a particle of affectation, nor a trace of imitation, to be found in these sermons, you cannot help feeling how much unconscious influence the great Pagan has exercised upon the mind of this great Christian clergyman. Carlyle worships intellect, and strength, and beauty, like his great idol, Goethe. But Robertson worships Christ as the incarnation of God and goodness, Christianizes all the influence he has received from the Titan at Chelsea, reposes upon the grand faith of the New Testament, and enjoys the sublime triumph over Sin and Death, which Christ, and Christ alone, can impart to erring man. That pure and lofty spirit, after a brief sojourn here amid the toils of thought and action, has gone—gone where doubt receives its solution, and faith its bright reward.

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Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

'There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversy, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth more firmly established. Being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true.'—MILTON: *On True Religion.*

'Nor is it at all incredible, that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For all the same phenomena, and the same faculty of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before.'—BISHOP BUTLER: *Analogy of Religion.*

JUDAS ISCARIOT.*

Was Judas insane? This is a question more frequently put than settled by any satisfactory reply. To those who look upon the entire and shallow policy of the whole of this man's discipular life, which he undoubtedly regarded as a profound act of self-concealment, his parting with so grand a chance of gold for thirty pieces of silver, or his supposing that the return of the blood-money would bring his bad associates to their senses, as proofs of a lack of ordinary reason, the belief in Judas's want of adequate rational powers is inevitable. It does, indeed, to us appear incredible that the betrayer, if sound, could persuade himself that he was able to conceal the genuine state of his soul from that Divine Master of his, whom he daily witnessed to be giving proof with what promptitude he read all souls. But if Judas was insane, how came he among the disciples of Christ, who, on other occasions, showed how sensitively he declined the attendance of a healed maniac? (Mark v. 19.) When insanity begins there is an end of responsibility; and whatever might have been the mischievous conduct of Judas Iscariot, he could not have been justly liable to the imputations of Christ, who accused him of betrayal, and said, 'It had been good for that man if he had not been born.' If the conduct of Judas in sundry of its aspects presented itself to us as actions without adequate reasons, or purposes impossible of fulfilment, or motives that, however labouring to conceal themselves, must become known, this is only in harmony with any sinful course reviewed by right reason; for what but madness is the self-destroying progress of the drunkard, the thief, or the unclean, who are all the time laying the flattering unction to their souls how cleverly they have managed their affairs, and what extraordinary exceptions they are to the rule of equal-handed punishment? All sin is a species of moral madness; but because it is only

* The Editor inserts this paper, not by any means as expressing the opinions of the 'Christian Spectator' on this subject, but as presenting an able and original statement of that side of the question which the writer has adopted. While it is probable that no reader will be able to give his assent to the author's opinions, there will be very few, we are sure, who will not be glad to have had an opportunity of knowing and weighing them.

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moral, it retains its culpability: and it is this moral madness which, to the review of adjusted reason, becomes that fierce element of remorse, of which everyone has too much conscious knowledge.

Had it been the design, however, of Judas Iscariot, by his betrayal, to have injured Christ or his cause, he would certainly have adopted a different plan of proceeding. He might not be learned, nor have in him any of that believing foresight which would have enabled him to prefigurate his own conduct a thousand years afterwards; but it required neither to have convinced Judas, that whatever fate might attend the names of Caiaphas, Pilate, or Nicodemus, the name of Christ would survive that generation, and that his story would be read by remote nations. Now, if the traitor only thought of injuring Christ by his malevolent communication with his sacerdotal accomplices, he would have concocted some story plausible enough to secure it credence with the court parties. He might have launched against his private character some of the inuendoes in which modern scepticism occasionally indulges; or he might have weakened the proofs of his celestial commission by denying that his miraculous power was always efficacious; or have attempted to criminate Christ either in the sincerity of his patients, or the honest intentions of his disciples. Had any of these accusations been brought by Judas Iscariot against Jesus Christ, or others as imaginable, they would have shown a deeper baseness of purpose, and a heart more maliciously antagonistic to his Master. Bad enough, indeed, was Judas Iscariot, but he was not thus far lost to every sense of propriety as to take a pleasure, apart from his own interest, in the degradation of his Master. It may be a hopeless, and even a thankless, employment to show that Judas was not a tithe as guilty as many of our *quasi* religious writers, who, with vastly more evidence of the Saviour's power before them, rise against it all, reverse the maxims of common sense, set all historic proof at defiance, treat with contumelious scorn the brief annals of his disciples, and dare to proclaim that if Jesus Christ were not an ordinary man, he was an impostor! And yet these men mix among us without being signalized by any mark of scorn, while every nominal Christian child mentions the name of Judas with a feeling which belongs only to the 'chief of sinners.' As *we* are not the final judges of each other, it is only an exercise of that charity which we hope future ages will show to the present, not to make men greater sinners than they really were; and above all things, by a discriminating judgment in those qualities and circumstances that so materially modify the value of all human actions to avoid the Sultan's rule, that all bad acts are superlatively evil. The conduct of Judas was a perfidy of a rare order, but it was not as perfidious as it might have been, or he would have attempted to blacken the character of Christ, and to blast the designs of his apostles, or have originated such slanders of both, of the end of which the most critical acumen could have never dared to predict. Had Judas hated Christ or despised his apostolic brethren, he would have made such efforts, and as he did not, there is room to believe that he in reality respected his Master and his disciples, and treated

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them ultimately as thoroughly honest; though, in the hour of temptation, his besetting weakness got the better of his convictions, or his mad and presumptive fondness for his own policy overthrew his heart, his intellect, and his life. If we could suppose that the previous discipular life of Judas had been one of genuine conviction that Christ was the Messiah, viewed from one point of view, his betrayal of Christ was not much worse than the conduct of Peter, who uttered deliberately three falsehoods, and cursed and swore that he knew not the man! But there must be charged to the fault of Judas a premeditation which did not belong to the sins of the apostle Peter.

What, then, is the present condition of Judas Iscariot? Is it one of interminable misery, or of happiness consequent on his being forgiven? or one capable of conditional improvement? We are aware how little evidence we possess in favour of the latter opinions; but there are many eminent interpreters of the sacred records, to whose opinion and piety the Christian Church do well to defer, who evidently incline to the belief, that though the sin of Judas admits of no apology, his crime was pardoned as an instance of our Lord's sovereign mercy, though it did not comport with Divine wisdom to insert in Christian history the fact. It is to be admitted that one expression of our Lord's appears to favour the conclusion that Judas was excluded from participation in Divine clemency: '*It had been good for that man not to have been born.*' If the Evangelical history, as is most probable, will live for ever, the story of Judas's infamy will form a part of it, and will, of course, never expire. Is not *that* of itself, then, a ground on which Jesus might have very naturally rested this tremendous censure? It were surely penalty enough to stand for ever as the one man marked out by infamous ascendency over all others of the mortal race, who had betrayed his Lord, sold him for thirty pieces of silver, and after he had completed the crime declared his own denunciation by asserting that he had betrayed innocent blood! But if Judas had acted unwittingly, or was overborne by temptation, or had only sinned after the measure of other violators of the law, however energetically he might have denounced himself, that would not be a reason why he should be excluded from mercy. But as well as backward into the history of this dark transaction, let us glance at the bearings of Judas's crime in its future relations. If our analogies bear any rule for those of the Divine government, is it not possible that many are now in heaven, the greater part of whose earthly life was signalized by as bad, or even worse, displays of sinfulness than the whole life of Judas Iscariot? 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,' we are assured by that apostle who is commonly thought to have enjoyed the most intimate of our Saviour's earthly friendship; and we can, therefore, conceive of Judas being forgiven as one of the most triumphant proofs of our Saviour's clemency. The knowledge of that forgiveness, definitively made known in the present condition of human nature, would have weakened the deterrent force of Christian law, and, therefore, the question is left in its present undetermined state.

We must, however, look a little further into the facts as recorded

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in the Scriptures. We are told by Luke, in the initial chapters of the Acts, that Peter opened the apostolic ministry by preaching salvation to the murderers of Christ: 'Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, *ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain* . . . Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus *whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ* . . . But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted to you. *and killed the Prince of Life* . . . Be it known unto you all, and to all ye people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, *whom ye crucified*, doth this man stand here before you all . . . The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, *whom ye slew and hanged on a tree;*' and in chap. vi. we are told, 'a great company of the priests were obedient unto the faith.' Here, then, in five distinct quotations, we have proof that the murderers of our Lord were frequently addressed by the apostles with offers of his forgiveness, and several additional proofs that by a portion of the audiences these offers were accepted. It is true that these priests may not have known so well our Saviour's Messiahship as Judas did, or have seen by near so many of the infallible demonstrations of his innocence. Yet it cannot be denied that the murderer is certainly more guilty at a human tribunal than an accomplice, who, though he might have initiated the danger, yet boldly protests the innocence of the victim. And these offers of mercy to his murderers were made by the apostles in pursuance of the strict injunctions of Christ himself, after he had risen from the dead. Now, if we thus find that greater criminals received the conditional offers of divine pardon for the share they had in the detestable tragedy of crucifying Christ against all evidence, and even the evidence of that fellow-disciple, whose case we are considering, it is surely no great presumption to hope that even Judas, in his more lamentable self-lothing, might also be admitted to the bliss of heaven.

We are, however, sensible that it may be alleged against this view, that the apostles themselves, who offered terms of reconciliation for the actual murderers, have determined the present position of Judas in Acts i. 25. We doubt very much whether the apostles have done any such thing, as others will who carefully consult the quotation, which is the following:—'And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all, show whether of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship from which Judas by transgression fell, *that he might go to his own place.*' The words in italics may as grammatically apply to Matthias, the successful candidate for the apostolic vacancy, in our opinion, and we cannot avoid thinking 'that he might go to his own place' is a form of expression more appropriate to a living man occupying a vacant seat, or one for which he was presumably qualified, in the apostolate, than to the transfer of a guilty soul to the regions of remediless sorrow. The expression is not Judaically theological at all, at least so far as we read the whole passage.

What are we to do, meantime, who incline to the belief that Judas

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Iscariot may have found mercy with that Master whom he so intensely wronged, when we find him saying in Matt. xxvi. 24, 'Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed, it had been good for that man if he had not been born?' It must be borne in mind that we are not endeavouring to lessen the culpability of Judas Iscariot, but simply to develop the true meaning of texts of Scripture that bear on his case. Christ was a Jew, spoke the Aramean language, then current among the Jews, and among other parts of the language he has often introduced expressions that had become proverbial among that people in that age. His whole discourses are full of incidental illustrations of this point. It is, then, from the writings of Jews near that age that we are to look for the force of many of our Saviour's epithets and proverbial utterances. Look then at the following quotations from Schoettgen for confirmation of our opinion of the possible, nay, the probable force of our Lord's words as related in the last quotation from Matthew. In Chagigah, fol. 11, 2, it thus occurs: 'Whoever considers these four things, *it would have been better for him if he had never come into the world;* viz., that which is above, that which is below, that which is before, and that which is behind.' Also, 'Whoever does not attend to the honour of his Creator, it were better for him had he never been born.' In the Shemoth Rabba, sect. xl. fol. 135, 1, 2, it is remarked: 'Whoever knows the law and does not do it, it had been better for him had he never come into the world.' In the Vayikra Rabba, sect. xxxvi. fol. 179, 4, as well as in Midresh Coheleth, fol. 91, 4, it is thus written: 'It were better for him had he never been created, and it would have been better for him had he been strangled in the womb, and never have seen the light of this world.' And in Sohar Genes, fol. 71, col. 282, it is observed, 'If any man be parsimonious to the poor, it had been better for him had he never come into the world;' and in the same treatise, fol. 84, col. 333, we find, 'If any performs the law not for the sake of the law, it were good for that man had he never been created.' Now these cases show the proverbialness of the heavier part of the expressions of our Lord, which are supposed to be so fatal to the case of Judas. In the above quotations from Rabbinic authorities, the cases of the supposed sinners, with the exception of the first, of which we can make no sense, is confessedly bad, but sinners of those classes are perpetually saved, and are now in a salvable state. Thus far, then, the case of Judas Iscariot does not look as immitigably deplorable as most preachers represent it to be. All that we can say is, so far as we can see, the case of Judas presents nothing that can be fairly construed into *a proof* that his sin was one of doomed impenitence, but there may have been in his case an amount of real and idiosyncratic culpability of which the evangelic records contain no evidence. The lightest censure that can belong to Judas is the having committed highly immoral actions which can never be repeated or paralleled, which even though forgiven, may have justified it being said of him, 'it were good if he had never been born;' for who can say what it must be to have earned an eternity of bad pre-eminence among the members of all churches and all times, and to have merited

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that his name should stand in the catalogue of human criminals, of whom there can never rise one to approach him in universal infamy,—he the black first!

The case of Judas Iscariot is, however, earnestly assailed by the authority of the apostle John, who, chap. xii. 6, says, 'Why was not this perfume sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor? This he (Judas) said, not that he cared for the poor, but *because he was a thief and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.*' His expressions are, "Οτι κλέπτης ἦν, καὶ τὸ γλωσσόκομον εἶχε, καὶ τὰ βαλλόμενα ἐβάσταζεν. These words, if taken in their apparent signification, present the case of Judas in one of its most forbidding features; but it must be confessed, meantime, that John is the only one of the evangelists who gives this strong view of Judas' previous dishonesty. Not that we would invalidate any sacred author, whose authority alone is the sanction of a record, but it must, in the nature of things, be less than where it is supported by other evidence. This view of the question is borne out by the expression ἐβάσταζεν, which occurs twenty-seven times in the New Testament, fourteen of which happen in the four Gospels, and in five places in John's Gospel, yet out of all these instances there is no one in which the meaning is to take away by stealth or to steal. The whole of the difficulty is not here, for John distinctly calls Judas a κλέπτης, or a thief, who is so because he steals; and it must be confessed that this term, as used in the New Testament, means nothing else than one who is guilty of purloining. Considering that the Gospel of John was not written till late in his own life, when the Christian maturity of his character was attained, and the 'charity that covereth a multitude of sins' was obvious in his epistles, we can only take the meaning of κλέπτης in its natural sense of dishonesty. If John had not been an inspired man, we might have thought that his imputation of this crime to Judas had been the effect of prejudice and zeal in behalf of his Master's name. But we fear the case is made out by this single text against the fallen apostle. Let us, then, admit at once the force of the whole accusation against Judas; does it amount to this—that no man who had defrauded his brethren, and robbed the poor in his office of treasurer, upon repentance never found mercy with that God who has sworn that he delights not in the death of a sinner? When repentance was once induced in the soul of Judas it is probable that it extended to all his previous conscious iniquities It is true, the sacred record makes no specific mention of the repentance of the traitor extending to all his previous iniquities; but in every case of sincere repentance of how few of the forbidden acts of which conscience and memory keep the true history does any observer, however keen, ever become aware?

But the question may be urged, Was not Judas a suicidist? Before we can answer this point, we must carefully look at the evidence as far as it is presented to our inspection. Some writers affirm that Judas hanged himself, and that the rope having broken, he fell, and his bowels gushed out. Others, that having hung himself, he was thrown on the dunghill, where the violent emotions that preceded his death might have

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caused his bowels to burst. Or, as some imagine, that he projected himself from the top of a house, and thus *falling headlong*, his bowels obtruded. Dr. Lightfoot, who generally advocates ultra opinions, believed that Satan carried Judas into the air and flung him to the earth. Others believe that his extreme anguish suffocated him; this opinion is defended with great learning by the late critic Wakefield; while some writers regard the account of Judas' death as simply figurative. To the latter opinion, those who adopted it adhere, because they say Judas fell from the high rank of apostle and treasurer to the lowest degradation, and, seized with preternatural anguish for his crime and its consequences, his bowels gushed out. It is also affirmed by some authors, propitious to our general dogmata of Judas, that an analogous punishment is found in the death of Jehoram, 2 Chron. xxi. 18, 19: 'The Lord smote him in his bowels with an incurable disease, and that after the end of two years his bowels fell out by reason of his sickness;' or, that the remarkable visitation of Herod, which is recorded Acts xii. 22, bears a resemblance to the death of Judas. They may, indeed, be thought to add light to the subject, but it must be confessed that the diseases in these two instances are far from identical, if for the moment we admit that the betrayer of his Lord did not hang himself, as our translation seems so positively to affirm. Nor are two cases mentioned by Josephus more definite; that of Aristobulus, 'whose soul was constantly disturbed at the thoughts of what he had done till his very bowels being torn to pieces by the intolerable grief he was under he threw up a great quantity of blood.' &c.—(Wars, b. i. c. 3.) The other instance refers to Zenodorus, and is related in Antiq. b. xv. c. 10, 53; 'for the belly of Zenodorus burst, and a great quantity of blood issued from him in his sickness, and he thereby departed this life at Antioch.' Matthew's terms are very graphically descriptive of the end of Judas, c. xxvii. 5: 'and having flung down the pieces of money in the Temple, he departed, and went and *hanged* himself.' The difficulty lies in reconciling the only other account that we have of the traitor's death in the words of Luke, Acts i. 18: 'Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity, and falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out.' This translation is, indeed, scarcely correct, as, instead of 'falling headlong,' we have πρηνὴς γενόμενος ἐγακήσε μέσος—being prone, he burst asunder in the midst. But it is Matthew only who uses the word ἀπήγξατο, which our version renders 'hanged himself.'

It cannot be denied that the word employed by Matthew does sometimes, indeed, mean to hang one's self, but its more definite sense, at least in classical writers, is to strangle, to choke, or to throttle. Even, however, if we admit that Judas did, in the incomparable terror of his conscience, destroy himself, and thus become, in addition to all his other crimes, a suicidist, it would not inevitably follow, unless it could be shown that all such cases are not the results of insanity, that Judas must therefore be regarded as a sinner for whom no mercy was in reserve. Our limits do not permit a further investigation of the

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force of the term which the English version gives as 'hanging himself,' but we refer the intelligent reader to an express dissertation by Perizonius, in his 'De Morte Judæ et Verbo ἀπαγχεσθαι;' or to the chapter in the work of Jac. Gronovius, 'De Casu et Pernicie Proditoris Judæ. See also Elsner's Com. in Matt. xi. p. 296, *et seq.* We may add that Matt. xxvii. 5 is the only place in the New Testament where the word occurs.

It is also often controverted whether Judas Iscariot was present with the disciples at the institution of the Lord's Supper. We will lay before the reader the whole evidence on this question :—

Matt. xxvi. 25—28.	Mark xiv. 21—26.	Luke xxii. 19—22.	John xiii. 1, 2.
Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to the disciples, &c. &c.	The Son of Man indeed goeth, as it is written of him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born. And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and said, Take, eat, &c. &c.	[In the 19th and 20th verses is an account of the Lord's Supper, but the 21st verse thus follows:—] But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table: and truly the Son of Man goeth, as it was determined, but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed.	Now, before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. And supper being ended, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him.

So far as we know, these four quotations contain all the real evidence that bears on the question whether Judas received the Lord's Supper or not. Matthew either omits after the 25th verse the movements of Judas, and the other acts of Christ; or if he have omitted nothing, then his text is favourable to the opinion that Judas was present. Mark, after the 21st verse, is either chargeable with similar omission, or his text must also be received as favourable to the theory of Judas' presence, though it ought to be confessed as much less favourable than Matthew's, as the text of the latter writer depones to the presence of the traitor, which Mark's does not. There can be no doubt that Luke all but asserts the participation of the betrayer, as the 21st and 22nd verses affirm positively his presence after the supper had been exhibited. Nor can the concluding words of our Lord's censure be applicable to Peter; for Judas is the only one of the disciples of whom Christ ever employed that form of expression. We can only introduce John's testimony on this subject with some measure of doubt as to its meaning, if it be at all applicable; for, in the 1st verse of his 13th chapter, he is evidently referring to an indefinite period, towards the close of our Saviour's life. And, of the 2nd verse, there is nothing but the occurrence of the name of Judas which could give the quotation an eucharistic bearing. But if any one should maintain that 'the supper' mentioned by John was the Passover Supper, *or one before it*, how could we confidently gainsay his position? At all events, even if 'the supper' in verse 2 could be yielded as referring to the Eucharist,

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it does not determine whether Judas was present or not at its first exhibition, for it merely declares 'the supper being ended.'

It may be of minor importance to notice the opinion of some of the biblical critics who have devoted their attention to this individual act in the life of the traitor. Till within a few years past the great bulk of interpreters were of opinion that Judas was among the participators of the Lord's Supper, but we imagine that a majority of living theologians are not now on that side. The author of the 'Apostolic Constitutions,' St. Hilary, Innocent III., Victor of Antioch, Abbot Rupert, Theophylact, among the ancients, were all definitively opposed to the belief that Judas received the supper. They all, meantime, admit that his feet were washed by Christ, and that he ate the Passover Supper with his co-disciples, and their Lord; and that it was while he was so engaged that Christ introduced the topic of his betrayal by the exclamation, 'One of you shall betray me.' And when Judas, the last to interrogate the Saviour, 'Lord, is it I?' had been assured that he was the person who would thus develop the insincere state of his heart towards his Master, 'he went immediately out,' after having received the sop given to him by Christ, which he had dipped in the bitter mass which formed a part of that religious ceremony. It seems, also, in favour of our opinion, that the traitor did not receive the Lord's Supper, that Christ exclaimed, as soon as he was gone, evidently relieved from the torture of an apostate presence, 'Now is the Son of Man glorified;' and John, in his Gospel, though he omits the eucharistic narrative, proceeds to add some other particulars which we know transpired at its institution.

There is one thing more on which we would venture an observation in reference to the circumstances of our Lord's capture. Matthew thus relates it:—'While Jesus yet spake to Judas, one of the twelve came, and with him a great multitude, with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people.' And Judas betrayed his Master just after that memorable agony in the garden with a kiss! Why thus add hypocrisy to betrayal? Could the apostate believe that his Master did not know his heart? As great an agony of soul as is conceivable must have preceded that kiss, if there were any of the loftier and better sentiments of humanity yet in that evil heart of Judas. Christ might be unknown to the brazen emissaries of the priesthood, and therefore Judas must initiate them into this horrid employment by osculating his illustrious victim. Well might he say, 'Hold him fast!' He remembered how the Lord had often paralysed mobs of his enemies aforetime, and eluded their grasp by gliding out of their way. The scene of Nazareth had evidently left its impression on this fallen man's memory; or, perhaps, he might imagine that when Christ was under the grasp of his captors, he would instantly develop his power, and awe them by some sign from heaven. If this were one of the expectancies of the apostate, he that was so often to be deceived was deceived then; for Jesus merely replied, 'Acquaintance,' *not* friend (ἑταῖρε), 'on whom art thou come?' These were the last words that Christ is reported to have addressed to Judas. No

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withering scorn nor consuming anathema; no appeal to Judas' sense of honour or shame; but merely, 'acquaintance, on whom art thou come?' words that we may rest assured would echo louder and more penetratingly to the quickened conscience of Judas than we have the power of expressing.

Tholuck.

FROM DR. SCHAFF'S 'GERMANY.'

NEXT to Neander, no German divine of the present century is more extensively known in the Protestant churches of France, Holland, England, and America, than Dr. Frederick Augustus Tholuck, of Halle. His disciples are scattered nearly all over the Protestant world, and gratefully remember his genial influence and personal attention. His name will always be honourably connected with the history of the revival of evangelical theology and piety in Germany.

Like the great majority of distinguished scholars, Tholuck is of poor and humble descent. He was born at Breslau in 1799. He laboured for some time, if I remember right, in the office of a jeweller in Silesia. But some benevolent friends furnished him the means to satisfy his noble ambition and ardent thirst for knowledge in the gymnasium of his native city, and subsequently in the university of Berlin. He studied day and night to such an excess that he undermined his health, and contracted a chronic affection of his eyes.

He had naturally a strong inclination to scepticism and pantheism, and was filled with prejudices against the pietists and mystics, as the serious Christians were then called. 'The contracted views of life,' he says, 'that were associated in my mind with these epithets, disposed me carefully to shun all acquaintance with them, believing that it would check all vigour of action and all freedom of thought; that it would make all the movements of the soul as monotonous as the tinkling of a hand-bell, and cast over the whole path of life, and impress on one's very countenance, the pale hues of death. Under such chilling influences, I imagined that the beauty and splendour of the wide fields of science must be exchanged for a miserable garden of potherbs; the rich profusion, the ever varied novelties of the Eden of nature, for a narrow cloister walk; and the immeasurable magnificence of the starry heavens, for the damp and gloom of a vaulted catacomb.' He left the college of Breslau with a sophomorical speech in which he glorified Mohamedanism as a religion of equal dignity and beauty with Christianity.

The experience of sin and grace in his heart, the intercourse with Neander and other pious men, and the study of the Scriptures, saved him from the whirlpool of infidelity. He was awakened in his twentieth year as a student in Berlin, contemporaneously with his

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friends, Julius Müller, Rothe, and Olshausen, who became subsequently distinguished divines. He himself gives a spirited and interesting account of the internal conflicts through which he passed, in his youthful work, 'Sin and Redemption, or, the True Consecration of the Sceptic' (first published in 1825), which, in its seven editions, has done a great deal of good, especially among students of theology, and led many from the barren desert of Rationalism to the green meadows and fresh fountains of the gospel of Christ. It was translated long since by Ryland, with a commendatory introduction by Dr. John Pye Smith, and has been recently republished in this country. (Gould and Lincoln, Boston, 1854.) It was a refutation in fact, though not in original intention, of the semi-rationalistic religious novel of De Wette, 'Theodore, or the Consecration of the Sceptic,' 1822. It describes, in a series of letters, with the fresh inspiration of the first love to the Saviour, the learned aberrations and the conversion of two young divines; Julius, who is supposed to be Dr. Julius Müller, now Tholuck's colleague, and Guido, in whom the author has portraitured himself.

From this book, as well as from private sources, we learn that the Baron von Kottwitz, a true Christian nobleman, and an exceedingly worthy member of the Moravian congregation in Berlin, was the principal human instrument in Tholuck's conversion.

I had the pleasure of frequently seeing and conversing with this John-like disciple of the Lord, in his extreme old age, in the years 1840 and 1842, having been introduced to him by the kindness of Tholuck, and I never met a man who seemed so nearly to approach the ideal of an evangelical saint. He lived in very plain style on the Alexander Platz, in Berlin, in an orphan asylum which he founded, or superintended, and took special delight in the company of young divines. He pointed them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and to his everlasting gospel as the only source of true theology and usefulness in the Church. Not only Tholuck, but also Neander, Olshausen, Rothe, Müller, Hengstenberg, and many others, were edified and encouraged by his word and example, and he may be regarded as one of the lay-fathers of the modern evangelical theology of Germany. It was impossible to resist the influence of the purity and simplicity of his character, and his ardent love to God and man. He combined in a rare degree the finest culture of a noble man with childlike faith, true dignity with unaffected humility. He seemed to be transformed into the holy image of Jesus. His whole life was a course of unostentatious, disinterested benevolence, an imitation of Him who went about doing good, and sacrificed himself for the salvation of the world. Kottwitz is the 'Father Abraham' in Tholuck's book, of whom Guido writes to his friend Julius: 'This venerable saint has been residing here for a few years, enjoying a perpetual Sabbath of the soul, akin to that of the spirits of the just above, uniting a blissful repose with an equally blissful activity of love. To a very advanced age he was incessantly occupied, both in his journeys and in his fixed abode, with works of philanthropy

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and piety. The dwellings of misery and sorrow have seen him most frequently; for his highest gratification has been to dry up the tears of the afflicted. He has travelled far and wide. Where his influence and power have been the greatest, he has improved the hospitals and jails; where his effort for doing good on a larger scale met with opposition, he betook himself to the relief of solitary wretchedness. . . . He seemed to be a special representative of heaven, and to impart to all consolation and relief. It is true, I had daily held intercourse with the spirits of Augustin, Melancthon, Luther, Francke, and Spangenberg, by means of their writings; but to see such a discipline! Be assured, Julius, that what I have learnt from this "living epistle of Christ," goes far beyond books and systems.' The writer then gives an affecting account of an interview with the patriarch, and relates his almost prophetical views on the great revival which should soon revolutionize the theological world of Germany, and the dangers connected with it.

'The greater the crisis,' said the patriarch, 'the more needful is it to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. I therefore address you as such an one who, perhaps, will soon be engaged at the university as one of the instruments employed by God in that important period. The work of God's Spirit is greater than either you or the majority can estimate. A great resurrection morning has dawned. Hundreds of youths, on all sides, have been awakened by the Spirit of God. Everywhere, true believers are coming into closer union. Science herself is becoming again the handmaid and friend of the Crucified. Civil governments also, though in part still hostile to this great moral revolution, from a dread of its producing political commotions, are many of them favourable, and where they are not, the conflicting energy of the light is so much the stronger. Many enlightened preachers already proclaim the gospel in its power; many who are still in obscurity will come forward. I see the dawn; the day itself I shall behold, not here, but from a higher place. You will live to witness it below. Despise not the words of a grey-headed old man, who would give you, with true affection, a few hints relative to this great day. The more divine a power is, the more to be deprecated is its perversion. When those last times are spoken of in Scripture, in which the gospel shall be spread over the whole world, it is declared that the truth will not only have to contend with the proportionably more violent counterworking of the enemy, but also with a great measure of delusion and error within the kingdom of light. Such is the course of things, that every truth has its shadow; and the greatest truth is attended by the greatest shadow. Above all things, take care that the tempter do not introduce his craft into the congregation of the faithful. There will be those for whom the simple gospel will not suffice. When a man has experienced the forgiveness of his sins, and has for a little while enjoyed the happiness of that mercy, it not unfrequently appears to his evil and inconstant heart too humiliating a condition to be constantly receiving grace for grace. There is no other radical cure for a proud,

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self-willed heart, than every day and every hour to repeat that act by which we first come to Christ. Pray that you may have more of that childlike spirit that regards the grace of your Lord as a perennial fountain of life. Especially avoid the error of those who seek life for the sake of light, who would make religion a mere stepping stone to intellectual superiority. Such persons will never attain to a vital apprehension of divine things; for our God is a jealous God, and will be loved by us for his own sake. The intellectual power, the mental enlargement, arising from converse with the great objects of faith, is always to be regarded as a secondary and supplementary benefit to that which it is the immediate object of the gospel to bestow. Despise not human greatness or talent, or ability of any kind, but beware lest you overvalue it. I see a time coming—indeed it is already at hand—in which gifted men will lift up their voice for the truth; but woe to the times in which admiration and applause of the speaker shall be substituted for laying to heart the truth which he delivers! Perhaps in the next generation there will be no one in some parts of Germany who will not wish to be called a Christian. Learn to distinguish the spirits. . . . The sum of my exhortation is "humility and love."'

The conversion of Tholuck determined his call to the science of theology. As a young man of extraordinary talents and attainments, he was soon promoted to a professorship of the Old Testament exegesis in Berlin, in the place of De Wette, who was deposed on account of his extenuation of the guilt of Sand's murder of Kotzebue, in a letter of consolation to his mother. He devoted himself at first with special zeal to the study of Oriental languages and literature, and wrote, when quite a youth, from Arabic, Persic, and Turkish manuscripts, a learned volume, 'De Suffismo Persarum,' or the mystic theosophy of the Persians (1821), which was followed afterwards by an interesting collection of translations from the mystic poets of the East ('Blüthensammlung orientalischer Mystik.')

After the death of the venerable Dr. Knapp, professor of dogmatics and exegesis at Halle, Tholuck was appointed his successor in 1826, and has remained in this post ever since, with the exception of a short residence at Rome, in the capacity of a chaplain of the Prussian embassy.

The University of Halle was at that time in a most deplorable condition as regards orthodoxy and piety. Knapp had been for years the only evangelical teacher in the place, and although his learning and piety, working on quietly, were not without a blessing, he was thrown into the shade by the celebrity of Gesenius and Wegscheider, who continued, almost to the end of their lives, to be the guides of the theological students, and systematically disqualified them for the office of the Christian ministry. The great influence of Gesenius can easily be accounted for by his distinguished talent for teaching, his entertaining wit, and his abiding merits in the department of Hebrew grammar and lexicography; but that Wegscheider, the good-natured and morally estimable, but intolerably dull, dry, and tedious Wegschei-

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der, could gather at one time round his lectures hundreds of admiring students, is hardly conceivable at this time of day. He was doomed, however, to experience the mortification of outliving his own reputation, and to see his audience sink down from five hundred to half a dozen. For this was the number, when I once, from curiosity, attended one of his insipid lectures on dogmatics in 1840, a few years before his death.

Tholuck's position was at first exceedingly difficult in this reign of Rationalism. He was scouted, hated, and ridiculed as a pietist, mystic, fanatic, pharisee, &c. But he persevered, and God most richly blessed his labours. A radical revolution has been wrought in Halle, as far as theology is concerned. Rationalism has entirely disappeared from the theological faculty, and there is not one among its present members (I mean the ordinary professors, Tholuck, Müller, Moll, Hupfield, Jacobi), who may not be regarded in all essential points as orthodox and evangelical in sentiment.

Dr. Tholuck is now nearly sixty years of age. His outward appearance is as modest and unprepossessing, although not so original and startling, as that of the late Dr. Neander. He pays no attention to dress, has a sickly frame, is of middle size, strongly bent forward, meagre and emaciated, extremely nervous and irritable, and at times almost blind in consequence of excessive study. Hence he needs always the assistance of an amanuensis in reading and writing. But the formation of his noble forehead and the expression of his face are highly intellectual and spiritual, and his voice is clear, deep, and solemn. It is only by severe abstinence, strict regularity, daily promenades, and annual excursions to watering-places, or the Swiss mountains, that he can keep up his physical existence. But he possesses great mastery over his condition. His bodily infirmities rarely interfere with the discharge of his duties. He hardly ever speaks of his health, and dislikes to be questioned about it. When I unexpectedly met him on my way to Halle, in 1854, on the fortifications of Magdeburg, where he was just attending theological examinations, I inquired first, in true American style, after the state of his health; but he said, 'If good friends meet after ten years of separation, they must first stare at each other in speechless wonderment,' and then he embraced me. His abrupt manner and eccentric habits may repel many at the first acquaintance; but when in good humour, he can be exceedingly agreeable and entertaining, for he is naturally sociable and genial in a high degree, and has an extraordinary freshness and vivacity of mind.

Tholuck never had any children. His first wife died of consumption soon after her marriage. He then was a widower for nearly ten years, and nobody supposed that he ever would marry again. But by some romantic incident he became acquainted with the daughter of Baron von Gemmingen, an esteemed nobleman of Stuttgart (originally of Mühlhausen in Baden), who, with his whole family, had become a convert from Romanism to the Protestant faith, and found in her an accomplished, amiable, childlike, and pious companion, who proves a comforting angel to him in his declining years.

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One of the most striking and lovely traits of his character is his warm attachment to students. He loves them like a father. He cannot live without them. He not only invites them freely to his house and table, but is almost invariably surrounded by two or three of them on the promenades which he is obliged to take for the benefit of his health, twice a day—before dinner and supper—in spite of rain and mud in muddy Halle. His free conversations in this peripatetic style are often more interesting and stirring than his lectures. I know no teacher who can deal better with active young minds. He makes liberal allowance for their difference of constitution and temper, and likes a collision of opinions, if they proceed alike from an honest search after truth. His object is not to make disciples and convert them to a particular system—for he himself can hardly be said to have a system—but to rouse their slumbering faculties and to put them on the tract of independent research. He instructs them by his extensive information, he entertains them by his wit, he wins by his affections, and edifies by his piety. Not unfrequently he exercises the students by odd and startling questions on remote and curious topics, in German, French, English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or any other language which they may understand. If it was the proper place, I could tell, from a six months' residence in Tholuck's house, some amusing anecdotes of most original questions and most spicy answers, which will not so easily be forgotten by those who heard them. But there is always salt in his conversation, and his humour rests on a serious basis, as true humour always does, viz., on the conviction of the folly of human wisdom, the weakness of mortal strength, and the vanity of all earthly things.

Tholuck is a personal favourite also with students and scholars from foreign countries, especially from England, Scotland, and the United States. By his perfect mastery over the modern languages of Europe, the natural quickness and versatility of his mind, his extensive personal acquaintances, and his frequent vacation trips to England, Switzerland, and France, he is admirably qualified to introduce strangers to a correct knowledge and appreciation of the state of science and religion in Germany. He is very fond of bringing scholars from different parts of the world together, and trying experiments on their conflicting national views and tastes. Thus, for instance, he would ask a German Lutheran, 'Does this tree in some sense belong to the Diety?' After receiving a qualified affirmative, he would turn to a Scotch Presbyterian or a New England Puritan, with the question, 'Does this not strike you as inexpressibly absurd?' Which is, of course, assented to in the most unqualified manner. After a hearty laugh, he would then make some interesting remarks on the natural leaning of the German mind and the Lutheran speculation to pantheism, or a mixture of God and the world, church and state, scripture and tradition, the regenerate and the unregenerate, and the constitutional inclination of the English mind and the Reformed theology to the opposite extreme of a dualistic separation of the divine and human, the spiritual and temporal.

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Tholuck is an admirable teacher and lecturer, fresh, interesting, and suggestive, and free from that tiresome pedantry and endless 'Gründlichkeit,' which characterises so many German scholars. He uses notes, and frequently dictates, but branches out into explanatory remarks and happy illustrations from all departments of knowledge and experience.

He is also one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of Germany. He preaches every other week to the members of the University of Halle, and occasionally as guest on his vacation trips. His sickly, but spiritual and solemn appearance, the earnestness of his manner, the lightning flashes of his genius, his striking rhetorical transitions and his deep religious experience, impart to his sermons, of which several volumes have been published, a high degree of impressiveness. His 'Hours of Christian Devotion,' wherein he opposes a pure evangelical piety to the rationalistic sentimentality of Zschocke's widely circulated 'Stunden der Andacht,' are among the best devotional works of modern times.

As a scholar, Tholuck is distinguished not so much by depth and thoroughness of knowledge in any single department, as by the astonishing extent and variety of erudition. He is at home in theology, philology, philosophy, history, poetry; in ancient and modern, oriental and occidental, heathen, Jewish, Mohamedan, and Christian literature.

His facility in acquiring languages is truly amazing. He speaks probably more languages, ancient and modern, than any man living; and was only surpassed in this respect by the late Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is said to have spoken over fifty languages and dialects with more or less ease.

In most of his writings he surprises the reader with a mass of quotations gathered from the remotest sources; although they have at times, it must be confessed, little connexion with, and shed no new light upon, the subject in hand, and make the impression of a superfluous display of learning. '*Ne quid nimis.*' Still they are almost always interesting and suggestive.

With this comprehensive erudition he combines great quickness, originality, and freshness of mind, and a lively imagination almost sufficient to make the fortune of a poet. In this respect he has a certain affinity with Hase, the Church historian. He has no compact, logically defined system of thought—a want which is owing partly to the vivacity and impulsiveness of his genius. But he abounds in ingenious and striking views and profound hints, which stimulate to further inquiry.

As a theological writer, Tholuck has devoted his best powers to Biblical exegesis. Here he achieved his most enduring merits. He was one of the first to redeem this important branch of theology from the icy grasp of Rationalism, to imbue it with a believing spirit, and to re-open the rich exegetical resources of the Fathers and the Reformers, especially John Calvin, whose invaluable Latin commentaries on all the books of the New Testament, excepting the Apocalypse, he republished in a cheap and convenient form. The first edition of his

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own exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, which appeared in 1824, although very imperfect and unsatisfactory, struck out a new path, and marks an epoch in the history of the exegetical literature of Germany. His name will therefore always be mentioned, in connexion with that of his friend Olshausen, amongst the chief regenerators of the true interpretation of the holy word of God.

He frequently fails to satisfy the reader on the precise meaning of the most difficult passages, and after raising his expectation to a high degree, breaks off abruptly with some piquant remarks or a dazzling firework of rare quotations in poetry and prose, which are better calculated to shed lustre upon his own learning than upon the hidden meaning of the sacred author. He has not the same genial and harmonious flow of a profoundly pious and speculative spirit, which constitutes the peculiar charm of Olshausen's volumes on the Gospels; but he excels him in learning. He lacks the elegant polish and finish of Lücke's exposition of the writings of St. John; but he enters more deeply into the religious element of the holy authors. His views on inspiration are not so orthodox as those of Henstenberg and Stier; yet he bows with equal reverence and humility before the inexhaustible depth and wisdom of the word of God, whose living power he feels in his heart.

We have from Tholuck's pen Commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans, the Hebrews, the Sermon on the Mount, the Gospel of St. John, and the Psalms, several of which have been translated into English, although not from the latest and best editions. They are of very unequal merit. Some are intended for ripe scholars and permanent use; others for students only, and will be superseded. The most solid, accurate, and thorough of his exegetical works, is the Explanation of Christ's Sermon on the Mount (third edition, 1845), which throws a flood of light—philological, historical, and dogmatical—on the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew, and labours to exhaust the subject as far as possible. It will therefore always be resorted to as one of the richest mines on this portion of the Scriptures. Next to it comes his Commentary on the Romans, in its newly elaborated form (sixth edition, 1856), which throws the first editions altogether into the shade. His work on the Hebrews is not near as thorough and exhaustive as that of Dr. Bleek, who spent twenty years of indefatigable study on this wonderful epistle, but is far better adapted for the use of students.

In close connexion with his exegetical labours stands his critical and apologetical work on the 'Credibility of the Gospel History,' which is one of the most learned and triumphant answers to the notorious 'Leben Jesu' of Strauss, and abounds in pointed remarks, sparkling wit, and brilliant erudition.

Tholuck published for several years a journal under the title 'Literarischer Anzeiger,' which was principally devoted to reviews of new theological works. With many other periodicals, it was buried in the flood of the Revolution of 1848. He now contributes occa-

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sional papers to the 'Deutsche Zeitschrift' of Berlin, with whose theological position he best agrees.

He is a decided friend of the Evangelical Union, and deplores the confessional and denominational quarrels which have broken out anew in Germany. He has grown old in the successful conflict against infidelity, and dislikes to see the war with the foreign enemy changed into an internal war of brothers. He is convinced, however, as I heard from his own mouth, that the now prevailing high church Lutheranism is merely on the surface, and has no roots in the heart of German Protestantism.

In his most recent productions, on the 'Spirit of the Lutheran Divines of Wittenberg in the Seventeenth Century,' 1852, and on 'The Academic Life of the Seventeenth Century, with special regard to the Protestant Theological Faculties of Germany,' in two parts, 1853 and 1854, he gives, mostly from manuscript sources, a very interesting and graphic, but by no means favourable picture of the palmy days of orthodox Lutheranism, for the instruction and warning of those contemporaries who would so zealously revive it as the best state of the Church, without considering that it was followed by the apostasy of Rationalism. What, in the name of common decency, shall we think, for instance, of such a redoubted and invincible champion of Lutheran orthodoxy and implacable enemy of Calvinists, Zwinglians, Synoretists, &c., as Abraham Calov, of Wittenberg, who, Tholuck tells us, piously buried not less than five wives and thirteen children, and yet in the seventy-second year of his age, four months after the death of his fifth wife, carried to the altar the daughter of his equally orthodox colleague, Quenstedt!

The works just mentioned are forerunners simply of an extensive History of Rationalism, in which the indefatigable and ever youthful author has been engaged for some years. This, when completed, will be a most valuable contribution to the history of German Protestantism, if we are to judge from the extent of his preparations, and from the animated sketch of the same subject, which is found in the second volume of his Miscellaneous Essays.

Sermons on Public Worship.*

To two different classes of people it will be quite enough to say that these sermons are from the pen of Mr. Maurice and three other clergymen, who evidently sympathize with the spirit of his teaching. Of these two classes, the one, on becoming aware of this fact, will be anxious to read the volume in the light of those circumstances which

* 'The Worship of God and Fellowship among Men.' A series of sermons on Public Worship. Preached at Christ Church, St. Marylebone. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1853.

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suggested its publication; the other will whisper to themselves the ominous words, 'Neo-Platonism' and 'obscurity,'—and so dismiss the volume from their thoughts. At present we address ourselves to neither of these classes. The former do not need our counsel; the latter would hardly be the better for it. But there is a third class, who may not exactly know what to make of the popular outcry against Mr. Maurice, and who wish to come to some definite conclusion—at once just and charitable—about his teaching. It is possible that such may thank us for introducing to their notice a volume which will repay perusal, and which may at the same time lend them some help towards that definite conclusion at which they are anxious to arrive.

We have referred to the word 'Neo-Platonism' as one which is somewhat commonly associated, in the mouth of his opponents, with the name of Mr. Maurice. Now to fight with epithets is the easiest, and at the same time the most cowardly, mode of controversial warfare. It is the trick of Laertes; a man feels conscious that he is hardly a match for his opponent, and so he poisons his foil. And, strange to say, this poison works. The reputation of many a man—sometimes the man himself—has been killed by the use of such epithets. It is the part of wisdom to be on our guard against the delusion which lurks in calling names. To be deceived by such a vulgar sophism is beneath a man of thoughtfulness and truth. The mob, heaving and surging around the cross, see in the Crucified Man only 'the Nazarene;' for the Pharisees and chief priests have coined their epithets well. But the thoughtful centurion recognises the Son of God.

What matters it whether you *call* a man Nazarene, Neologian, or Neo-Platonist, if you cannot prove that he speaks falsehood? 'Flat Pantheism,' cried John Sterling once, in the heat of debate:—'It is mere Pantheism that!' 'And suppose it were Pot-theism,' coolly replied his opponent, 'if the thing is *true*.' A reply which in our view is very much to the point, as it most effectually recalls the mind of the debater to the real question at issue. This same word 'Pantheism' seems in our day to be quite a favourite poison for the theological weapon. To any one who has a tolerable acquaintance with the writings of Maurice and his friend Kingsley it must be a kind of controversial curiosity to know that the charge of Pantheism has been gravely preferred against both; for if there is one thing which more than another characterises the sermons written by the author of 'The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament,' and the novels written by the author of 'Phaethon,' it is the continual assertion that we are living under the rule of a Personal God, under the real guidance of a loving Father. The fact is, that the true Fatherhood of God,—the real, *personal* interest which he takes in the welfare of each and all of his children,—is the very keystone of their theology. And if any one should reply to us that there are some dubious sentences in their works which are of Pantheistic import, we would ask the objector to apply his enlightened and somewhat microscopic criticism to St. Paul's sermon on Mars' Hill, or to the fourth chapter of St. John's first Epistle.

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The charge of 'Neo-Platonism' is perhaps even more inexcusable; for it has been directly repudiated by Mr. Maurice himself, in one of his latest pamphlets. And Mr. Kingsley has been at some pains, in his lectures on 'Alexandria and its Schools' (pp. 100—105), to point out the great distinction—the 'vast gulf,' as he calls it—which lay between the teaching of the early Christian philosophers (with whom he expresses his sympathy), and the doctrines of the Neo-Platonists. It is indeed provoking—and not a little amusing—to find that, in spite of such repudiation and explanation, men will still permit themselves to be frightened by the use of a formidable-looking epithet, which they would at once discover to be a mere scare-crow, had they only the courage to approach near enough to examine it.

It is somewhat more difficult to deal with the charge of 'obscurity' which is so frequently made in connexion with the theology and style of Mr. Maurice's writings; for the word 'obscurity' is of course a *relative* term. The intelligibility of any book is limited by two circumstances—the subject of which it treats, and the capacity of the man who reads it. No one expects a book on the 'Differential Calculus' to be as universally intelligible as a 'leading article;' and that, in its turn, may contain many passages which seem obscure to one who understands perfectly every other corner of the newspaper. Mr. Maurice is, distinctively, a theologian and philosopher. We freely admit that his works are not cast in the popular mould. Even in the pulpit of Lincoln's-inn chapel, he is the professor lecturing to his students, rather than the preacher speaking to the popular mind. His sermons are finished productions,—rich with classical and historical allusion,—leavened with a truly philosophical spirit, which it requires a cultivated mind to appreciate. We admit further that there are a few phrases constantly recurring in his works, which it is somewhat hard to understand; yet of these we may remark generally, that they have their warrant in parallel phrases of Scripture. On the other hand, we remind our readers that mere *clearness* is a very precarious test of truth. The streamlet may be beautifully clear; but it is also shallow, and 'babbles on the pebbles,' as it flows along. The lake may be dark, but it is deep and still, and the moon is perfectly mirrored in its calm depths. Doubtless a man gives us a very clear explanation of geological phenomena, when he tells us that God created the fossils in the strata of the earth, just as we find them. Undoubtedly another man gives us a clear explanation of the death of infants, when he informs us that God treats every new-born child as guilty of the sin of Adam. Assuredly no one can charge a man with obscurity who tells us plainly that as Plato and Socrates never had the gospel preached to them—even by foreshadowing type—they must be in hell now, and must remain for ever in torment. Unquestionably, in this sense, Mr. Maurice is not so *clear* as Mr. Spurgeon and others.

We have always regarded the novels, but more especially the sermons, of Kingsley, as an adequate refutation of the charge of obscurity which is so often advanced against the theology of Maurice.

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We confess, at once, that any theology must be quite indefensible which, in its great distinctive features, does not appeal to the hearts and consciences of the most ordinary men. We have already admitted that the peculiar gifts of Mr. Maurice qualify him for excellence in the professor's chair rather than in the popular pulpit. But Mr. Kingsley, in his sermons, has shown how the theology which is now identified with the name of his friend, may, in its great leading features, be conveyed in the very simplest language, and applied with power to the hearts and lives of the very humblest men. Let our readers compare the 'Sermons for the Times' with Mr. Mursell's 'Lectures to the Working Classes.' We venture to say that they will find the former just as plain and simple as the latter, even if they may have some doubt as to whether they are equally fitted to elevate the hearts and lives of those who heard them.

The volume of sermons which has suggested these remarks is another instance of the fact which we are noticing, viz., that the spirit of Mr. Maurice's theology may be conveyed in the most simple and homely speech. This was to be expected from the circumstances which suggested their delivery. We quote a few sentences from the preface, which is itself a most characteristic production:—

'These sermons were not addressed specially to any class. They were, however, suggested by the recent effort to bring the members of the working-class to our churches. That effort will surely be attended with infinite blessings, if it leads us to think of the wants which are common to us all. It may produce mischief, if it nourishes the thought that our poorer brethren are in greater danger than we are of becoming heathens and godless, or that there is more than one way of delivering the rich, the poor, the whole land from that danger. . . . . To use arts of terror or persuasion for the purpose of inducing men of one class or another to care for their souls, would be natural and reasonable if we were not entrusted with a message from God, that he cares more for their souls and bodies than they or we care for them. If that message is committed to us, surely it is our business to deliver it; to set forth the signs and tokens, which God has given, that it is a true message, and that he will make it effectual; to expect more from his revelation of himself than from any brilliancy of speech or wisdom that the most skilful or powerful preacher has attained.'

These are right manful words, somewhat at variance with the spirit of that preaching which is most 'popular' in our day. The preachers of the sermons before us have a strong conviction that communion with God is the highest blessedness of man. They remember the two commandments on which 'hang all the law and the prophets.' They feel that worship of God and fellowship with men constitute together the sum of religion. And as the spirit of sonship towards God cannot exist apart from the spirit of brotherhood towards man, they believe that the end of all preaching, of all the services and ordinances of the Church, must be to bring men to the true exercise of this spirit of sonship. And so we have before us a series of sermons expository of this belief. They are only six in number; and the following is the order in which they stand:—I. Preaching, a Call to Worship. II. Common Prayer, the Method of Worship. III. Baptism, an Admission to the Privilege of Worship. IV. The Lord's Supper, the most sacred

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Bond of Worship. V. The Sabbath Day, the Refreshment of Worship. VI. The Bible, a Revelation of the Beginning and End of Worship.

Of these six sermons, the first and last are from the pen of Mr. Maurice. He seems to us, in writing them, to have *studied* simplicity of language. And he has been successful. These two sermons remind us of the plainness and homeliness of Kingsley. They are intelligible throughout to the most ordinary mind. Yet they are always dignified. Mr. Maurice does not imagine (as some preachers do) that he can make the gospel plainer, or recommend it more strongly to the hearts and consciences of any class of hearers, by adopting a vulgar tone, and telling them that 'Tom Styles and Billy Ruffin are as welcome to come to Christ as Lord Mutanhed or Sir Diggory Doolittle!' His clearness is of a somewhat different order from this. Here is a specimen of it. He is speaking of St. Paul's simple preaching of the gospel to the Jews and Greeks of his time:—

'He could not, as I said before, prove his words to be true. If you are in a fog, and the sun breaks out upon your path, the cleverest man in the world cannot prove that it is the sun. But the sun proves it; the buildings about you prove it, the faces that you look upon prove it. The Jews and Greeks who believed St. Paul had testimonies of the same kind that they were not believing a lie. They had been in a fog; everything in heaven and earth had been dark to them. As the light shone upon their hearts, all the universe became lighted up. They were still in the old places; they had the old persons near them; yet all had become new. The works they were doing, birth, sorrow, death, all became changed, when they confessed Christ who was born of the Virgin; Christ who had been the heir of sorrow; Christ who had died. They found that not sorrow nor death, but separation from the righteous and true God, was the misery of his creatures. They found that Christ had made them one with him, and that sorrow, death, and the sense of their own sins, all drew them to him as their everlasting refuge and home.'—(Pp. 12, 13.)

Such words as these are not the less true and powerful because they appeal to something deeper in a man than his power of appreciating a joke or vulgar antithesis. Mr. Maurice never forgets that he is speaking on the most sacred and profound of all subjects, and that God is himself educating the hearts of his hearers. Speaking of the work of the preacher, in our own day, he says:—

'His work is a very great and terrible one; he ought to devote to it all the powers and knowledge that God has given him. And yet he should think as St. Paul thought, who brought so much greater powers and so much wider knowledge to his service, that the best preaching is only a simple testimony of what God is; that by itself it is mere foolishness; that it becomes mighty because God takes it as his instrument to save men from ignorance and hatred of him. Holding it to be God's work, not his, the preacher casts down his weak, silly sentences without fear, yea, with undoubting confidence, believing that if he speaks truly, the truth will make itself manifest hereafter, if not now; that if he speaks lies, the lies will be scattered, as all lies must be and shall be at last. He cannot give the least heed to those who tell him that what he is speaking is too deep, too hard for poor folks to take in who have had no schooling. He knows in his inmost soul that it is too deep, too hard for him, till he is brought to feel himself on the level of the most foolish. He knows it is too hard for him, till his conceit is brought down, till he confesses himself a sinner like all other sinners before God. He knows that God is educating other people as he has educated him, by making

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them know that they are nothing in themselves, and so by obliging them to seek for everything in him.'—(Pp. 16, 17.)

Mr. T. J. Rowsell is the author of the second sermon on 'Common Prayer, the Method of Worship.' He follows up the assertion implied in the first sermon, that 'Praying is the end of Preaching;' that the object of the true preacher is to bring men into spiritual communion with God. He protests against the importation of a worldly spirit into the house of prayer. He shows how the common prayer of the Church is a fit method of public worship, inasmuch as it expresses the common wants and aspirations of all who, in the spirit of brotherhood, kneel around the throne of God. The sermons on 'Baptism' and the 'Sabbath-day' are by Mr. J. L. L. Davies, who may be already known to some of our readers as the author of a pamphlet entitled 'St. Paul and Modern Thought,' containing a criticism of the views of Professor Jowett, of Oxford. Mr. Davies writes with great skill and vigour. The fact is noticeable that it has fallen to his lot to deal with the *controverted* topics of the volume. He has discharged his duty well; on both questions he has written with considerable freshness of thought and expression, albeit his views are those which have been already propounded years ago by Mr. Maurice himself, and, more recently, in the admirable sermons of the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton. We can never forget Mr. Robertson's exposition of the meaning of infant baptism. He tells us that 'Baptism does not *create* a child of God. It only authoritatively declares him. It does not make a fact, but only reveals it. It pledges to the individual that which is true of the race.' Here is Mr. Davies's defence of the same view:—

'There are some who contend that it is unreasonable to baptize unconscious infants, baptism being properly a seal set upon the faith of persons who can understand what they profess. Grant this view of baptism, and their conclusion is scarcely to be resisted. But I come back to our first principles . . . . May not Christian parents regard their little ones as the children of God in heaven, until they are old enough to be asked whether they would like to have God for their Father or not? Are they not to be baptized into the name of the Son? What? is the Lord Jesus Christ not their Saviour until they have deliberately chosen him? Must he not choose them first? Has he not chosen them? Can we pretend, or can we bear, to be doubtful for a moment whether our little children may rightly be taught to look upon Jesus as their Lord and Friend and Head, *before* they can reasonably be asked whether they wish to be his members or not? . . . . We are all of us in danger of lapsing into views against which the baptism of infants is a witness and protest,—the views, I mean, which regard ourselves as commencing our reconciliation with God, and forget the great atonement which God has effected with us, and the love with which he acts up to that atonement towards every man. When we see an adult baptized, it is possible to fancy that he has chosen God; when we see an infant baptized, we can only believe that God has chosen *it*.'—(Pp. 61, 62, 63.)

In his sermon on the Sabbath-day, Mr. Davies speaks bravely, yet with discrimination. On the one hand, he bids us beware how we confound with recreation a dissipation which only exhausts the energies instead of repairing them. On the other hand, he bids us be on our guard against austerities and restrictions, which tend to make the Sabbath an oppressive instead of a cheering and refreshing day.

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The remaining sermon, on 'The Lord's Supper, the most sacred Bond of Worship,' is from the pen of Mr. D. J. Vaughan, who is already known to us as the author of a volume of sermons, which, at the time of their publication, were quite sufficient to rank him with those men in whose company we now find him. So far as we can remember, the present sermon is very much superior to any of those which that volume contains. His text is, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.' He connects 'worship' with 'worth' or 'worthiness.' He shows that we can only reverence that which is revealed as *worthy* of our reverence; and then he points out how the Lord's Supper, by its perpetual witness for the character of God, is a most powerful incentive to true spiritual worship. But we must forbear from further quotation.

We take leave of this little volume, with heartfelt gratitude to Mr. Maurice and his coadjutors for the truth which God is enabling them to speak. We do not say that we have been able to agree with Mr. Maurice in all the interpretations of Scripture which he has given us in his books; we do not say that we wish to see him become the founder of a distinct school or party. He would be the last man to expect or demand the former; we know that he desires anything but the latter. But we do honour him for the protest which he has lifted up against all limitations of the infinite love of God. We thank him that he has always been holding out to men—as their highest blessedness, here or hereafter—union to God and sympathy with Christ; that he has always been teaching us that our greatest possible loss, in this world or the world to come, must be separation from the Father who loves us, from the Redeemer who died to save us. We rejoice that he and his friends are uttering such a brave and manly protest against the spirit of worldliness which has crept into the Church of Christ, and in the exercise of which, 'religion' becomes just one phase of that selfishness which is the very curse of humanity.

Nevertheless, we cannot agree with those who think that, in our age, the type of the religious reformer is no longer Luther, but Maurice. Rather do we look upon Maurice as the Melanchthon of the English Church. He loves 'the Church' too dearly to think of deserting her; he wishes to put a new and higher life into her 'Articles' and forms of worship. It is the same, to a very large extent, with his disciple, Kingsley. Yet we suppose it is true that the larger proportion of those who sympathize with the teaching of these two men is to be found outside the pale of the Church of England. Had they written from the ranks of dissent, we are inclined to believe that the development of their own minds would have been freer, and their influence, as religious reformers, much more extensive and powerful. Yet we thank God for the work which they have done and are doing. Whatever good is in that work shall assuredly prosper under his care and blessing. Such men as Maurice, and Kingsley, and Tennyson, are breathing a new and higher spirit into the intellect and religion of our land. And there is one consoling thought. It may not be necessary in our time, as it was in that of Luther, that the work of reformation should fall to the lot of a single man. Rather it may be God's design that

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the work should proceed gradually and quietly, by the infusion of a truer and nobler spirit into several contemporaneous minds. The spirit of Luther shall thus pass into many separate teachers; and each of these may become a centre of influence, from which shall radiate the light of a higher and purer theology than that which is now prevalent amongst us. And we have little doubt that when the history of religious progress, during the nineteenth century, comes to be written by some future historian of the Church, who can look back with unprejudiced mind upon the disputes through which we are passing, the name of Frederick Maurice will not be the least conspicuous amongst those who, in our day, have fought nobly and valiantly in the vanguard of religious reform.

T. C. F.

Wanted, an Independent Minister!

My dear Spectator,—In certain circles the slender remuneration which even able ministers of the gospel receive for their labours, is still the question of importance: many imagine that a fair and just settlement of it may now be hourly expected, while others, who know something of the Church, as well as of the world, sceptically smile, and leave the matter as a legacy to posterity. Certainly enough has been said and written lately, if those specially concerned had only ears to hear, to bring about what is much needed in many churches—an entire revolution in their pecuniary arrangements. The contrast which too frequently exists between the pecuniary position of a minister and that of some of the poorest members of his flock, has been presented in the most indignant words, and such descriptions of ministerial grief and wretchedness have been given as to awaken deep and general sympathy. It has been shown that small tradesmen and labourers are perfect millionaires compared with their pastors, and that even the young factory girl in a good thriving town earns far more than the minister who has received a college education, and whose working hours, moreover, every day exceed the number allowed by the Factory Act.

How the hope has arisen that this state of things is suddenly to be changed for the better I know not, but many fondly imagine that, from recent revelations, discussions, and resolutions, the reign of stinginess is to cease in the Church; that the dawn of an ecclesiastical millennium is at hand, in which ministers will be treated in such a manner as shall more than make amends for past miseries and heartbreakings. The deacons will no longer be churls, but full of kindness, liberality, and justice; there will be a rivalry amongst church members in making their ministers happy and comfortable, and as for money—why—it is to be 'no object.'

Of course, my dear Spectator, all honest men will cordially join in

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the hope that the day is coming when in every field of labour there shall be a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, and all will rejoice in the pleasant prospect stretching out before those whose special work it is to declare, with ever new distinctness and power, Christ's message to this generation. Beyond a doubt the men who can do this successfully are the greatest benefactors of their age, and are worthy of a recompense, indeed, which the world cannot give. That many of them have hitherto wanted food and raiment, in return for the faithful utterance of truths to which many of their hearers profess to owe even their hopes of heaven, is a fact, however, which the churches are about to repent of. All good angels hover near them in *their* day of fasting and humiliation!

I am very unwilling to disbelieve in the promised reformation of the churches, but sure I am that some considerable time must elapse before the repentance of not a few can be properly tested, and pronounced to be genuine. They have been so outrageously mean, so manifestly unjust, such selfish Corinthians, so dead to all generous and delicate feelings, and so thoroughly heartless in all that concerns a minister's comfort, that their conversion would be as wonderful as 'the Ethiopian changing his skin,' or 'the leopard his spots.' We do not doubt the possibility of the change, and it may be prayed for with all one's strength of soul; but a list of churches might speedily be made out, whose conversion it would be worth while travelling from one end of the world to the other to witness.

But while this most desirable work is going on, if it be going on, it may be well if ministers of the gospel would aid its progress a little. The present is a fitting opportunity for all those who are 'without a charge,' and for all those who are making known to their friends that they are 'moveable,' by their character and conduct, and by a pious, manly independence, to teach a wholesome lesson to all proud, stingy, and dishonest churches. Though that other time may not yet come, I do sincerely believe that the time *has* come for dishonest congregations to hear the exact truth about themselves; when those who profess Christianity must be taught, without any meally-mouthed modification, that the morality of the exchange is not to put to the blush the piety of the sanctuary; that common honesty is as binding upon a Christian as upon a worldling; and that the minister of the gospel, at least, will be no party to fraud and injustice.

Therefore, I repeat my advertisement — 'Wanted, an Independent Minister!' Wanted that man, throughout the length and breadth of the land, who has faith in the barrel of meal that wasteth not, and in God's ravens being yet alive, to say boldly to the churches, 'The ministers of the Lord will no longer go hand in hand with those who insult his very attributes, and commit robberies the most unblushing, in connexion with his service in the sanctuary. Rather than do this, they are prepared to betake themselves to whatever labour may present itself, and preach the gospel without charge.'

It may be said in reply, this is just what certain mean churches would rejoice in. Let them do so if they will, but I am persuaded

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that the course suggested would put ministers in the way of acquiring and exercising an influence over the world at large which would be mighty for good. Hitherto a minister has been too much the perquisite of a few; his voice has not reached beyond his own little chapel; and the large world outside has looked upon him as belonging to the few people who attend his ministry, and as having little or no sympathy with anybody else. If, through manifest injustice, he is forced to take the step, let him throw himself upon the world, and widen, at the same time, his field of work; for one thing is certain, he will not be dealt with more unfairly by that than he has been by the church.

It is just now, my dear Spectator, while public attention is being strongly directed to the question, that the noble and worthy amongst 'the chargeless' and 'moveables' have an opportunity of doing immense service to their denomination, and, to what is better, the cause of truth and righteousness. If there is one period more important than another in the life of a Dissenting minister, it is when he is seeking a charge; then it is that, without care and prayerful resolution on his part, he runs the risk of becoming utterly contemptible, and despicable in his own eyes and in the eyes of others. Innumerable are the temptations thrown in his way, and the shifts to which he may resort, if he will, to gain a pulpit and a people. The chief rulers of 'the religious world,' secretaries, treasurers, and officers of large societies, have many snug berths at their disposal, and, like so many St. Peters, they stand with the keys in their hands, ready to give admission to those who, hat in hand, humbly repair to them. Rich deacons will, upon entreaty, consent to gain a hearing for the candidate if he will be deeply, that is, servilely sensible of the honour done to him, and consent to make Paul tremble before Felix, in defiance of Scripture history and commandment. 'Brother ministers,' with whom he has been known never to sympathize, and by whom, perhaps, he has been called 'unsound,' may be conciliated by a letter or two, with a little deference paid therein to their particular theology.

But such temptations are slight when compared with those which assailed the heart of Mr. Toady, when he was obliged to look out for another pulpit—his people having rather peremptorily insisted that he was of no use to them. The ladder by which he gained his new position was made of soft soap; I stop not now to inquire into the amount of self-respect he must have lost in constructing it, but content myself with stating how he got to B——. He was not a man in poor circumstances; indeed, he was far beyond the reach of want and its severe temptations; but, nevertheless, when he heard that the church at B—— was vacant, although there was another candidate in the field before him, whose superior thoughtfulness and threadbare suit seemed most sadly combined, the generous Mr. Toady found means to come in between him and the church, on the best part of which he had made considerable impression, and to obtain a hearing for a Sabbath—only just for a Sabbath, as he was so fully occupied. It was quite a boon, I assure you, to obtain the services of such a man; he had to look to his diary to see the first Sabbath he could spare

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them; 'they' wanted him here, 'they' wanted him there, and the 'theys,' or churches, which waited for his appearance were, I am sorry to say, almost mythical in their number and importance. I need not tell you, though, that he gave up several of them at once, when the acting deacon of the church at B—— asked him to come and preach to them. 'Well, he didn't mind if he would, just for a Sabbath; he had long felt a deep interest in the cause at B——, and for the sake of the sacred reminiscences belonging to the place, and just to say he had preached in the chapel where the eloquence of So-and-so and So-and-so had resounded, &c. &c.—why—he would come.' And, when the appointed time came round, how did he act?

My dear Spectator, to quote the language of Mr. Kingsley, the devil got hold of the heart of Mr. Toady. He forgot that he was Christ's man standing up before a number of people who were in league with the world, the flesh, and the devil. According to him, there never had been anywhere such a saintly society as that which, quite unexpectedly, he had the high privilege of addressing. He had contrived to find out the kind of sermons the influential people in the church liked, and he preached them with such an unction. He flattered the congregation to an amazing extent, and thanked Heaven they had such managing men. He was asked again, and his willing feet obeyed; he improved his opportunity, and buttered the people's bread so thickly, that many became quite disgusted and left the place. He did not mind about that, for the managing men greedily swallowed what he said, and encouraged him to go on. There was nothing that would give him greater pleasure than to spend his life in co-operation with such characters! He went on for several Sabbaths, and the place was *his*;—his, through means as servile, mean, and contemptible, as the most wretched trickster and truckler could ever use.

My dear Spectator, 'Wanted, an Independent minister!'

Rather than gain a pulpit by anything approaching such despicable means, let the minister of the gospel, in the spirit of Simon Peter of old, when his outlooks were so dark and dreary, exclaim, '*I go a fishing!*' Toil is honourable and glorious, though of the hardest kind, and even martyrdom may be cheerfully submitted to when truth and honesty are at stake. If forced to take the step, let the minister do Christ's work as a tent-maker, a fisherman; or through any of the trades which good men in every age have consecrated by their steady faith, humility, and self-denial. It will be infinitely better to do this, than to lose self-respect, or to follow, even at an immeasurable distance, in the footsteps of those hirelings who put HIM to an open shame who had not where to lay his head, by making the truths which his blessed lips proclaimed the channel through which a snug nest may be obtained;—obtained, alas! for what? only that the soul of the so-called successful one may rot away, and diffuse an atmosphere of death on every side. 'Verily I say unto you, such have their reward.'

The time, I trust, will one day come, Sir, when ministers of religion will be so valuable as to be sought after, instead of having to sound their own trumpets, and to seek settlements through unworthy, and,

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suffer me to add, almost through unworldly means. As it is, they are at the mercy of the most uneducated, and of those very moderately spiritual men who, having obtained power in a church, gratify a petty and selfish nature by lording it over their ministers. All compassion on the man who is exposed to the tender mercies of such! All grace be with him, lest their selfishness communicating itself to, and tainting his spirit, he fall from his own ideal, and be reduced to treat as a mere livelihood that grand work upon which whosoever enters should start with this as his motto, 'I seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.' Having, through contact with the mean and self-seeking, lost sight of the high aims which once animated him, he can no longer tower above those whom he teaches, and command their homage to the truths he proclaims; and he is henceforth like salt without its savour. It is a sad, sad reflection that some of the most promising spirits in the world have frequently lost the brightness and strength which belonged to them, through contact with the churches of which they have been pastors!

Therefore, my dear Spectator, I repeat, Wanted, an *Independent* minister! If we had such at the present moment, a number of dishonest and impertinent practices might be speedily reproved. Can any one doubt that even a moderate amount of independence and self-respect, to say nothing of brotherly feeling, on the part of ministers would not long ago have put a stop to what I for one consider to be one of the most finished insults that has ever been offered to our denomination? There is a church in a large town which has now been without a minister for years. It is not a very large church, nor is the income perfectly astounding, but it is regarded as one of those very important churches which have histories attached to them. The congregation consists of a few professional men, a number of tradesmen, and a sprinkling of poor people; not such a very astounding set of people for any minister to talk to. But there is a history attached to the place; yes, there's a history, as you are told *ad nauseam* when you go there; and further, 'it will be a distinguished honour for any one to become the pastor of our place!' The managing men, I assure you, have become quite important, since they have had this place to let, and delight to show ministers over it, and delight to make their mouths water too by pointing out the beauty of the situation, the perfection of the arrangements, and, above all, the charming, yea, aristocratic society that would be found in it. 'We are only waiting for the right man, Sir; it is a fine chapel, as you see, a very fine chapel; and as for the people, why we have the cream of the town.' Then, more mysteriously, but with profound dignity, 'There's a history attached to this place, Sir; here long years ago the gospel was first preached in its purity and simplicity; since then, this place has been a city set upon a hill, and we have been as it were a centre of light in the midst of a thick circumference of darkness. Able men have laboured here, Sir, men whose praise is in all the churches, and we are still in search of an able man; and we trust in due time we shall have one sent among us.'

This church has been without a pastor for —— years, and is still with-

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out one. Now, my dear Spectator, ought it not to be taught a lesson, and a good sound one too? Ought not its managing men very plainly to be told, We are Independent ministers; more than that, we are brethren solemnly leagued together, for the purpose of teaching wisdom, if possible, to those who are so lamentably devoid of it? We must teach you a lesson; you shall have no minister yet; for until you have repented of your pride, we do not look upon you as altogether in a fit state to send an invitation to a Christian teacher. We have not sufficient confidence in you to induce us to put our happiness, usefulness, and character in your keeping.'

The physical consequences of men swollen with pride and self-importance receiving such a letter, it might be sad to contemplate; but had we really Independent ministers, I can imagine nothing more desirable than such a communication being sent to all such churches whatever 'history' might be attached to them. It would for a time, I think, make them a little more circumspect in their behaviour.

And, Sir, I could wish that those churches who are ever changing their ministers, having a new one at least every two or three years, should be taught the lesson they have long needed to learn; though it be through the severe method I have just hinted at, let them be taught it. Some churches find their amusement in obtaining and dismissing ministers; indeed, I have heard a church member boast, actually boast, of the number of ministers who would not 'do' for them. There are certain churches in our land becoming quite notorious for the pains they take in obtaining a pastor, and for the equal zeal they manifest in turning him adrift. They send the most glowing invitations; they give no end of promises of sympathy, affection, support, and co-operation, which promises they unblushingly depart from, and wonder that the minister should feel hurt at their conduct. And after he has been at the trouble and expense of moving, and after perhaps, through short-sightedness and momentary anxiety, he has relinquished a post of usefulness and comfort, he is coolly and cruelly sent about his business to seek another home. Yet, no sooner has he gone, than the church, without one feeling of regret, as if it had borne an unblemished character, begins to look out afresh, and has not the slightest doubt of finding dozens of men to accept the vacant post, and in accepting it, to confirm as honest conduct at once the most cruel and impertinent.

Wanted, I say again, an Independent minister, who would have courage enough to say to this church when asked to become their pastor, 'I hear a bad account of you; you are known at present by the undesirable title of the minister's heart-breaker; you have got rid of five ministers during the last eleven years, and have established for yourselves quite a Blue-beard notoriety; the excitement of minister-killing is bad for you, and you shall try your skill at this kind of thing no more; you must be without a pastor.' The people no doubt would be wonderfully surprised at receiving such a document, and think themselves very ill-used, for it is a strange fact that the more some churches persecute their ministers the higher they rise in their own estimation. There is another kind of church, my dear Spectator, that

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we should all delight in seeing thoroughly punished by our much wanted Independent minister; that church which is constantly breaking faith with its minister in respect to income. There never was, I believe, in this world, anything half so cool as the manner in which the deacons of Stone-street went from their engagement with their minister. They invited him in the usual manner; they listened with delight, and they trusted with profit, to his ministrations for several Sabbaths; they had taken the pains to find out the opinion of every member of the church and congregation in regard to his acceptability as a preacher and as a man, and they were glad to say that all the members of the church and congregation were unanimously desirous of obtaining him as their pastor, and that they had empowered the deacons to make any, and all arrangements that they deemed necessary to induce him to accept the call.

Now upon examining this invitation sentence by sentence, Mr. H— could find no fault with it; it seemed satisfactory in every respect. He therefore accepted the call on the usual understanding of receiving a certain guaranteed sum per annum, and any increase that might be the result of his own labours in the town and neighbourhood. The income soon went beyond the guaranteed sum, but what was the minister's surprise when he found that the increase without a word being said to him was being coolly applied to the liquidation of this debt and of that, and to the improvement of the place of worship. In vain he remonstrated; in vain he appealed, and urged upon the deacons to do what was right and just. They said the income he received was quite enough for him, and it would be for the good of the cause, if for a few years any surplus was devoted to the improvement and beautifying of the place of worship. And so, poor fellow, with barely enough to live upon, he saw himself labouring for the benefit of his successor, who true enough in a few years stepped into his place, found a handsome chapel awaiting him, and a salary in proportion.

Now, my dear Sepectator, what would this successor have said to the people had he been the Independent minister this letter advertises for? He would have said, 'You are dishonest; you cannot expect to prosper while you are so; repent of your sin, and show that you do so by refunding to your last minister every shilling of which you defrauded him; he earned it honestly; by the sweat of his brain, by the labour of his heart, by the wear and tear of his pastoral life amongst you he earned it; no minister will have anything to say to you while this act of justice is left undone.'

You will perhaps say, Mr. H— concluded his engagement with the deacons too quickly. I agree with you, and conclude my letter to you with an extract from an unpublished letter, written to a minister seeking a charge:—

'Of course, as you are seeking to become a teacher in God's world, you have taken a thorough estimate of your own powers, and have satisfied yourself upon the all-important point, that you have something to say. If you really have that it matters very little what sphere you choose for your life-work, whether manufacturing or agricultural, village or town districts. The living thoughts that you

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have made for ever your own will out in any language, and every man will hear you in his own tongue. I wish you had faith enough to get into any thickly populated neighbourhood, and gather around you a people for yourself, but as you have not, and you are determined to speak in any one of the existing synagogues that may seem to you suitable, I must comply with your request, and set down a few cautions that may be useful to you.

'And beginning with the chapel itself, if any special stigma is attached to it, and you instinctively feel that there is not fire enough in your heart to burn it out, so that no trace of the Ichabod is left remaining, have nothing to do with it.

'If the church is under the control of a little oligarchy to whose nod you must always bow, and to whom you must always preach agreeably if you are to maintain your position, and you are not able to gather around you those who will gradually push such said little oligarchy *out*, have nothing to do with it.

'Become well acquainted with the variety of characters composing the congregation, the young and old, the rich and poor, the talented and the ignorant, the grave and the gay, and see whether you can speak from one platform to all these at once, meet every individual want, and give every man his portion of meat in due season. If you can't do this think twice before you accept the invitation.

'When on probation look more on the dark than the bright side of your prospects; magnify the slightest sign of discomfort; look at the different cliques that compose the church, their character and influence; put every inducement held out by the deacons at half price; and, if after all, there is more light than darkness, try what you can do. But, remember, let it be with a distinct understanding with regard to money, or more misery will result than you can now imagine. Treat the deacons as men of business, and let them see that you are one. And now go your way until the end shall be; be free if you can; if not, be as free as you can.'

Peter Poorpaison.

Thomas Paine.

If we may judge from the writings of our early English divines, scepticism was as well known to them as to us, but the knowledge must have been confined to comparatively few, for there were no general means of propagating it. A public advocacy of unbelief there was not, hence it was principally amongst the learned men that we have to look for the sceptics. Most of these men, however, seem to have been agreed upon one point, at least, that it was best to keep their opinions from what they call the 'vulgar,' believing that a little superstition did them good. Neither was there a reading public in that day, hence the unbelief of those times differs widely from that which it is our fate to witness.

Thomas Paine was the first man who ever awakened the intellect of our working people into a state of conscious doubt, and was, perhaps, the only man in the world who was capable of doing it. There was something, doubtless, in the time in which he lived which contributed much in his favour. The great French Revolution, which uprooted the old state of things in France, swept off the aristocracy and the Church, and proclaimed the universal brotherhood of man, awakened hope in the desponding heart of the toiling millions of

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Christendom, and made them believe that the day of their redemption drew nigh. No man who has not himself laboured with his hands for his daily bread, and lived in 'hard times,' knows the feelings of the common labourer. He may go quietly to his daily toil and nightly bed, but there are germs of revolutions smothered and smouldering in his heart, and he only needs some one to interpret his thoughts in order to make him a fanatic. There was silence in England, but it was the silence which precedes the breaking forth of the storm, and when the French Convention proclaimed 'LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY,' the intelligent working-men of England held their breath, in expectation of the coming millennium. There was doubt in the heart, and a curse on the lips, but no man had yet put the unexpressed thought into intelligent words. This had been done in France—Voltaire and others were the prophets of the new dispensation there—but not here. No Frenchman can express the Englishman's feelings correctly. Paine saw this, and with the true instinct of genius gave utterance to the half-formed thought, and did it in a manner to defy competition. His words found an echo in ten thousand hearts. What was it to them that he would dethrone the king and exterminate the Church? They had been cold and hungry; had Church or King warmed or filled them? They had toiled in the cold of winter, and under the scorching rays of the summer sun; had Church or King lightened their burden? They had borne the whips and scorns of time, 'the oppressor's wrong,' the proud man's rudeness, the pangs of despised toil, the delay of justice; had Church or King helped them? What, then, had they to do with Church and King; they had nothing to lose by the change, and everything to hope from it. So thought and felt many in Great Britain when Paine wrote.

We are not amongst the despisers of Paine. When he laid his giant grasp upon everything which men consider sacred, it was natural that he should be pelted with every kind of missile, but in that grasp we may see the resolution of a man impatient of the indolence of the Church, and the depravity of the Court. What we mourn over is, that one so gifted should have made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience; and when we look upon that wretched bed on which he breathed his last breath, we tremble to think how low the greatest and best of us may fall. Unbelief did for Paine what it has done for many others of the sons of toil. It severed the cord of love to God which should have united them to the all Father, and in their loss of spiritual life the working-classes have lost their greatest, noblest defence. We shall have to give many illustrations of this as we proceed; it is only hinted at here.

Living in these quiet days, it is almost impossible for us to form a conception of the agitation which the writings of Paine produced. Answer upon answer appeared to his 'Rights of Man,' but it has outlived them all, and is still a great monument of political sagacity. Ballad-singers sang their execrations of him in the street, and posters on the walls held him up to execration by giving fictitious sketches of his life. In the British Museum there is a collection of these bills and songs,

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amongst which may be seen pseudo-letters from his mother abusing her son, and one from Satan, thanking him for his zeal. He was prosecuted in courts of law, and rebuked by judges; his effigy was burned in nearly every town and village in England; and mothers frightened their children by mentioning his name. Yet, in spite of all this, he became secretary to the convention which laid the foundation of the great American Republic, and was elected to the senate of France in compliment to his extraordinary abilities. This man is too great to be lost without sorrow, and we sit upon his dishonoured grave with a sad heart, and mourn for him as over a fallen angel.

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, on the 29th of January, 1737. He was brought up with care by his parents, one of whom, his father, was a Quaker. Having received what he calls a 'good moral education, and a tolerable stock of useful knowledge,' he was taken into his father's shop, to learn the business of staymaking:—

'When "little more than sixteen years of age," he tells us, "raw and adventurous, and heated with the false heroism of a master (Rev. Mr. Knowles, master of the grammar school at Thetford) who had served in a man-of-war, I became the carver of my own fortune, and entered on board the *Terrible* privateer, Capt. Death. From this adventure I was happily prevented by the affectionate and moral remonstrance of a good father, who, from his own habits of life, being of the Quaker profession, must have begun to look upon me as lost. But the impression, much as it effected at the time, began to wear away, and I entered afterwards in the *King of Prussia* privateer, Capt. Mendez, and went with her to sea."

Of his life at sea we know nothing, but in 1756 he is in London working at his trade, in Hanover-street, Long-acre. Two years after he is working at his trade in Dover; and the next year we find him married and settled, in business as master staymaker at Sandwich. Not succeeding in business, he removed to Margate, where he had the misfortune to lose his wife, after which he gave up staymaking, and entered the excise. He was dismissed from this employment from some cause or other, but, after having spent some time in teaching, was restored to his office. In 1771, he married a second time; and in 1772, published a pamphlet, 'The Case of the Officers of Excise.' What he wrote was displeasing to the authorities, and either for this, or on account of his keeping a shop, he was again dismissed from the service. Coming to London, he was introduced to Dr. Franklin, and by his advice, and with introductions from the Doctor, he embarked for America, where he arrived in the winter of 1774, only a few months previous to the commencement of actual hostilities between Great Britain and her colonies. Here he undertakes to edit a 'Pennsylvanian Magazine,' and is soon discovered to be a man of undoubted talent.

Revolutions are remarkable for calling out men of genius, and in the great American crisis Paine found a wide field for his ability. It is easy for us to see now that the Americans had nothing worth fighting for, except it were independence, but it was not so easy for them to see at that time. With no definite plan of operations before them.

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a ruined trade, and tremendous armies gathering round, men were confounded, and waited for some one to point with the finger of hope to a better state of things. Paine, although a stranger in the country, felt this, and his brain was the first in which the idea of the great American Republic ever existed. With the alacrity which characterised all his proceedings, he gave utterance to the thought which was big in his heart, and the doubting, trembling, and bewildered colonists became a great nation. An unfriendly pen (Cheetham) thus describes the appearance of 'Common Sense:'—

'This pamphlet, of forty-seven octavo pages, holding out relief by proposing independence to an oppressed and despairing people, was published in January, 1776; speaking a language which the colonists had felt, but not thought of. Its popularity, terrible in its consequences to the parent country, was unexampled in the history of the press. At first involving the colonists, it was thought, in the crime of rebellion, and pointing to a road leading inevitably to ruin, it was read with indignation and alarm; but when the reader (and everybody read it), recovering from the first shock, re-perused it, its arguments, nourishing his feelings and appealing to his pride, reanimated his hopes, and satisfied his understanding that "Common Sense," backed by the resources and force of the colonies, poor and feeble as they were, could alone rescue them from the unqualified oppression with which they were threatened. The unknown author, in the moments of enthusiasm which succeeded, was hailed as an angel sent from heaven to save from all the horrors of slavery, by his timely, powerful, and unerring councils, a faithful but abused, a brave but a misrepresented people.'

In this hour of his success, with the true pride and joy of an author, he writes:—'I gave the copyright to every state in the Union, and the demand ran to not less than one hundred thousand copies.' The doctrine of independence having thus found an efficient preacher, the spirit was breathed into the whole nation. The dead became quick; the living had found a voice. On the 1st of January, a word was spoken by a poor vagrant staymaker; by the 4th of July, it had been repeated from Vermont even to Georgia; on that day the independence of thirteen states was proclaimed; a home and rallying place was established for freedom, and a mighty nation born which is destined to leave a noble history in the annals of the human race.

Once having taken the pen in the cause of independence, Paine is often called upon to exercise it; and, accordingly, we next find him writing a pithy and sarcastic reply to a 'testimony' of the Quakers. But, conceiving that he who had done so much to provoke to deadly conflict with the mother country should be amongst the first to share its dangers, he entered the army, where he fought or wrote as circumstances required. It was whilst a soldier that he published the first of his interesting works, the 'Crisis'—thirteen numbers of which appeared. In 1777 he left the army, being appointed by Congress 'Secretary for Foreign Affairs.' An attempt being made by one Dean to obtain some of the public money to which he was not entitled, some of the committee were in favour of paying the demand as hush-money, but Paine wrote in the newspapers, and thus appealing to the public, exposed the attempted imposition. Dean's claim was rejected with contempt, but this breach of 'official confidence' led to his resig-

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nation; and in 1779 he was again a free man upon the world. Having received but a small salary during his term of office, and having always refused to sell the copyright or receive any profit for his writings, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs was obliged to be a lawyer's clerk. He is not long, however, in the lawyer's office, for in February, 1781, he is in Paris along with Col. Laurens, where they negotiate a loan for the young republic. He seems, after this, to have retired to a little estate which he had near Border Town, on the east bank of the Delaware, where he received the following letter:—

'*Rocky-Hill, September* 10, 1783.

'I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Border Town. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, or both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me I shall be exceedingly happy to see you in it. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country, and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom; as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself, 'Your sincere friend,

'G. WASHINGTON.'

That Congress was not altogether unmindful of the services which Paine had rendered to the cause of American independence, is seen from the following extract from its journal:—

'*Friday, August* 28, 1785.

'On the report of a committee, consisting of Mr. Gerry, Mr. Petit, and Mr. King, to whom was referred a letter of the 13th from Thomas Paine:—

'Resolved, that the early, unsolicited, and continued labours of Mr. Thomas Paine, in explaining the principles of the late revolution, by ingenious and timely publications upon the nature of liberty and civil government, have been well received by the citizens of these states, and merit the approbation of Congress: and that in consideration of these services, and the benefits produced thereby, Mr. Paine is entitled to a liberal gratification from the United States.'

'*Monday, October* 3, 1785.

'On the report of a committee, consisting of Mr Gerry, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Long, to whom were referred sundry letters from Mr. Thomas Paine, and a report on his letter of the 13th of September:—

'Resolved, That the board of treasury take order for paying to Mr. Thomas Paine, the sum of three thousand dollars for the considerations mentioned in the resolution of the 28th of August last.'

In the same year, the state of Pennsylvania, where he first published his 'Common Sense,' and the 'Crisis,' presented him with 500*l.*, and New York gave him the confiscated estate of a royalist. It is impossible for us to enumerate the services which he rendered to the American nation, but it is quite certain that rewards were never better merited.

In 1787, Paine returned to England, and hastened to his native place, Thetford, where he found his mother in penury—his father having been dead for some years. Relieving his parent from want he commenced carrying out those schemes of political reform in England of which his native country had so much need. There can be no doubt

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whatever in some of his demands he went too far; but those of us who live now when many of the reforms which he proposed have been accomplished, or are being daily realized, can afford to express our gratitude to a man who, sixty years ago, scattered the seed of that liberty which we enjoy.

Hitherto we have only seen Paine as a politician riding upon the political storms, and directing patriotism to the haven of liberty; but on his return to England he displayed a mathematical and mechanical genius of the very highest order. It was at this time that he constructed the first iron bridge that was ever built, and made also some models of machinery which, for simplicity and utility, have hardly ever been exceeded; but during this time his cherished idea—the progress of liberty, was never abandoned, of which he soon gave proof by printing the first part of his 'Rights of Man,' which was read with the same avidity here as his 'COMMON SENSE' had been in America. Government was enraged, and commenced a prosecution, but before it could lay hands on him Paine had been elected by two departments of France to represent them in the National Assembly, and deeming it better to spend his time in the councils of the Great Republic than waste it here with lawyers who were predetermined to convict him, he embarked for France, and took his seat in the Assembly as the representative of Calais.

As yet the career of Paine has been one of triumph, and one of which he might be justly proud. We found him a poor staymaker at Thetford—we saw him depart with the reckless activity of youth to brave the perils of privateer warfare—met him again a poor journeyman in London—saw him enter to be expelled, and re-enter to be dismissed again from the Excise—went with him to the New World, and saw him take his proper place there among men second to none in the political history of nations—watched his return to his native country, and blessed his anxiety to reach his paternal roof and relieve his mother from want—a noble trait in the character of a great man; and, whilst here giving consolation to an aged parent, we have seen him develop a mathematical and mechanical genius which, so far as the use of iron is concerned, may be said to have formed a new era in architecture; here also we have seen him discharge the artillery of his brain until corruption trembled. It is said, and upon good authority, that the ministers of state even bribed the printer for proofs of his 'Rights of Man' that they might alter their budget so as to falsify his statements, and enormous sums were offered for the copyright, that it might be wholly suppressed, and in the midst of all this we have seen a foreign nation anxious to do him homage, and in the councils of France we now see him hazarding his life in pleading for humanity. Paine was the victim, but in no case the advocate, of the excesses of the National Assembly. Those who have spent their time in abusing him by representing him as a sloven and a drunkard will hitherto find little food for scandal; friendly and unfriendly writers have borne testimony to the simplicity of his manners and the temperance of his life. And if they had not done so we could hardly believe that the friend and

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intimate companion of Franklin. Priestley, Washington, and numbers of the best men of his age, could have been anything but a man of strict outward propriety; indeed, this is clear enough from what followed, for when Paine himself changed, the magic of his power ceased, and one of his most devout disciples speaks of him as 'the abandoned.'

Although it is evening we must get one more glimpse of the setting sun, for dark clouds are gathering near it, and a clear eye may already discern spots upon its disc. Rickman thus describes him:—

'Paine was about five feet ten inches high, and rather athletic; he was broad-shouldered, and latterly stooped a little. His eye was full, brilliant, and singularly piercing; it had in it the "muse of fire." In his dress and person he was generally very cleanly, though careless, and wore his hair queued, with side curls and powdered, like a gentleman of the old French school.

'His manners were easy and gracious, his knowledge was universal; among friends his conversation had every fascination that anecdote, novelty, and truth could give it. In mixed company and among strangers he said little, and was a public speaker. The power of his memory was so great that he could repeat at will any passage from any of his writings. The only book that he had studied was the Bible, with every part of which he was familiar.'

If our sketch of Paine could have ended here, or if we could add an old age of peace and piety, then he would hold a foremost place in the illustrious ranks of those who are reckoned eminent for the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. But he attacked the Bible with the same impetuosity that he had attacked the State, expressing his belief that the institutes of religion might be as easily changed as the political condition of a nation remodelled. This was his grand mistake, and betrayed an utter misconception of the real influence and position of the sacred volume.

Civil and political institutions must of necessity be the reflex of the national character. They are sometimes in advance of the popular culture, and sometimes behind it; but they are always human, and therefore imperfect, and requiring reconstruction. Hence the necessity for revolutions or changes, and the honour which we accord to the men who have adapted the institutions of the State to the wants of their age.

But the Bible is the common property of mankind, and is unchangeable. Kingdoms have arisen and fallen. Empires have passed away, and every form of government been born and died, but the vitality of the Bible is as fresh and full of vigour now as it was ten centuries ago. A popular writer, noted for the freedom of his sentiments, thus expresses his feeling upon this subject:—

'This collection of books has taken such a hold on the world as no other. The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from the land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half the influence of this book from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. It is read of a Sabbath in all the ten thousand pulpits of our land. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up, week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and to the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colours the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail upon the sea without it: no ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets; mingles in all the grief and cheer-

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fulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her new duties; men are married in Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness, when the fever of the world is on them. The aching head finds a softer pillow if the Bible lies underneath. The mariner escaping from shipwreck clutches this first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the pedlar in his crowded pack: cheers him at eventide, when he sits down dusty and fatigued: brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born: gives names to half Christendom: rejoices with us: has sympathy for our mourning: tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself: our best prayers are uttered in its storied speech, wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man, about awakening from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright: he does not fear to stand alone, to head the way unknown and distant, to take the death-angel by the hand and bid farewell to wife and babes at home. Men rest on this their dearest hopes. It tells them of God and of his blessed Son —of earthly duties and of heavenly rest. Foolish men find in it the source of Plato's wisdom and the science of Newton, and the art of Raphael. Men who believe nothing else that is spiritual believe the Bible all through: without this they would not confess, say they, even that there was a God.

'Now for such effects there must be an adequate cause. That nothing comes of nothing is true all the world over. It is no light thing to hold with an electric chain a thousand hearts, though but an hour, beating and bounding with such fiery speed: what is it then to hold the Christian world, and that for centuries? Are men fed with chaff and husks? The authors we reckon great whose word is in the newspapers and the market-place, whose articulate breath now sways the nation's mind, will soon pass away, giving place to other great men of a season, who in their turn shall follow them to eminence, and then oblivion. Some thousand famous writers came up in this century to be forgotten in the next. But the silver cord of the Bible is not loosed, nor its golden bowl broken, as Time chronicles his ten centuries passed by. Has the human race gone mad? Time sits as a refiner of metal: the dross is piled in forgotten heaps, but the pure gold is reserved for use, passed into the ages, and is current a thousand years hence as well as to-day. It is only real merit that can long pass for such: tinsel will rust in the storms of life: false weights are soon detected there. It is only heart that can speak deep and true to heart: a mind to mind, a soul to soul: wisdom to the wise, and religion to the pious. There must then be in the Bible, mind, heart, and soul: wisdom and religion: were it otherwise, how could millions find it their lawgiver, friend, and prophet? Some of the greatest of human institutions seem built on the Bible: such things will not stand in heaps of chaff, but on mountains of rock.'*

It was upon this rock of adamant that Paine was wrecked. He did not perceive that the Bible had been incorporated with the very life of Europe; that in every cottage there was some true soul who would resign wealth, station, pleasure, and, if need be, life, rather than part with the Word of God. One king might be put down and another crowned, and the new and old be so much alike that common people may fail to perceive the difference; but dethrone the Bible, and who could give us anything better in exchange? It is very easy to say, with some of our modern sceptics, Nature and science should take the place of the Revelation and Bible; but leaving out of the question the fact that there never has been, and is not likely to be, a scientific people, as science is now taught—especially by the sceptical portion of the community, they can never satisfy the soul. Science may enable us to conquer this world—to subdue the elements—to make the desert

* Parker's Discourses.

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blossom as the rose, or raise temples and palaces which will be the wonder of succeeding ages—but, as in poetry we are obliged to come back to nature for all true inspiration, and take it fresh from the unfolding flowers, so in religion, the soul must come back to God, and draw its life direct from him. All science is there beautiful and radiant with the divine presence; but upon this subject few have spoken better than Paine himself:—

'It has been the error of schools to teach astronomy and all the other sciences, and subjects of natural philosophy, as accomplishments only; whereas they should be taught theologically, or with reference to the Being who is the author of them: for all the principles of science are of divine origin. Man cannot make or invent, or contrive principles, he can only discover them; and he ought to look through the discovery to the Author.'*

In all his ravings against the Bible, Paine clung to the idea that there was something divine in life, and he spent much of his time in endeavouring to establish a church upon Deistical principles; but his efforts were abortive. The scheme of the Theophilanthropists was like a statue, fair to look upon, but without life; hence, when left to be jostled by the world it was crushed to pieces. Genius might rear it up, but nothing but the hand of God could sustain it. It fell with its author to rise no more.

We purposely draw a veil over the remainder of Paine's life. From the time that he commenced writing his 'Age of Reason' to the hour of his death, nothing but misfortune seemed to attend him. Consigned to an imprisonment which nearly cost him his life, and from the effects of which he never recovered, he was liberated to find himself shunned by all those who had previously worshipped him. He had severed those golden cords which bound him to millions of trusting hearts, and was alone and deserted in that Europe which but a few years before had echoed with his praise. After great efforts he returned to America, and was received with the same coldness in the country which he had done so much to make. In this terrible isolation he sought refuge in drink, and the last rays of his departing glory were washed out by the intoxicating draught. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed. If genius could have saved any one Paine had not fallen.

Here then is an example on which we may ponder long and with profit. Paine had an intellect of the very highest order, and fame beyond that which falls to the lot of few. It was a fame, too, that to a great extent was well and honourably won—a conquest of mind over the despotism of past ages. We have seen him rise and have seen him fall. It is a matter of little importance to us what he said in his last agonies, whether he regretted the course he had taken or not. It is enough for us to know that he wasted the fruits of a noble life in a most delusive attempt to destroy the word of God. For this he was cast down into infamy and contempt—so that his very name has become a bye-word and reproach. And such hope have they who tread the same path!

* See Address to the Theophilanthropists

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Illustrations of the American School System.

Who has not heard of the Common Schools of America? Who has read a 'Fourth of July' oration, and not been impressed, by the eloquence of the republican orator, with the distinguished blessing enjoyed by the citizens of that great country in being possessed of a free, sound, and intelligent system of education—a system which, we have been often told, offers to every child in the State advantages of learning and cultivation such as can only be procured in other countries at an expense utterly beyond the reach of any but the very richest. To a great extent, this is true. A comparatively good, and in some instances a very superior, classical and scientific education can be procured in certain cities of the United States without a fraction's cost to the scholar or student. Schools, or rather colleges, almost equal to the High School of Edinburgh, are freely opened to whomsoever chooses to go, while for the poorer classes there are 'common schools,' to which no parent need be ashamed to send his children. Schools there are plenty, teachers without number, machinery almost perfect, appliances innumerable, and—a general failure in education.

We have, ourselves, suspected this for some years. A few visitors to the United States, who have dug a little beneath the surface of society, have seen and pointed it out, and now the Americans themselves appear to be opening their eyes, not to the demerits of their system, but to the utterly inadequate results which it accomplishes.

The first question one naturally asks in making inquiries on the subject is, *Does the system succeed in educating the people?* A fair answer to this question would be, Go to our schools, Sir, and walk about our streets, and judge for yourself. Now, we do not propose to do exactly this, but we propose to take the evidence of three gentlemen, who may be presumed to have the most intimate acquaintance with the subject, and whose evidence would possess the highest weight in the highest circles on both sides of the Atlantic. We premise that we choose these simply and only because they have the very latest information that it would be possible to possess.

Our first witness is the President of the Board of Education of the city and county of New York, whose evidence is contained in the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board, for the year ending January 1, 1857. We gather from this report that the latest calculation of the population of New York was made up to the end of 1855, when it amounted to 618,652. The actual school attendance of this population there are no means of ascertaining. We only know that the average attendance at the public schools in 1856 was 47,605,* or about one to every fourteen of the population—not a great result, certainly, considering that nearly all the children who go to school at all go to a public school; but as we have no means of knowing how many are educated elsewhere, it would be useless, not to say dishonest, to build any conclusions on such defective data.

* The cost of education in the same year was 192,377*l.*, or 2*l.* 13*s.* per unit of average attendance at school.

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The principal and most important question concerning the state of education we can, however, answer—*How many do not go to school?* The New York Board, it appears, have been making especial inquiry on the subject, and it has found that in a portion only of a single ward the number found not to be in attendance at school was almost exactly equal to the number at school in the same ward, being respectively—

Eighteenth Ward: at school	2,733
Portion of the Eighteenth Ward: not at school	2,631

The Board say, 'The communication suggested that the number of children not attending any school as thus ascertained, should be multiplied by the number of wards, to show the number of such children in this city, which would give an aggregate of nearly 60,000.' They are of opinion, however, and no doubt rightly, that this would be an over-estimate, and the number is, therefore, subsequently set down by the City Superintendent of Schools in round numbers as over 50,000. Here is a difficulty for the state educationist! Fine schools, great schools, good books, plenty of teaching, 'liberal education'—all for nothing! Who would not have it? And the parents of 50,000 children answer, 'We don't want our children to have it, and they shan't.' The New York Board honestly acknowledges this difficulty. It says:—

'It is a matter of certainty that there is a large number of children now being educated in our streets in habits of idleness and a knowledge of vice, whence they will graduate, enemies to themselves and curses to the community, and enter upon careers of debauchery and crime, until the ends shall have been reached, to which such a course unchecked inevitably leads.'

It has also tried to remove the difficulty:—

'Earnest attempts have been made to reach this enormous evil by voluntary efforts, through organizations of philanthropic persons of both sexes; and the Board of Education has extended to them all the aid warranted by its own powers, and perhaps these have been stretched to do this, by grants of old books and furniture. Too much praise cannot be accorded to these attempts, whether we consider the object in view, or the energy with which it has been pursued; and yet it is evident that such attempts alone are inadequate to the mastery of the evil.'

And here, in offering the solution, it practically gives up its own power:—

'*Equally certain is it, that it cannot be overcome without the aid of a missionary effort beyond what an official organization could properly exert.*'

'Beyond what an official organization could properly exert,'—a frank testimony that the solution of the great problem of education in this and other countries must be left to the people themselves, stimulated solely by the voluntary missionary effort of zealous persons.

We now ask the President, and through him the Board, if he still heartily favours the American school system? We have touched his heart, and Young America answers, 'To overcome the dangers which threaten us and work out our national salvation, we can have no hope save in universal education.'

We ask further, what are these dangers? and we get the sorrowful answer:—

'Of all the dangers which threaten the future of our country, none, not even the

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fetid tide of official corruption, is so fearful as the gradual decrease in our habits of obedience. This is a result of the "inalienable right of liberty" which we enjoy so fully; and is shown in the impaired force of parental influence, a greater disregard of the rights and comforts of others, and an increasing tendency to evade or defy the authority of the law.'

It does not occur to the Board to ask—'Is there no connexion between a prematurely forced education and this impaired parental influence?'

The City Superintendent of Schools—our second witness—we quote merely for corroboration, first, however, presenting the Englih reader with a true American-drawn picture. What child could be so barbarous, so utterly lost to a sense of pleasure and sublimity, as to refuse to patronize such an institution as this pleasant public school?—

'From two and four hundred children in the primary and grammar schools, to eight hundred and a thousand in the primary departments, are each morning assembled quietly and systematically, without noise, confusion, or disorder. Amid the profoundest stillness and attention, a select portion of the Christian Scriptures is read by the principal; the Lord's prayer is then reverently repeated by the children in concert, at the close of which, and at the touch of the teacher's bell, their little voices break out into the beautiful music of their devotional and other songs, and then each class passes to its own room, under the charge of its instructor, to enter upon the various studies of the day. At the end of each hour, they are again assembled for a temporary recess, made delightful by vocal and instrumental music, and alternated with relaxation and exercise in the play-ground; and at the end of the school-day are dismissed with substantially the same formalities as solemnized its opening. Thus pleasantly and happily the hours pass away in an atmosphere of love, kindness, and improvement; and the acquisition of knowledge is accompanied by the formation of habits of order, industry, punctuality, neatness, and mutual affection and regard.'

The character of the instruction afforded is such as we might expect in all public schools where children are taught by mere perfunctory teachers. The following extract will serve to throw some light on our previous quotation:—

'That culture which regards exclusively or primarily the mere attainment or knowledge, to whatsoever extent it may be carried, or to whatsoever degree of advancement it may be enabled to arrive, cannot be otherwise than essentially and fatally defective. And yet it is not to be denied that hitherto the course of instruction in all our systems of popular education, public and private, has far too generally assumed this direction. Hence, while the boundaries of science have been almost indefinitely extended in every direction, and while knowledge has been almost universally diffused throughout every civilized community, no corresponding advancement has been made in public and private morality and virtue.'

This writer demands a compulsory system, in order to bring in the fifty thousand truants.

We have one witness more. The Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, treasurer of the National Society, lately visited America, with the special view of inquiring into the merits of the common school system. We take the following from his Report. First, on the character of the education received by the children:—

'Such as were absent,' says a Philadelphia report, 'suffered less by their inattention than many of those whose morals have been thus undesignedly injured at the country's expense!'

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Another morsel:—

'I think,' remarked a teacher, 'I ought to give a little more of moral instruction, for already two of my scholars have been hanged for murder.'

The teachers come next; and we are told that the complaints are constant of the 'inability of the teacher, his moral habits, and the bad condition of the schools.'

Another and still stronger testimony is from the editor of the Massachussetts 'Journal of Education,' who declares that not one teacher in ten is fit to have the care of children, and expresses his belief that the 'State must be shaken to ruins under the present training of American youths.'

We have here testimony to three things:—

1. That the common school system does not entice the children who most need education to school. The probability is, that only those who could well afford to pay take advantage of the gratuitous character of the instruction.

2. That it fails to secure the very first condition of good education—namely, good teachers.

3. That under this system, the habits of obedience and the morals of the children are rapidly deteriorating.

We may safely predict, under these circumstances, that this much lauded experiment will very soon be relinquished by those who have any care for the best interests of America. Already many of the most influential of the ministers of religion are setting their faces against it. If the churches should follow, the end will not be distant.

We ought to remark, that for the quotations from Archdeacon Sinclair's book we are indebted to an article in the 'Patriot' newspaper, The book is now out of print, but if the question of National Education should come before Parliament again, we believe that it is the author's intention to re-write and expand it.

A Christian Common-Place Book.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SERMONS OF THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

You have seen a ship out on the bay, swinging with the tide, and seeming as if it would follow it; and yet it cannot, for down beneath the water it is anchored. So many a soul sways towards heaven, but cannot ascend thither, because it is anchored to some secret sin.

Our best actions are often those of which we are unconscious; but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

In my garden at the West, I used sometimes to notice that the finest heads of lettuce were not in the beds, but on some southern ridge, where they had chanced to grow. It seemed as though random seeds always did the best, from a kind of wild emulation; but they never grew without the sowing, and the chance-sown seed was never wild.

In this world, it is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich.

When a man unites with the church,

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he should not come saying, 'I am so holy that I think I must go in among the saints;' but, 'O brethren, I find I am so weak and wicked that I cannot stand alone; so, if you can help me, open the door and let me enter.'

A man will confess sins in general; but those sins which he would not have his neighbour know for his right hand, which bow him down with shame like a wind-stricken bulrush, those he passes over in his prayer. Men are willing to be thought sinful in *disposition*; but in special *acts* they are disposed to praise themselves. They therefore confess their depravity and defend their conduct. They are wrong in general, but right in particular.

No man can go down into the dungeon of his experience, and hold the torch of God's word to all its dark chambers, and hidden cavities, and slimy recesses, and not come up with a shudder and a chill, and an earnest cry to God for divine mercy and cleansing.

Men think religion bears the same relation to life that flowers do to trees. The tree must grow through a long period before the blossoming time; so they think religion is to be a blossom just before death, to secure heaven. But the Bible represents religion, not as the latest fruit of life, but as the whole of it—beginning, middle, and end. It is simply *right living*.

When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single cord. With that, next, they stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the shores.

God has appointed certain insects, birds, and beasts to be destroyers. They consume decaying matters; they roll up and feast on filth. To their palate life is unseasoned and insipid, but death has flavour. Such, also, are minor critics in literature, cynics in morals, and heresy-hunters in religion.

Many pray to be made 'men in Christ Jesus,' and think in some miraculous way it will be given to them; but God says, 'I will try my child, and see if he is sincere,' and so he lays a burden upon him, and says, 'Now stand up under it, for thus you are to grow strong.' He sends a provocation, and says to him, 'Be patient.' He throws him into perplexities, and says, 'Where now are thy resources?' If the ambitious ore dreads the furnace, the forge, the anvil, the rasp, and the file, it should never desire to be made a sword. Man is the iron, and God is the smith; and we are always either in the forge or on the anvil. God is shaping us for higher things.

Three natural philosophers go out into the forest and find a nightingale's nest, and forthwith they begin to discuss the habits of the bird, its size, its colour, and the number of eggs it lays, and one pulls out of his pocket a treatise of Buffon, and another of Cuvier, and another of Audubon, and they read and dispute till at length the quarrel runs so high over the empty nest, that they tear each other's leaves, and get red in the face, and the woods ring with their conflict; when, lo! out of the green shade of a neighbouring thicket, the bird itself, rested, and disturbed by these side noises, begins to sing. At first its song is soft and low, and then it rises and swells, and waves of melody float up over the trees, and fill the air with tremulous music, and all the forest doth hush; and the entranced philosophers, subdued and ashamed of their quarrel, shut their books, and walk home without a word.

I am suspicious of that church whose members are one in their beliefs and opinions. When a tree is dead, it will lie any way; alive, it will have its own growth. When men's deadness is in the church, and their life elsewhere, all will be alike. They can be cut and polished any way. When they are alive, they are like a tropical forest—some shooting up, like the mahogany tree, some spreading, like the vine; some darkling, like the shrub; some lying, herb-like, on the ground; but all obeying their own laws of growth,—a common law of growth variously expressed in each,—and so contributing to the richness and beauty of the wood.

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Record of Christian Missions.

THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR is avowedly a Nonconformist periodical. Indeed, it has not sought at any time to conceal the fact that it would be identified with the most advanced rank of Dissent—its 'dissidence' being, necessarily, one of the vital principles of its Christianity. But we have very rarely, we believe, sought to obtrude this feature before our readers, and in the 'Record of Christian Missions' we have not merely studiously, but of freest choice and pleasure, made no distinction of sects or denominations. Here we are glad, as we read and write, to look at the world from the purely Christian point of view only,—to endeavour to look at it in some measure as we may when we shall see all things without the dark glass of the present life. We have rejoiced, yea, and we shall rejoice, with the same joy over all the successes of missionary effort. We ask not whether this man or that has turned from his dead idols to serve in the ranks of Episcopacy or Independency—we only ask, has he turned unto the living God? For we believe that we walk most closely in the footsteps of the great Son of God when we recognise his children only as Sons with him of God, and heirs of the same glorious promise.

What, now, can we say of our Episcopal brethren, when we find them quarrelling over not even a form of principle, but the mere time for the application of a rule of government, and month after month fighting each other in the columns of their missionary journals? In such a war are the 'Colonial Chronicle' and the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' now engaged. And about what? does the reader ask. Why, simply and solely about the time that bishops should be sent to missionary stations! Says the 'Chronicle'—Bishops first, priests second, laymen third, the heathen last — as though that was to be the order of their accession to heavenly and spiritual dignities! Says the 'Intelligencer'—Any Christian first who will do the work of a Christian in seeking to convert souls to God! Of course the 'Intelligencer' is right, but is it not an indignity to our common Christianity to discuss such a question? Who, in his heart, believes that there should be no missions until there is a 'Bishop' to superintend them? The 'Chronicle' *says* so—but any good Christian will say, the 'Chronicle' is but asleep, or at worst tipsy—and though a tipsy Christian may be an anomaly, yet the wine of spiritual or sectarian pride may be so strong as to overcome a good man unawares. Good Christian men, both of you drop the subject, and for once let your Episcopacy give way to your Christianity!

But there is a paragraph in the 'Intelligencer' which, as Dissenters, we are anxious to quote for the sake of Dissent itself. It relates to right of individual action in religious matters, and expresses a good opinion so aptly and well that we quote it with unusual pleasure. We are not sure whether certain Nonconformist churches might not study it. Is not the reader of the same opinion?—

'But is it true that individual earnestness, unless brought into action by the authority of the Church, and moving in the precise channel which that authority prescribes, is to be considered as something irregular, defective, without any scriptural warrant that it will be recognised, and even when it is blessed, yet from its inherent inadequacy to any great work, carrying with it only a very limited measure of success? The spontaneous prompting of the love of Christ, must it

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needs wait for the Church's call, before it addresses itself to do God's work, and improve the present, yet quickly passing opportunity? One of the most remarkable missionary movements in the early missionary action of the Christian Church, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, was the occupation of Antioch as a missionary station. What decided its selection? The apostles at Jerusalem, as the body in which was centralized the power of action, did they recognise its importance as a door of access to heathen lands beyond, and did they select the men who were to go forward to the fulfilment of this important undertaking? Not at all: its occupation was, as it were, incidental, under unseen influences, not under human direction. "They who were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." They went in different directions, as circumstances led them, and some of them reached to Antioch, and there, in a new place, they commenced a new work, of which the apostles knew nothing. It was a more matter of *individual earnestness*; and yet so large and important did the work become, that when tidings of these things came unto the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem, they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch. We say, then, that the theory, plausible as it seems, and likely to impose on some minds, is not scriptural: nay, indeed, and likely to tie up all the actings of individual earnestness to some central human authority, to which everything must be deferred, and which must dictate in all matters, would be to interfere with the free action of the Spirit of God, who is the great living administrator, dwelling in the mystical body of Christ's people, and working through the various members as seemeth best to him for the accomplishment of his own purposes.'

Now let us leave sects and forms, and come to the work that is being done for Christ.

The Bishop of New Zealand is an evangelist as well as a bishop. We have quoted before from his admirably written journals. He has lately been making a tour of his extensive and rather romantic diocese, and in the most familiar style has described what he has seen. He is here endeavouring, not too obtrusively or pertinaciously, to establish friendly intercourse with the savages. There is a painter's hand as well as a Christian's heart in the subjoined sketches:—

'As we approached Lopevi, the mountain presented a grand appearance, with light misty clouds, resting on the top of the great cone of cinders, which seemed as fresh as if the volcanic fire had but just gone out. The base of the mountain was fringed with bright foliage, resting upon the dark masses of igneous rock, against which a thin line of sparkling surf was breaking gently, as each heave of the deep blue sea rolled in from without. At the sight of our boat the rocks swarmed with men and boys, jumping from mass to mass as we rocked along; and if we paused for a moment, throwing themselves into the sea to swim to the boat. At one place a large canoe was launched, but it was swamped immediately by the crowd which rushed into it. Knowing that our boat would soon be in the same plight if we allowed any number of swimmers to approach us, we held on our course till we came to the west side of the island, where a smooth beach of dark sand offered a convenient landing-place. Most of our pursuers had been left behind; but there was still a considerable number ready to receive us, and among them an old man partially blind, who had persevered in following us for some distance, waving, as he went along, a bunch of a tree in token of friendship. With some trouble we made the rest of the party sit down on the beach, while

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the old man came into the water up to his knees, to meet Mr. Patteson and myself, when we left the boat with a hatchet to present to him. But the quiet of our interview was soon broken by one of those island bores (the counterparts of one or two members of every London club) who will not be denied. Every island has its bore; seldom more than one, for the creature is a kind of phœnix in its nature, and cannot co-exist with others of its own kind. He follows you everywhere: in vain you pull or sail a mile or two to shake him off; the moment the boat's head is turned to the shore, you see his disagreeable face among the foremost: you cannot give a present to any one, but his hand is stretched out to snatch at it; you cannot ask a question about anything for the incessant clack of his voice raised to its highest pitch, and close to your ears. This is the bore as he is found in a state of nature; but if he should chance to have had a Sydney education, then he becomes indeed insufferable.

'However, we gained our point in a great measure, and the old purblind chief was evidently pleased with our kindness; and the rule, which we hope to establish everywhere, was understood, and acted upon by the crowd remaining quietly seated, while the chief men on both sides meet and hold friendly intercourse together. Where this can be done, all suspicion is removed. At this island, as at so many others, we found ourselves totally ignorant of the language.'

Here is a new curiosity for the museum of a Missionary Institution:—

'At a little distance from the beach we came to a large house, apparently uninhabited and sacred. In front of it were several trunks of large trees, hollowed out to serve as gongs or drums; and under them a heap of coral, placed as if for the covering of a grave. Around the open space in which the house stood were planted the shrubs, bearing bright red leaves, which are common in all these islands. But the great wonder was in the house itself; for under the gable, from the ridge of the roof, and just over the low door, there hung the stuffed skin and skeleton of a man, perhaps the former owner of the house; but our very scanty knowledge of the language prevented us from ascertaining the reason of this extraordinary custom.'

Another lightly touched painting:—

'At daybreak we ran down to the south end of Whitsuntide, where a canoe came off to us with one of the island "bores" already described, who, besides making himself extremely disagreeable, was so evidently one of the light-fingered class, that we were obliged to hand him overboard, which was done with as little violence as possible. We then rowed to the shore, to the mouth of a fine stream running into the sea over sand and rocks, with deep water close to the mouth. Here we found a most friendly party, sixty in number, with a chief named Mankau at their head. It may be remarked, generally, that we do not find that aristocracy has that withering and blighting effect which journalists in England are in the habit of imputing to it. We are glad to find out a chief, because we can then conduct our intercourse with the tribe with much more safety to ourselves, and much more benefit to them. Several times at other places we have been obliged to retire altogether, not from any fear of the people, or suspicion of unfriendliness, but because they all rushed to our boat, and crowded round us, each trying to be the first to exchange his yam or his club. The present instance was an example of a really gentlemanlike interview, ending in a traffic conducted with all the regularity of civilized people. Mankau first met us in the water up to his knees,

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and presented me with his branch of bright colours, a compliment which I acknowledged by the gift of a hatchet. Mr. Patteson and I then stepped into the water, and walked with him to the mouth of the stream. We then explained, by the usual signs, that we wanted water; and having learned the words for "sit down" in Ambrym, we tried the effect of them here. The words "mura ravanna" were taken up and repeated, and the whole party sat quietly down upon the beach, while Mr. Patteson handed to the party in the boat as many buckets-full of water as filled three casks. We then produced our stores, which, at first, disturbed the equilibrium of the party; but we soon succeeded in explaining that we wished the chief to conduct the exchanges, upon which every man came forward quietly, and gave his yams or cocoa-nuts to the chief, and received the payment through him. When this was over, we wrote down names, and exchanged those expressive looks which supply the want of words, and which are so effectual, that, in a circle of perfect strangers, you may see every dark brow lifted up, and every dark eye glisten, when some look of ours has convinced them that we come to them as friends.'

Would you not fancy that these were portrait sketches from some thorough English town, instead of from the half-cannibals of the South Pacific? One cannot help fancying that the good heart of Bishop Selwyn led him here to feel more than he saw:—

A Portrait.—'Swimmers came off from the shore, and a canoe filled with bright cheerful boys, whose confidence we gained in a moment. Pleasant open faces they were, with that air of natural gentility and unobtrusive frankness which is seen in the best class of Eton fellows. We were loth to leave them.'

Another: 'The boat was soon filled, and my own immediate guest at the stern was a little child of about ten years of age, one of those open and guileless countenances which at once win the affection and confidence of all who see them.'

One more for the walls of the future New Zealand Academy:—

'Just below him, hanging on to the gunwale, for want of room in the boat, was a thorough good honest English face of an elderly man, with his head powdered with coral lime, and a complete suit of dark blue water covering all other deficiencies; his face was his fortune in a small way, for I could not help giving him a hatchet for his good looks.'

We can well imagine that such a man, forgetful of his awful rank, may, by his thorough humanity, open a door into these men's hearts, such as no episcopal 'key' could unlock.

The most interesting contents of the 'Chronicle' consist of the report of the deputation voyaging in the *John Williams*, in her twelfth missionary voyage to Western Polynesia. The ship visits island after island, finding here nothing but backsliding, and there nothing but progress. At Fate they hear of the celebrated Pomare again, and the writer says:—

'We asked Lare to tell the men in the canoe to go for Pomare. And, having put on board the vessel "the man speak Sunday," the other two went off for the old chief with great glee. After some time he arrived, in company with those "who make Sunday," and one of his sons, a nice looking youth. He expressed a very strong desire for teachers; and he said, the whole village in which he lived wanted teachers. We had only one Rarotongan teacher on board, and we were unwilling to leave him alone; but we promised to try and get another at Nengone, and then

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return, if possible, with the two, promising to send him teachers next voyage, if we failed to get a second at Nengone. The young man Lare came from Lango, a place at which we did not call. He said, all the people at that place were heathen: 'no man speak Sunday there.' But he said, the teachers would be quite safe at Erakor, Pomare's village. Pomare affectionately inquired after his son-in-law, Sualo, who is at Samoa. He wished very much to see him. We told him he was well, and living on the island of Savaii. He seemed much pleased to hear of him. He allowed us to take another son of his with us, who wished very much to go to Samoa. He was accompanied by another youth of the same age, whom we also brought. Pomare said, they might stop at the Malua Institution, one, two, or four years, if we wished it. This shows the confidence the old man has in the missionaries, and the light in which they are viewed by him.'

The Savage Islanders, so terrible a portrait of whom was drawn not three years ago by Williams, also received a visit. Now they are at worship:—

'After arriving at the teacher's house, we learned that so many of the people had assembled from different places, that it would be impossible for them to get into the chapel, and it was proposed to hold the meeting at a place near, under the shade of bread-fruit and banana trees. To this proposition we agreed, and had the native bell rung at once to call the people together. We were quite surprised to find an assembly of at least 2,000 congregated on an island hitherto reported to contain only about 1,200 inhabitants. The services were commenced by Paulo, the teacher placed at Tamahamutalau. He first gave out a hymn in the native tongue, which was sung by the assembled multitude, in strains not over refined, but sweet and melodious to a missionary's ear, and, we have no doubt, also to the ears of those ministering spirits who are sent forth to minister to those who shall be the heirs of salvation. After the hymn was sung, Paulo prayed in the native language; then followed our addresses in the Samoan language, which were translated by Paulo. The people listened to the words spoken with intense interest. Mr. Harbutt next baptized some children belonging to the teachers, after which, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to the teacher, and the other church-members present. This ordinance was accompanied with addresses in the Samoan language suitable to their circumstances. We retired to the shore, and returned in our boat to the vessel, with hearts filled with gratitude to God for what he had done for this once savage land, through the instrumentality of native agency.'

And this is the report of their state, made by the native Christian teachers:—

'Their reports were very cheering, and of a highly satisfactory nature. Heathenism is completely subverted, and on that savage island, which, only a few years ago, was the scene of ceaseless strife and savage warfare, Peace has established her reign, and men live together in unity and love, beneath the sway of her golden septre.'

The deputation add, in words that would make Sir John Pakington's mouth water, 'the entire population capable of instruction attend the schools of the teachers!' There is a communication in the same journal from Dr. Wing, lately sent out as medical missionary by the London Society; it is dated Hong Kong, November 26, and the editor speaks of the impossibility of the Doctor's settling at Canton at present, owing to the public disturbances, but in the 'Notices' of the Wesleyan Missionary Society we find a letter from Canton, dated three

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months later, in February last, speaking of the Doctor's actual arrival and settlement in Canton, and of his having established a missionary hospital within the walls. This is true and right work, but scarcely the right kind of intelligence in the 'Chronicle.'

Two writers in the Wesleyan 'Notices' vindicate the character of the Christian converts, and of the general population of Jamaica. Acknowledging the existence of gross licentiousness, they nevertheless maintain that the accounts sent to England have been greatly exaggerated. Mr. Sargeant writes strongly, and says:—

'During the last year, I have travelled more than a thousand miles, chiefly over the north side of the island. I have visited the people in the towns, villages, and on the plantations, and inquired into their circumstances and habits; and I am convinced that a people have seldom been, if ever, more grossly misrepresented than the poor peasantry of this country. They are not, certainly, so advanced in general enlightenment and civilization as the emancipated classes of Antigua and St. Kitt's, and some of the smaller colonies that I know to windward, where society is more compact, and more accessible to the missionary and the schoolmaster; but their moral and social condition is such, nevertheless, as to demand thankfulness to God at the hands of every Christian, and to inspire all that labour for their benefit with the brightest hopes. We have recently read the articles of the "Times" newspaper, and the correspondence of "Expertus," and are amazed at their audacity. These writers are either shamefully ignorant of facts about which they write, or shamefully dishonest.'

We quote this not merely to cheer the Christian heart of our readers, but as an act of justice to Jamaica and to the work for freedom and for religion that has been done there.

Monthly Retrospect.

Not a 'Quarterly Review,' as some of our correspondents and critics have suggested, we might just as well adopt as omit the monthly summary for two months! It *shall* be monthly in future, and would have been in the past, but for a strain of other duties, to which it would have been impossible to add. Over the water Western editors do not hesitate, we are told, to publish blank sheets when other duties press, or news fails to arrive in time. We have not yet been driven to that extremity. Nor have we ever been under the necessity of retreating upon 'the weather,' 'the baby,' or 'the Thames'—although the last would be an excuse capable of easy and effective urging. We can only say we have done our best, and if our best has been, under this heading, nothing—well, may your and our worst never be more harmful! If we were to consult simply convenience and strength—it would be nothing once again. It is pleasant, however, to know that the omission of a customary feature is regretted. One cannot help then saying—not 'I am glad I did not do it,' but 'I wish I could have done it!' And now—you and we, dear readers, know each other too well to need that another word should be said on this subject.

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What a hard grinding machine Government has been these last few weeks! So much work to do, so much space to travel over, in a given period. Fast, harsh, with the noise of the wheels, and the clank of the engine very audible to the ears. True nineteenth century labour! And the driver knowing that he will be dismissed if he does not keep pretty good time, and that the public will hold him responsible for all accidents. The engine does its work, but ears, eyes and nostrils, are offended with its manner. It must, however, be admitted that there has seldom been a better, faster, cheaper, or less offensive train than the present. Dropping the image—what a splendid review of the session will the Chancellor of the Exchequer be able to make! Not since Sir Robert Peel resigned office have there been anything like so many useful and popular reforms passed into law. Nor, since the same statesman was minister, has there ever been a Government that, by its acts, has so quickly won, so well deserved, and so unexpectedly retained the confidence of Parliament and the public. Very few believed, when Lord Derby took office, that his Cabinet would have sufficient public tact, political instinct, or suavity of demeanour, to detect or bend to the popular will. A high aristocratic régime was anticipated, a régime that was to be borne with only out of hatred and contempt of the miserable Whig clique that had held office and earned dishonour for the last five years. We believe that not a single measure of reform was expected, and that very little disappointment would have been felt if none had been accomplished. Anything in preference to Palmerston, Russell, and Grey; Grey, Russell, and Palmerston; Russell, Palmerston, and Grey over and over, over and over again. Let legislation be altogether stopped, and the expense of a Parliament saved, rather than the country should be burdened, like the 'Old Man of the Sea,' not with one, but with three such politically dead and corrupt corpses. This was, we believe, about the measure and tone of feeling with which the new ministry was accepted. But it had the rare qualification of at once detecting and appreciating this situation, and of turning it to profitable account. What were the measures which, if the Liberals were to regain power, they would be compelled immediately to pass? What were the measures which the country had made up its mind to have? What had been the financial deficiencies of the late Government? What had been its especial weakness in foreign affairs? Out of this weakness and deficiency the new ministers made their first capital. Like a servant who takes another's place, if he makes a point of doing that well which his predecessor did very ill, for a time, at least, he is sure to be looked upon with more than customary favour. For, where there was once a constant running sore and irritation there is now an actually pleasant feeling, and with this pleasant feeling the new servant is informed that, although he was taken only temporarily and as a make-shift, his employers like him so well that he may consider himself permanently engaged. He has now gone through the busy season with credit and satisfaction, may take his holiday, and be sure of a welcome back when the season re-opens.

The present amiable feeling toward the Government shows that, after all, the public is a good, and on the whole a just master. None so ready to receive promises and professions—for, like all honourable men, he

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believes in the honour of others, until he feels and knows that he is being designedly and systematically duped. Even then he is satisfied with a fair quantity of performance to a prodigious quantity of promise, for though deceived in certain people, he gives his confidence to others as frankly, readily, and truthfully as though all were like himself. Thus, the ready promises of Mr. Disraeli are received without a smile of incredulity or an indication of distrust. Hint that they cannot all be performed, and he will say, with just indignation, 'He has done well, Sir, and is entitled to credit.' So, as one of the public, we say—Christian of Christianized Jew, Radical of Conservative, Dissenter of Churchman—he has done well, and is entitled to credit.

This is what has been done within the last three or four months:—

In FINANCES—the Receipts and Expenditure have been adjusted as nearly as it was possible to do it, with the large legacy of debt left by political predecessors. If it has not been practicable to reduce the extravagant outgoings from the national exchequer, it has been found practicable at least to carry on the government with a reduction of taxation. A difficulty was confessedly left, but since it was admitted and stated, one-fourth of it has vanished, and the expert and ready Chancellor of the Exchequer has engaged to overhaul the national expenditure so as to see what reductions can be effected. We may pretty safely reckon upon his doing so. Any minister who will do it honestly and effectively will save office for himself, and may risk an otherwise most unfruitful session. We are now far less heavily taxed than, as a nation, we were sixty or seventy years ago, but having more knowledge of finance, and of all the details of legislation, and a more direct and powerful control over both the Crown and the ministers, we chafe where we should, at one time, not have noticed a pressure. Not that we have any objection to the state-coach being gilded, or to the horses being pretty richly caparisoned, but if we have to draw the coach ourselves, we must not feel the traces. 'Sixty years ago' the heavy charger cared nothing for mere weight of metal; moving and being required to move faster now, and being perhaps of a more mettlesome breed, we will not bear the weight. Less harness or a lighter coach! is the order Mr. Disraeli has to execute between now and the next session.

In COLONIAL LEGISLATION not much has been attempted or required. As a rule, the less done in this department of our regal government the safer is it likely to be for both the extent and permanency of our rule. To lengthen the leading strings is, perhaps, the best and only thing that a wise statesman will attempt. This, unquestionably, will be the practical operation of the Indian Act of 1858. We have now made of that great empire an English colony. Having rebelled against the steward's authority, we have taken her under our own paternal government and protection, not with a view of curbing, but of rightly directing and enlarging her liberties. This is literally all that Lord Stanley's Act does. There is a cumbersomeness in its mode of doing this, an absurd and hampering provision for many councillors—with whom we are afraid there will be 'little wisdom'—and a rather shy and deferential fear of public responsibility, but the Act is understood by every one to be only a make-shift, and with stronger

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faith and a stronger Parliament the noble lord may attempt a bolder measure. The next India Bill will, most probably, be brought before a Reformed Parliament, which will deal with the vested honours of East India Directors a little less humbly than either the late or the present Government. Meantime the public will have time quietly to study the Indian question. May they have the inclination! It is heavy work, but will be nothing like so heavy as it promised to be to any one who undertook it a year ago. Our 'situation' must now be accepted. We are the real masters of India. We may keep it if we like, on one condition,—that we rule it in a wise and Christian spirit. We have made an awful atonement for past injustice and treachery. In the case of Oude, if our national pride should prevent us from doing strict justice, we may still be laying up for ourselves years that will be heavy with trouble and sorrow. We must be honourable enough to make reparation for our wrongs; manly enough to admit them; strong enough to be generous in all our dealings; wise enough to govern in equity and with moderation. On these conditions India may remain ours, until it shall be better for her that she is governed without need of foreign power or aid.

Agreeing with Mr. Roebuck in the spirit of his motion respecting the Hudson's Bay territory, we are at some loss to see how the great results which he and others anticipate from the opening of that vast territory,—as large as all Europe,—to free emigration, are to be accomplished. It is yet a debateable question whether it is very habitable. The Governor has given evidence on both sides—the, 'Times,' on what authority it does not state, describes it as a frozen and ice-bound region, more fit for seals and polar bears than for man—unless indeed he be a Scotchman! On the latter supposition, however, it would take a good many centuries to colonize the territory. Granted, that Scotchmen naturally gravitate towards the polar regions—all the Scotchmen in the world would make comparatively little impression on half a continent. On the other hand, however, Canada has not been slowly peopled, and though her inhabitants are few when compared with the extent of her territory, her strength as well for war as for peace is such as England could perhaps ill spare. Other considerations should urge one to throw open this great, though unknown land. There are few if any evidences yet of a decline in the physical vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race, but unless it be largely renewed by change of climate or admixture with other races, all analogy teaches us that it is likely to degenerate. Now, colonization influences race as transplanting will influence trees. Striking their roots into a new soil they will grow with increased vigour, and will so bear re-transplanting, that they may be returned to their old ground with a new life power. Thus, the Pritchards and Pickerings of a future age may perhaps be enabled to speculate on the effect of the transplanting of races. We are now sending stocks to all quarters of the globe. As though the four winds of heaven had blown it, our seed is being dispersed to every region, to be scorched and dried up, so as not to last through three generations, in some—as in India; to be mummified in others to have here new accession of muscle and there of bone; here to develop power of contemplation, there strength of passion. Some day the descendants of these emigrants may desire to live in the land that their

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fathers inhabited. There may be as general a turning of faces towards the old sanctuary in the island, as there is now to the new 'sanctuary in the wilderness,' and thus the dying race may be revived. The decay of Greece, Italy, and Egypt, would scarcely have been brought about but for such a decay of race.

But we had almost forgotten that the author of the 'Caxtons,' and not the author of 'Tancred,' is Secretary for the Colonies. Sir Edward Lytton spoke on the Hudson's Bay question without reference to races at all. In a well-studied and eloquent address, he conceded the principal points to Mr. Roebuck. The Hudson's Bay Company is to follow as chief mourner to the defunct East India Corporation—and in due time, no doubt,—all national prejudices notwithstanding,—will be doomed to the Suttee. But no attempt at forced colonization is to be made. Civilization, said the philosophic statesman, cannot be forced, and for himself he will let it find its own level. The ground will be thrown open, and he who will, may go and occupy it. A new opportunity to the old world!

Ecclesiastical matters come next. Here we have to boast, not so much of reform of law as of reform of manner. The passage of the anomalous Jew Bill is no practical gain to liberty, it is simply the removal of a disgraceful stigma. Good legislation will gain not one iota by it, excepting that it will not be stopped by nights of discussion on this bill. We wish we could say the same on the Church-rate measure. Here we have only to acknowledge courtesy, which no previous Government has shown. To give thanks for a statesman's promise of consideration is rather too much to expect of us. We may get a satisfactory bill from the Cabinet, but we do not anticipate it. If we should not get it, Mr. Disraeli will find that the House of Commons will redeem his promises themselves. The rejection of this and the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill, we owe principally to the bishops. The divisions on both, however, were highly encouraging, and the speaking more so. Perhaps we ought not entirely to regret the main result. The longer these questions are debated, the wider will be the area over which our principles are sown. So long, therefore, as we are not responsible for the rejection, we ought not to be downcast. Another cheering consideration is to be found in the circumstance of the bigotry, the narrow-mindedness, the egotism, the ignorance and intolerance of the bishops. If the law lords, or the heads of the nation had spoken such twaddle as came from mitre-weighted brains we should regret it; as it is, we unfeignedly rejoice that the bishops hesitate so little to add to the odiousness of their reputation. Every such manifestation as that on the Church-rate debate, and that worse manifestation of temper during the Marriage Bill discussions, will be found one day to have decreased by many years the tenure of their honours as 'Lords Spiritual and Right Reverend Fathers in God.'

The unopposed passage of the Property Qualification Bill will, we suspect, be fraught with greater consequence to reform than most people seem to anticipate. It is, however, being weighted with the 'travelling expenses' clause in the new Bribery Bill, moved by the silver-tongued member for the Tower Hamlets, but roughly and rightly opposed by two of the people's tribunes, Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Fox.

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We need not notice other characteristics of Conservative Legislation: we have said sufficient to indicate the reasons of our being found at the side, though not in the ranks, of its independent supporters. It matters very little to us what may be the results to Mr. Disraeli and his party of this change of course which they have seen fit to adopt. To our own mind, it seems to us that in the end Mr. Disraeli will find himself without a party at all. The speeches of Spooner, Newdegate, and Bentinck on the Jew Bill, read so like the speeches of the 'old English gentlemen' who followed Mr. Disraeli into the lobby twelve years ago, as to suggest a further extension of the historical parallel. What knotted cords for his own back will the Chancellor's speeches then be!

Every one, we suppose, has read that wonderful page of the 'Times,' describing the laying of the transatlantic cable, where all the powers of nature seemed to unite in hurling defiance to the greatest efforts of man to control and subdue her most subtle energies. For a time they conquered, but we suppose not many months will elapse before we shall be able to say that the whole world is girded, and space itself annihilated. Another step towards making one all nations of the earth.—The religious journals record the successful results of a mission undertaken by Mr. Hinton and Dr. Steane to plead for increased liberty to an oppressed sect in Sweden. The deputation seems to have brought about another reform—viz., in the affection of Christian sects towards each other. There never was an instance where more good did not flow from a good action than we anticipated, and this is no exception to the rule. It is part of the benevolent economy under which we live that we should not be able to gauge the half of our rewards.

The Thames, it appears, is to be restored to the condition it enjoyed in Pope's time. About one half of the sum necessary to do this has been voted by Parliament to the control of the Board of Works. This ludicrous little parliament of ambitious shop-keepers—which has been talking for two years, and as yet has decided on nothing—is to settle the great drainage question. We hope it will not bring the representative principle into utter contempt. Sometimes a great work will awaken great energies, and we hope it may be so in this case; but, as a rule, we believe that such tasks as these are best left to the uncontrolled direction of one man of scientific knowledge and common sense.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'F. Allen.'—A letter addressed to this party has been returned to us through the post, with the notice, 'not to be found.'

'H. Jennings.'—Received.

'W. J. Cox,' Edinburgh.—Received, with thanks.

'A Constant Reader,' Leicester.—We regret that it is impossible to adopt your suggestion this year.

'J. M.,' Leicester.—The explanation is easy; John does *not* say that the body was anointed at the time. And even if it had been, a second anointing would not have been inconsistent, but rather otherwise. Or the first may have been for embalming,—and hence the quantity—and the second for perfume. This is the most probable explanation.

'G. Shaw.'—We are obliged to differ from our friend, but we heartily thank him.

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THE MONTHLY

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The Blue Book on Spiritual Destitution.

HAVE our readers read—we will not say *studied*—the 'Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into the deficiency of means of spiritual instruction and places of divine worship in the metropolis, and in other populous districts in England and Wales, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts; and to consider the fittest means of meeting the difficulties of the case; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix?' We need not pause for a reply. Blue Books cannot be placed in the category of 'popular literature,' and the enormous bulk of this one in particular is fatal to the wide diffusion of its contents. 6851 questions and answers, occupying, with a copious appendix, 635 pages of foolscap paper, the weight of which must be four or five pounds, are exhaustive of common patience, if not of the subject to which they are devoted. Nor will the cursory reader find any short cut to knowledge, in the shape of an elaborate index, or of a comprehensive report. For practical purposes this last document might as well have been omitted, for though it cost the committee seven out of their twenty-one sittings, it is a vague and feeble production; and, as we think, utterly fails in doing justice to the interesting and suggestive facts elicited, it must be acknowledged, with a remarkable amount of pains-taking and shrewdness.

The committee, it will be remembered, was appointed at the instance of the Bishop of Exeter, who frequently presided at its sittings, took the leading part in the examination of witnesses, and prepared the draft of the report; and to this, we presume, may be attributed the narrow and thoroughly exclusive character of the inquiry. The professed object of that inquiry, be it observed, was to ascertain the 'deficiency of means of spiritual instruction, and places of divine worship;' but, as it has been well said, *church* destitution,

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rather than 'spiritual destitution,' was the great object of solicitude—a fact which comes out incidentally in the *naïve* question of one of the committee: 'We are inquiring into spiritual destitution; there are nearly about 13,000 people *who do not go to church?*' Among the 47 witnesses examined—35 clerical and 12 lay—there is not one Dissenter! There is also a repetition of the stale device of parading the population on the one hand, and the number of episcopal places of worship on the other, to the exclusion of the provision made by other religious bodies; with the most pertinacious endeavours to square the actual facts of the case with the delusive theory that the ministers of the Establishment are responsible for the spiritual culture of every man, woman, and child in the country.

Not that Dissent was altogether ignored; seeing that it was honoured with the occasional inquiry—'Is Dissent very rife?' or, 'Are the Dissenters on the increase there?' immediately followed by the query—'Does infidelity increase in that parish?' Nor was it possible altogether to pass unnoticed the agencies of Dissenters for attempting to grapple with that mass of human ignorance and sin, the existence of which the committee so emphatically deplore. That need not have been complained of by the Nonconformist body, who might safely have confided their character to the good sense and knowledge of the public. But they have a right to complain that this committee should have addressed inquiries relative to Dissenting efforts to those who, all bias apart, were necessarily unable to give the required information. We have been pained at the avowals of Mr. Champneys, and one or two other ministers of the Establishment, that they have never come in contact with any Dissenting minister in visiting the poor; and of the rector of Poplar—where there is a large Independent church—that he does not 'find any visiting on the part of Dissent—not a trace of a Dissenting minister in my parish among the poor.' Neither, we should think, will the congregation at Craven Chapel be satisfied that the committee should have been put in possession of only such meagre particulars respecting them as could be afforded by the rector of St. James', Westminster, who only 'believed' that the chapel was a large one; who was 'not able to say whether the poor went to that chapel,' but thought they 'did not do so to any great extent;' who 'believed,' and 'had heard' that there were free sittings, and 'supposed that it was a proprietary chapel!' Of course these clergymen, who had come primed with statistics relative to their own churches, and their own labours and successes, could not be expected to be equally ready with information respecting fellow-Christians from whom they usually take special care to keep aloof; but the Bishop of Exeter, if he really wished to do justice to the zeal of other religious bodies might have had before him those who could, at least, have removed the impression which these random inquiries and damaging replies are calculated to produce. As it is, any one going through this Blue Book, and solely dependent on it for a knowledge of the results of that spirit of solicitude for the religious wants of the masses which has characterised the last ten or twenty years, would regard the clergy and laity

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of the Church of England as almost the only men really caring for human souls, or, at all events, the only section of the Christian Church working with energy and self-sacrificing zeal. Yet some of the witnesses avow that they have taken a 'leaf out of the Dissenters' book,' and, whether they avow it or not, show an amusing aptitude to adopt and modify the plans of those who, when referred to, are spoken of with an air of supercilious superiority, or with a degree of ignorance which is ill atoned for by the catholicity of spirit which, in some cases, the blunderers unquestionably manifest.

There is another feature of this inquiry too important to escape notice, or to be passed by without animadversion. Not only was there an almost total exclusion of the lay element in the selection of witnesses, but there is altogether wanting a class of evidence which would have been most pertinent to the object of the committee—would have been received with confidence by the public—and would, in vividness and graphic power, and perhaps in suggestiveness also, have surpassed all that appears in this bulky volume. Hundreds of questions *about* city missionaries, Scripture readers, and other lay agents, were addressed to their clerical superiors, but why were none of these devoted men allowed to speak for themselves, and of their own work? We could name some half dozen men in London, who, by their close intercourse with, and study of the working classes for many a year, have learned more of their actual condition—of the way to deal with their weaknesses and vices, and to kindle into a flame the still latent spark of good and manly feeling, than all the rectors and archdeacons examined by this committee. with the whole hierarchy to boot. Such witnesses it evidently did not suit the purpose of a Bishop Philpotts to call. He preferred talking *at* them to letting them speak for themselves; nor, at the outset, could he refrain from doing that in a manner which, considering his professed purpose, must be regarded as intolerably offensive. Here, for instance, is an extract from the evidence of the Rev. J. Colbourne, one of the Bethnal Green clergy; or rather, we should say, here is a specimen of the characteristic cross-questioning to which he was exposed:—

'In your parish, what assistance have you besides your two curates?—I have four lay assistants; two appointed to the parish, and two city missionaries, whose work I superintend, who are also labouring there.

'Are those city missionaries employed by any society?—By the London City Mission.

'Are they sent to you on application?—They are placed in the district, independently of all parochial arrangements.

'*They are turned loose upon the whole district?*—The district is assigned to them.

'By whom?—By the City Mission Society.

'Is that a Church society?—It is a mixed society.

'Composed of Church and Dissent?—Yes.

'And have you two of those city missionaries in your parish?—It happens that the districts of those two missionaries are in my parish.

'Do you yourself approve of having those *strangers* sent to you?—They are both consistent Churchmen.

'Receiving their mission from a society partly Church and partly Dissent?—Yes.

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'And those *consistent Church people* come into your parish without your express permission, but on the mission of the society?—And my permission also.

'Do they apply to you for your permission, so that without it they would not come?—My experience will not enable me to answer that question; I found them working there, and they have still continued to do so.

'With regard to the Scripture readers and the *London Mission personages*, do they distribute tracts?—Yes.

'Do they distribute tracts on their own authority, or are they all such tracts as you have expressly approved of?—I approve of them, but they are of their own selection.

'So that is an accident your approving of them?—Not exactly; they are selected from the Religious Tract Society.

'*Is that a Church society?*—That is a mixed society.

'Those tracts that they distribute, therefore, are *not Church society's tracts*, but a mixed society's tracts?—Yes.

'And they are used by *those personages*, and distributed through the parish without reference to your approbation or not. You approve of them, but it is not necessary that you should approve of them to enable them to distribute them?—I am sure that neither of my city missionaries would distribute tracts that I did not approve of.

'There is nothing in the constitution of the society under which they act which compels them only to distribute such tracts as are approved by the incumbent?—Nothing at all.

'Therefore, they distribute not according to your discretion, but according to the discretion of the society?—Yes.

'So that, if you did not approve of those tracts, or if you greatly disapproved of them, you would have no power of stopping them?—No.'

This will suffice to show the animus of the Bishop of Exeter, but very soon the evidence borne to the value of the labours thus derisively referred to became so strong that his wily lordship thought it politic to sail on another tack, and to seek to extract admissions that clerical was necessarily superior to lay agency, in point of practical efficiency. If space permitted, or it were needful, we could cite a passage from the evidence of the Rev. W. W. Champneys, who, with other clergymen, frankly and gratefully bore witness to the immense benefits which have accrued from lay agency, whether in the person of lay missionaries and Scripture readers, or of unpaid ladies and gentlemen, who, during the last few years have visited from house to house in almost every nook and corner of the metropolis and other large towns. But Churchmen are not content with letting well alone. Spontaneity—free action—a constant adaptation of means to ends are, in their estimation, abnormal. Thus Mr. Antonio Brady, who is doing wonders near the Victoria Docks at Plaistow,—who is so unconventional as to have divine worship in 'a Bowling Alley,' and asks, 'Why wait for expensive buildings?—the apostles did not,' and who is sensible enough to think that 'if you plant schools to collect all the children, and so get at the affections of the parents, and invite them to come first of all to lectures or glee parties, and instruct them in church music, and take a leaf out of the Dissenters' book and give them small offices, we need not be afraid of Dissent or Romanism'—even this Churchman of the new school has a dread of 'irresponsible lay agency'—thinks that 'it is not carrying out the parochial system,' and that 'if they were trained and subjected to ecclesiastical authority it would

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be an improvement.' 'Wanted 600 additional curates for London,' is the cry of one of the witnesses, who, at the same time acknowledged that he 'had not the slightest idea' where the money to pay them is to come from. As none of the other witnesses displayed greater fertility of invention, it seems to us that much ingenuity was wasted by the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford in trying to elicit the opinion that a clergyman must, *ex necessitate*, be more successful in ministering to the poor than the most able lay agent. Mr. Champneys has put the case on the other side with a conclusiveness which will be generally acknowledged :—

'I think men now acting as city missionaries and Scripture readers, being, from the character of their minds, their position, their circumstances, and their experience, more acquainted with the character and the mind of the parties they have to deal with, are at present far more likely to deal with them successfully than under-graduates, coming from Cambridge or Oxford, without having had any experience whatever, and entering at once upon their duties.'

The Bishop of Ripon also elicited another important point in his examination of the same witness :—

'In the rank of life from which the Scripture readers and missionaries are generally taken, is it not the case that there are many persons who desire to spend their time entirely in some work for God?—I believe there are many very thankful to do it.

'Their previous want of education and position in society disqualified them for the higher order of the ministry?—Quite so.

'Is it not the case that the office, either of Scripture reader or of city missionary, affords scope for the employment of those talents where otherwise there would be no scope for them?—I conceive that that is the only work of direct teaching in which they could possibly be employed.

'So that, in short, in all probability, if we had not such societies as Scripture Readers' Societies and City Missionary Societies, those men must either abandon the hope of being constantly employed in some work for God or join in the ranks of Dissent?—I entirely believe that.'

Nevertheless, we regard with great interest the experiments now being made in the Church of England in the shape of clerical 'missions.' One of these is the formation of the 'London Diocesan Home Mission,' under whose auspices the recent special services in several of the London churches were conducted. This appears to be mainly a preaching movement. A second is the 'St. George's-in-the-East Mission,' the members of which are the parish curates, who live in a *quasi* collegiate establishment, wear cassocks indoors, officiate in an iron church, and co-operate with 'Sisters of Mercy.' The influence of such a body is asserted to be much greater than that of clergymen stationed in different parts of the parish, on the principle that 'the mere fact of their living and acting together is something analogous to the case of an army operating together under one general, as distinguished from the same army acting without combination in detached regiments.' There is no doubt as to the type of Churchism embodied in this effort, but we have no objection to the very highest of the high sharing in such a work. A larger scheme—as yet scarcely launched—is that of the 'Clergy Mission College,' which proposes to give the parochial clergy the aid of missionary clergy, by training laymen at

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King's College, and 'moulding them for missionary work.' St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, has been in existence since 1846, and its founder, Dr. Baylee, is able to speak with confidence of its practical working. The peculiarity of the pastoral training is thus described :—

'Besides the theological lectures which the students attend in the forenoon, they are bound to visit in Liverpool or in Birkenhead nine hours every week, and every Saturday morning they bring me a printed return filled up, showing what they have been doing. They bring me all the difficult things they have had to deal with, and they get from me the most suitable answers to give to such cases; for instance, they find cases of repentance in crime, such as fallen women, and they bring them before the clergy of the district; or if there are any sick cases, they report them in the same way; so that the students, by the time the two years' training are over, are thoroughly initiated into the pastoral work of the ministry, besides getting theological training.'

The age of the students is about twenty-five; but some are over thirty, and some over forty; and they come from all parts of England. Of those who have entered, 164 have been ordained, and of that number, as many as sixty-two have risen above the curate rank, their promotion being attributed to their thorough knowledge of, and adaptation to, pastoral duties. A striking description is given of their labours in Liverpool, and, remembering Dr. Baylee as an opponent of Mr. Miall, in *re* Voluntaryism *versus* Establishments, we are delighted at the pride with which he regards the success of his students as collectors of poor men's pence for the erection of places of worship. We furthermore commend the doctor's evidence to the notice of all who are concerned in the management of Dissenting colleges, believing, as we do, that, in respect to pastoral work, the course of training there is not greatly superior to that enjoyed by the clergy of the Establishment, faulty as that is acknowledged to be.

Nothing is more clearly shown in this Blue Book than that, so far as the metropolis and the large towns generally are concerned, it is Voluntaryism, and not the Establishment, which is doing the real work of evangelizing the people. We say this in respect to Episcopalians quite as much as to Nonconformists. Bishops, deans, and chapters; incumbents; tithes and glebes; licenses and consecration; the rubric and the canons, cut a very small figure indeed in this volume. While the livings of such parishes as Camberwell and Stepney are sequestrated, and the putative spiritual head of Bethnal Green is non-resident, and while many of the city clergy have splendid incomes with miserable congregations, those operations which are the salt of the Church of England, and which are civilizing the semi-barbarians of our teeming population, are being carried on by men and women to whom voluntary service is a delight—by agents with stipends of £70 a year—and by clergymen like Mr. Rowsell, who is not ashamed to say 'my endowment is £12 10*s.* a year.' In London, in particular, it is evident that the effect of dis-establishing the church would be surprisingly small, as regards the possibility of a contraction of existing religious machinery. Not only have all the new churches been built, as they are sustained, by voluntaryism, while the clergy who minister in them are dependent for support on pew-rents,

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collections, or society grants; but the incumbents of several of the old parishes possess but a minimum of endowment, and, now they have lost their burial fees, are placed in a pecuniary position scarcely better than that of the Nonconformist clergy. It affords us no satisfaction to learn, that so many of the ministers of the Establishment are struggling on 'miserable pittances,' to hear of one who touchingly says, that he is under the necessity of 'making Lent extend very much beyond 40 days'—or of another who actually died of starvation; but we may ask, in the light of these facts, what pretence there is for the air of superiority assumed by the clergy of the Establishment, on the strength of the independence of those to whom they minister? And how could the primate, who had just taken part in this inquiry, resist the abolition of Church-rates because, forsooth, it would be most injurious to the clergy to be dependent on the people, or to have to raise funds for the repair of churches and the conduct of the services?

The same reckless disregard of facts was shown by other peers who took part in the church-rate debate; they declaring that, while voluntaryism may be admirable as a resource for special efforts, no reliance can be placed upon it for permanent income; and further insisting on the necessity for supporting the 'Poor Man's Church' by taxation, as the only means of securing a church to the poor man at all. Turning to the evidence of several of the witnesses, we find practical testimony borne to the soundness of the principle of willinghood, as hearty as any voluntary could desire. Thus the Rev. H. Vivian, of Bethnal Green, has tried 'with great success' a quarterly collection for expenses, instead of burial fees, which have ceased. Mr. Colbourne, working in another Bethnal Green parish, in which 'there are not half-a-dozen female servants,' and the *élite* of whose congregation are a master-shoemaker, and a retired pawnbroker, has 'a scale of payments from 6*d*. to 10*s*. a quarter.' Several poor men—one of them a seller of hearthstones, and another of door-mats—he says, pay the quarterly sixpence, which 'enables them to recognise a place in the church as their own.' Mr. Rowsell, the originator of the 'School Church' has a quarterly offertory, and says that 'the people are most eager to contribute to it, so that they leave me not a half-penny to pay.' The Rev. W. Ackworth, of Plumstead, is proud to show a document not, he thinks, to be equalled—a list 26 feet long, of 3,807 contributors to the cost of schools, 2,000 of whom gave less than one shilling each! Mr. Brady, the hero of the Plaistow mission, says that—

'The most gratifying fact of all connected with the mission is the extreme interest which the poor take in it. There are upwards of 400 who have subscribed sums varying from a farthing to 2*s*. 6*d*. Our object was to give them an interest in the work. We wanted them to give the value of one brick towards the fabric. It is found by experience that the poor value what they pay for; that there is a manly independence about them which does not like eleemosynary assistance. I am sure, from my experience, that even schools might be made self-supporting . . . . . Those subscriptions are collected at the houses of the poor, and the people run out and say, "Do not pass my door; I should like to give something." That shows that if you only throw yourselves upon the poor, and work for them, you gain their affections at once.'

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And even Mr. Rivington, who thinks that 'the old plan of the public money being granted in aid of church building is the right one to pursue,' quotes approvingly a statement respecting the parish of Woodville, Derbyshire, containing the following passage:—

'The people have given plain proof that they are thankful for the benefits which they now enjoy. They look on the church as peculiarly their own; and as a token of their good-will, it may be stated, that besides paying the rates to the mother parish, they also defray the expenses of divine worship in their own church by offerings varying from a penny to a shilling fortnightly, and that they have recently erected an organ at the cost of 120*l.*, chiefly paid for in small sums collected from working people in the potteries and pence offered by children in the school. This is mentioned both as an evidence of good feeling, and also as an instance of what even poor church people may affect when taught to depend on their own resources.'

Dr. Baylee has to tell that in one place,

'Where there were about 40 persons only in a room, I got 28 subscribers of twopence a week; in other places they were so poor that they gave one penny, and in others only a farthing. From 1851 to 1856 we kept up at first one and then two flocks in the year; we kept up four clergymen, who were supported exclusively by the pence of the poor, and which could have never been but for the labour of the students.'

It appears, therefore, that the real, poor man's church, is not that which costs him nothing, but that for which he himself cheerfully pays. So far from the abolition of pews, and the universal establishment of free seats, being a panacea for the indifference and antipathy of the working classes, Mr. Cotton says—

'My belief is, that the poor, like ourselves, prefer their fixed places in church, and that they are perfectly willing to look upon the pew-rent rather in the light of establishing their property, and to pay a small annual sum for their sittings. In one or two instances, new churches are building where there will be scarcely any free sittings, the neighbourhood being full of mechanics in the receipt of very fair wages; and the clergymen think it more advisable that those men should have a feeling of independence in coming into church and of proprietorship in their seats, and they intend to attach some payment to each sitting.'

Finally, even the Bishop of Exeter (*vide* Report) 'is not prepared, for obvious reasons, to recommend any application for a grant of public money' to supply the 3,000,000*l.* required for an additional 1,000 clergymen, and thinks that 'in a country so rich, there must be far more than enough of persons, who would contribute what is necessary, if their liberality and their Christian principles be properly appealed to.'

Still the Churchmen who make these candid admissions as yet 'see men as trees walking.' They yet hanker after endowments—to be furnished by private liberality, in which they have not sufficient faith to trust to for the future, though they are ready to do so for the present. From having despised voluntaryism altogether, they have now come to regard it as a useful ally, and wish to combine the certainty of an endowment with the vigour and goodwill which accompany the free-will offering. Presently they will see more clearly, and become

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satisfied of the incompatibility of the two systems. They may find instructive illustrations of the grant-in-aid system in the results of the *Regium Donum* in Ireland. They ought to have learned more fully the lesson taught by the failure of the endowments of past ages to secure a succession of earnest and able spiritual instructors. Some of them already have caught a glimpse of the actual truth, for the Hon. and Rev. G. Yorke attributes the failure of the church-building spirit in Birmingham to—

'An idea has been very widely gaining ground that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have a sufficient surplus of church revenues in their hands to provide not only endowments but churches for the whole population of England, and I do not know anything more difficult to disabuse the minds of the generality of the people of than that idea. I suppose it proceeds very much from a desire to have an excuse for not giving, but such is the idea; they have this notion, and they think that the Church is quite rich enough to provide every thing for its own children, and that they need not put their own hands into their pockets at all.'

The growth of sound views among Churchmen on this and kindred points may be waited for the more patiently, when it is seen from the facts disclosed by this inquiry to what an extent they have practically abandoned old principles, and how transitionary are most of their present movements. In place of the rigidity and uniformity, hitherto characteristic of the Establishment, we have 'temporary' places and 'tentative' experiments. Bishop Blomfield's church-building movement is pronounced to be in great part 'a mistake,' it being now felt that the pastors should have preceded the churches, and that 'the crying want is of clergy,' and they of a missionary character, who will be content to minister in simple iron churches, in school-rooms, or wherever people can be gathered to receive their teaching. The expenditure of 82,000*l.* on St. Pancras, and of 100.000*l.* on St. Marylebone church, are also felt to be something more than mistakes, and another 'great mistake' was committed, in the expenditure of the million and a half of public money applied to church-building from the year 1818 downwards, which, it is alleged, might have led to the erection of a far larger number of edifices, had the Government called for voluntary help instead of bearing the entire expense. The demand now is, not for more legislation, but for less of it—for less of regularity and for more elbow room. The Rev. T. F. Stooks, when pressed by the Bishop of Exeter for a general recommendation relative to the division of parishes, declared himself 'averse to any universal rule,' and thought 'it one of the greatest mistakes of late legislation, that the rules are Procrustean; you are tied down to certain rules under all circumstances.' We might cite several passages illustrative of the extent to which these earnest Churchmen are hampered by the laws of an Establishment—by 'unfortunate flaws' and clauses in acts—by squabbles about patronage—by the 'interests' which have to be consulted before any step can be taken which affects property rights. Nothing can be more hopeful than these indications of dissatisfaction, seeing that they prove the 'liberation of religion from State-patronage and control,' to be—as it has always been averred to be—an object

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in which none are so deeply interested as the members of the Church of England.

And now, *cui bono?* 'Is there,' ruefully asks the 'Guardian,' 'any hope that the Report of the Lords' Committee will find greater practical success than a still more valuable and interesting Report on a kindred topic [the Cathedral Establishments], prepared with great and considerable labour, which still lies neglected among Blue Books of a less worthy character?' So far as legislative and administrative changes are concerned, much cannot come out of the committee's labours, for but little of importance is suggested. It is recommended that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners should pay greater regard to local claims—that there should be a provision for the more easy recovery of rent-charges—that the mortmain laws should be relaxed—that the livings in the gift of the Lord Chancellor should be sold, and that the city churches should, as far as practicable, be removed elsewhere—these constitute the legal proposals of the committee; but, inasmuch as some of them were formally made years ago, but unavailingly, there is but little hope of a speedy change now. The best effect of the evidence collected in this volume will be, the encouragement and stimulant afforded to timid and unenergetic Christian men, by the recital of what has been done, and done successfully, in the least hopeful districts, and amid the greatest difficulties. It may also be expected that the various sections of the Church of England, whose efforts are here described, will be induced to modify their own hitherto cherished arrangements, and even copy, to some extent, those which they have hitherto occasionally denounced. There will, doubtless, be a deeper sense of the necessity for greater exertion and self-sacrifice in sustaining the Home Missionary work; and, as hearts expand with the true missionary feeling, there will be more holy boldness in departing from ecclesiastical conventionalisms, and in breaking up established institutions. The result will probably be seen at first only in individual action, but that will presently move masses, and leaven the whole Church.

And is there nothing to be learned by the Nonconformist bodies from this parliamentary volume? Assuredly much — very much. Our purpose in this paper has been to examine its contents from the Establishment point of view, but, again and again, have we felt that Christian men outside that Establishment may profitably watch the movements of some of those evangelists who, with all the freshness of new zeal, are trying to break up the fallow ground, and to waken the now sleeping masses, though there is no attempt to do justice to what has been already effected by Dissenting pioneers in this glorious work. The volume suggests the fear that Dissenters, in their disregard of the parochial principle, are working within too narrow a circle, and are forgetting that the old modes of action, which at one time made them the superiors of Episcopalians in this race of Christian exertion, may now be greatly inferior to the new plans of those who, if wanting in some traditional advantages, yet possess intelligence, breadth of view, and social facilities greater than can be claimed by the majority

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of the Nonconformist body. Alas! that it should be needful thus to seem to pit against each other those who ought to be one in sympathy, and, to a greater extent than they are, one in action also. God grant that, with more labourers in this great harvest field, there may be united labour, and that those who bring in the sheaves may rejoice *together!*

J. C. W.

German Theologians.

TWESTEN AND NITZSCH.

By Philip Schaff, D. D.

Schleiermacher, Neander, Tholuck, and Hengstenberg, represent as many steps in the scale of rapid progress which the evangelical theology of Germany has made within the first half of the nineteenth century. It was a steady movement from an ideal Christianity of religious speculation to the Scriptural faith, and from the Scriptural faith to churchly orthodoxy, but within the strict limits of the Protestant principle.

Schleiermacher first built a bridge over the abyss that divides the dismal swamp of scepticism from the sunny hills of faith, and kindled again the flame of religion and of the Christian consciousness. Neander enriched this new theology with the experience of a pious heart, and the treasures of church history of all ages and nations. Tholuck and his friend Olshausen refreshed and invigorated it at the fountain of the New Testament as the word of truth and life. All felt the importance and revived the feeling of Christian union and communion, but they remained comparatively indifferent to the 'pilgrim-dress' of particular confessions and symbols, and greatly preferred the life of Christianity to the forms of the Church. Hengstenberg took his firm stand from the start on the sure word of prophecy as an external testimony and authority, defended especially the claims of the Old Testament, so utterly disregarded or neglected by Schleiermacher and his school, and drew around the interpretation of the Bible and the life of Christianity more and more closely the wall of the Lutheran creed. Theology soared at first so high into the airy regions as to lose sight of the terra firma of the Bible and the Church, but has now exchanged the wings for the strait-jacket of denominational orthodoxy, and is in danger of suffering from want of breath and fresh air. Thus we have here a retrogression rather than a progression, a contraction instead of an expansion. But it must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that the restraints of law and authority are necessary to the proper enjoyment of freedom, and that every healthy progress in the Church is conditioned by a revival of the faith of the past, especially by a return to the ever fresh fountain

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of the holy Scriptures, as the Reformation of the sixteenth century amply proves.

We now proceed to consider another succession of divines, whose force lies in systematic divinity, especially in dogmatics. Twesten, Nitzsch, and Müller, started from Schleiermacher, even more so than this can be said of Tholuck and Olshausen, but went likewise far beyond his standpoint to a more positive and orthodox position. Yet they still adhere to the principle of the Union, and are its chief doctrinal representatives. A younger generation of didactic divines, Martensen, Thomasius, Hofmann, Kahnis, and Philippi, went beyond this standpoint into what they regard as the unconquerable tower of symbolical Lutheranism, although they themselves cannot deny altogether the effect of the stages of development which lie between the composition of the 'Formula Concordiæ' and Hofmann's 'Schriftbeweis,' and which never can be entirely undone.

Dr. August Detlev Christian Twesten is a native of Glückstadt, the capital of the Duchy of Holstein, a thoroughly German province —which belongs to Denmark in body only, not in soul. Born in 1789, and for some time professor of languages in one of the colleges of Berlin, he was one of the earliest followers and an intimate personal friend of Schleiermacher. After his death in 1834, he was called from the University of Kiel, where he had been professor since 1814, to succeed him in the chair of systematic divinity. He is also *Oberconsistorialrath* and member of the *Oberkirchenrath*, where he displays considerable administrative capacities.

Coming after the greatest theological genius of modern times, his position was a very difficult one, as in the more recent case of Lehnerdt, who succeeded Neander as professor of church history. If Twesten failed to satisfy the expectations of the theological public at large—before which he very rarely appears in the shape of books —he has proved a faithful and conscientious teacher in his immediate field of labour. If he falls far behind his predecessor in natural endowments and commanding influence, he certainly has greatly the advantage of him in soundness and orthodoxy of views.

Dr. Twesten is a gentleman of courteous manners, kindly disposition, and fine social qualities. Although a close student, he mixes freely with the world in his leisure hours. He resembles in this respect Schleiermacher, and has none of the awkward eccentricities and unpractical traits of Neander. Every Thursday evening, and on special occasions, he gathers a large class of the very best literary society of Berlin around his hospitable board in the Commandanten Strasse, Dönhofs-Platz. I gratefully remember many an instructive and delightful hour I spent there in conversation with some of the most learned men and most accomplished ladies of Europe. He does not confine himself to his profession at all; ministers, philosophers, historians, naturalists, philologists, antiquarians, travellers, general scholars, and artists are equally welcome on these social gatherings. There are few men who have a more extensive, and at the same time more solid and accurate information, than Twesten. He converses

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well on almost any topic. He does not speak English himself, but takes much interest in English affairs; and when I saw him last, his daughter was engaged, and is married I suppose by this time, to the Prussian correspondent of the London 'Times.'

As a writer, he is one of the least prolific of all the more eminent German divines. This is owing partly to a certain timidity and conscientiousness. He is unwilling to publish anything which he has not first thoroughly searched and mastered, and for which there seems to him no urgent need. He wrote an analytical logic, a critical edition of the three œcumenical creeds and the unaltered Augsburg Confession, essays on Flacius Illyricus, on Schleiermacher's Ethics, &c.

But his only theological work of any size are the Lectures on the Dogmatics of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and even they are not completed. The first volume, containing the introductory chapters on religion, revelation, inspiration, the authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, the use of reason, the history of dogmatic literature, appeared in 1826, and went through several editions since. The second volume, dedicated to his friend and colleague, Dr. Neander, was delayed till 1837, and embraces only the doctrine of God, the Holy Trinity, the creation and preservation of the world, and angelology. The remaining volumes, with the anthropology, Christology, ecclesiology, soteriology, and eschatology, have not made their appearance yet, and as caution, solidity, and conscientiousness, are wont to grow with years and experience, they will perhaps never be finished. The author must feel, too, that the times have left the work in its original plan behind, and that he himself could not complete it in the spirit and form in which he commenced it. Schleiermacher's system is now a matter of history, and De Wette's compend, which he followed, as to order and arrangement, is thrown out of sight by Hase's 'Hutterus Redivivus,' and similar manuals. Nevertheless, even in their unfinished condition, the Dogmatics of Twesten have great and abiding excellences. For he is, perhaps, the clearest thinker and writer amongst all the systematic divines of Germany. He possesses the gift of didactic exposition and analysis in an eminent degree. His learning is always accurate, minute, and thoroughly digested; his style transparent, smooth, and polished.

His standpoint may be briefly indicated thus—Schleiermacher's system passing over into Lutheran orthodoxy, under a modernized form; or the Lutheran scholasticism of the seventeenth century revived, enlarged, and liberalized, by the scientific influence of Schleiermacher and the tolerant spirit of the Evangelical Union.

In the first volume Twesten starts from, and ably defends, Schleiermacher's view of the nature of religion, namely, that it is primarily neither knowledge nor action, neither theory nor practice, but *feeling*, the feeling of absolute dependence upon God, operating afterwards, it is true, upon both the other mental powers of thought and volition. This definition views religion merely under its subjective aspect, and is liable besides to the very same objection of one-sidedness which Schleiermacher urges with irresistible force against the other two,

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which place the peculiar essence of religion either exclusively in the intellect (*modus deum cognoscendi*), or as one-sidedly in the will. The former or intellectual theory identifies it with knowledge, and thus makes the degree of piety to depend upon the amount of theoretical insight and theological scholarship, which is evidently contradicted by every-day experience. Even the modification of this view, which lays the main stress not upon religious knowledge as such, but upon the correctness and soundness of knowledge (orthodoxy), is false, since orthodoxy has often been united with ungodliness, and heresy and ignorance with piety. The exclusively practical view, on the other hand, would resolve religion into mere morality, as was done in fact by the Stoics, by Kant, and many of the modern Unitarians, and thus destroys its specific character and mission altogether. Religion, properly understood and carried out, must needs lead to virtue and holiness, but there is a great deal of morality in the world which has no connexion with piety whatever. Schleiermacher's ingenious theory of feeling avoids these extremes, it is true, but falls into the error of confining religion too much to the emotions and affections, or rather to an immediate consciousness of the heart, the degree of which is as uncertain an index of true piety as the amount of knowledge of divine things, or a correct moral deportment.

Mr. J. D. Morell, who thinks that 'no man has ever pursued with greater penetration of mind and earnestness of spirit the pathway of a divine philosophy' than Schleiermacher, has recently endeavoured, in his 'Philosophy of Religion,' to naturalize his conception of religion in England. But in doing so, he made a serious mistake by translating Schleiermacher's *schlechthiniges Abhängigkeits-Gefühl*, 'the absolute feeling of dependence,' instead of 'the feeling of absolute dependence,' thus misplacing the absolute and connecting it with feeling, which is always relative and conditioned.

We hold that religion in the subjective sense, especially under its most complete, *i. e.*, the Christian form, lies back of the three psychological faculties, thought, volition, and feeling, in the deepest centre of man's personality, and is as comprehensive as life itself. It is the higher, spiritual life of man, the life of Christ in us, the union and communion of the whole soul and all its faculties with God, the fountain of life and peace, and tends to penetrate and to sanctify equally all the parts and powers of the natural man, head, heart, and will, and eventually even the body itself. It is, moreover, not only a life of dependence upon God, as Schleiermacher has it, who shows here his connexion with Calvin's supralapsarianism, but fully as much a life of freedom in God, according to the Augustinian maxim, *Deo servire vera libertas est*, or as some ancient liturgies beautifully express it, 'Thy service, O God, is perfect freedom.'

But Twesten, while agreeing in the main with Schleiermacher's theory of feeling, lays more stress than his master on the element of knowledge, especially correct and sound knowledge of religion, or agreement with the faith of the Church as expressed in her doctrinal

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standards. This is the point which connects him with the older Protestant theology.

This appears more fully in the second volume of his 'Dogmatics,' which succeeded the first after an interval of eleven years. Here he falls back upon the Lutheran scholasticism of the seventeenth century, whose principal champions were Gerhard, Hutter, Calov, Quenstedt, and Baier. But he surrounds its skeleton of acute logical definitions and distinctions with the flesh and blood of modern culture and taste, and inspires into it a new life. In the place of Schleiermacher's pantheistic tendency, his Sabellian view of the Trinity, his scepticism concerning the existence of good and bad angels, his denial of the devil, we have here the orthodox views on these subjects, clearly stated and ably defended. The same improvements, and such they certainly are in a material point of view, may be expected from the remaining volumes, should they ever be published. The fact is, that the peculiar heresies of Schleiermacher have been long thrown aside by his ablest disciples, and there is no doubt that he would do the same, could he lead his life over again in our own age.

The predominance of the Lutheran element is very natural in Twesten; for in Holstein, his native province, Lutheranism enters without a rival into the life-blood of the people. There laboured his friend, the celebrated preacher Harms, than whom no man of modern times bore a stronger constitutional resemblance to the great Reformer of Wittenberg, and whose ninety-five Theses were a timely and successful translation of the famous Protestant Manifesto of 1517.

But with all his conviction of the essential truth of Lutheranism in its catholic and denominational doctrines, Twesten is perfectly free from sectarian bigotry and exclusiveness. This is implied already in his relation to Schleiermacher, who never denied his Reformed origin; and in his position as theological teacher in a church and university, where the Lutheran Confession is united with the Reformed. We quote here from his preface to the second volume, which clearly defines his position to Lutheranism and the Union:—

'It was the great error of the older Lutheran theologians—but not of the Lutheran alone, but more or less of all alike—that they would only suffer trees of one kind to grow within the enclosure of the Church, at least of the Lutheran Church. No one can more deeply regret than I do that the two evangelical churches separated from each other; that the Melancthonian type was excluded; that a Calixtus, an Arndt, a Spener, were so bitterly and so violently persecuted. No one can more heartily rejoice than I do that in this respect a new era has arrived; that in a large part of Germany the Lutherans and the Reformed have come to a mutual understanding (I assume from real conviction, and not from any compulsion of conscience), to regard their confessional differences as no hindrance to church fellowship; that, where people are assured of agreement in the fundamental articles of the gospel, they do not stand upon the letter of symbolical forms, in order to recognise each other as brethren of one mind and spirit. Only it should not be forgotten, that the Lutheran doctrine

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has a right to be properly recognised and represented; and that when men claim liberty for every other view, but grudge it to this one, they show the same partiality and intolerance which they charge upon Lutheranism. The didactic theology here presented, it is true, is by no means a mere reiteration of the old; but while, according to Schleiermacher, a sound and vigorous life of the Church requires that two tendencies should be represented in it—both the conservative tendency, which insists upon the permanent importance and reality of the old, so often too lightly set aside, and the progressive tendency which labours to cast everything into a new shape—yet is it more the first of these tendencies than the second to which this work adheres.'

This position Twesten still occupies. Both as an academic teacher and as a member of the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of Prussia, he defends, in a mild and conciliatory way, the conservative Lutheran interests in the bosom of the United Evangelical Church of Prussia.

NITZSCH.

Of all the German divines still living there is none who carries with him so much moral weight in his personal appearance as Dr. Nitzsch, formerly of Bonn, now of Berlin. Hengstenberg surpasses him in energy and decision of will, as well as in clearly defined and settled views. But Nitzsch has greater dignity of character, as he is more venerable by age, and more winning by mildness and charity. He is emphatically *a homo gravis*, and yet very unassuming and plain in address and manner, both in the lecture-room, in the pulpit, and at home. The words, *conscientia fundamentum est scientiæ*, which he wrote once in my album, may be regarded as his motto. He moves like a patriarch, combining the present generation with the age of Schleiermacher and Neander, among the professors, ministers, and students of Berlin. The concluding remarks of his beautiful oration on the death of the latter in 1850, will be fully applicable to himself, when he shall be called to his rest: 'Still he (Neander) stands before us like the man who, from one watch of the night to the other looks out for the breaking of the day. Still do we see him verifying before our eyes the words, "Seek that which is above, not that which is on the earth." And who is there among us, what youth, what man, what individual called to noble aims, who would not need to set true greatness before his eyes, and to see the truth confirmed that the root of greatness is simplicity and humility? Well! He who gave him hath taken him away. The Lord's name be praised! *Have pia anima!* I add no more.'

The personal weight of a character thoroughly imbued with the moral element of Christianity, must be taken into account, if we would form a proper estimate of this divine. His published productions give no just idea of the man, especially to one not fully master of the German. The English edition of his 'System of Christian Doctrine,' the only one of his books, I believe, which has been translated, is said to be almost unreadable. His style, though nervous, pregnant, and

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pointed, is heavy, abrupt, and not unfrequently obscure, and offers insurmountable difficulties to a translator. He has not the gift of clear analysis and transparent development of ideas which Twesten possesses in so eminent a degree; but he is original and profound; more stimulating and suggestive. He abounds in brief, aphoristic, and often enigmatical hints, like Bengel in his 'Gnomon.' He scatters around him pregnant seeds of thought. He is a metaphysician who digs at the root of religious truth, or a miner who brings forth the precious metal in its primitive state for the elaboration of others.

Carl Immanuel Nitzsch was born in 1787, two years before Neander and Twesten. His father, Carl Ludwig, was General Superintendent and the first Director of the Theological Seminary at Wittenberg, the birth-place of the Lutheran Reformation, and published several Latin dissertations, to which the son occasionally refers with filial regard and affection. He received the thorough classical training for which the schools of Saxony and Prussia are distinguished. His principal theological teacher was probably Reinhard, one of the last and most respectable representatives of the supernaturalistic school. But he must have been early influenced by the new theological system of Schleiermacher, and the development of philosophy since Kant, and more particularly since Schelling. His first literary efforts were two Latin dissertations on the apocryphal gospels and on the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs (1810).

He commenced public life in 1812, as deacon of that venerable castle-church at whose gates Luther affixed the famous ninety-five theses against the indulgences of the Dominican mountebank Tetzel. Subsequently he became superintendent and theological professor of the Seminary at Wittenberg. Here he moved altogether on Lutheran ground, but fell heartily in with the Union as soon as it was introduced in 1817.

In 1822, he was elected professor of theology and preacher to the newly founded University of Bonn. Here he spent the years of his manhood as the acknowledged head of the theological faculty, and the chief attraction to students who came from various parts of Germany and Switzerland to be benefited by his lectures, sermons, and exemplary life. He took, at the same time, an active interest in all the practical questions and affairs of the Church in the Western provinces of Prussia, and acquired a love for the peculiar institutions and the practical spirit of the Reformed Confession which prevails on the banks of the Rhine, from its fountain-head in Graubündten to its mouth in Holland. He prefers the Presbyterial and Synodical constitution to every other form of church government.

In 1846, he was one of the leaders of the General Synod which convened at Berlin, and drew up the new formula of ordination, with a view to give a doctrinal expression to the Union. In 1847 he accepted a call to Berlin to fill the vacancy created in the theological faculty by the death of Dr. Marheineke. He is now the oldest divine of that university, but as active and useful as ever. In addition to his

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lectures, he preaches once in two weeks to the professors and students, and attends the sessions of the *Oberkirchenrath*, of which he is a regular member. Quite recently he was elected Propst (provost) of St. Nicolai. These are certainly as many important offices as any man in the vigour of life can well attend to.

As a theological author, Nitzsch is best known by his 'System der Christlichen Lehre,' which appeared first in 1828, and often since (6th edition, 1851). It struck out a new path in the line of didactic theology. It gives, with compressed brevity, an exhibition of Christian dogmatics and ethics, as an undivided system of life, without, however, intending to dispute the right of the separate treatment of these two departments, which has been usual since Danaeus and Calixtus. He thus brings out at every point the organic connexion of doctrine and practice of truth and holiness. He shows the moral bearing of all the articles of faith, and the doctrinal root of all the Christian virtues. This we take to be the most characteristic feature and the principal merit of his work. To English taste the ethical sections will appear more valuable than the dogmatic expositions, several of which, as the one on the atonement, differ considerably from the commonly received forms of statement. But his views are certainly genial and profound. He draws the material directly from the holy Scriptures and the Christian consciousness, but in a number of learned, exegetical, critical, historical, and philosophical notes, added to the sections, he refers to more recent systems and opinions, particularly those of a speculative kind, in the way of opposition or approval. He bows before the Scriptures with a reverential mind as the unerring word of the living God, and brings to light many precious pearls from its secret treasures. He thus represents the progress of the Schleiermacherian system to Biblical theology, while Twesten proceeded from the same school to the churchly orthodoxy of Lutheranism.

As regards the confessional differences, Nitzsch is more decidedly a man of the Union than his colleague just named. For although of strictly Lutheran descent, he spent, as already remarked, more than twenty years in the atmosphere of the Reformed Church, and took an active part, from the start, in the Union, which he regards as the beginning simply of a movement that must comprehend ultimately all the sections of Christendom. In his theology, the Lutheran and Reformed features are so intimately interwoven, that it would be a vain attempt to separate them. He esteems the Augsburg Confession as the fundamental and most national symbol of German Protestantism, and defended its public recognition under this character before the Church Diet of Berlin in 1854. But he equally admires the Heidelberg Catechism. In questions of worship he sympathizes more with the Lutheran principle, but in questions of government and discipline he stands on the Reformed side.

The same unionism pervades his 'Practical Theology,' a very instructive and suggestive, but as yet unfinished work, and his numerous periodical writings.

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Nitzsch is regarded as one of the ablest champions of Protestantism against the powerful attack of Möhler's 'Symbolik.' His articles on the subject, first published in the 'Studien und Kritiken,' and then in separate book form in 1853, enriched by 100 Protestant theses, are certainly more orthodox than the able and learned work of Baur against the same author, and commend themselves by their dignified, gentlemanly, and truly Christian tone of polemics. Möhler himself expressed great respect for Nitzsch, and had formed the design of a lengthy reply, which, however, he never executed. But they can hardly be considered a full and satisfactory refutation of the most earnest, philosophical, and eloquent controversial work of modern Romanism. The Protestant Möhler has not yet made his appearance.

He prepared a similar series of articles against the infidel Dogmatics of Strauss, a work which, like his notorious 'Leben Jesu,' ends in absolute negation, not only of all revealed truth, but even of the immortality of the soul, and thus refutes itself most effectually. He wrote also a number of Latin dissertations, and is one of the founders of, and frequent contributors to, three theological journals, the 'Studien und Kritiken,' the 'Bonner Monatschrift,' and the 'Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christl. Wissenschaft und Christl. Leben.'

As a lecturer, Nitzsch has the singular habit of half buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, and taking snuff at regular intervals. But the sense of ridicule is kept down by his dignified and venerable appearance, and the excellent matter of his lectures on the various branches of systematic and practical theology. He has probably more personal influence upon the students than any of his colleagues.

His sermons, of which several volumes were published, are not popular, but well calculated to instruct and edify an intellectual and literary audience. They abound in rich thought, taken from the fresh fountain of truth, presented without the drapery of eloquence, but with deep feeling and unction, and pervaded by a vein of earnestness that appeals to the inmost moral sensibilities of the heart. I recollect more particularly a most sublime and impressive discourse of his, delivered in March, 1854, in the Dorotheen Kirche, on the moral dignity and grandeur of Christ under his sufferings, and the duty of sacrificing his honour before men in order to receive it under a higher form from God. Professors Ritter, Ranke, and other distinguished scholars, listened to it with profound attention, and I heard them speak of him afterwards in high terms of admiration.

Nitzsch presides over a theological conference of the ministers of Berlin, and generally opens its monthly meeting with an expository lecture on some passage of Scripture, which is followed by a free discussion, and closed by a social meal. I heard once from his lips, on such an occasion, a truly sublime exposition of the seventeenth chapter of St. John, the *sanctissimum* of the Gospel history, which filled the audience with a thrilling sense of the awful majesty and depth of the Saviour's intercessory prayer, the grandest prayer ever uttered on earth.

As a member of the Prussian *Oberkirchenrath*, Nitzsch represents

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the confessional union of the Lutheran and Reformed Church, or the consensus-party. His position in this respect is a very important and difficult one in view of the growing denominationalism around him.

Finally, we must add that he is one of the founders and managers of the German Evangelical Church Diet, and took an active part in its leading reports and debates at most of its annual meetings since 1848.

Nitzsch, Hengstenberg, and Twesten, are the most prominent divines of Berlin. The other members of the theological faculty are Dr. Lehnerdt, the successor of Meander in the chair of Church History, an excellent teacher, of decidedly evangelical character, but hardly known as a writer; and Dr. F. Strauss, professor of practical theology, the author of a very instructive and interesting work on the Church Year, and several popular religious works, of which the 'Glockentöne' have gone through a number of editions. He is at the same time one of the four court and cathedral preachers, and was in his younger years a very spirited and animated pulpit orator. He did a great deal of good among the higher classes of Berlin, and exerted much influence on the king, who admitted him to intimate personal intercourse before he ascended the throne. His son, Frederick Strauss, is *Privatdocent* of theology in Berlin, and the author of a popular work of travels to the Holy Land. Of the extraordinary professors, Vatke and Piper are best known; the first as a Hegelian, the other as an independent disciple of Neander, and a very learned ecclesiastical antiquarian.

Xavier and Domenech:

PRIESTS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.*

ROMAN Catholic, especially Jesuit, missions have obtained scant justice at the hands of Protestants. The converse of this proposition holds painfully true; nevertheless, because Jesuits are unjust, let us not imitate their example. As illustrations, take Dr. Brown's 'History of Missions,' the only philosophical work on this great subject that at all approaches to completeness, and see how he dismisses Roman Catholics to the right-about, with no very complimentary phraseology: 'It is no part of the author's plan to give any account of the missions of the Church of Rome; the history of them would not be without interest nor without instruction; yet there would often be no possibility of distinguishing between truth and falsehood in the

* 'The Life of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies and Japan.' From the Italian of D. Bartolli and J. P. Maffei. With a Preface by the Very Rev. Dr. Faber. London: Thomas Jones. 1858.

'Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico.' A Personal Narrative, &c. By the Abbé Domenech. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Co. 1858.

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narrations of its missionaries.' A heavy charge certainly. But Dr. B., in his preface, forgets that he has given us the history of several Protestant missions in various parts of the world, in doing which copious and oft-repeated foot notes caution the reader to receive such and such statements very carefully, as it is very probable, &c., &c. So that Roman Catholics, according to Dr. Brown, are not the only ones who blend truth with falsehood. Of course, this is unfortunate; all, therefore, that we, as *Christian Spectators*, have to do, is to strive to be impartial.

So, too, the Abbé Domenech, who has given us one of the very best books we have read for a long while, a brave, true, and most devoted man, as we shall presently see, is so overpowered by Prejudice, the old fellow that keeps Ear-gate of Man-soul, assisted by fifty deaf men, that he cannot find a place in his book for one single good word about Protestants: 'one town is infested by ants and Methodists;' baptism by immersion is 'a religious bath, into which two *old* Protestant women were plunged up to their necks;' and the Irish Roman Catholics 'are the most generous people in the world, and the most devoted to works of piety' (the Abbé has never been in Killkenny we presume); and so on with the *odium theologicum*.

On both sides this is all very bad; bad in taste, but worse in principle; bad for Protestant and bad for Papist, for it exhibits them to the world not only as hateful, but as hating one another. As a relief to these painful facts, we cannot forbear quoting the words of one of our first and ablest Protestant missionaries in China. He is referring to Xavier, Ricci, Rogier, and others, who, between 1522 and 1723, entered China as Jesuit priests:—'The learning, personal virtues, and ardent zeal of some of them, deserve to be imitated by all future missionaries; will be equalled by few, and rarely surpassed by any. Their steadfastness and triumph in the midst of persecutions, even to blood and to death, in all imaginable forms, show that the Christianity which they taught is to be ascribed to the effect of education, not of design; and afford good reason to believe that they have long since joined the army of martyrs, and are now wearing the crown of those who spared not their lives unto the death, but overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony. It is not to be doubted that many sinners were, through their labours, turned from sin unto holiness, and they will finally have due praise from God, as fellow-workers in his kingdom.' These are the words of the great and good Dr. Milne, whose name stands amongst the foremost of Protestant Chinese missionaries.

Xavier's life is too well known to require at our hands more than a passing notice. The first Jesuit missionary that trod the plains of the fervid East, the personal friend and convert of Ignatius Loyola, the spiritual hero who renounced every thing for Christ, and counted the royal blood of the kings of Navarre which flowed in his veins as nothing; the man who died daily for the sake of Christ; who had one thing to do, and laboured most agonizingly to do it; who after toils almost superhuman and labours perfectly apostolic, expired in

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prospect of mightier work and richer reward in China;—such a life ought not to be without much and very fruitful suggestiveness to us Protestants. The present life of Xavier is one which possesses unusual interest; it is a translation from the Italian, with a remarkable preface by the Very Rev. Dr. Faber, of the Oratory, London. All the legends connected with, and miracles said to be performed by, this eminent man are given with a racy minuteness of detail characteristic of biographers who gather up fragments, good and bad, that nothing may be lost, in the reading of which we have had an old thought newly illustrated. It is a curious fact that man cannot invent a decent miraculous story. All the miracles recorded of man by man carry with them their own refutation. The four evangelists have exhausted this domain of literature, and that because they spake of One who was not merely *man*, and wrote under the influence of another spirit than the human. Even the pseudo-evangelists, in the early days of Christianity, when they record the miracles of the child Jesus, do exactly what the biographers of Xavier do. They laud their hero in defiance of taste, piety, and probability. Thus the 'boy Christ' does such things as these; some boys refuse to play with him; he runs after them and turns them into kids; another child knocks him down by accident, and Christ kills him dead on the spot; he curses his Hebrew schoolmaster for striking him, whereupon the old pedagogue's arm withers immediately; a little child troubles some clay sparrows he has made, upon which Jesus, 'whose passionate readiness to avenge himself,' as these miracle-mongers say, 'ever shows itself,' causes him to wither and dry up on the spot. Such, out of the page of inspiration, are the lineaments of the child that grew in favour, not only with God, but *with man*.

Well, Xavier's miracles are of this character, and therefore incredible. They are mostly revolting, or unnatural: the reduction of the normal to the abnormal, in precise opposition to those of the Saviour. None of them are solemn acts of beneficent power or prodigal love. Xavier used to be fond of dancing; so he ties thin twine round his calves till it cuts the bone, and ulceration, &c., ensues; in one night Our Lady takes out the twine, and the legs are immediately healed: 'from an imposthume of more than usually loathsome character,' he 'sucked out the virulent matter to the last drop,' and henceforth this diet was 'rather agreeable and consoling to him than otherwise;' so after his death his crucifix was observed to sweat blood every Friday, and his body resisted decomposition for two years and a half. All these stories are simply absurd; palpably false, or almost so. But deducting all this, there are great lessons to be learned from Xavier's life; lessons eloquently taught in the very fine preface to this valuable addition to church history. We quote a few words: 'The times are made up of enthusiasms. They are partly material, partly intellectual. There are enthusiasms in science; enthusiasms in literature; enthusiasms in politics; enthusiasms in geographical discovery; and enthusiasms in commerce. . . . . Amongst the countless enthusiasms of the day, why not, then, an enthusiasm of being all for

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God? *We* must have *our* enthusiasm, as other men have theirs. A sober, steady, business-like, persistent enthusiasm; yet for all that a downright enthusiasm, a positive, unmistakeable enthusiasm. . . . . What then we little hearts have to do is, to pray God to send great hearts amongst us. We want enthusiasts like Xavier. We do not so much need churches of brick and mortar, or even, what is of more consequence than churches, great material schools, or newspapers, or literature, or associations. But we need men, apostolic flesh and blood, heroes, enthusiasts, like Xavier; men mad with Paul's madness, and drunk with the drunkenness of the apostles at Pentecost. . . . . It is with these thoughts that we venture to call you once more to the well-known life of the saintly Xavier, to learn that *hot-hearted prudence* which is the special want of the present day. When we look at the map of the world, and see the countries which St. Francis overran; when we think of the thousands he baptized; when we weigh his difficulties, count up his failures, follow him in his thankless toils, and learn feelingly to estimate his disappointments, we are amazed; gladdened with that humility which inspirits rather than depresses, to see how much one man can do, to whom nature has given an enthusiastic, loving heart, and grace has added the magnificent gift of being simply, always, and only—All for God.' Xavier died off the coast of China, at Sancian, on Friday, December 2, 1552: his last words, uttered in an exulting tone, being, '*In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum.*' He was a man of God; a sublime example of what God can do in and by men; and being dead, he yet speaketh. As we have read with intense interest his life, and been chidden for our lukewarmness and want of faith, as we have felt how much there was to learn from the self-devotion of this apostle of the East, we recalled the words of the Abbé Lacordaire to mind, which we commend to those who do not connect Christian faith with Christian work; 'I will not say one word in disparagement of Rationalism, except that I never heard of a Rationalist being beaten to death in Cochin China. These geniuses are too refined and too clever to risk martyrdom for the promulgation of the truth.'

The Abbé Domenech's book is, as we have intimated, a very remarkable book; and the Abbé a very remarkable man. Towards the end of 1845, Dr. Odin, vicar apostolic of Texas, came to Lyons, where the young Jesuit was studying; the prelates sought to recruit his missionary staff in Mexico and Texas; very boldly he told them of hunger and thirst and burning suns, and perils of every kind; all this was fuel to the fire burning in the heart of this young, and we believe truly pious priest, and though not twenty years of age he felt 'urged as by some invisible hand towards the unknown future of his trials and sacrifices; he embarked for America; and after two years spent at St. Louis to finish his studies, in 1848, our adventurer, hero and priest, arrived at that wretched place and port called Galveston, to us the best known town in Texas. Galveston must be an interesting place to the new comer from the green fields of Devonshire and the romantic hills of Derbyshire. 'The whole country round is covered with a

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fine white sand, in which you sink up to the knees every step. The earth, scorched by the sun during the day, heats the air to an intense degree, and renders a sojourn at Galveston insupportable. The mosquitoes are in such myriads, and so troublesome, that it is difficult for a stranger to live there in summer. The water is detestable, and the inhabitants are obliged to collect rain-water in tanks constructed either of wood or brick. Here the water is kept seething, exposed to the sun's heat; and if you take into account that the cisterns are not always of the cleanest, you may be able to form some idea of its quality.'

The Abbé is ordered by the 'good bishop' a long way up the country to San Antonio; accordingly he embarked in a steamer for Houston, thence to take his chances for his distant home. He starts *en poste*, that is, in a rude waggon drawn by four horses for the far interior; over rickety wooden bridges; through dense forests; by heaps of forgotten graves; through a low swampy region infested with wild beasts and snakes; for variety there is a panther that springs at the head of one of the leaders, a piece of folly that cost him his life; drenchings to the skin; sundry severe tumblings out; long fast from food and drink, so that he 'had little disposition to admire the beauties of the scenery;' no money to buy anything; and he a lone man in a thick jungle about to commence what he feels to be the *magnum opus* of his life; at last he does arrive at San Antonio, 'bruised, broken, and thoroughly knocked up.' In this Mexican town he is to begin his mission work; two rooms were assigned him by the Spanish priests, his predecessors; one, his parlour, contained the establishment's onions, garlic, pimento, &c., &c., the store-room, in fact; here he 'paced the length and breadth of the planks meditating profoundly on a variety of subjects. The spare bed-room assigned him was not a lonely one, 'the roof gave free admission to the rain, and in a special manner to the sun's burning rays; dormice, rats, spiders, mosquitoes, and insects of every denomination (not Methodists) in myriads lived and broiled there; outside was the place where the women of San Antonio bathed publicly, so that from his window, which he was obliged to keep closed, he saw all their gambollings.' With a true and fervent friend and thorough Catholic, the Abbé Dubuis, he shares the labours and perils of this mission, which in its range of duties was very extensive and laborious. Here is a photograph of the mission work at Castroville; we have read nothing so touching for a long while, it has penetrated us profoundly with the conviction that the religious experience of such men must be very deep and very Christ-like.

'Every Sunday at ten o'clock was celebrated the adorable sacrifice of the mass. The music was very good. We had organized a choir, which succeeded beyond our expectation. At three o'clock the faithful assembled to say the rosary. This exercise was followed by vespers and the benediction of the most blessed sacrament. The paschal solemnity of 1849 was truly consoling to us. All the Catholics of Castroville, with very few exceptions, approached the holy table. I had resolved that our little chapel should be decked out and wear quite a festive air for this solemnity; so I commenced its decoration the previous evening, and borrowed all the shawls and pieces of finery, and candlesticks, to be found in

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Castroville. I even procured two small doors to construct lateral altars. The muslin curtains and shawls served as tapestry. I turned wooden vases in a lathe, and gilded them. In these I placed flowers of every hue and size, which I had gathered in the woods and open country. All this magnificence filled the colonists with astonishment. Next day the Catholics of the town, and of the surrounding country, assisted in the celebration of the Divine mysteries with feelings of profound reverence, on bended knees, bareheaded, and regardless of the burning sun, which darted its rays upon them. Poor isolated congregation! How lively, sincere, touching, was this piety on that day! The Almighty must have looked down with complacency on the little corner of the earth where thou offerest up thy prayers. How favourably did thy piety contrast with the wavering, lukewarm piety of the city population of Europe! In deserts and solitude the blessings of religion are so much the more fully appreciated as they are rarely accorded. Human institutions, for the protection of life and property, either do not exist, or are, at best, very inefficient. Man seems placed more immediately under the protection of his Creator, and hence it comes that he raises his eyes and heart to him with greater facility and truth. . . . . One time, the Abbé Dubuis fancied that he stood in need of a necessary article of dress. Well, out of a blue cotton petticoat, which a widower had given him on the occasion of his wife's death, he made for himself a pair of pantaloons. On another occasion he prayed his congregation to pardon him if he did not preach to them; his strength was not equal to it; he had not touched food for forty-eight hours! For a long while we had only one cassock between us; so that whilst one said mass, the other walked about in his shirt sleeves. I met the missionary priest of Brazoria on one occasion. The good man's pantaloons were of a blue colour, and very wide; his coat of black cotton velvet; the shape and colour of his hat baffled description. A kind of tin bath without a bottom, served him for bed, altar to say mass, and dining table.'

In so wild a country adventures were of course numerous; of Mexicans, Americans, Europeans, and Indians it may be said that every man is an Ishmaelite; all go armed, at all hours of the day, priests not excepted. The chafed Indians, whose various tribes have been dispossessed of the 'hunting-ground,' as Texas signifies, are the most dreaded of foes on account of their fiendish method of scalping their victims. Repeatedly in his frequent journeys to distant missions our good Abbé passed mouldering skeletons and putrefying corpses of unfortunate travellers who had left the line of march; and once he and a cleric companion were in some danger, in which the *sang froid* of the older traveller is well illustrated.

'"Having arrived at an intermitting river called the Tibolo, I fancied I saw some white figures through the trees, which immediately disappeared in the depths of the wood. My companion too perceived the same phantoms, and asked me what they were.

'"I suspect they are Indians!" I replied, somewhat alarmed.

'"What a treat to me," said he, "who have never seen an Indian! I should be most happy to see them."

'"For my part, I don't at all desire it. You are not aware that last October, two Germans were murdered on the very spot on which we now are, on their journey from Braunfels to San Antonio."

'"Bah! You only say that to terrify me! What business could Indians have here?"

'"To hunt. Game abounds in the neighbourhood of these water-courses. So let us not be imprudent; when danger presents itself, we should try to avoid it. Follow me, and do as I do."

'I proceeded slowly, taking care not to stir the branches of the trees as I went along. Having reached the river, which was dried up, I discovered a deep hollow,

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large enough to conceal our horses. In an instant we were there, our horses unsaddled and cropping the green herbage, and we ourselves reposing at full length on the green sward.

'"By this forced halt," said I, "we shall have time to read our Breviary, and take a little rest. I will also allow the Indians to keep a head of us, if Indians they be."

'"All very good. But meantime we shall die of hunger and thirst."

'"My good friend, a twenty-four hours' fast will not kill us. This I know by experience. As to the scalp—why that's quite another thing; a scalp is really an indigestible affair.'"

Of course the Abbé gets often laid aside by illness; but he always speaks of his sufferings in a cheerful spirit. Once he is bitten with a tarantula, and his body is paralysed. Being 'too poor to fee a surgeon, I begged of my companion to make some incisions in my neck with his penknife. The operation gave me great relief. I therefore repeated it, and cauterising the wounds with ammoniac until I was completely cured.' Rough as this surgical practice was, here is a fitting pendant to it—what will our homœopathic friends think of this? Cholera was raging at Castroville, and the people dying by hundreds. The Abbé and his companions for six weeks, by night and by day, faced the perils of the doomed city, only piously and bravely to discharge their missionary duties; at last they were all attacked, and had to fall on their resources. 'A glass goblet was accordingly filled with camphorated alcohol, laudanum, unground pepper, and eau-de-Cologne; this mixture we drank off. It is not my intention to recommend this remedy to any person. As to myself I fancied that I had swallowed burning coals, and that my whole body was on fire. A copious perspiration followed, and then sleep for twenty-four hours.'

One of the most affecting episodes in the book is the death of his *confrère*, the Father Fitzgerald. It is too long for quotation, and too beautiful to be mutilated. Its tenderness, its deep religiousness, its true-hearted piety, make us feel 'one in Christ Jesus' with the man whose birth made him a Frenchman, whose education a Jesuit, but in whom the grace of God was eminently displayed. At length fairly worn out with labour and fatigue the Abbé returns to Europe, and one evening, at ten o'clock, arrives at his mother's house in Lyons. 'How my heart did beat! "Who is there?" "It is I." "It is my Emmanuel." We fell into each other's arms and wept tears of joy,—a mother's caresses are sweet at any age. I presented myself to my relations and friends the following day, but I was obliged to tell them my name, and to assure them of my identity, before they could be persuaded to recognise in the hollow-cheeked, wrinkled, sunburnt, wan and haggard being that stood before them, the young man who had been tolerably well-looking, hearty and strong, when he left them. My mother's heart alone recognised him.'

A brief sojourn in Europe satisfied this restless spirit; he had too long lived the wild, free life of the emigrant to feel at home in France; 'the grand scenes of nature, the deep emotions of the heart, had become,' says the Abbé, 'for me wants of imperious necessity. Europe, with its narrow prejudices, its niggard selfishness, and its dull bourgeoisie, appeared to me uninhabitable.' And so at twenty-five he

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starts for the far west again, and, reaching his old mission, after a variety of adventures on sea and in the States, our devoted priest again encounters his former perils, is plunged into all the excitement and danger of a Texan war, in which, regardless of personal safety, he is found at the bedside of the wounded, and by the hard couch of the condemned. Again health fails him; only eighteen months has this second sojourn continued, and he is utterly prostrate.

We close with the Abbé's conclusion slightly abbreviated. 'My works could no longer keep pace with my will; no longer could I pursue my duties. Nervous spasms, fainting fits, spitting of blood, forbade the smallest fatigue. I told my ecclesiastical superiors of the absolute necessity of my return to France. I was like one of those worn-out instruments, no longer of use, which are hung up in a corner to become gradually the prey of rust. Except a place of retreat, and a last asylum, of which I had none, I resembled those military invalids, whom honoured scars have deprived of their means. I felt sad—much less indeed from the egotistical thought of a wintry future, of a cloudy threatening horizon, towards which I was about to proceed, than from the deep affection I bore these strange people, to whom I had become thoroughly accustomed, an affection but too well returned. I had much difficulty in tearing myself away from the families I was visiting for the last time. I felt as if I were one of them. . . . . And now,' in the hours of solitude, recollections of the past group themselves in sad array before my mind; like pictures always present, spreading over my soul a sweet and dreamy melancholy, of which I cannot divest myself. European life is to me cold, colourless, pitiful. My regards, for ever turned towards those old solitudes, those deserts peopled with danger and red skins, tawney animals and rattle-snakes, could not rest on this narrow horizon, whither my sufferings had conducted me. The cloister smiled before me, like a desert island, in which I might seek shelter after shipwreck. Seated on the banks of life's rapid torrent, I see before my view these even now distant pages of my existence, like so many leaves transported on the wings of the wind towards the ocean of eternity. And, with the tear trembling in my eye, and a sigh quivering on the lip, I murmur with my Master—"Lord, let thy will be done."'

We have read this book with real profit, and have had no temptation to diverge into controversy, beyond the few words at the commencement of this article. Besides the history of personal life and adventure, portions of which we have given, the reader will find here our newest information, geographical and political, of Texas, which, spite of climatic and other difficulties, continues rapidly to increase. We need scarcely add, that to readers religiously eclectic, who have learned to call no man common or unclean, we cordially recommend this most interesting volume; others who can see no good out of their own cherished circle, and no blessing out of the 'little hill of their Zion,' had better abstain from a book they could not understand, and would be sure to misapply.

W. G. Y.

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Mr. Bailey's New Work.*

The motto of the best and pleasantest criticism (like that of Mr. Bailey's poem), is Montaigne's *Que-sçais-je?* Without dramatic insight and the power of changing places with an author, intelligent exposition is impossible; and granted only a little sympathy, and whatever is characteristic has forthwith an interest of its own independent of standards and utilities, and superior to them. Perhaps this points to a distinction in the hierarchy of literature not yet recognised—a distinction, to wit, between the Critic of Books and the Natural Historian of Books; but the world is already overdone with classifications,—unless it would consent to accept a few *millions* more. However, one thing is certain, that genial 'critics' take a delight in almost every book-product for its own sake; this being the most emphatically true of the best book-judges, who entertain, aside and within another circle, the strongest and least changeable literary likes and dislikes: just as (it is said) that man is best capable of loving one woman properly who in a manner loves all women. Of course there is a certain sort of mediocrity which leaves the most appreciative faculty nothing to say; but goodness or badness on either side of that line may be stimulating, and not undelightful: an intense stupidity, a dulness that glows at a steady white heat, a stupidity which it has obviously 'taken a man a great deal of trouble to arrive at,' is a real power and a most snaky fascination; and that which is not sweet to the mental taste may be like Miss Sally Manchester's temper (and the temper of some other ladies) 'a pleasant sour.' One may really decline to abuse a volume that has not a good point about it, because its badness is characteristic.

The authorship of a book is a matter of infinite moment in determining its interest. In 'Little Dorrit' the mere words, 'So you have been looking over the premises, looking over the premises, the premises, eh?' meant volumes of benignity and humour from 'the patriarch.' So a volume of doggrel common-places, dashed with cleverness here and there, may be very interesting from the author of 'Festus,' though if published without a name, it might scarcely have been read, even in fragments. 'The Age; a Colloquial Satire,' is, in truth, a heavy book, and, speaking critic-fashion, a blunder. A dull conversational Dunciad, with such lumbering Don-Juanisms of manner as can be anyhow got into the heroic measure,—that sums up the literary features of the work. For the rest, a man like Mr. Bailey could not, of course, write about everything without putting down an occasional good thing, and it will not be unpleasing to the very journalists, the 'Typocracy,' whom Mr. Bailey abuses, to find, as they turn the pages, that they are backed by a writer of such unquestionable faculty in many of their opinions. Some of the very best paragraphs in the 'Satire,' most of

* 'The Age; a Colloquial Satire.' By Philip James Bailey, Author of 'Festus.' London: Chapman and Hall.

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them, in fact, we have seen the like of in those very leading articles which, according to one of the interlocutors,—Mr. Bailey may plead dramatic license if he pleases,—are damaging independent thought in this country. We have, in the 'Satire,' three interlocutors, CRITIC, AUTHOR, and FRIEND, and the problem of the three bodies is not more difficult than to determine what part Mr. Bailey himself plays in this little colloquial drama; or, in fact, to keep up a discriminating line between the 'sentiments' of A., B., and C. The stream of talk winds on and on, taking a new name here and there, but it is the same stream all the way, muddy and bitter with fatalism and paradox from beginning to end. If there is any passage in which more than in another the author of 'Festus' confesses himself, it is perhaps this:—

> 'The fact is, I enjoy a conversation
> Spiced with a sprinkling of recrimination;
> And 'tis my habit, that, in any case,
> Whichever turns to fly, I join the chase.'

One of the most curious points in 'The Age' is the determined care with which Mr. Bailey has brought down his 'Satire' to the latest intelligence and the latest book. It includes Buckle's Lectures, as we shall show by-and-bye. Some of the burlesque rhymes are exceedingly stupid and vulgar; *e. g.*—

> 'The policy of England is, abroad,
> What best might suit a brigand race outlawed,—
> As void of every sentiment of right;
> 'Twere just as if a friend should you invite
> Into his house, and you, when once you *put in it*
> Your nose, admit no thought but that of *gutting it*.'

And again:—

> 'The fermentative and combustive *process*
> We carry on within ourselves with *no cess*-
> Ation, until the mill forgets to grind,
> And stops for want, or some say change, of wind.'

Occasionally a clever thing in the rhyming way turns up; but for the most part Mr. Bailey versifies as badly as he did in 'Festus.'

It is exceedingly difficult to give a good idea of the matter of the book. An analysis would doubtless be possible,—even blue-books are analysed, and very ably too,—but it would call for enormous labour, and one might mistake his way after all. Into an 'EDITOR'S ROOM' drops one day YOUNG AUTHOR; and 'CRITIC' and 'MUTUAL (*sic*) FRIEND' being already there, a general pottering ensues, starting with the weather, Kentish cherries, 'the *Leviathan*,' whose 'hull is *higher than*' something or other, the Eastern question, and passing on to the Ballot, which is considerably flouted. Democracy is then run down, and 'a good grinding despotism' is found to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of secret voting. We then slide off to the foreign policy of England, and come to pretty much the same conclusion that we have come to before—that we are beneficent brigands, and that having taken to filibustering there is nothing for it but to keep on—upon

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Christian principles. An allusion to our position in India brings out the following:—

CRITIC.

'Tis true we shall regain it, and right soon,
As that the sun holds high and endless noon.
Mankind expects it of us; 'tis our place
To vindicate our own superior race:
The world succumbs before the white man's face.

FRIEND.

Certes,—but that sounds odd. When our forbears
Dwelt naked in dank caves and leaf-strewn lairs,
Stained blue with woad, and raddled with red clay,
(Which royal liveries even now display,)
On either breast the orbs of night and day;
When lions and hyenas roamed our land,
And mammoths stalked along the reedy Strand—

AUTHOR.

Where greater brutes (the critics) now command—

FRIEND.

This ancient people whom we so contemn
As our inferiors (we have mastered them),
Lived rich in science, art, religion, song:
Could boast of varied lore and empire strong,
And truths we've not ourselves attained too long:
Knew the precise position of the sun
In utter space ere Britain's name begun:
Marked by precession of the equinoxes,
Three thousand years ere those first Christmas boxes
Were brought to Bethlehem by their kindred Magi;
Or Tityrus warbled 'neath his "*tegmen fagi.*"

CRITIC.

In some things each of opposites is best;
Light's from the east and motion from the west;
To both we owe some pleasures 'tis confessed;—
Tactics and gunpowder explain the rest.'

Which we quote, not only as a fair specimen of the dialogue, but to illustrate the freedom of allusion which prevails throughout the work.

We now run away to things in general, occasionally lighting on a good thing quite unquestionable, occasionally on a smart thing quite questionable. For instance, of the latter:—

'If e'er the world should be to freedom won,
'Twill be by doing just as England's done;
Prudence most lies in being wise to shun;
Patient and steady, not too quickly wise;
(Wisdom is never won by a surprise),
Earning by slow degrees just liberties.'

But why is wisdom 'never won by a surprise?' We firmly believe she is,—by 'surprises' of insight, emotion, and action, as well as by processes of experience. Great men and great doings are mostly surprises. Of course 'prudence most lies in being wise to shun'—

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but prudence is the fag-end of wisdom, and the old maid's evangel never yet made man or nation free.

We now come to a rant against the press:—

'But now in England may be found
A tyranny that's greatly gaining ground;
Though less upon the ladder's lowest round
Than on the upper; the mid-classes most.
From filling, first, a very humble post,
The Typocrat now rules from coast to coast;
Who, rattling off a leader while you are winking,
Has almost stifled independent thinking.
As people pray in Tartary by machines,
So here by dailys, weeklys, magazines,
Each turns his wordy mill, which nothing means;
So deftly now the Press, of scribbling power,
Inflates the favourite folly of the hour;
Some grand delusion happily long covert,
But ripe at last for sale in market overt,
That when its influence seems most comprehensive,
Its worthlessness but shows the more extensive.
And this because its prosperousness depends
Not on its speaking truth, but making friends,
Sway o'er weak minds, and gain, its only ends.
Has ever won when war-tide was at flood,
Called to the people—"Hold, friends! it were good,
Ere we commit our hands to blows or blood,
To scan those maxims which in cooler hours
We have maintained as Christians must be ours,
And conscience may admit as motive powers?"
Soon as the scent of blood first taints the air,
The sleuth hounds of the Press at once are there.
All philanthropic cant is cast away;
To rouse ill passions is to make them pay.
With polished pens and learning at command,
Although their reasoning rarely could withstand
A Sunday scholar's logic in the land,
Yet types the Press the body of the nation;
That is, the minds of mediocre station;
Nor e'er in wit, nor e'en in wish surpasses
The "Bedford Level" of the middle classes.'

That allusion to the 'Bedford level of the middle classes' is good—supposing, of which we are not clear, that an allusion is intended to Lord John; but the whole passage is a curious jumble of half-truth. We have read before, many times before, that 'the press' both 'rules' and 'types the body of the nation'—but it cannot do both. Nor does it. In point of fact the press is painfully dependent, as good intelligent editors know to their sorrow, on the profane will and taste of the profane vulgar. Instead 'of ruling from coast to coast,' as his superior intelligence very often entitles him to do, the poor 'Typocrat' watches which way the straws blow, watches *for his life*, and sets his dial accordingly. Ask your conscientous journalist about his difficulties in 'managing' popular topics. Rule, indeed! Take the case of the Russophobia of a few years back; and blind as the moles and bats was he who could not discern how many a noble soul

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of the 'typocracy' was dragged at the heels of the noisy mob and made to shout to their tune in what he wrote, or at least to suppress his own protest. This is not tyranny; it is the 'independent thinking' of the leader-writer which is 'stifled,' not that of the reader. Mr. Bailey puts the cart before the horse. There is no such thing as real free speech in this free country. Even from the pulpit, where there is the present, immediate leverage of the Eternal Ideas, the crowd will not hear the truth, or an approach to it. From the journalist, who has ostensibly, alas, no such leverage, they expect to be pandered to as the price of their subscriptions. 'But he should tell the truth, and leave the result with God.'—He should so; and sometimes he does; and the rest of the story, to compare great things with small, is in Matt. xxiii. 37.

Passing on, we alight upon this clever couplet:—

> 'Our meannesses by lofty names we dignify,
> As Jove and Juno may twin puppies signify.'

And then upon a fact about Lord Palmerston:

> 'AUTHOR.
>
> An editorial quid-nunc I once knew—
> A deputy-sub-editor, like you;
> A most superior man in his own view;
> Quite competent to rule a state or two;—
> (His eye was always turned on you intrusively,
> An air acquired, to speak of it amusively,
> By looking into millstones too exclusively—)
> Told me a secret, a secret I shall not disclose,
> As to who leads all England by the nose.
>
> CRITIC.
>
> Pray don't. The high arcana of our craft
> Are not to be exploded fore and aft.
>
> AUTHOR.
>
> But it's a consolation still, to know,
> The fact's recorded, and, not long ago;
> That, as the sun stands not in debt to tapers,
> Our late First Lord perused no daily papers;
> He was not of the herd that lives on leaders,
> Which class, says brave Sir Colin, are "foul feeders."'

A little farther on, we have the cart and horse *properly* placed in the matter of 'the press:'—

> 'There's nothing raises so the people's spite
> As when you try to teach them what is right.
> The popular mind has such a quackish turn,
> It can't conceive it possible to learn;
> And if you mean the public grace to earn
> You must assume their very thoughts, words, attitudes;
> *For Trade winds only blow in the low latitudes.*'

A sympathetic thrill will run through every reader of taste who notices this passage concerning the detestable shopman-looking statue of Peel in Cheapside:—

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'Can any one pass through Cheapside, nor feel
A pang of horror shoot from head to heel,
That caricature colossal of "Sir Peel,"
As he contemplates? "*Mais, c'est assez vile.*"
And as a proof of exquisite bad taste,
Like statues of him everywhere are placed.'

There is also a justly severe allusion to the presence of the statue of Follett in Westminster Abbey,—severe, of course, on other than æsthetic grounds. What has a clever lawyer to do in the hall of heroes? And there is a still better passage about 'the Duke' over the Marble Arch:—

'Lo! where the giant, cock-horse on the arch,
Relentless gives the word perpetual "March!—"
Whereby is typified, in symbol witty,
The army riding rough-shod o'er the city.

CRITIC.

We read in history, that from Cortez' force
Strayed once, on march, a miserable horse.
The natives, in whose country he, chance-driven,
Wandered, believed the brute a god from heaven,
Or some beneficent demon, at the least;
Not having known before that kind of beast.
They lodged him nobly; worshipped him some hours;
And begged him to partake of fowls and flowers.
But though these offerings doubtless pleased his eye,
They plagued his heart; and so, reduced to lie,
Though leagues of grass waved round him eight feet high,
Their deity had nothing but to die.
They, thinking he did this to condemn
Some sins or vices he had spied in them,
Not to be cozened out of all their pains,
Propped up his bones, and worshipped his remains.
So we, adopting just as sane a course,
By thus immortalizing Wellesley's horse,
Honour the incarnation of brute force.'

Now there ensues talk about our constantly recurring 'rumours of invasion,' with one fancies a leaning towards 'Europe's foremost name imperial;' Church and Dissent; Bank rogueries; and the governing classes; winding up with this sentiment on the part of CRITIC:—

'I, on the whole, have come to one conclusion,
That government's a noble institution;
And we and all mankind with awe should cover us.
Towards those who take the trouble to rule over us.'

We pass over the disgusting jingle between 'all moral' and 'Balmoral,' and come to a diversion, in which there is really one funny touch:

'CRITIC.

But now I think of it,—

AUTHOR.

Why yes; I've brought
A trifling MS. which I hoped,—I thought—

CRITIC.

Thank ye. I've seen so many in my day;—
In fact, I read but little any way,
And manuscript, I must say, least of all,
Young authors mostly write such wretched scrawl,

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They might have been (so deems a mere outsider)
Taught penmanship by some demented spider,
Whose education had been so neglected,
That what his pupils proved might be expected.

AUTHOR.

I thought you read what you reviewed?

CRITIC.

Sometimes,
When our opinion with the Author's chimes.

FRIEND.

Good. A mind open to conviction means
One free to tend which side self-interest leans.

CRITIC.

But ah; just Heaven! what have I done at last?
Evaded dog-tax? or, when came the Fast,
Was it, that on the seventh of last October
I was (perhaps) too abstinent—too sober?
The noble order of Pythagoreans,
Who ate of neither hearts, nor brains, nor bëans
(Note the diæresis), nor drank of wine
Until the sun, sea-setting, gave the sign
To the Initiate, were not more punctilious
Than I, though constitutionally bilious,
And not improved by losing a day's dinner,
Which, though it makes one sallower grow and thinner,
Leaves me as much as ever of a sinner;
Whatever my offence, like Cain, I swear
My punishment is more than I can bear.

AUTHOR.

Why, what on earth's the matter?

FRIEND.

What's amiss?

CRITIC.

Look on this bard—the miscreant! And on this!

FRIEND.

What, this? Woe's me! a roll of rhymes, I find.

CRITIC.

Oh, rhyme! thou fatal gift to humankind;
Bane of our tongue, beguiler of our youth,
Far urging from the strict and sober truth;
Far from the steep where science cheering stands.

AUTHOR.

Oh, help me, Phœbus! In what gentle hands
I've placed my verses, and my muse's credit.
Give back the volume!

CRITIC.

What? Before I've read

FRIEND.

Of fugitive verse I cannot say I'm fond.

CRITIC.

Of fugitive? No; nor yet of vagabond.
Behold another innocent designed
To swell some massacre of infant mind.
The crowd, the crush, of books is now so great,

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Of inky rags earth groans beneath the weight,
And oftimes sore remonstrates with her fate:
While mobs of mimic bards, before our eyes,
The "wilderness of monkeys" realize.

FRIEND.

Here with my learned brother I concur;
For books one scarcely can with comfort stir
From house to house. The nonsense they contain
Breeds, doubtless, polymania in the brain.

AUTHOR.

Why we may not as reasonably produce
New books, as Nature new things for our use,
When winter wanes, and slowly greening woods
Make dim the distant view through thickening buds
I cannot see. For every time and place
Hath special want and aptitude and case,
Which leaves for just supply an ample space.'

There is humour in the Critic's expostulatory, 'What, before I've read it?' coming after his abuse of new verse, and springing from the inclination of critic-kind to read every thing. And there is sense in the plea of our friend the AUTHOR for new books. Clearly, there can be no *à priori* limit to productivity. Let things work after their kind. Every bard for himself, Apollo for us all, and Oblivion take the hindmost.

Our readers will call to mind our comment just above upon the passages touching Wisdom and Freedom. We now stumble upon these very curious stanzas:—

'AUTHOR.

Freedom is to Wisdom so allied,
You may regard them as bridegroom and bride.

FRIEND.

I beg your pardon; Wisdom's an old maid,
And of all freedom mortally afraid.'

Candid minds will take their choice! Is Wisdom a bride or an old maid?*

'Critic' finds no love verses in the new MS., which leads to a general discussion upon love and its relation to life, in which our friend the Critic takes the stilts:—

---

* Mr. Patmore's 'Angel in the House' has these verses:—

'Lo, there, whence love, life, light are pour'd,
Veil'd with impenetrable rays,
Amidst the presence of the Lord,
Coequal Wisdom laughs and plays.

'Female and male God made the man;
His image is the whole, not half;
And in our love we dimly scan
The love which is between Himself.'

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CRITIC.

But love! (blaspheme not) spurns all mean control,
The most æthereal passion of the soul,
The highest of the billows ever stealing
Across the restless depths of human feeling,
And if, at youth's full tide, on hostile shore,
It dash the gallant heart, the heart's glad course is o'er.
And so your sight—for bards profess to watch
The tides of their own souls, could never catch
Love's bounding billow and its blinding spray,
Dazzling and dancing on its homeward way.

AUTHOR.

What if I say, No?

CRITIC.

Go, then, recreant elf!
A man, a poet, self-absorbed in self;
A monster! You write! Pray, sir, can you fly?
For love's the alphabet of poesy;
A heavenly instinct most to life allied,
The source and end of nature sanctified.
The wretch who ne'er hath studied in Love's school,
Stands but one grade above the babe or fool;
One fit of love instructs us more in life,
Than fifty years of selfishness or strife;
To all more manly energy imparts,
Expands, exalts, and purifies their hearts,
All that we learn of good we learn in youth,
When passion's heart is pure, when love is truth;
When—

FRIEND.

I beg pardon; did you name the day?

AUTHOR.

It quite escaped his memory, I dare say.
Pray, tell us, then, what quarter of the moon
Such things occur in. 'Twere a general boon.'

A little further on, FRIEND makes an observation, which we have often wondered is not made more frequently, respecting the most prominent topic of your modern book of song:—

'What we object to is the undue prominence,
In modern song, and almost total dominance
Of "woman's love," which but an episode is
In men's lives, who are not the sex's toadies.'

With a most undramatic forgetfulness, Mr. Bailey now puts into the mouth of CRITIC an explanatory observation, which belies the part that gentleman has hitherto been playing in this part of the discussion:—

'Here Burns and Byron led the way, and this is
Why poets deify their little misses,
Who doubtless are to them the incarnation
Of comprehensive and profound temptation.
Deep read in writers of our modern verse,
Living and dead, whose names I'll not rehearse,
Follow your leader each one cries till hoarse,
Without reflecting whither tends their course.'

We are bold to affirm that the reason of the prevalence of love poetry

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in modern days,—and by the way a very large proportion of it is domestic,—lies much deeper than imitations of Burns and Byron. And this strikes you at a glance,—that recent verse about 'woman's love,' granting its nauseous excess and its obvious imitativeness,—is *not* imitative of either Byron or Burns. The cultivation of German literature, and conquent reinvigoration (we hold the fact of such reinvigoration to be undeniable) of the Teutonic tone of feeling towards womanhood and domestic life, has had much more to do with it. If Mr. Bailey will take the trouble to trace the birth in his brain of his own 'Festus,' he will know more about the genesis of the silly love-dramas, which we owe partly to the existence of that poem, as *it* partly owed its existence to 'Faust,' than will permit him to say that 'Burns and Byron led the way' in this matter. In those love-dramas there is almost always present an idea which is missing in Burns and Byron,—namely, the culture and purification of the man through even mistaken loves. This is often put in the most revolting shapes, and we have heard it gravely urged that a Goethe had a perfect right to sacrifice Frederika or twenty Frederikas to his culture, if necessary; as thus:—*Friend.* The world could better spare a score of Frederikas than one Goethe. *Ourself.* Granted that that might be said from Above, what right had Goethe or A. B. to say it? *Friend.* What is right from above must be right from below. *Ourself.* But there you knock your head against the question of Free Will—and so on. It is this spirit which pervades the recent poet-love drama, and makes it, imitativeness apart, so horrible. But, on the whole, we are inclined to think the love poetry of our day a hopeful sign rather than the reverse. We, for one, are never afraid of moonshine. The facts of life are too strong for it. There is bread and butter, and, thank heaven,—to parody Rowland Hill,—there are policemen! The real puzzle about many of the love poems in question is this:—that though the singer has generally an esoteric meaning, or rather an esoteric reference (so that he sings at once an actual and an ideal love), and though his machinery is purposely adopted to blind the crowd as to that reference and put them on a false track,—he should yet take a pleasure in singing to an audience over and above stars and winds. As to the alleged weakness and indelicacy of publishing love confidences, the answer lies in the privilege and gift of the singer to say everything and nothing at once, by using universal symbols, and also in the fact that to speak (ostensibly) to *all* the world is as private a transaction as speaking to your own desk.

We cannot forbear quoting the following subtle and eloquent bit of scepticism—beyond question the finest and most pregnant part of the book:—

'AUTHOR.

I never loved, nor was loved; that is truth;
But who to woman has not sworn forsooth?

FRIEND.

Well, that's a question questionably fit;
The Court reserves the point; considers it.

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AUTHOR.

You smile. 'Tis true; all feeling may be feigned,
As well forestalled or mimicked as restrained;
Consider well yourself: the unwary heart
With will and wile plays but a third-rate part.

CRITIC.

To libel human nature is not fit,
You show methinks more insolence than wit.
Though truth were held a libel (wisely, too,
As dolts may deem), all libels are not true.

FRIEND.

Dissimulation, one may safely say,
Of all arts, dates from the most distant day.
The first thing Adam did, by way of task,
When he left Eden was to make a mask.
Of worldly goods he set but scanty store.
True, he'd a little baggage, Eve no more;
But in her centred every contrariety;
His friend, his foe, his wife, and his society;
She was his subject, rebel, liege and equal,
And played so various parts that in the sequel
She showed as one too many for one man,
Till Adam pitched upon the aforesaid plan,
A fact which does him honour if aught can;
Whereby he grew, though each an early riser,
Almost a match for her, and her adviser.'

We leave every heart to extract its own appropriate measure of truth from all this,—with this observation, that it is plainly the writing of a man with one eye too many.

The 'Satire' now glides away into things in general again, and then returns to literature, to afford FRIEND an opportunity of prescribing for his auditors a somewhat wildly catholic course of reading,—in which Merrick, Byrom, and Barbauld, are 'not despised,' or 'duly prized!' One clever thing occurs here:—

'Pope's noblest work, his Essay upon Man,
Claims a sublime and comprehensive plan.
Devout in strain, yet, (strange and sad behaviour,)
He holds his theme complete without a Saviour.

CRITIC.

He fancied, I suspect, 'twas rather odd,
That one should come between "A. Pope," and God.'

Mr. Buckle, as hinted before, comes in for a just rebuke:—

'CRITIC.

Nature hath not to sex or class confined
Her noblest gifts; so every now and then
Are women found with minds surpassing men.
Kind Nature loves exceptions most because
They soften her severely general laws.
Women, says Mr. B., in his instructive
Lectures, have minds preëminently deductive,
Inductive, men; (I doubt whether the particle's
Precisely proper to the several articles)

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But this I think is clear, that his division
Fails from a lack of logical precision.
Beside the inductive, and deductive modes
Of reasoning, much the nearest of all roads'
Is the intuitive; and that, we know,
The short cut, by their instincts, women go;
Indeed they only in perfection hold
Those faculties more fine than finest gold.
But were the Lecturer's dictum true, then they
Would be the first logicians of the day;
But fact and Nature fail him at this point,
And so the Theorist's theory's out of joint.
For mark how rarely women follow out
A train of reasoning; they've no time to doubt;
You argue with them a whole summer's day;
And they'll refute whatever you don't say.'

Ranging at large again in politics and life, Mr. Bailey gives us some striking couplets.—As thus:—

'AUTHOR.

What is the wise man's influence in his day?
Is it the few, or many have their way?

CRITIC.

Here, to majorities the sway is given:
Rule, if you will, minorities, in heaven!'

And again:—

'CRITIC.

An army is a people organized,
A senate is a nation symbolized,
A monarch is a state idealized.'

We apprehend that at bottom, and in the long run, it is 'the few,' and not the 'many,' who have their way—else, where is the standpoint from which to *look out* for heaven? Given, a world in which wrong rules, who is the Ruler?

There is one more long extract which we cannot omit:—

'AUTHOR.

Misled by writers in whose narrow view
All high is false, all low life only true;
Who own no taste as sound, nor purpose valid,
But what concerns the vile, or paints the squalid;—
Profoundest sciolists who proclaim with gravity,
That human nature simply means depravity;
Who think the apple off Truth's head they hit,
When, with malicious and left-handed wit,
Father and brother, husband, son, maid, wife,
And mother, all estates of human life,
They have denounced, each one for other's eye,
Washing the face with white hypocrisy;
Who versed immensely in low London life
Are always twiddling their dissecting knife,
And hacking social sores with fetor rife,
Who with their gross recitals think to harrow
Our souls, and melt us to the very marrow,
With words, like boulders shot out of a barrow,
So graphic and mellifluous seems the style

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Of articles contracted for "per mile:"
Philosophers, who hold all evils owing
(Themselves without one ray their pathway showing),
To what they keep perpetually "don't know"-ing;
But, granting all were systemised confusion,
For this each holds his little quack solution;
Who, deep in surfaces, delight to show
How manfully mid shallows they can go;
Who, sin ignoring, gloriously conceive
The world's vast cure were—nothing to believe;
Such earnest lieges to their empress Reason,
They look on faith as logical high treason;
But urged by want of wit, which seems immeasurable,
Secrete, by process, to us, aught but pleasurable,
Out of their souls, a torpid admiration,
Of something not unlike a Possible Negation;
Conceived, by those who boast its comprehension,
To be much flattered by that kind attention
From cognate minds, whose happiest view consists
In holding God and man both pessimists,—
You, too, with the Aristarchi of our day,
Wild to be thought judicious, in your way;
Critics, whose lucubrations feast our eyes
In journals of the most portentous size;
Who, ignorant of all but native graces,
Like leopards lick and paw each other's faces
For love, with diabolical grimaces;
Who seek to gain our sympathies in chief
For heroes whose address would gall a thief;
Send one to study nature in blind allies,
(No doubt your taste with your instruction tallies,)
"No thoroughfares," and black and filthy slums
Where Nature—bar ill-nature—never comes;
And culs-de-sac where—if you once get in—
You are stifled with the reek of rags and gin.
This is not Nature, nor dear Nature's sin;
But laws unsocial, wherein, like to graves,
Drop, tribe by tribe, the poor machine-made slaves,
Who lose all root in Nature.'

We are heartily glad at last to hear a voice raised against such 'painting' of 'life as it really is' as has become too shamefully popular from 'Mystery-of-London'-mongers and 'Sketchers,' and sham-missionary-men in general. Such writing is sapping the foundation of goodness in a million hearts. Let no man try to 'sketch life,' even in a back slum, who cannot saturate his 'sketch' with the light of love and trust. The Deluge has been; the sweet savour of Self-sacrifice has gone up; the Bow is set in the cloud. If the rain lies deep in many a pool, let no one dare to ignore the Eternal Promise, in painting the transiencies of 'life as it is.'

We must draw to a close. In his last volume, Mr. Bailey permitted himself the use of a goodly number of ugly, sesquipedal, quasi-technical words. Some few of these *ought* to have been understood,—for instance, that reviewer was not clever who sneered at the phrase 'silt up.' But the majority, we insist, were abominations, and so Mr. Bailey was told at the time. That he has not forgotten, let this attest:—

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'FRIEND.

There's nothing rivets great and wise intents
So firmly as a few discouragements.

AUTHOR.

Remember me to that select society
Whose members form such an unique variety—
As touching their opinions—of the race
To which their ignorant ancestry they trace.

CRITIC.

We'd introduce you, but that poets over
For mixed society are far too clever.

FRIEND.

Stop; if you publish,—don't now be absurd—
But if you wish for welcome, use no word
For which Reviewers will have cause to look
Beyond the fifth page of their spelling book,
Where halt they must o'er many a frightful syllable,
Their sluggish organs to pronounce are ill able.'

The CRITIC now gives a very pretty picture of what and who await him on the banks of the Medway, and the 'Satire' closes with—

'AUTHOR.

Well, there's no help for it, I go,—Good day—
To play at work.

FRIEND.

And we to work at play.

AUTHOR.

An easy lot, whichever light we view it in;
Nothing to do, and all one's life to do it in.'

We would fain, if we had space, quote from the few pages at the end, 'The Nemesis of Nations'—but our quotations have already been excessive.

We recur to our opening words. We willingly hear *all* Mr. Bailey has to say, and blame where we please. But, with all our hearts, we *thank* him for the smaller poems in this volume.

Family Unity and Responsibility.*

A HOMILY.

'THE children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger.' In this lively picture you have the illustration of a great and momentous truth—*the Organic Unity of the Family*. If it be an idolatrous family, worshippers of the moon, for example, such is the organic relation of the members, that they are all involved together,

* 'The Organic Unity of the Family.' By Horace Bushnell, D.D., Philadelphia,

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and the idol worship is the common act of the house. The children gather wood, the fathers kindle the fire, the women prepare the cakes for an offering, and the queen of heaven receives it, as one that is the joint product of the whole family. The worship is family worship; the god of one is the god of all; the spirit of one the spirit of all.

And so it is with all family transactions and feelings. They implicate ordinarily the whole circle of the house, young and old, male and female, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters. They act together, take a common character, accept the same delusions, practise the same sins, and ought, I believe, to be sanctified by a common grace.

This most serious truth is one that is exceedingly remote from the present age, and from no part of the Christian world more remote than from us. All our modern notions and speculations have taken a bent towards individualism. In the state, we have been engaged to bring out the civil rights of the individual, asserting his proper liberties as a person, and vindicating his conscience, as a subject of God, from the constraints of force. In matters of religion, we have burst the bonds of church authority, and erected the individual mind into a tribunal of judgment within itself, we have asserted free will as the ground of all proper responsibility, and framed our theories of religion so as to justify the incommunicable nature of persons as distinct units. While thus engaged, we have well nigh lost, as was to be expected, the idea of organic powers and relations. The State, the Church, the Family, have ceased to be regarded as such, according to their proper idea, and become mere collections of units. A national life, a church life, a family life, is no longer conceived, or perhaps conceivable by many. Instead of being wrought together and penetrated, to some extent, by historic laws and forces common to all the members, we only seem to lie as seeds piled together, without any terms of connexion, save the accident of proximity, or the fact that we all belong to the heap. And thus the three great forms of organic existence, which God has appointed for the race, are in fact lost out of mental recognition. The conception is so far gone that, when the fact of such an organic relation is asserted, our enlightened public will stare at the strange conceit, and wonder what can be meant by a paradox so absurd.

My design, at the present time, is to restore, if possible, the conception of one of these organic forms, viz., the family. For though we have gained immense advantages, in a civil, ecclesiastical, and religious point of view, by our modern development of individualism, we have yet run ourselves into many hurtful misapprehensions on all these subjects, which, if they are not rectified, will assuredly bring disastrous consequences. And nowhere consequences more disastrous than in the family, where they are already apparent, though not fully matured: for the very change of view, by which we have cleared individual responsibility, in our discussions of free will, original sin, and kindred subjects, has operated, in another direction, to diminish responsibility, where most especially it needs to be felt, that is, in Christian families.

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What, then, do we mean by the organic unity of the family? It will be understood, of course, that we do not speak of a physical or vascular connexion, for, after birth, there is no such connexion existing, any more than there is between persons of different families. In so far, however, as a connexion of parentage, or derivation, has affected the character, that fact must be included, though it cannot be regarded as a chief element in the unity asserted. Perhaps I shall be understood with the greatest facility, if I say the family is such a body, that a power over character is exerted therein, *which cannot properly be called influence.* We commonly use the term *influence* to denote a persuasive power, or a governmental power, exerted purposely, and with a conscious design to effect some result in the subject. In maintaining the organic unity of the family, I mean to assert, that a power is exerted by parents over children, not only when they teach, encourage, persuade, and govern, but without any purposed control whatever. The bond is so intimate that they do it unconsciously and undesignedly —they must do it. Their character, feelings, spirit, and principles must propagate themselves, whether they will or not. However, as influence in the sense just given, cannot be *received* by childhood, prior to the age of reason and deliberative choice, the control of parents purposely exerted, must be regarded, during that early period, as an absolute force, not as influence. All such acts of control, therefore, must, in metaphysical propriety, and as far as the child is concerned, be classed under the general denomination of *organic* causes. And thus *whatever* power over character is exerted in families one side of consent, in the children, and even before they have come to the age of rational choice, must be taken as organic power, in the same way as if the effect accrued under a law of simple contagion. So, too, when the child performs acts of will, under parental direction, that involve results of character, without knowing or considering that they do, these must be classed in the same manner.

In general, then, we find the organic unity of the family, in every exertion of power over character, which is not exerted *and* received as influence; that is, with a *design* to address the choice on one side, and *a sense* of responsible choice on the other. Or, to use language more popular, we conceive the manners, personal views, prejudices, practical motives and spirit of the house, as an atmosphere which passes into all and pervades all, as naturally as the air they breathe. This, however, not in any such absolute or complete sense as to leave no room for individual distinctions. Sometimes the two parents will have a very different spirit themselves, though the grace of God is pledged to make the better, if it be truly right and hindered by no gross inconsistencies, victorious. Sometimes the child, passing into the sphere of other causes, as in the school, the Church, neighbouring families, or general society, will emerge and take a character partially distinct—partially, I say, never wholly. The order of the house will always be in his garments, and the internal difficulties with which he has to struggle will spring of the family seeds planted in his nature.

Having carefully stated thus what I mean by the organic unity of

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the family, I next proceed to inquire whether any such unity exists? And here it is worth noticing—

1. That there is nothing in this view which conflicts with the proper individuality of persons and their separate responsibility. We have gained immense advantages, in modern times, as regards society, government, and character, by liberating and exalting the individual man. Far be it from me to underrate these advantages, or to bring them into jeopardy. But a child manifestly cannot be a proper individual, before he is one. Nothing can be gained by assuming that he is, and, if it is not true, much is sure to be lost. Besides, we are never, at any age, so completely individual as to be clear of organic connexions, that affect our character. To a certain extent, and for certain purposes, we are parts, individuals, acting each for his own will. Then, to a certain extent, and for certain other purposes, we are parts or members of a common body, as truly as the limbs of a tree. We have an open side in our nature, where a common feeling enters, where we adhere, and through which we are actuated by a common will. There are many—here we are one.

It is remarkable, too, how often, without knowing it, and, as it were instinctively, we assume the fact and act upon it. We do it, for example, as between nations, where it is not so much the moral life as the national that constructs the supposed unity. One nation, for instance, has injured or oppressed another—sought to crush, or actually crushed another by invasion. A century or more afterwards, the wrong is remembered and the injured nation takes the field, still burning for redress. The history of Carthage and Rome gives us an example. But, suppose it had been said—'This is very absurd in you Carthaginians. The Romans, who did you the injury, are all dead, and those who now bear the name are their children's children. They have done you no injury any more than the people of Britain, or India. Neither is it the walls, or streets, or temples of Rome that have injured you. The Roman territory is mere land, and this has not injured you. Why, then, go to war with the Romans? How absurd to think of redressing your old injuries, by a war with men who have done you no harm!' Now it was by just this kind of sophistry that Mr. Jefferson proved that a public debt is obligatory for only one generation, and possibly the Carthaginians might have speculatively stumbled by such reasonings. Still they could not have been quite satisfied, I think, of their validity. Against all speculation, they would still have felt that the proposed war was somehow reconcilable with reason. The question is not whether, on Christian principles, they were right, but whether, on natural principles, they were absurd. This probably no reader of the history has ever felt. For, whether it squares with our speculative notions or not, we do all tacitly assume the organic unity of nations. The past we behold—living in the present and all together we regard as one, inhabited by the common life. How much more true is this (though in a different way) in families, where the common life is so nearly absolute over the members; where they are all enclosed within the four walls of their

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dwellings, partakers in a common blood, in common interests, wants, feelings, and principles.

2. We discover the organic unity of families, in the fact that one generation is the natural offspring of another. And so much is there in this, that the children almost always betray their origin, in their looks and features. The stamp of a common nature is on them, revealed in the stature, complexion, gait, form, and dispositions. Sometimes we seem to see remarkable exceptions. But, in such cases, we should commonly find, if we could bring up to view the ancestors of remoter generations, that the family bond is still perpetuated, only by a wider reach of connexion. There are said to be two maiden sisters, the last of a distinguished family, now living in England, who having no resemblance to any near ancestor, have yet a very striking resemblance to the portrait, still hanging in the family mansion, of an ancestor seven generations back. Indeed, I have myself distinguished by their looks the relationship of two persons, connected by a common derivation eight generations back, and who more closely resembled each other in their persons than either his nearest kindred. So that, in cases where there seems to be no transmission of resemblances, there is yet a probable transmission, only one that is covert and more comprehensive. Now strong external resemblances may co-exist with marked external differences, and therefore do not prove a coincidence of character. And yet it cannot be denied that, as far as they go, they argue a transmission of capacities and dispositions, which enter into character, as remote causes, or occasions. Nor does it make any difference, as regards the matter in question, whether souls, or spiritual natures, come into being through propagation, or not. If they are created, as some fancy, by the immediate inbreathing of God, still they are measured by the house they are to live in, and the outward man is, in all cases, a fit organ for the person within. The dispositions, tempers, capacities, the natural, and, to a great extent, the moral character have the outward frame, as a fit organ of use and expression. It will even be observed, too, that in cases where there is a remarkable change of character, it will be signified, in due time, by a change of manner, aspect, and expression.

Besides, it is well understood that qualities received by training, and *not* in themselves natural, do also pass by transmission. It is said, for example, that the dog used in hunting was originally trained by great care and effort, and that now almost no training is necessary; for the artificial quality has become, to a great extent, natural in the stock. We have also a most ominous example of this fact in the human species. I speak of the Jewish race. The singular devotion of this race to money and traffic is even a proverb. But their ancestors, of the ancient times, were not thus distinguished. They were a simple, agricultural people, remarkable for nothing but their religious opinions, and, in a late period of the commonwealth, for their fanatical heroism and obstinacy. Whence the change? History gives the mournful answer, showing them to view, for long ages, as a hated and down-trodden people, allowed no rights in the soil, shut up within some

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narrow and foul precinct in the cities, compelled to subsist by some meagre traffic, denied every possession but money, and suffered to keep in security not even that, save as they could hide it in secret places, and cloak the suspicion of wealth under a sordid exterior. They have thus been educated to be misers by the extortions and the hatred of Christendom; till finally an artificial nature, so to speak, has been formed in the race, and we take it even as the instinct of a Jew to get money by small traffic and sharp bargains. So there is little room to doubt that every sort of character and employment, even, passes an effect and works some predisposition in those who come after.

Could we enter into the mental habits of those children who are spoken of in my text, and trace out all the threads of their inward character and disposition, we should doubtless find some colour of idolatry in the fibre of their very being. They are not such as they would be if their parents, of this and remote generations, had been worshippers of the true God. Their talents, dispositions, propensities, are different. The idol god is in their faces and their bones, and his stamp is on their spirit. Not in such a sense that the sin of idolatry is in them—that is inconceivable; for no proper sin can pass by transmission—but that they have a vicious, or prejudicial infection from it, a damage accruing from their historical connexion and that of their progenitors with it.

Nor, with these familiar laws of physiology before us, is it reasonable to doubt that, where there is a long line of godly fathers and mothers, kept up in regular succession for many generations, a religious temperament may at length be produced, that is more in the power of conscience, less wayward as regards principles of integrity, and more pliant to the Christian motives. More can be said with no confidence; for the best Christians have but a mixed character.

3. We shall find that there is a law of connexion, after birth, under which power over character is exerted, without any design to do it. For a considerable time after birth, the child has no capacity of will and choice developed, and therefore is not a subject of influence, in the common sense of that term. He is not as yet a complete individual, he has only powers and capacities that prepare him to be, when they are unfolded. They are in him only as wings and a capacity to fly are in the egg. Meantime he is open to *impressions* from everything he sees. His character is forming, under a principle, not of choice, but of nurture. The spirit of the house is breathed into his nature, day by day. The anger and gentleness, the fretfulness and patience, the appetites, passions, and manners, all the variant moods of feeling, exhibited round him, pass into him as impressions, and become seeds of character in him—not because the parents will, but because it must be so, whether they will or not. They propagate their own evil in the child, not by design, but under a law of moral infection. Before the children begin to gather wood for the sacrifice, the spirit of the idol and his faith has been communicated. The airs and feelings and conduct of idolatry have filled their natures with impressions, which are back of all choice and memory. Go out to them then, as they are gathering faggots for the idol sacrifice, ask them what ques-

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tions they have had about the service of the god, what doubts, whether any unsatisfied debate or perplexing struggle has visited their minds, and you will probably awaken their first thoughts on the subject by the inquiry itself. All because they have grown up in the idol worship, from a point back in memory. They received it through their impressions, before they were able to receive it from choice. And so it is with all the moral transactions of the house. The spirit of the house is in the members by nurture, not by teaching, not by any attempt to communicate the same, but because it is the air the children breathe.

Now it is in the twofold manner set forth, under this and the previous head of my discourse, that our race have fallen as a race into moral corruption and apostasy. In these two methods, the race have been subjected, as an organic unity, to evil; so that when they come to the age of proper individuality, the damage received has prepared them to set forth on a course of blameable and guilty transgression. The question of original or imputed sin has been much debated in modern times, and the effort has been to vindicate the personal responsibility of each individual, as a moral agent. Nor is any thing more clear, on first principles, than that no man is responsible for any sin but his own. The sin of no person can be transmitted, as a sin, or charged to the account of another. But it does not therefore follow that there are no moral connexions between individuals, by which one becomes a corrupter of others. If we are units, so also are we a race, and the race is one—one family, one organic whole; such that the fall of the head involves the fall of all the members. Under the old doctrines of original sin, federal headship, and the like, cast away by many, ridiculed by not a few, there yet lies a great and momentous truth, announced by reason as clearly as by Scripture—that in Adam all die, that by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, that death had passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. Not that this original scheme of unity is any disadvantage. I firmly believe and think I could show the contrary even. Enough that so the Scriptures speak, and that so we see, by inspection itself. There can be no greater credulity than for any man to expect that a sinful and death-struck being, one who has fallen out of the harmony of his mold by sin, should yet communicate no trace of evil from himself, no diseased or damaged quality, no moral discolour to the generations that derive their existence from him. To make that possible, every law of physiology must be adjourned, and, what is more, all that we see with our eyes, in the eventful era of impressions, must be denied.

I am well aware that those who have advocated, in former times, the church dogma of original sin, as well as those who adhere to it now, speak only of a taint derived by natural, or physical propagation, and do not include the taint derived afterwards, under the law of family infection. It certainly can be no heresy to include the latter, and, since it is manifest that both fall within the same general category of organic connexion, it is equally manifest that both ought to be included, and, in all systematic reasonings, must be. If, during the age of

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impressions in the child, and previous to the development of will, a power is exerted over character—exerted necessarily both as regards the sinful parent and the child, and that as truly as if it fell within the laws of propagation itself—it cannot be right to attribute the moral taint wholly, or even principally, to propagation. Until the child comes to his will, we must regard him still as held within the matrix of the parental life, and then, when he is ripe for responsible choice, as born for action—a proper and complete person. Taking this comprehensive view of the organic unity of successive generations of men, the truth we assert of human depravation is not a half-truth exaggerated (which many will not regard as any truth at all), but it is a broad, well authenticated doctrine, which no intelligent observer of facts and principles can deny. It shows the past descending on the present, the present on the future, by an inevitable law, and yet gives every parent the hope of mitigating the sad legacy of mischief he entails upon his children, by whatever improvements of character and conduct he is able to make—a hope which Christian promise so far clears to his view, as even to allow him the presumption that his child may be set forth into responsible action, as a Christian person.

In offering these thoughts, it will be seen that I have not digressed from my subject, but have extended the proof of my doctrine rather, discovering, within its scope, the fall of man itself. As a farther proof of the organic unity of the family, I allege—

4. The fact that, in all organic bodies known to us states, churches, sects, armies, there is a common spirit, by which they are pervaded and distinguished from each other. And we use this word *spirit* in such cases, to denote a power interfused, a comprehensive will actuating the members, regarding also the common body itself, as a larger and more inclusive individual. How different, for example, is the spirit of France from the spirit of England; the spirit of both from that of the United States; and that from the spirit of the Spartan or Athenian republic. This national spirit too is, as it were, a common power in each, by which the subordinate, individual members are assimilated and made to have a kind of organic character. And so much is there in this, that an Englishman cannot make to himself a French character, or any one of us an English character. We cannot act the character one of another; for so distant are the feelings, prejudices, and temperaments of each, that they can not ever be accurately conceived and reproduced, unless we are actually enveloped in them as an atmosphere.

In the same manner, there is a peculiar spirit in every church. Whether you take the larger divisions, the Jewish, the Greek, the Roman, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Congregational, or descend to the particular churches of a given city, you will find something characteristic in each—a common power, which gives a common stamp to the members peculiar to themselves. Or if you visit a Quaker settlement, where a few men and women are gathered into a kind of church family, you will discover that the members are pervaded, all, by a peculiar spirit, as distinct from the

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world around them, as if they were a new discovered people. And these Quaker settlements may be taken as a kind of intermediate link between the church state and the family.

Passing then to families, you are not surprised to discover the same thing. This is specially evident, where the family is isolated and does not mingle extensively with the world. You can scarcely open the door and take a seat in their house, least of all can you go to their table, or spend a night in their hospitality, without being impressed by the fact. And this family spirit will sometimes be exceedingly opposite to the spirit of goodness. Here it is money, money, written on every face. Here it is good living; here show; here scandal and detraction. Sometimes the sense of religion and of spiritual things will seem to be nearly lost, or obliterated. Sometimes a positive hatred of God and of all good men and principles will constitute the staple of family feeling. Sometimes a dull and sullen contempt of such things will hold the place of open animosity.

Now it is true that the family spirit does not always perfectly master and assimilate all the members. You will find a Christian son, or daughter, here and there, in spite of the ruling spirit of the house. This, however, simply because families mingle, in some degree, with the world, falling thus under the power of another spirit, that masters the spirit reigning at home. The children go into other families, where they are visited by other feelings. They go into the church of God, where the church spirit breathes another atmosphere. In the school, they are penetrated by the school spirit. In the shop, or in the transactions of trade, the same is true. Were it not for this, I doubt whether the family spirit would not, uniformly, be found to rule the character of all the members. Whoever expects that an idolatrous religion in the house will not uniformly produce idolaters? So the Mohammedan spirit makes only Mohammedans. In like manner, a thievish house perpetuates a race of thieves. Consider also the ductility and the perfect passivity of childhood. Early childhood resists nothing. What is given it receives, making no selection. To expect, therefore, that a child will form to himself a spirit opposite to the spirit of the family, without once feeling the power of a counteractive spirit, would be, in the highest degree, unreasonable. Doubtless he has a conscience, which is the law of God in his breast, and he has a will free to choose what his conscience requires. But his passions are unfolded before his discretion; his prejudices bent before he assumes the function of self-government. He breathes the atmosphere of the house. He sees the world through his parents' eyes. Their objects become his. Their life and spirit mould him. If they are carnal, coarse, passionate, profane, sensual, devilish, his little plastic nature takes the poison of course. Their very motions, manners, and voices, will be distinguishable in him. He lives and moves and has his being in them.

I do not say, of course, that he will exactly resemble them in character. Were he to receive a contagious disease, he would, doubtless, be differently handled under it from the person who gave

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the infection. I only say that the moral disease of the family he assuredly will take, and that, probably, without ever a question, or a cautious feeling started. If some other spirit, from other families, or the church, or the world, do not reach him, the organic spirit of the house will infallibly shape and subordinate his character.

5. We are led to the same conclusion, by considering what may be called the organic *working* of a family. The child begins, at length, to develop his character, in and through his voluntary power. But he is still under the authority of the parent, and has only a partial control of himself, in the extension of which he is gradually approaching a complete personality. Now there is a perpetual working in the family by which the wills both of the parents and the children are held in exercise, and which, without any design to affect character on one side or conscious consent on the other, is yet fashioning results of a moral quality, as it were, by the joint industry of the house. And these results are to be taken, according to our definition, as included in the organic unity of the family. I except, of course, all the voluntary actings that are designed to influence the child, and are yielded to by him as consciously good or wrong.

The truth here brought to view is graphically set forth in my text. Whatever working there is in the house, all work together. If the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead the cakes, the children will gather the wood, and the idol worship will set the whole circle of the house in action. The child being under the law of the parents, they will keep him at work to execute their plans, or their sins, as the case may be; and they will seldom think of what they do, or require, so he will seldom have any scruple concerning it. The property gained belongs to the family. They have a common interest and every prejudice, or animosity, felt by the parents; the children are sure to feel even more intensely. They are all locked together, in one cause—in common cares, hopes, offices, and duties; for their honour and dishonour, their sustenance, their ambition, all their objects are common. So they are trained of necessity to a kind of general working, or co-operation, and, like stones rolled together in some brook or eddy, they wear each other into common shapes. If the family subsist by plunder, then the infant is swaddled as a thief, the child wears a thief's garments, and feeds the growth of his body on stolen meat; and, in due time, he will have the trade upon him, without ever knowing that he has taken it up, or when he took it up. If the father is intemperate, the children must go on errands to procure his supplies, lose the shame that might be their safety, be immersed in the fumes of liquor in going and coming, and why not rewarded by an occasional taste of what is so essential to the enjoyment of life? If the family subsist in idleness and beggary, then the children will be trained to lie skilfully, and maintain their false pretences with a plausible effrontery—all this, you will observe, not as a sin, but as a trade.

Nor does what I am saying hold only in cases of extreme viciousness and depravity. Whatever fire the fathers kindle the children are

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always found gathering the wood—always helping as accessories and apprentices. If the father reads a newspaper, or a sporting gazette on Sunday, the family must help him find it. If he writes a letter of business on Sunday, he will send his child to the office with the letter. If the mother is a scandal-monger, she will make her children spies and eavesdroppers. If she sends word to her servant to say, at the door, that she is not at home, she will sometimes send it by her child. If she is ambitious that her children should excel in a display of finery and fashion, they must wear the show and grow up in the spirit of it. If her house is a den of disorder and filth, they must be at home in it. Fretfulness and ill temper in the parents are provocations, and therefore, somewhat more efficacious than commandments to the same. The proper result will be a congenial assemblage, in the house, of petulance and ill-nature. The niggardly parsimony, that quarrels with a child, when asking for a book needful for his proficiency at school, is teaching him that money is worth more than knowledge. If the parents are late risers, the children must not disturb the house, but stay quiet and take a lesson, that is to assist their energy and promptness in the future business of life. If they go to church only half of the day, they will not send their children the other half. If they never read the Bible, they will never teach it. If they laugh at religion, they will put a face upon it, which will make their children justify the contempt they express. This enumeration might be indefinitely extended. Enough that we see, in the working of the house, how all the members work together. The children fall into their places naturally, as it were, and unconsciously, to do and to suffer exactly what the general scheme of the house requires. Without any design to that effect, all the actings of business, pleasure, and sin, propagate themselves throughout the circle, as the weights of a clock maintain the working of the wheels. Where there is no effort to teach wrong, or thought of it, the house is yet a school of wrong, and the life of the house is only a practical drill in evil.

Having sufficiently established, as I think, by these illustrations, the organic unity of families, it remains to add some practical thoughts of a more specific nature. And—

1. It becomes a question of great moment, as connected with the doctrine established, whether it is the design of the Christian scheme to take possession of the organic laws of the family and wield them as instruments, in any sense, of a regenerative character? And here we are met by the broad principle, that Christianity endeavours to make every object, favour, and relation, an instrument of righteousness, according to its original design. What intelligent person ever supposed that this original constitution, by which one generation derives its existence and receives the bent of his character from another, was designed of God to be the vehicle only of depravity? It might as well be supposed that men themselves were made to be containers of depravity! The only supposition that honours God is, that the organic unity of which I speak was ordained originally for the

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nurture of holy virtue in the beginning of each soul's history; and, that Christianity, or redemption, must of necessity take possession of the abused vehicle, and sanctify it for its own merciful uses. That an engine of so great power should be passed by, when every other law and object in the universe is appropriated and wielded as an instrument of grace, and that in a movement for the redemption of the race, is inconceivable. The conclusion thus reached does not carry us, indeed, to the certain inference that the organic unity of the family will avail to set forth every child of Christian parents in a Christian life. But if we consider the tremendous power it has as an instrument of evil, how far short of such an opinion does it leave us, when computing the reach of its power as an instrument of grace!

Passing next to the Scriptures, we find our reasonings justified, as explicitly as we can desire. I am not disposed to press the language of Scripture, which is popular, to extreme conclusions. But I observe that Christ is called a second Adam, and a last Adam, language, to say the least, that suits the idea of a proposed union with the race, under its organic laws—as if, entering into the Christian family, his design were to fill it with a new family spirit, which shall controvert and master the old evil spirit. The declaration corresponds that—'as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous'—language that measures the grace by the mischief, and shows it flowing in a parallel, but fuller stream. It may not be easy to settle, beyond dispute, the relation of the old covenant to the new; but there can be no question that the church, under Abraham, was measured, in some sense, by the organic unity of the family of Abraham. The covenant was a family covenant, in which God engaged to be the God of the seed, as of the father. And the seal of the covenant was a seal of *faith*, applied to the whole house, as if the continuity of faith were somehow to be, or somehow might be maintained, in a line that is parallel with the continuity of sin, in the family. Nor was the result to depend on mere natural generation, however sanctified, but on the organic causes also that are involved in family nurture, after birth. For we are expressly informed, Gen. xviii. 19, that God rested his covenant, or engagement, on the conduct of Abraham—'for I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, *that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.*' And thus we see that the old church, beyond any possible question, was to have its line of perpetuity, in and by the same laws of organic unity, which sin has made the vehicle of depravity. Descending then to the New Testament, under Jesus the Redeemer, he is declared to have suffered—'that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles.' The Gentiles are said to be 'graffed in.' The new 'seed,' viz. 'Christ,' are said to be the seed of Abraham and 'heirs of the promise' made to him. The old rite of proselyte baptism, which made the families receiving it Jewish citizens and children of Abraham, was applied over directly to the Christian disciples—the rite

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went by 'households.' The new promise was declared to be—'to you and to your children.' Even the old Jewish law that one Jewish parent made a Jewish child, is brought into the church, and one believing parent 'sanctifies' the child. In all of which, it seems to be clearly held that grace shall travel by the same conveyance with sin, that the organic unity, which I have spoken of chiefly as an instrument of corruption, is to be occupied and sanctified by Christ, and become an instrument of mercy and life. And thence it follows that the seal of faith, applied to households, is to be no absurdity; for it is the privilege and duty of every Christian parent that his children shall come forth into responsible action, as a regenerated stock. The organic unity is to be a power of life. God engages, on his part, that it may be, and calls the Christian parent to promise on his part that it shall be. Thus the church has a constitutive element from the family in it still, as it had in the days of Abraham. The church life, that is, the life of Christ, collects families into a common organism, and then, by sanctifying the laws of organic unity in families, extends its quickening power to the generation following, so as to include the future and make it one with the past. And so the church, in all ages, becomes a body under Christ the head, as the race is a body under Adam the head—a living body quickened by him who hath life in himself, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth.

2. The theological importance of our doctrine of organic unity, when brought up to this point, is exhibited in many ways, and especially in the fact that it gives the only true solution of the Christian Church and of baptism as related to membership. I hardly dare attempt to speak of the 'sacramental grace,' supposed to attend the rite of baptism, under the priestly form of Christianity; for I have never been able to give any consistent and dignified meaning to the language in which it is set forth. That there is a grace attendant, falling on all the parties concerned, is quite evident, if they are doing their duty; for no person, whether laic or priest, can do, or intend, what is right, without some spiritual benefit. But the child is said to be 'regenerate, spiritually united to Christ, a new creature in Christ Jesus,' under the official grace of baptism. Then this language, so full of import, is defined, after all, to mean only that the child is in the church, where the grace of God surrounds him—translated (not internally, but externally), from the sphere of nature into a new sphere, where all the aids of grace, available for his salvation, are furnished. Sometimes it is added that his sins are remitted, though no reasonable man believes that he has any sins to remit; or, if the meaning be that the corrupted quality, physiologically inherent in his nature, is washed away, he will show in due time that it is not; and no one in fact believes that it is. Then if it be asked whether the new sphere of grace will assuredly work a gracious character? No, is the answer. If the child is not faithful, or hinders the grace, he will lose it—that is, he will not stay regenerate. And then as the child, in every case, is sure, in some bad sense, not to be faithful, he is equally sure to lose the

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grace and be landed in a second state that is worse than the first. And thus it turns out, after all, as far as I can see, that the grace magnified in the beginning, by words of so high an import, is a thing of no value—it is nothing. It is, in fact, one of our most decided objections to this scheme of sacramental grace (paradoxical as it may seem), that, really and truly, there is not enough of import left to save the meaning of the rite. The grace is words only, and an air of imposture (I speak constructively) is all that remains. The rite is fertile only in maintaining a superstition. Practically speaking, it only exalts a prerogative. By a motion of his hand, the priest breaks in, to interrupt and displace all the laws of character in life—communicating an abrupt, ictic grace, as much wider of all dignity and reason than any which the new light theology has asserted, as the regenerative power is more subject to a human dispensation. A superstitious homage collects about his person. The child looks on him as one who opens heaven by a ceremony! The ungodly parent hurries to him to get the regenerative grace for his dying child. The bereaved parent mourns inconsolably, and even curses himself that he neglected to obtain the grace for his child, now departed. The priest in the eye displaces the memory of duty and godliness in the heart. A thousand superstitions, degrading to religion and painful to look upon, hang around this view of baptism. Not to produce them the doctrine must yield up its own nature.

In all this, I speak constructively, as reasoning from the doctrine asserted, and as I am able to understand it. Constructive results are never more than partially verified by historic facts; for great truths, blended with the error, qualify and mitigate its effects.

Let us see now, whether, taking our stand before the doctrine asserted in this discourse, we can discover a real and proper ground for infant baptism. To open the path, observe that the church of God is not gathered, or organized by baptism. Baptism simply indicates, or manifests, a membership already existing. Therefore, in adults it follows belief. It is the seal of a faith which Abraham had, being yet uncircumcised. The church of God is not a mechanical, but a vital creature. It is organized by spiritual life, and cannot, as a vital creature, be organized by anything else. But spiritual life is, in itself, invisible, and the next problem is to make the organism, quickened thereby, a visible organism. This will be effected, to a certain degree, naturally, by a manifestation of its power in Christian fruits. By their fruits ye shall know them. Every man who bears the Christian fruits is seen to be in the visible church of God—priests, covenants, sacraments, all out of the question. Though it is hardly conceivable that any one should reject God's ordinances, for a length of time, without reflecting some suspicion of obliquity by such a fruit. But to end all debate and suspicion, and comfort the church visible by some definite rule of measurement, God appoints a *formal badge* of visibility, viz., baptism, constituting thus a *formal* visible church. To illustrate by a civil analogy, we are all American citizens, but the elector's oath is a *formal badge* of citizenship, appointed by the laws.

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And these electors are, in a certain sense, the nation, though not more really citizens than before. In a like sense, baptized persons constitute the church; inasmuch as they stand forth to represent, by a *formal embodiment*, the Christian spirit, or spiritual life. Still they were in the church before, in virtue of spiritual life. And so others are in it now—*e. g.*, the Quakers, who are not baptized—united to the Head, and showing that union by their fruits.

But where now is the faith, the spiritual life, presupposed in baptism, when a child is the subject? It is in the parent, I answer, as the head of an organic unity in the house; or, as it may better suit the episcopal habit of thought, it is in the church of God, the body of Christ, considered as inhabited and quickened by his Spirit, which quickening Spirit, as was just now showed under my last head, organizing the whole body, travels through the parent, and mainly through him reaches the child. The child, therefore, is in the church, in virtue of the church life, as our episcopal brethren require, for the church life is but another name for the life of God, which organizes the church, and sets the past in connexion with the future, through the organic laws of the family. Next, he is in the *formal* visible church through baptism, the rite by which a formal embodiment of the church is made. The church, meantime, has not superseded the family. The child is still within the known laws of character in the house, to receive, under these, whatever good may have reached him—not snatched away by an abrupt, fantastical, and therefore incredible grace. He is taken to be regenerate, not historically speaking, but presumptively, on the ground of his known connexion with the parent character and the divine, or church life, which is the life of that character. Perhaps I shall be understood more easily, if I say that the child is *potentially* regenerate, being regarded as existing in connexion with powers and causes that *contain* the fact, before time and separate from time. For when the fact appears historically, under the law of time, it is not more truly real, in a certain sense, than it was before. And then the grace conferred, being conferred by no casual act, but resting in the established laws of character, in the church and the house, is not lost by unfaithfulness, but remains and lingers still, though abused and weakened, to encourage new struggles.

Should it not be some comfort also that we can find a view of the church, which, under all names and varieties, saves its unity—a view which excuses the necessity of odious exclusions and offensive assumptions, which makes us brothers still, and, as we hold the Head, unites us evermore in the bonds of a brotherly feeling? What heart retaining even a trace of Christian magnanimity, what heart not pinched by bigotry to a narrowness that even scants the magnanimity of nature, will not be disposed to accept results of a character so truly catholic?

Thus it will be seen that the doctrine of organic unity I have been asserting, proves its theologic value, as an adequate solvent for all the difficulties of this very difficult subject. Only one difficulty remains; viz., that so few can believe the doctrine.

2. It is evident that the voluntary intention of parents, in regard

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to their children, is no measure either of their merit or their sin. Few parents are so base, or so lost to natural affection, as really to intend the injury of their children. However irreligious, or immoral, they more commonly desire a worthy and correct character for their children, often even a Christian character. But, in the great and momentous truth now set forth, you perceive it is not what you intend for your children, so much as what you are, that is to have its effect. They are connected, by an organic unity, not with your instructions, but with your *life*. And your life is more powerful than your instructions can be. They might be jealous of intended corruption, and withstand it, but the spirit of the house, which is your spirit, the whole working of the house, which is actuated by you, is what no exercise of will, even if they had more of it than they have, could well resist. Therefore, what you are they will almost necessarily be, and then, as you are responsible for what you are, you must also be responsible for the ruin brought on them. And, if you desired better things for them, as you probably say, the more guilty are you that, knowing and desiring better things, you thwarted your desires by your own evil life.

So there are Christians, who intend and do many things for their children, and thus acquit themselves of all blame in regard to their character. Here, alas! is the perpetual error of Christian parents, so called, that they endeavour to make up, by direct efforts, for the mischiefs of a loose and neglectful life. They convince themselves that teaching, lecturing, watch, discipline, things done with a purpose, are the sum of duty. As if mere affectations and will-works could cheat the laws of life and character ordained by God! Your character is a stream, a river, flowing down upon your children, hour by hour. What you do here and there to carry an opposing influence is, at best, only a ripple that you make on the surface of the stream. It reveals the sweep of the current, nothing more. If you expect your children to go with the ripple, instead of the stream, you will be disappointed. I beseech you then, as you love your children, to admit other and worthier thoughts, thoughts more safe for them, and certainly for you. Understand that it is the family spirit, the organic life of the house, that which works by an unconscious, unseen power, and perpetually —the silent power of a domestic godliness—this it is which forms your children to God. And if this be wanting, all that you may do beside will be as likely to annoy and harden as to bless.

3. It seems to be a proper inference from the doctrine I have exhibited, that Christian parents ought to speak freely to their children, at times, of their own faults and infirmities. If they are faithful, if they live as Christians, if the spirit of Christ bears rule in the house, they will yet have faults, and they ought to make no secret of the fact. The impression should be made, that they themselves are struggling with infirmities; that they are humbled under a sense of these infirmities; that there is much in them for God to pardon, much for their children to overlook, or even to forgive; and that God alone can assist them to lead themselves and their family up to a better

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world. Instead of lecturing their children, always, on their peccadilloes and sins, it would be better, sometimes, to give a lecture on their own. This, if rightly done, would attract the friendly sympathy of their children, guard them against the injurious impressions they make when they trip themselves, and unite the whole family in a common struggle heavenward. There is no other way to correct the mixture of evil you will blend with the family spirit, but to deplore it, and make it an acknowledged truth, that you, too, are only a child in goodness. But if you take a throne of papal infallibility in your family, and endeavour to fight out with the rod what you fail in by your misconduct, you may make your children fear you and hate you, but you will not win them to Christ. Alas! there are too many Christian families that are only little popedoms. The very rule is tyranny—infallibility assumed, then maintained, by the holy inquisition of terror and penal chastisement! God will not smile on such a kind of discipline.

4. It is evident what rule should regulate in the society and external intercourse of children. It is a very great mercy, as I have said, that the children of a bad or irreligious family are sometimes permitted to be inmates elsewhere; to go into virtuous and Christian families, where a better spirit reigns. There they see, perhaps, the genuine demonstrations of order, of purity, and of good affections; they hear the voice of prayer; they come where the spirit of heaven breathes. It is a new world, and they are filled with new impressions. So if a child may go to school where order, right principle, virtuous manners, and the love of knowledge reign, and find a respite there from the shiftlessness, vice, and brutality at home, how great is the privilege! In this view, a good school is almost the only mercy that can be extended to the hapless sons and daughters of vice. Their good—most dimal thought!—is to be delivered from their home—to escape the spirit of hell that encompasses their helpless age, and feel, though it be but a few hours a day, the power of another spirit!

But I was speaking of the rule to be observed in the society of children. Let every Christian beware how he makes his children inmates in an irreligious family. It will do, sometimes, to allow the children of an irreligious family to be inmates, temporarily, in your own. You may do it for their advantage, and if you can enlist the hearts of your children in the merciful intentions you cherish, it may even be a good exercise for them. But it is a very different thing to place your children within the atmosphere of another house. Send them not where the spirit of evil reigns. Understand how plastic their nature is, how easily it receives the contagion of another spirit. You yourselves may have intercourse with ungodly persons, it may be your duty to seek it for their benefit. But you may well be cautious how far you subject your children, especially in early years, to the intercourse of irreligious families.

And what shall I say to parents who are themselves irreligious? Perhaps you make it your boast that you give your children their liberty, that you mean to allow them to be just as religious as they

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please. And is that enough, do you think, to discharge your duties to them? Is it enough to breathe the spirit of evil and sin into them and around them every hour, to give them no Christian counsel, to train them up in a prayerless house, drill them into conformity with all your worldly ways, and then say that you allow them full liberty to be Christians? Having them under your law, determining yourselves that organic spirit, which is to be the element, the very breath of their moral existence, will you then boast that you mean to allow them to be as virtuous as they please? Ah, if there be any argument which might compel you to be Christians yourselves, it is these arguments of affection that God has given you. But if you will not be Christians yourselves, then, at least, show your children some degree of mercy, by delivering them, as much as possible, from yourselves! Send them, as often as you may, where a better spirit reigns. Make them inmates with Christian families, as you have opportunity. Let them go where they will hear a prayer, and see a Christian Sabbath. Send them, or take them with you, to the church of God, and the Sabbath school. Give them a respite often from the family spirit and the organic law of the house. If you yourselves will not fashion them for the skies, let others, more faithful than you, and more merciful, do it for you.

A Christian Common-Place Book.

In the first years of a church, its members are willing to endure hardships and to make great exertions; but when once it is prosperous, they desire to take their ease; as one who builds a ship is willing to work all the way from keel to deck, until she is launched; thenceforward, he expects the ocean to buoy him up, and the winds to bear him on. The youth-time of churches produces enterprise; their age, indolence. But even this might be borne, did not these dead men sit in the door of their sepulchres, crying out against every living man who refuses to wear the livery of death. I am almost tempted to think that if, with the end of every pastorate, the church itself disbanded and destroyed, to be gathered again by the succeeding teacher, we should thus secure an immortality of youth.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Many ministers forge doctrines as they would forge ploughs. One Sunday it is election; and they heat it red hot, and beat and hammer it upon the anvil, and then put it away, cold iron, upon the shelf. The next Sunday it is decrees; and they beat and hammer that, and lay it also aside. The next Sunday it is the perseverance of the saints; and the next, the origin of evil, or some equally incomprehensible thing, for the farther a subject is from the range of human faculties the better it seems to be to make a doctrine of; and so they go on through the year, with occasional exceptions, and the next year they take them down and cast them over again. They do not use them. They only fashion them. They rub them up, they polish them, and then lay them again on the shelf—disputing meanwhile which pattern is best. There are various schools; and each school has its own pattern, and berates the others, without ever doing as inventors do at agricultural fairs—taking their ploughs out into the field with them, to see which can do the best work.—*Ib.*

Now, I believe in doctrines, with my explanations, as much as they; but I

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'must *use* them. My duty is to forge a plough, and then to give it a handle, and then to fasten a team to it strong as eternity, and to put it into the soil, and to rip through the sod down to the subsoil, and to roust out all the vermin and the nibbling mice, and turn up the yellow dirt to the sun.—*Ib.*

No doctrine is good for any thing that does not leave behind it an ethical furrow ready for the planting of seeds which shall spring up and bear abundant harvests.—*Ib.*

There is nothing which the world resents so much as an attempt to carry out a better measure than existed before. A man who would benefit the world must take leave of his own reputation first; for the world never let a man bless it but it first fought him; it never let him give it a boon without first giving him a buffet. If with one effort you should raise a tree twenty feet high, so as to make it forty feet high, you would not do more violence to its roots than you do to society, when you attempt suddenly to elevate it above its former level. If there were a hundred violins together, all playing below concert pitch, and I should take a real cremona, and with the hand of a Paganini should bring it strongly up to the true key, and then should sweep my bow across it like a storm, and make it sound forth clear and resonant, what a demoniac jargon would the rest of the playing seem! Yet the other musicians would be enraged at me. They would think all the discord was mine, and I should be to them a demoniac. So it is with reformers. The world thinks the discord is with them, and not in its own false playing. All those rosy philosophers who go dancing along the ways of life, and expect to reform men through ease and pleasure, and are surprised when at first snow flakes are thrown at them, and then icicles, and then avalanches, had better fold their gauzy wings at once. They are not wanted. They are not of that heroic race who advance the world.—*Ib.*

Suffering, in repentance, is not in itself meritorious; it is only instrumental. Many persons aim at suffering as a mode of producing a change of heart; but this is the monkish idea of bodily torture for penance. Old warriors, whose lives had been spent in crime and self-indulgence, saw some vision, some stag in the woods with a cross between his horns, and forthwith they were frightened, and resolved to amend their ways, and clothed themselves in haircloth, and were miserable the rest of their days to atone for the sins of their youth. Now, our asceticism has gone beyond this. It does not relate to the body, but to the mind. One who in youth has strayed from virtue, never forgets his error, but checks every smile with 'you remember,' and lets gall from the old bitterness exude on every flower of pleasure. This is not God's example. He says, if we turn from sin he will make no mention of our transgressions, and our iniquities he will remember no more. So, when we have heartily repented of wrong, we should let all the waves of forgetfulness roll over it, and go forward unburdened to meet the future. 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'—*Ib.*

Men secrete their religious life through shame, or fear of criticism, or morbid sensibility; but no man can be a Christian without being luminous. A man may carry his faith so guardedly that no one shall suspect that he is a Christian; but the worst of this is, that God never suspects it either, and forgets to write down his name in the Book of Life.—*Ib.*

It has been said that the moral and æsthetic elements of the human character are nearly allied, if, indeed, they be not identical; that, at least, the beautiful and the good are twin sisters; and hence it has been conjectured that the cultivation of the taste must lead to reformation in the moral nature of man.

The period that elapsed previously to the advent of the Messiah furnished an opportunity for the trial of this form of the moral experiment of which we have been speaking. The age of Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, was the golden age of the arts of Greece. Neither before nor since this time has the

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marble been ever chiselled into forms so instinct with majesty and loveliness. It is probable that painting had attained to similar perfection, though, unfortunately, none of its productions have come down to us. Architecture then had exhausted, in one direction at least, all the forms of beauty and grandeur of which the mind can conceive. Poetry had already furnished those faultless models of verse on which all succeeding generations have gazed with reverential despair. Eloquence then, with a power which has never since been equalled,

'Wielded at will that fierce democracie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.'

To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.' But had this wonderful development of the taste any power to reform the moral character of man? Far from it. Taste became itself the pander to vice. The very fountains of literature were defiled. Poetry at last became the stimulant to undisguised licentiousness. Painting and statuary lent their aid to render unblushing vice attractive, and to fascinate the taste with whatever could defile the conscience. The eye could scarcely be opened in any street of a Grecian or a Roman city, without resting upon some finished specimen of art which filled the imagination with all that was morally revolting. Taste, revelling in licentiousness, presided over every department of the arts. Its dominion was not confined to places of public resort. It painted the walls of dressing-rooms and chambers; it sculptured the statuary of private gardens; nay, it fashioned personal ornaments of the young and old, of the daughter and the matron. And thus it became evident that taste, far from exerting any power of moral reformation, tainted with our own corruption, disseminates more widely, and renders yet more intensely fatal, the poison with which it is itself infected.

Scholars and artists have mourned for ages over the almost universal destruction of the works of ancient genius. I suppose that many a second-rate city, at the time of Christ, possessed a collection of works of surpassing beauty, which could not be equalled by all the specimens now existing that have yet been discovered. The Alexandrian library is believed to have contained a greater treasure of intellectual riches than has ever since been hoarded in a single city. These, we know, have all vanished from the earth. The Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis stand in almost solitary grandeur, to remind us of the perfection to which the plastic art of the ancients had attained. The Alexandrian library furnished fuel for years for the baths of illiterate Moslems. I used myself frequently to wonder why it had pleased God to blot out of existence these magnificent productions of ancient genius. It seemed to me strange that the pall of oblivion should thus be thrown over all to which man, in the flower of his age, had given birth. But the solution of this mystery is found, I think, in the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii. We there discover that every work of man was so penetrated by corruption, every production of genius was so defiled with uncleanness, that God, in introducing a better dispensation, determined to cleanse the world from the pollution of preceding ages. As when all flesh had corrupted his way, he purified the world by the waters of a flood, so, when genius had covered the earth with images of sin, he overwhelmed the works of ancient civilization with a deluge of barbarism, and consigned the most splendid monuments of literature and art to almost utter oblivion. It was too bad to exist; and he swept it all away with the besom of destruction.

You see that for four thousand years this experiment was continued upon the moral character of man. The point to be determined was, as we have supposed, whether man, left to the conditions of his first probation, would ever recover himself from his apostasy from God. The experiment was tried under every form of government, under the most favourable conditions for intellectual culture, and during the period of the most perfect development of human taste. But under none of these influences was there exhibited the remotest tendency to moral reformation. Hence it was practically demonstrated that 'the world by wisdom knew not God;' and that, without some merciful divine interposition, the condition of man was hopeless.—*Wayland's University Sermons.*

The words of Christ recorded in

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ike, 'And he said unto them, Can make the children of the bride-amber fast while the bridegroom is th them? But the days will come nen the bridegroom shall be taken ay from them, and then shall they st in those days,' &c., throw a distinct ght upon his peculiar method of training e apostles. When reproached because imposed no strict spiritual discipline, fasting or outward exercises upon his ciples, but suffered them to mingle in ciety freely, like other men, he justi-d his course by stating (in effect) that sting then imposed upon them would ve been an unnatural and foreign dis-tbance of the festal joy of their inter-urse with him, the object of all their ngings. But when the sorrow of rsan ion should follow the hours of y, fasting would be in harmony both ith their inward feelings and their tward life. As no good could come patching old garments with new oth, or putting new wine into old ins, so it was not his purpose to im-se the exercises of spiritual life, rting, and the like, by an outward law, on his yet untrained disciples, but ther, by a gradual change of their hole inward nature, to make them sels fit for the indwelling of the her life. When they had become ch, all the essential manifestations of at indwelling life would spontaneously veal themselves; no outward com-and would then be needed. Here we e the principle on which Christ acted n the *intellectual*, as well as in the ral and religious training of the postles. As he would not lay external straints, by the letter of outward laws, pon natures as yet undisciplined, so it as not his purpose to impart the dead-tter of a ready-made and fragmentary owledge to minds whose worldly odes of thought disabled them from prehending it. He aimed rather to plant the germ, to give the initial pulse of a total intellectual renovation, which men might be enabled to asp, with a new spirit, the new truths the kingdom of God. In every re-tion he determined not to patch the d garment, or put new wine into old ttles. And this principle, thus fully ustrated by Christ's training of his postles, is, in fact, the *universal* law growth in the genuine Christian life. —*A. Neander.*

Wake! thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the night,
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake! ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite;
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy breast a flame refined;
Pray heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shall bless the earth while in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
And seeds that in life's present fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

Carlos Wilcox.

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Monthly Retrospect.

THE Electric Telegraph! We recollect reading in 'Chambers' Edinburgh Journal,' when we were a boy—and that was not a few years ago, dear reader!—an account of the electric telegraph, and a prediction that the world would soon see a cable laid down from Irelaud to Newfoundland, and America brought within speaking distance. 'Chambers's Journal' is now fading from the view of the rising generation—it is too useful, and deals too much with common things. Young England chooses to live faster *than* it could in our early days, and peg-top trousers, paste studs, dog *collars*, wide-awakes, 'Household Words,' and 'Town Talk,' have succeeded to plain straps, plain pearl, plain satin stocks and substantial beavers, plain and useful 'Chambers's Journal,' and the 'Penny Saturday.' One of these days, we dare say, the 'MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR' will be esteemed 'slow,' and we, or our successors, may be compelled to linger on a reputation little better than that enjoyed by one or two of our Paternoster-row contemporaries. But this has very little to do with the electric telegraph. We were going to say that we can now scarcely recollect whether we then believed in 'Chambers'' prediction or not. We must confess, however, that a month ago, although it was safe to express a belief in general terms that the world would one day see the two continents united, we had no more faith than the rest of our fellow-countrymen that in a few hours this vague dream would be realized. Who now will call science 'unimaginative?' She has before pierced the highest heights of heaven and the lowest depths of earth and sea. She can people the earth before the flood, and picture the position of every luminary in the heavens a thousand years hence; she now promises, in a subordinate sense, to fulfil one of the brightest promises of holy writ, by 'making one all the nations of the earth.' For, so far as the means of intellectual communication are concerned, the civilized world is now almost as one nation. The valleys are exalted, and the mountains are made low; even the fountains of the great deep are dried up. How near it brings one to the advent of that day when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see IT together!

The first message from land to land which the new wire bore was—'Peace on earth, and good will to men'—a blessing which itself assisted to convert from a sentiment to a reality. Shall we be esteemed cynical, however, if, at the outset, we express a fear that it will not so surely accomplish the great moral results that seem to be anticipated? It is, after all, only a physical agent, and it has failed to ensure peace under other circumstances. It did not prevent a war with Russia; it is not preventing jealousy of France. If we place our dependence upon *its* influence for peace, we shall be ludicrously disappointed. It may be used to carry frowns as well as smiles. Like every other agent of its kind, it will necessitate not less, but greater forbearance. It should, however, be matter of profound joy that, unlike the conquests of science in other arts, it has not been perfected under the impulses of war; that it is *intended* to use it for purposes of peace; that it is best adapted for peaceful ends; that it is opened in peace, and that its first message is one of amity.

'Peace hath her victories no less than war;'

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d this, her latest, is one of her most perfect conquests. The journals, rough the instrumentality of the telegraph, are informing us of the excite- ent that has been occasioned in the United States, by the news of the success- l completion of this great enterprise. They feel nothing in America that ey do not express, and they believe in exciting demonstrations. We are fferent, and express—at least so it is to be hoped—not half so much as we el. We represent matronly reserve—our daughter perhaps only a proper egree of youthful enthusiasm. The misfortune is, that the enthusiasm, in e present instance, represents nothing *but* youth, and its constantly ompanying nervous excitability. When, therefore, we read of the aiseworthy interest in this new event taken by the people of the United tates, we must remember for our own sake that it takes an equal interest everything new. Just as some of our young friends will use the finest djectives of the English language on the very smallest subjects, so our escendants in America will express the same amount of enthusiasm over he most trifling matter that it will over the most important. We are orry to express our belief that Mr. Albert Smith would be received with emonstrations of joy almost equal to those that are now being made on the ccasion of the completion of the great Atlantic telegraph. We are not isposed, therefore, to let England be depreciated to the profit of America. et each receive honour for expressing its satisfaction in a manner that may e most natural to itself, and let each rejoice to give thanks that it has been losen to initiate and carry through this wonderful work!

Our successes in India and China will be chronicled by the historian ith perhaps greater honour than any scientific enterprise will receive. lueen Elizabeth's victory over the Armada occupies a far larger space in ven the most modern history than all the intellectual conquests of Bacon. Ve have done comparatively little in India during the last month, beyond ttaining our position, but that is more than equal to the greatest pitched attles, because endurance under the heats of summer is unquestionably harder work than fighting rebellious sepoys. The worst of the summer heats has ow been lived through without any disadvantage; with the strength and nuscular tension of winter we may expect that the whole of the military work that now remains undone will be well done, and the spirit of disaffection e entirely crushed. There will remain compensations of mercy and for- earance to the erring, right teaching to the ignorant, and the arduous ork of framing a just, equitable, and well-adapted system of government.

China, if the Russian news be true, is now at our feet. Threats con- eyed on cannon-balls have had the effect of inducing the Emperor to come o terms, which, as yet, appear to be greatly to our advantage. At least, so ays the 'Times.' For ourselves, we only hope that the element of animosity hat has been so conspicuous throughout this transaction, will not poison ur cup. It is a trite observation to make in these days, that it is impossible o get any wickedness to succeed. It may sound still staler to quote a well- nown passage—a favourite in Puritan times, as applying to our present ituation in China, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' We have from the eginning denounced the Chinese war, and now that it appears to be ended successfully,' we denounce it with more confidence than ever. Its result ay be to add to our commerce and to make us wealthy with rich silks and efined luxuries, but it must assuredly weaken our moral position. Two

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hundred years ago, Cromwell was leading his troops to battle to the song of

'O give ye thanks unto the Lord.'

Imagine, if you can, General Straubenzee leading the English at Pei-ho with such a battle cry! Instead of 'the Lord,' put 'Palmerston,' and instead of 'thanks,' cheap silks, and you have the two ages not untruthfully contrasted.

We had occasion last month to refer to the growth of English rule in Canada. How safe and well-cemented it now is may be gathered from the history of the late ministerial crisis. A cabinet was overturned on the question of the future capital of Canada. A democratic cabinet pledged against the Queen's decision was constructed and overthrown by a large majority at the first meeting of Parliament. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Lyon Mackenzie was playing the part of Daniel O'Connell to the people of Lower Canada, and Mr. Roebuck was giving his counsel to the movement; when union with the States was publicly advocated, and England denounced as a tyrannical mother; such a division on such a question would have roused every Lower Canadian to the brink of rebellion, and necessitated an armed protection of the Government. The people now settle this little quarrel amongst themselves. We are wise enough not to interfere in the matter, and after personal animosities have subsided, we shall find them quietly coming round to the imperial decision. The discussion of a greater subject will perhaps aid them in the work. A federal union of all the British possessions in North America is proposed. Canada, Nova Scotia, Columbia, and the smaller territories are to be brought into political and legislative union. The idea is to form an English United States, that shall eventually rival the American. We doubt, however, whether the scheme will be found to be practicable, and we gravely question the motive that is prompting it. A mutual desire for union is the only motive that should be recognised or acted upon. Forced political are little less happy than forced private marriages.

Two or three smaller pictures complete our August collection. We have, first, the Oxford Examinations. As a step in the march of intellect, it is more worth noting than even the laying of the great cable. And we can testify to the reality of the Examinations. It is generally known that more than one hundred passed, but it is not so generally known that nearly *nine hundred* were plucked.—Whisky and water drawing in Scotland! 'Cute Glasgowegians, Edinbro' men, and 'bonny Dundee,' being served with whisky and 'stuff' (we believe that is the technical phrase), and taking it for pure 'speerits!' Forbes Mackenzie's mixture! It is not a matter to laugh at, however, but Mr. Forbes Mackenzie has to be thanked for it. The failure of this abortive attempt to control the appetites by legislation is only in harmony with all moral law.—Lastly, Mr. Savage Landor. We cannot hiss or rail at the old man, nor should society. For ninety years has he served his generation; should this one sin, wicked though it be, weigh down his countless claims on our grateful admiration? When we see the old man flying in shame from his country because he cannot endure the exposure that awaited him, we have no will to send a single shaft to wound him. Nothing could be viler than his fault; nothing could be less endurable to such a man than its punishment.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

OCTOBER, 1858.

My Congregation and I:

PASSAGES FROM A YOUNG MINISTER'S DIARY.

. . . . . THE pleasantest members of my church, with whom I have as yet entered into anything like intimate relations, are the Hendersons and the Staniforths; the former only father and mother and daughter, the latter the two parents and a large miscellaneous family. The atmosphere of both circles is the same, with some little difference of stiffness and dryness, I fancy, against the Staniforths. I got frank and friendly with both from the very first. They are all genial, natural, and simple. When I go, there is nothing put on, because 'our dear pastor' has called, and nothing, that I can discover, put off. These beloved friends are living epistles of Christian goodness, and, compared with some whom I know, strikingly illustrate the forcefulness and beauty of being as distinguished from doing. How many are quite as correct, and more 'actively useful,' who yet recommend neither themselves nor the Gospel! The *rationale* of the difference seems to me to be, that in the one case the natural springs of affection are allowed to play as they were intended to play, and in the other they are turned off into machineries of different kinds as soon as they show their sparkling waters above ground. I wish we could get it well understood that we must have men and women before we can have *Christian* men and women. . . . . By-the-bye, I wonder whether there are any special anxieties in the case of the Staniforths, such as might issue in a little dryness in the moral atmosphere of the family? Perhaps they are not prospering like the Hendersons. I will see them oftener. While I was there yesterday evening, Miss Henderson came in, and seemed to bring with her just the requisite amount of geniality and cheerfulness to make the one home as bright and peaceful as the other.

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. . . . I have, rather oddly, *three* anonymous letters to-day. One is obviously from a quite young lady, expressing an opinion that the service would be very much improved if I would give directions for *Melcombe* to be sung more frequently! Well, I might take no notice of this; but I think the good-natured thing to do will be to have *Melcombe* sung next Lord's-day to any long-metre hymn that is given out, and that is adapted to it. . . . . The other letters are of a different character. One, in a disguised hand, either that of a woman imitating a man's, or a man imitating a woman's (I think the former), is to ask me to preach a sermon upon Confession!—not upon the ceremony or institution, but upon the *rationale* of confession of wrong to the wronged, in its relation to peace and pardon. What are the limitations? I am asked. Should a sin against another be confessed, when reparation is impossible, and when confession would inevitably cause much and ramifying misery? . . . . Ah, me! the Avenger, Conscience, is at his work here, whoever wrote the letter. Wretched struggler, you must take your burthen to a wiser than I. . . . . The third letter is, I should guess, from a young man of imperfect education. He, too, wants me to preach a sermon, upon the beginnings of conversion in the soul. A curious instance of the entanglements of brain in which simple minds are caught through hazy prepossessions on matters of doctrine. It would scarcely be believed that any one could earnestly and anxiously put the question, whether love to God or love to Christ is felt most strongly in the first stages of the divine life. My poor correspondent thinks he feels more love to God than to Christ, and wonders if his can be at all a hopeful case! . . . . Well, my course is clear, I believe. I cannot preach sermons in reply to letters, or insinuate answers by a side wind. I shall say, next Lord's-day morning, that I have received some such letters as these, but that I cannot, consistently with maintaining simplicity in my own heart, and frank relations with my people, answer them as the writers wish. But if they will give me some address, I will write, privately, the best thing I can.

Almost the first discovery a man makes when he enters a new sphere of any kind, even a temporary one, is the discovery of the individuals who are likely to give trouble. The first Lord's-day morning I preached to this people, even in the almost trance-like condition in which I remained after I had closed the service, I could not help a sort of under-current or under-process of desultory observation upon the congregation as they dispersed. And I had even then a dreamy perception that this church, like others, had its 'troublesome' or unruly member, in a person who looked like a well-to-do tradesman, and who moved down the aisle in a self-asserting manner, to which a pair of full, grey eyes, not over-lidded, and a pair of broad shoulders assisted him, and attended by a slight buzz of talk, which hinted to me that he was an oracle in his own place, whatever that might be. As he passed out near the pulpit, I just caught some stray

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words of his—'ram's horn'—'Jericho'—'sort of thing we want, brother'—and, by an accident which did not please me, I also caught his eye, which seemed to say, 'Go on, go on, excellent youth, and prosper! I could find fault here and there with your discourse, but all in good time. On the whole, my young friend, I wish you to consider yourself encouraged.' With a rapid involuntary sense of the situation, I turned away my own eyes, or rather drew their expression inward; otherwise, I am persuaded I should have had a half-nod of encouragement from my square-shouldered patron. During the time of my little probation here, he made his liking for me so evident that I shrunk, with a shyness which I fear he took for pride, from coming into close contact with him. Since my settlement, I have really not been anxious to get too near him, partly because he is, I suspect, a man who takes sudden dislikings as well as sudden likings, but still more because he is in all things a partizan, and, being without the talent of silence, might do mischief with detached little speeches of mine. This afternoon, however, coming round —— square, with a bad headache and the echoes of the house of mourning yet in my ears, I met my Troublesome Member, and was seized, literally, by the button, and made the depositary of the pent-up confidences of months. To my great relief, I found I was not expected to take sides as often as I thought likely; T. M. did all the talk, quite cheerfully; and certainly, if I had chosen to cultivate his friendship much, and use him as a sort of Ear of Dionysius for church affairs, he would have answered any expectation I might have been pleased to form of his capacity as a congregational newsman. I could not register any fair impression of the amazing versatility of his talk, and the range of his criticism. In vain I tried, now and then, to divert his tongue by some topic of spiritual truth suggested by his anecdotes and animadversions—perhaps I was too tired to do this with vigour—at all events he went on, and on, and on, in his own style, until I said, right out, that I wanted my dinner, and must bid farewell. He began the conversation by saying, in a subdued manner, that to have praise of men was no part of a pastor's crown of rejoicing, the preacher was only the pipe through which the waters of refreshing were poured into our Zion, but he must say I had given them a sweet portion on Sabbath morning. I replied, as I felt, that I believed the Lord the Comforter and Strengthener *had* been in our midst, and that I had not been without my own share of blessing. Well, he said, he hoped we should soon have that golden cord of love running from heart to heart which constrained ——. And here, as he did not finish the sentence, I relieved him by saying, that I believed that wherever there were Christians a cord of love *did* run from heart to heart, however it might get frayed or tangled. By-the-bye, said my friend, as if a new idea had suddenly struck him—by-the-bye, did not I think—he particularly wished for my opinion—did not I think that members of the household of faith, and especially members of the same church, ought to deal with one another, and give each other a turn in business as often as possible? did it become brethren, who ought to dwell together

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in unity, like precious ointment, and to have their feet on a rock, to be carried away by the puffing system? I answered, that other things being equal, it was clear that members of the same household should stand by each other. Yes, certainly, he replied; just what he was always saying. But, I continued, if I had my choice of helping two shopkeepers by my custom—one a thriving tradesman of the church, and the other a struggling tradesman of no church—I should help the struggler and not the thriver. This, I presume, was something new to T. M., who changed his subject, and inquired if I knew how brother Henderson was? I told him I had just come from there; that our brother might fall asleep within a day or two, or less, and that I had left him happily awaiting the hour, and his wife and daughter, especially the daughter, in a mood which seemed to me to speak more strongly for the power of a real trust in the bringer to light of life and immortality than even the peace of the passing spirit. Death, when not violent, sent its reconciling messengers before it to prepare its way, in the sensations of the mortally sick, so that to 'cease' seemed natural and easy; and was it not generally harder to live on, letting go what we loved, than to die and leave it living? Well, well, said my friend, to depart and be with Christ was far better. I replied, softly, not captiously, that though that was a natural reflection in the case of a person suffering from constant persecution like Paul, or from extreme pain or deprivation of any kind, it did not seem to me a just topic of consolation in a case like that of our dear brother, dying in the Indian Summer of a useful, genial life, and quitting a home full of love and happiness. And what I so much admired in Miss Henderson was, that there was nothing factitious or far-fetched about her behaviour under this trial of her strength; it was not what she said about the crisis, but what she was in it, which impressed you with the idea that you were in the presence of one who had tasted that the Lord is gracious and folded her sorrow in her trust. Ah, said my friend, he had always thought Miss Henderson 'rather insignificant;' but, of course, she was very ornamental in her walk. (I think it is not the first time I have made the observation, that women who are found 'insignificant,' whatever that means, by your brisk busybodies and rattling people in general, are commonly the best of their sex.) However, T. M., reminded of the other 'shore,' I suppose, by what we were talking of, now flew off at a tangent, to observe that he had often remarked to 'our former dear pastor,' that those words in the hymn in our Selection—

> 'Though the shore we hope to land on
> Only by report is known,
> Gladly we our all abandon,
> Led by that report alone'—

ought to be altered. Heaven was 'known' to the believer by a foretaste as well as by 'report.' There was another hymn he should like to see altered—

> 'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
> My beauty are, my glorious dress.'

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Now, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from sin, but it is the righteousness of Christ which is the beauty and the glorious dress. These things ought to be put to rights, he thought; they gave the young Christian erroneous notions. Talking about young Christians, it was very encouraging when a mere lad like young Staniforth joined the church, and made so 'ornamental' a profession; that youth would, he felt sure, become a burning and shining light. By-the-bye,—sinking his voice to a whisper,—had I heard that the Staniforths were very much embarrassed in their worldly circumstances? that the girls took in needle-work quietly, and that they went without butter, and almost without butcher's meat? Brother Billings had only supplied them one joint a week for a long time past, and a young and growing family of boys and girls could not do upon that, he thought. But they still kept up the same respectable appearance, and owed no man anything. A little proud perhaps, especially the mother, but—— I could bear this no longer, and interruptiug T. M. upon the point of butcher's meat, suggested that a family tradesman was as much upon his honour as a family lawyer or physician. Well, yes, that might be, between worldlings, said my friend, but brother Billings thought that it ought to be known that the Staniforths could not make both ends meet without a struggle, so he mentioned it to two of the deacons, quite in confidence, at last church-meeting. What was a church for, but for help and sympathy? I hinted, in reply, that it was *also*, and still *more*, indeed, for the cultivation of Christian virtues; from which I could not exclude honour and delicacy, because they were practised by some worldlings. Surely the Staniforths were the proper judges of what they should make public, and what not. And here, as in other parts of the conversation, one good point of T. M. came out—he was amenable to reason; when a new idea offered itself, he did not shut his mental vision against it. He now seemed to catch the idea that *even* church members might have their little niceties of feeling, and my only fear is that he went off incontinently to scold brother Billings about the mutton! He is old enough to have learnt that though people may be made miserable by this sort of interference, they are never made better by it. T. M. now digressed again, and said he had wished, when young Staniforth took his seat at the table for the first time, that I had given out that beautiful hymn—

> 'Jesus, thou Shepherd of thy sheep!
> Thy little flock in safety keep.'

I asked why. O, those words were so appropriate—

> 'Cherish the young, sustain the old,
> Let none be feeble in thy fold.'

Surely, said I, as appropriate to the old and the feeble as the young. Was there anything in that hymn specially appropriate to the case of a young Christian? Not pursuing this matter any further, my friend now began to tell me about his own boy, whom he wanted eventually to get to college, 'for the ministry;' but I could stay no longer, and

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bade him a hasty good bye, feeling kindly towards him, without being able to tell what there was about him which I liked.

What feeble creatures we are. Nothing could change T. M., but I felt, after leaving him, dissatisfied with myself and my share in the conversation. I fancied I ought to have infused a better spirit into the talk, and that if I had been strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, I should have done so. But what a difference a headache makes in one's capacity of leading others! How often may I have thought a brother cold, hard, and dry of spirit, when he was suffering from a dull, bewildering pain in the very implement the spirit uses!

. . . . The most cheering, the most grateful day I have had since I settled here. Two members of the congregation have been with me, with a view to entering into communion; one a hard, wind-and-weather worn, keen old man, and the other a young girl, not, I suppose, more than nineteen. Both are of ungodly connexions, and both give me plain reason to infer that they have been led to the feet of Jesus by the words they have heard from my lips. . . . Yet, as I put this last sentence down, how it seemed to me as if I were materializing the spiritual, and secularizing the heavenly. Of the earth, earthy are my 'words.' It is not the words, no, nor the meaning of the words, but a divine life interfusing the communication from soul to soul, of which they are the symbols, that works these marvels. It is God working in us to will and to do. Looking crudely at the thing, there does seem a ludicrously shocking triviality in saying that such marvels are wrought by reading a book or hearing a sermon. What has the bringing of salvation to a human soul to do with rags and printers' ink, or with so many impulsions of the air from a pair of lungs? Incongruous enough are such ideas when coupled in that way. But there is no incongruity in anything, when once I shut the door on my soul, and say, 'in secret silence of the mind,' IN HIM WE LIVE AND MOVE AND HAVE OUR BEING. *That* spans the gulf between the machinery and the end; between the infinite and the finite. The thought which reconciles all things is that of a God, not only not afar off, but surrounding, and interpenetrating all things. A *present* God. With less than that, 'I falter with my weight of cares.'

I am greatly comforted and encouraged by these tokens that my labour is not in vain. One so young, and one so old—in all things superficial so antithetic to each other—and both, together, brought to that point in the history of the soul, which is to it what the first appreciation of a mathematical demonstration is to the intellect, and sets up the ladder between earth and heaven. But both the old and the young convert have the same human natures, and the same appeal has been made to them both. Controversial apologists for Christianity against Infidelity have insisted upon 'the adhesion of the supernatural and the purely natural or human' in the New Testament, but I have not observed that the same 'adhesion' has been prominently recognised *except* as an engine of controversy. Yet, is it not an engine

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of warfare against unregeneracy—an engine of attraction to them that are afar off? I do, with all my heart, think so. What my young and my old friend have said to me this very day, gives me fresh hopes that I am not on the wrong track. I have been preaching, lately, neither the depravity of human nature, nor election, nor substitution, nor effectual calling, nor imputed righteousness, nor all together. I have been striving to present Jesus Christ, and him crucified, as the way, the truth, and the life. I have tried to say that which should be *liveable* at once, without an intermediate process of inference and adaptation from 'doctrine' to life. Have I been in error in fancying that it is in that process that the young strength of the newly-born soul often entangles, and partially strangles itself? . . . . Lord, help me! Surely, surely, Christ must be, from the first, the very bread of life to every one that receives him—bread of life, if only at the rate of a crumb a-day. . . . . Perhaps I see only men as trees walking, hitherto; but it is certainly some comfort to me that no one, to my knowledge, not even T. M., has yet said I am too high or too low—that I make (. . . '*I* make,' monstrous phraseology! . . .) salvation too easy or too difficult—or have 'too much Sinai,' or 'too much Calvary,' or anything of that description. . . . What a notion is that of putting sinners under a sort of course of treatment—'exhibiting' so much law and so much gospel, the quantities calculated *à priori* upon a presumed uniform diagnosis!

. . . . More and more do I feel my need of wisdom and of strength. This morning I had a call (which T. M., who tells me something new every time he meets me, had led me to expect) from a young member who wants to become a missionary in India. There is plenty of enthusiasm, and, I think, persistent energy; but the missionary zeal is, I scarcely doubt, quite factitious. Of course, my young friend thinks it of the purest and truest growth; I can see that; and yet . . . . I find myself saying inwardly, is it possible he can, *at all times*, be free from self-distrust in that regard? 'In secret silence of the mind,' does he never see deep down into his own soul? I do fancy I struck a light into his mind, by a natural, quite involuntary, and quite passing expression of disregard or slight for some of the details of his 'preparations,' as he calls them, for his 'work.' There is a triviality about them which a true preoccupation with the 'work' would exclude. It is as if a man who had just conceived the idea of emigration should go about in backwood slop-clothing, with a jack-knife in his belt, and should read nothing but books of travel . . . . On the whole, I felt no difficulty in speaking discouragingly to him; but I said little, and that little as tenderly as I possibly could. Certainly, there is life, spirit, courage, in the man, which should not be wasted. 'And,' said a whisper in my heart, '*will* not be wasted—but, in the present stage of affairs, that is no concern of yours.'

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T. M. haunts me. I have received no embroidered slippers, or other presents, from the ladies of my congregation, but my busy friend has brought me an 'Ode' (so it is headed) by his boy, for my encouragement, if I can only take it so. His boy is about fourteen, and the 'ode' in question is a 'copy of verses' addressed to myself, beginning—

'Go on, young soldier of the Cross,
And prosecute thy glorious course;
Sinners shall quail, and saints rejoice,
To hear the accents of your voice!'

(I have a very particular objection to the use of *thy* and *you* interchangeably.) I accepted this compliment with the fairest expression of civil acknowledgment I could think of at the moment; but I hope the writer will not make himself so awkwardly prominent at my Bible-class in future. It is vexing to have a lad putting out-of-the-way questions, to show his knowledge of the Greek Testament, when you want to open up a really important field of remark. But I feel sure he is backed by his father in all this, and that they are both fully persuaded it is all 'preparation for the ministry.' . . . . . T. M. told me, among other things, that our missionary friend has, he thinks, his eye upon Miss Henderson for a coadjutor in the 'work' when he gets out. It seems he remarked the other day, when her father's death was mentioned, that he thought she would make an excellent wife for a missionary! . . . . . The intolerable cold-bloodedness of this, coupled with the frivolous enthusiasm of the man's 'preparations,' makes me, more than ever, doubt of his fitness for what he dreams of. . . . . If he should address himself to Miss Henderson, with the idea of making her his wife if he can, I think I foresee how it will fall out. She, in the perfect simplicity of her heart, especially recessed as she now is in her grief, will never understand his style of love-making, or know what he means. He will go on and on, paying attentions, which will be water spilt on glass eaves; and when he has done that, as he fancies, long enough, he will make some 'demonstration' which will open her eyes,—and his too . . . . . But where is my pen running to, and what is that to me? . . . . .

Life in the German Universities.

By Philip Schaff, D.D.

There are three classes of teachers in the universities of Germany:

1. The *ordinary* professors, who are regular members of the faculty, receive a full support from the State independent of the proceeds of their lectures, and can be elected to the academical senate and the rectorship.

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2. The *extraordinary* professors have no seat in the faculty, nor in the senate, and a smaller income, but are generally promoted to a regular professorship, when a vacancy occurs. Not a few, however, remain in this subordinate condition for life.

3. The *private lecturers* (*privatim docentes*), who have passed through the *examen rigorosum*, deliver lectures like the regular professors, but are without appointment, and receive, with a few exceptions, no salary from the State. They depend, therefore, for their support upon the lecture-fees of their hearers, or upon private tuition, or extra literary labour. Unless they have means of their own, or eminent popular talents, which attract the students by crowds, and which secure to them sometimes a special appropriation from the Minister of Public Instruction, they drag out a very hard and unenviable existence. I know of *Privat-docenten* who spent ten and fifteen years in this literary purgatory, anxiously waiting for a call, labouring day and night, and forced to resort to proof-reading and other mechanical work, to keep themselves from literal starvation. The difficulty is increased in larger universities, where they have to compete with the most celebrated names in all departments of science. Not a few, with all their talents, learning, and industry, are compelled, at last, to quit the academical career in despair, while others are so fortunate as to be promoted to a professorship after only one or two years' probation.

Most of the professors have to pass through these preparatory stages, until they reach the honour and benefit of a regular or ordinary professorship. Some few, however, are called directly from the ranks of the ministry, or practising lawyers and physicians, if they distinguish themselves by learned contributions to the science of their profession.

The number of teachers varies from thirty to a hundred and fifty or more, according to the wealth and extent of the institution. Thus in the year 1853, the university of Berlin numbered no less than 168 teachers (52 ordinary, 41 extraordinary, 7 honorary professors, 60 privatim docentes, and 8 teachers of languages), the university of Vienna 116, Göttingen 109, Leipsic 109, Munich 94, Bonn 91, Heidelberg 91, Halle 71, &c.

One of the most important characteristics of the German universities is the *professorial* or *lecture*-system, as distinct from the *tutorial* system, which prevails in England. Instead of a number of colleges, as in Oxford and Cambridge, where the students live together under the moral supervision as well as intellectual instruction of tutors and fellows, we have in a German university simply one large building with a number of halls (Hörsäle,) where the students spend a part of the day to attend the lectures, if they choose; for there is no compulsion at all. The student is entirely left to his own sense of duty, and enjoys more freedom than he ever can enjoy afterwards in any walk of life. Industrious and conscientious students are, of course, always on the spot, and hear sometimes as many as four or five lectures a day. When the clock strikes, they take their seat in

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their respective Hörsaal, unfold their portfolios, and fix their inkhorn, armed below with a sharp iron spike, into the wooden desk, waiting for the learned oracle. After an intermission of ten or fifteen minutes, the professor leaves the conservatorium, ascends the rostrum, and with the familiar address, 'Meine Herren!' begins his lecture either standing or sitting, either reading in full or in part, or speaking extempore. Some of the hearers take down in short-hand every word that drops from the mouth of living wisdom, thinking with the freshman in Goethe's Faust,

'Denn was man schwarz auf weiss besitzt,
Kann man getrost nach Hause tragen.'

Or to quote another verse equally illustrative of the difference between writing and knowing a lecture:

'Der Studio muss in's Collegium,
Dass er die Wissenchaft allda erschnappe,
Und ist der Weg zur Weisheit noch so krumm,
Er trägt sie fort in seiner Mappe.'

(For lectures sound the student's bound,
Deep wisdom not to catch ill,
And when it's caught, his head knows naught,
It only fills his satchel.)

Others show their independence and their contempt for goose-quill-learning by simply listening, or noting merely the general heads as a guide for the memory. The most judicious appropriate the lecture to their mind as it goes on, and reproduce it in a condensed form. If the professor speaks indistinctly, some show their interest by giving him a hint with a motion of their feet to repeat the sentence. But not all professors pay attention to this *lingua pedestris*.

Each lecture lasts about three-quarters of an hour, till the clock gives its accustomed sound, when the professor shuts his manuscript, and the students wipe their pens, shut their inkhorn, take their hat or bonnet and portfolio, and crowd to the door, to return either to their lodgings, or to attend another lecture.

This is generally all the instruction in these institutions. In some of them, however, for instance in Berlin and Halle, there are what are called *Seminare*, *i. e.*, meetings in the professor's house, for the explanation and discussion on biblical and partristic, or classical authors, and the composition of Latin prize essays. Thus Neander used to read in this more familiar way Tertullian's 'Apologeticus,' Origen's Commentaries, and 'De Principiis,' Augustine's 'Confessiones,' Chrysostom 'De Sacerdotio.' But these meetings, which are conducted in Latin, are attended only by a few. In Tübingen the lecture system is supplied by weekly *repetitoria* and *examinatoria*, conducted by the *Repententen*, who may be compared to the tutors or teaching Fellows of the British universities.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century the university lectures were all delivered in Latin, a method which was very injurious to the cultivation of the German language. The scholars of the seventeenth

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century wrote and spoke the classical, or scholastic Latin better than their mother tongue. It is the merit of Thomasius, professor in Halle, to have broken the way for the gradual abolition of this learned pedantry, and the cultivation of the national language as a medium of academic instruction. At present very few lectures in the German universities are delivered in Latin, while this language is still used, very properly, in academic dissertations, the conferring of degrees, and other public solemnities.

Text-books are very rarely used, except in the universities of Austria, where a despotic and pedantic government prescribes them at the expense of the free development of thought.

It is easy to see that the lecture-system has great advantages both for the professor and the student. It imposes a much greater amount of labour upon the teachers than the use of text-books. Only think of the trouble of writing one or more learned lectures every day, at least in the beginning of the professorial career. But it draws out, at the same time, all his mental powers, and in this way benefits the science. Hence the high standard of scholarship and the marvellous amount of literary fertility, by which the university professors of Protestant Germany surpass their colleagues in other countries. Most of the classical and other scientific text-books used in England and in this country are directly or indirectly of German origin.

To the student, this system is generally the most interesting and impressive, and best calculated to arouse him to a consciousness of his own individuality and originality. For a professor is more master of a subject if he has wrought it out in his own mind, given it a peculiar shape and form, and reduced it to writing, and will deliver and explain his own production with greater animation and enthusiasm than the production of another mind. The great advantage of oral instruction, and the power of the living word, as compared with the dead letter, is generally admitted, and shows itself to its fullest extent in the lecture-system, when a science proceeds in bodily form and clothed in living flesh and blood from the mind of the professor, as the goddess of Wisdom from the head of Jupiter. But the writing of the student also, although by no means absolutely essential, is yet a considerable help. Those who ridicule the mechanical use of the pen forget that the very process of writing, if accompanied by thought, as it always should be, is, generally speaking, the best method of mental appropriation and digestion.

But on the other side, it must be admitted that the German universities promote individuality of intellect and fertility of opinions to an excess, which forms just the opposite extreme to the almost stagnant steadiness, uniformity, and traditionalism of Oxford and Cambridge. If the German governments allow too little political liberty to their subjects, the German universities afford an unbounded freedom of thought and doctrine to the professors and students. With a rare amount of invaluable learning and useful theories, they have brought forth also many fantastic, absurd, and revolutionary

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views and systems. They have been the hot-houses of rationalism, scepticism, and pantheism, and all sorts of dangerous novelties.

The truth seems to lie here, as elsewhere, in the middle, or rather in the deep between two extremes, although it may be very difficult to fix the exact line of demarcation. A model university, while affording the widest field for the cultivation of all sciences, ought never to lose sight of the great aim to benefit society, and to train the rising intellects of a nation for practical usefulness in Church and State. They should reconcile the claims of authority and freedom, and guard the unity and harmony of truth as well as the diversity and universality of science. The lecture-system can be, and ought to be, combined with the catechetical mode of instruction, by which the progress of the student may be ascertained, and the subject of the lecture be more fully explained, and applied with special regard to his peculiar wants and his future discharge of the active duties of life.

The students of the university must have passed through a regular preparatory course of nine or ten years in a gymnasium, which is generally divided into nine or ten classes, and corresponds to our academies and colleges, comprising a methodical tutorial instruction in ancient and modern languages, mathematics, natural sciences, geography, history, and philosophy.

Almost every large city has one or more such classical schools. Berlin alone numbers six gymnasia, besides what are called Real, or Polytechnic institutions, schools of artillery, military engineering, architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, and the Academy of Sciences. The gymnasia confer no degrees, like the colleges of England and America, which have retained the scholastic number of four and seven years for the attainment of the bachelor's and master's diploma. But the gymnastic course terminates with the *examen maturitatis*, without which no one can be admitted as a regular student to the university.

Other tests do not exist. The German universities maintain the principle of universal admissibility, both for those who wish to teach, and for those who wish to learn, on the sole condition of intellectual capacity. There are no sectarian or religious disabilities, as at Oxford and Cambridge, except for the professorships of the theological faculty. Thus you may find Lutherans, Reformed, Roman Catholics, Greeks, and even Jews, and many foreigners from all countries of Europe and America, amongst the students. There they enter upon an unlimited field of independent study, where they may for four or more years carry on and complete their education for a profession, or for a particular science, or for a professorship in any of the faculties, and acquire, on examination, an academic degree from a body of masters in their department, who alone are competent to confer them upon real merit.

The students have generally passed the eighteenth or twentieth year, when they leave the gymnasium and the hackneyed machinery of school tuition. Their final examination and matriculation in the

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university is a complete emancipation from intellectual guardianship, and the commencement of an era of perfect freedom, such as they never enjoy again in subsequent life. They choose the profession, the professors, and the lectures; they may attend them with scrupulous regularity, or waste their precious time in idleness and dissipation. They are supposed to have attained such a degree of intellectual and moral maturity as to be fully able to take care of themselves, except in political matters, in which the German governments are as illiberal and intolerant as they are liberal in allowing an almost unbounded freedom of thought and speech on every other subject. The only indirect compulsion to study are the requisite examinations for the attainment of the doctor's diploma, or for the active service of Church and State. But the strongest stimulus to industry is supposed to be a disinterested, enthusiastic love for science, and the highest culture of the mind.

The German universities are not training schools, like the gymnasia, and our American colleges, but represent the unity and universality of scientific knowledge, the arena for the investigation and spread of truth; and afford the students the best possible opportunity for prosecuting their studies by their own self-educating abilitities, with perfect freedom, for any number of years, and to an almost unbounded extent. To many a youth this academical freedom proves disastrous; but as a general rule, the German student is proverbial for his plodding disposition, and his toilsome, unwearied patience in the pursuit of knowledge.

The number of students in the different universities varies from three or four hundred to two or three thousand. Those who can at all afford it, visit two or more universities, and thus come in living contact with the most distinguished scholars of the age, and acquire a more universal culture.

The peculiar dress, terminology, manners, and habits, by which the German students used to be distinguished from every other class of society, are disappearing more and more, especially in the larger cities, as Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, where they are lost in the mass of the population. The 'Burschenschaften' have been mostly dissolved, as hotbeds of political agitation and revolution. Still there remains a great deal of originality and peculiar attraction about the German university life. Some English travellers, such as Russell, Laing, and Talfourd, were rather repulsed by it, while William Howitt, and others, from longer observation, have described it favourably.

It must be confessed, that drinking, duel-fighting (although the latter is strictly prohibited by the authorities), and other lawless and vulgar habits, still disgrace several of these learned institutions, especially in smaller towns, as Jena and Giessen, where the students have the citizens, or 'Philistines,' as they call them, under their control. But if we make proper allowance for the difference of national genius and taste, they lose nothing by a comparison with the students of Oxford and Cambridge, while in industry they generally surpass them.

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'A German student,' says a recent English writer in the 'Dublin University Magazine,' 'does not feather his oar in a university boat on regatta-day; he does not kick the foot-ball on Parker's-piece; he does not skilfully take the balls at a cricket-match. These gentle pastimes would not satisfy his bolder and noisier disposition. His thoughts are more excitable and somewhat enthusiastic. His manners are more cordial and unreserved. His appearance and demeanour are less aristocratic. Yet he is well bred, spirited, and high-minded; he is frank and open; a faithful friend, and an eccentric lover of his *Vaterland*. He is a sworn enemy to all falsehood and all deceit. Peculiar notions of honour, and a deep love of independence and liberty, belong to his most deep-rooted principles. Song and music, social parties, convivial fêtes, a martial, undaunted spirit, and excitement of the patriotic feelings, throw over his life an enchantment which gilds it yet in all his later recollections.'

The students live not in one building, as is generally the case in our colleges, but scattered through the town. They spend from two to five hours every day in the lecture-rooms of the university-hall, and the rest of the time in reading and writing at home, or in intercourse with their fellow-students. The majority, especially the 'foxes,' as the freshmen are called, join one of the clubs, or associations for social enjoyment after true student's fashion. The members generally wear, or used to wear, peculiar colours on their caps, flags, and breast-bands, are regularly organized, and meet on special days at a particular inn, or private room. There they sit around oblong tables, in the best of humour, drinking, smoking, and singing, at the top of their clear, strong voices, 'Gaudeamus igitur,' or 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland,' or 'Wir hatten gebauet,' or 'Stimmt an mit hellem hohem Klang,' or 'Freiheit, die ich meine,' or 'Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,' or 'Wohlauf noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein.' They discuss the merits of their professors and sweethearts; they consult about a serenade to a favourite teacher, or about a joke to be practised upon some sordid 'Philister' or landlord; they make patriotic speeches on the prospects of the German fatherland; they pour out their heart in an unbroken succession of affection and merriment, pathos and humour, wit and sarcasm, pun and taunt; they smoke and puff; they sing and laugh and talk till midnight, and feel as happy as the fellows in Auerbach's cellar in Göthe's Faust.

I wish the great temperance apostle, John B. Gough, would go to Germany and convince these merry students that the beer and wine goblets are by no means essential to a feast of reason and flow of soul, and that their absence would save them the 'Katzenjammer' on the next day, and a heap of trouble beside. But they would probably meet him with the authority of the great Reformer, who, among many other unguarded things, said

> 'Who does not love wife, wine, and song,
> Remains a fool his whole life long.'

It must not be supposed, however, that all German students take

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part in these noisy enjoyments. The more serious amongst them live either in almost ascetic retirement, or confine themselves to friends of strict morality, literary taste, and close application.

We must also add that the noisy, boisterous, and semi-savage spirit of the old *Landsmannschaften*, and more recent *Burschenschaft*, is fast dying away. Not only have the governments dissolved the political clubs, which drew the students from their proper avocation into the whirlpool of political agitation and revolution, but the traditional *Burschen-comment*, with all its ludicrous appendages, is beginning to fall into disrepute among the students themselves. The present generation of Burschen is a more refined class of men; they have exchanged the gauntlet for a pair of kids, the sword or rapier for a riding-whip or walking-stick, and it is no more an honour to besot one's self with beer and tobacco, and to provoke duels. The students of Berlin, Bonn, and other universities, have taken effectual measures to eradicate the barbarous custom of duelling, by establishing *Ehrengerichte*, or a student's jury, before which quarrels may be peacefully settled.

Students and Colleges.

My Dear Spectator,—Of course you are aware that there are certain grave questions being asked rather loudly just now about students and colleges, the answers to which, come from what quarter they may, *your* readers will at least regard very seriously and anxiously. The privileges of the long vacation have been invaded by persons who seem to be able to live without rest, demanding, 'Are the colleges what they ought to be? Do they contain the men that will eventually do Christ's work in the world in an effective manner? Have they the right tutors presiding over them, and is their influence upon the students healthy and soul-invigorating? Are the students answering the real end for which they entered college, and under which system can their gifts be best developed—the resident or the non-resident? &c., &c.

Of late, the replies which these inquiries have called forth from certain parties have not been of a nature to inspire much confidence in colleges, tutors, students, or their curriculum, as they at present exist. If recent statements are to be believed, the colleges are anything but what their revered founders intended them to be; being, in fact, such hot-beds of heresy that their managers have exposed themselves to all the miseries of a chancery suit for so audaciously trifling with trust-deeds, and allowing the bequests of the charitable to be so wantonly misapplied. We are informed, with the discretion, however, which fear of the law of libel dictates, that the tutors are unsound, and that, consequently, without any regard to common honesty, they unblushingly take handsome salaries for the inculcation of doctrines

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which are thoroughly at variance with the things commonly believed amongst us; for *not* doing, in short, what, when they accepted office, they declared they would do. The indictment further sets forth, that the students are immoral, their conversation licentious, their interest in lectures very meagre, their use or abuse of the latch-key unlimited, and their attendance at theatres regarded as a necessary part of their education for ministerial life. We are told, moreover, that the course of training to which they are subject, ere they appear before the world as its teachers, is not adapted to make them able ministers of the New Testament, but, on the contrary, only serves to damp their ardour; and one student from a certain college, which of late has been sadly maligned, testifies that he,—most careful youth,—although occasionally found in the congregation of sinners which frequent her Majesty's Theatre, was compelled to leave because he found the moral atmosphere of his college unfavourable to the growth of his spiritual life. A pretty state of things, my dear Spectator!

It is peculiarly unfortunate that such statements should be made, while those who are so well qualified to respond to them have, for a brief period, thrown work aside, and set off for their holiday on mountain and moor, in shady vale, or by the health-inspiring sea. I would that neither the soporific state of the weather, nor the lazy fever which the declining reign of summer leaves as its legacy, had driven them away, but that they were standing to their arms, with their nerves braced up for work, and their intellectual energies all within hail, to teach slanderers of character, whether public or private, a good wholesome lesson, and also to say what ought to be said in the brief silence which has just been created by the revelations and misrepresentations which have been published. We can, however, without much anxiety, await the answer of those deeply interested in the accusations which have been brought against them; meanwhile, you will, I am sure, allow me, as an old student of the college which has been so bitterly assailed, to express the grateful respect and esteem in which I hold its professors, my confidence in the students, and my firm conviction that if the idea of New College, London, could only be properly realised, we should have a ministry thoroughly equal to the wants of the age we live in.

As a student under the old and new dispensations—first of all entering one of the resident colleges, and then being transferred to the college which has for some time been so spitefully croaked at—I think it is only just and right that I should state my impressions about the resident and the non-resident system, and the course of study marked out for the students on the old plan and on the new. I rejoice to think that there exists a magazine, and yours, alas! is the only one I know, in which I can candidly discharge the duty which the necessity of the hour has laid upon me.

I do not for a moment undervalue some of the advantages possessed by the students in resident colleges. I shall never forget the sense of exquisite comfort I felt the first few weeks of my college life. Up to nineteen years of age my life had been full of battle with untoward

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circumstances and severe hardships. I scarcely knew what it was to have a day free from care and sorrow during the entire year. Hard work, both of the brain and of the hand, was my hourly experience. Scarcely a word of kindness fell upon my ear, and craving for a sympathy which seemed eternally distant from me, I thought my very soul would die. My best thoughts and hopes went unrespected, and while nourishing a holy ambition about the future, from early morn sometimes to the midnight hour I received nothing but insult and unkindness. When at length Providence, as it appeared to me in a most miraculous manner, opened up a new path in life, I seemed ascending from the valley of the shadow of death to the Mount of Transfiguration.

One morning found me standing before the committee of a college renowned for its theological tutor, and famed in the circles of the wise and thoughtful for the men it sent forth. I was treated as I had never been before—as a gentleman; my crude, imperfect answers to the questions proposed to me were interpreted, through the kindness of superior wisdom, as meaning more than I had ever intended them to mean. A man whose theological science caused him to be revered and looked up to, not only by those of his own denomination, but by some of the foremost men in the Church of England, and whose literary attainments commanded the respect of scholars in general, with a fatherly grasp, which my hand still feels, welcomed me to the college, and professed himself satisfied with the views I had expressed in regard to the Christian ministry. Another, whose classical attainments have made whatever he has written or edited a necessity in every college and university in the land, and who at the same time can give out to raw beginners the magnificent treasures wherewith his brain is stored with a fascinating grace and simplicity that I have never, and I believe shall never see equalled, told the committee, although I could scarcely read the Greek Testament, that he should have much pleasure in assisting me in my studies. Gentlemen on the committee, with a kindness and sympathy I shall never forget, bade me God speed in the life in which I had entered, and so, my college days began.

Dear old college! Beautiful, ever to be remembered days! There was at length quiet and rest for mind and heart after the incessant storm of eight years' struggling. I had a study in which I could feel myself entirely shut out from the world, a magnificent library within a minute's walk, a delightful garden opposite my window. About three hours a day were devoted to lectures in the library; the remainder was my own. One of the best men the world has ever seen would occasionally come and chat in my study, or take my youthful arm as his support while we walked in the garden, to a prayer meeting, or to some public meeting a little way off.

Beautiful days! I repeat. What sallies of wit can ever equal the home-thrust personalities that flitted across the breakfast table? What sermons have we ever heard since then worth remembering? How many public meetings have been attended with half the interest? How many petitions to Parliament have been joined in with anything like the

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enthusiasm when we wrote the words 'student' or B. A. as a tail to our names?

A good time it was, my dear Spectator, to be a student in our college ten years ago; and it will be at once evident that on the non-resident system such a college life would be impossible; that the students would not be so much together, and that their temporal comforts would be decreased by the change; and yet there were bitter discomforts connected with college life on the old plan which the non-resident system immediately and effectually removed. I have remembrance of stormy scenes, of angry contests, of grudging jealousies, that belong especially to a residence in a college. I have seen an Irishman at breakfast-time throw a pot of hot scalding tea at the head of his fellow-student without thinking that he had done anything so out of the way. I have seen a student knocked down for a harmless jest; and I have witnessed insults offered that would shame an American senator's mode of dealing with his associates. I have seen meek-spirited men oppressed by daily, hourly bullying until their very reason at times appeared to reel. I have seen a student 'put in coventry' for weeks together, while his heart was breaking down through want of fellowship and intercourse with his brethren.

Now there was an end to all this the moment we ceased to reside in the college. Disagreeable men might be kept at their proper distance; there was a larger company from which to select companies, and there was little opportunity for exchanging the discourtesies which at one time were as regular as the meals of the day. None can tell the comfort of the change but those who have known what it is to live in a resident college. A liberal weekly allowance was granted to each student by the committee; comfortable lodgings might be secured, and with a little husbanding of resources one might live with tolerable ease, although I must admit that as far as domestic arrangements are concerned, some of the old students lost by the change.

It seems to me, my dear Spectator, that the founders of New College got hold of the right idea when they determined to exercise faith in the piety of students, and to give them that knowledge of the world which would fit them for appearing in society without the awkward shamefacedness which belongs to the mere recluse. I remember when the idea was first made public there was no end to the fears which were expressed about what the students would be when removed from the watchful eye of their tutors, and though there were thousands of young men in shops and offices who kept themselves unspotted from the world, yet students for the Christian ministry were to be young rakes and prodigals! It was urged then as now, that the resident system provided thoroughly against any approach to any irregularity, and that the rules of the college obliging students to maintain certain habits and to keep certain hours, kept them out of the reach of temptations, to which on the new system they would be exposed.

Now, I know, and every old student knows, that if a man were inclined to do wrong, he could do it most effectually as a member of a resident college. It is sheer nonsense to talk about the watchful eyes

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of tutors ever being upon the students, to keep them in order, or to see that they are doing their work. No tutor would bemean himself by becoming a spy, and no student who possessed an atom of self-respect would remain in a college where his good faith and honour were being constantly suspected. A tutor without being a spy can soon see by the manner in which a student acquits himself in class whether the tone of his mind is what it ought to be, and whether he is a faithful, persevering, worker. This is his province; he is not a mere play-ground usher, to watch every action of the students, and to report thereon to the committee.

Occasionally there will be students who prove themselves morally as well as intellectually unfit to enter the ministry, and it is rather a good sign of the times that the standard by which the theological student is measured is becoming more and more elevated, and that those who give no real evidence of their fitness for ministerial work should be sent from college to make room for better men. It is much to be regretted that so few young men of education and of mental power now present themselves at the colleges as students for the ministry. What the cause may be I know not, but one exists, and it must be grappled with without delay. When we consider the attainments of many men when they enter college, it is perfectly marvellous how the tutors can make anything of them at all. The very gods we are told can do nothing with stupidity, but the tutors in our colleges must not believe the saying; they must do battle with ignorance and self-conceit year after year, and find but few who really turn out the men their course of training was adapted to make them! If students had the necessary capability, and thoroughly gave themselves to the course of study marked out for them, what scholars, what first-rate men they would be at the end of their five or six years in college. Look, for example, at the course of study pursued in New College, London, or in any of the institutions that have men of worth and power presiding over them. Can any one doubt that it is just that preparation which a young minister needs, if he is to obtain any standing in society, if he is to be useful and respected among his people? There is no comparison, my dear Spectator, between the education which one may now receive in college and that which students received even twelve or fifteen years ago. There is every inducement for the future minister to enter upon his work with mind and heart richly cultivated, possessed of those stores of knowledge which will make him invaluable to the persons among whom he may be sent to labour.

Would that all students were faithful to their college life, and that while free from the anxieties of the pastorate, they worked with a will at those studies which if put aside until the work of the ministry be entered upon will never be enthusiastically taken up, and will be most imperfectly mastered, if at all. Would that, laying aside every weight, they kept their work always before them, and felt the deepest and holiest interest in it! Then the Church of Christ would never lack able ministers, and the rising ministry would take a position in the world from which all inane charges of heresy and vapid lamentations about

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unsoundness might be treated with perfect indifference. While treating with the disregard they merit the recent slanders which have suggested this letter to you, I am not without the hope that the students will return to their work with a more solemn and holy purpose than that which animated their hearts when they entered on their labours, and that by patient continuance in well doing they will put to shame the ignorance of foolish men.

P. P.

A Chapter on Flies.

USEFUL books are actually coming in again! The cycle of amusing literature has been accomplished, and authors are plucking up courage to write so as to give information, and are not quite hopeless of securing an audience equal to that commanded by Mr. Titmarsh, or Mr. Verdant Green. A book before us bears very evident indication that writers are not unwilling even to spend all their strength on a purely scientific subject; have faith that they can make it quite popular; and are pretty certain of their book being read. What subject could one write upon to ensure a general interest and attention? Something new, rare, and comparatively unknown? Not at all, reply our authors. What do you say to a book upon those very 'Humble Creatures,' the 'Earth-Worm' and the 'Fly?' and a book exceeding in interest any half a hundred volumes that you could select from the comic or funny press has accordingly just made its appearance. The authors are Mr. James Samuelson and Dr. J. Braxton Hicks; their subjects those we have indicated; how they have treated them will appear from the numerous quotations we shall have to make as we go along.

We beg that it may be taken for granted that we know no more about flies than *you* do; good reader, that is to say, we know that they are insects (*in-sections*); that they have a most remarkable way of their own of running up and down window panes; that they are very troublesome to old gentlemen with bald heads; that they are most useful and industrious scavengers of all kinds of refuse; that they work early and late during their short life, and often die a most untimely death. You will say, when you have read what we intend to place before you, that they are entitled to much more honour and credit than would be allowed them by any one with the knowledge of only these five or six points—and that if very humble and very common—rather 'vulgaw,' in fact, from the aristocratic point of view—they, according to their order, faithfully and wonderfully minister to their Creator's glory.

When you speak of an absent friend, there is nothing like putting his worst points first. It is more candid, more kind, and more generous, than quoting them with a qualifying *but*, and so allowing

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them to leave a disproportionate impression upon your auditor's mind. Our amusing and ingenious friend, the fly, deserves to be dealt with in no less honourable a manner. He has no particular fault, but we would be candid, and state that his relations are not the most pleasant or reputable. Some of his very nearest kin, in his own class, are the — well, it must be said, though we are sorry to say it— the Bug and the Louse. And having said that, we have stated the worst that we know of our humble, and now intimate, acquaintance.

Our authors begin their letters upon the Fly by a familiar statement of the special characteristics of the class of insects to which it is related. We are glad to learn therefrom that it belongs to the highest of the three sub-classes, first, because it undergoes a complete transformation before it attains to the fly dignity; and, secondly, because it has the honour to possess two wings. They then proceed to remark, in order, upon the sections into which flies are divided. Look at the first that comes to steal your sugar, and you will see that these are three in number—head, chest, and abdomen; each very distinctly separated from the other. Now, although microscopic power of the highest perfection has been applied to these parts, with results which are photographed in a series of exquisite plates in the book under review— the very first part of a fly that attracts the naturalist's attention is the most mysterious. Protruding from the head are several feelers, or antennæ; the *third* joint of these antennæ is found, when magnified, to be perforated all over with minute punctures, closed from the atmosphere, and interspersed with a vast number of fine short hairs. From these, cavities and brain nerves have been traced of the most intricate and curious construction. And what functions do the antennæ perform that they should be so curiously and wonderfully made? Science can give no answer. Our authors remark, that the sense of hearing has been assigned to them by such naturalists as Burmeister, Carus, Strauss-Durkheim, Oken, Robineau, Desvoidy, and Newport; that of smell, or smell and touch, by Reaumur, Lyonnais, and several French anatomists, Küster, Erichson, and Vogt; and it is not even yet decided whether they possess any one of these faculties. The only light that can be thrown upon the question is derived from analogy; but unfortunately, analogy supports each conclusion, and its light is, therefore, little better than darkness. How the question is argued from analogy will be gathered from the following quotation:—

'That is a question which naturalists have in vain essayed to answer, and the true function of the feelers is a problem still to be solved. Some zoologists attribute to them the sense of hearing, others of smell, and others again have superadded to the latter sense that of touch.

'These conclusions have been arrived at by comparing the structure of the antennæ in various tribes of insects with their respective habits of life. They have been considered organs of sound chiefly on account of their anatomical structure; but Mr. Newport, a very careful observer, has also adduced, as an instance where the feelers exhibit a sensibility to sound, the fact of a beetle, which retracts its antennæ on a sudden noise, and falling down counterfeits death. On the other hand, we have various circumstances in evidence of their tactile and olfactory functions; amongst those may be quoted the ichneumon-fly, which lays its eggs by means of a sharp ovipositor in the larvæ of various insects; on the bodies of

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these, the larvæ of the ichneumon subsist as soon as they are hatched. If we observe this insect seeking for larvæ or caterpillars that inhabit wood, old posts, &c., we shall notice that it pushes its antennæ before it into every irregularity of surface until it has met with a caterpillar, which it then pierces with its ovipositor, and injects one or more eggs. Other insects employ the antennæ for the same purpose; and it has been proved beyond a doubt that the sense of smell guides them in depositing their eggs; for some insects, whose larvæ derive their nourishment from decaying meat, have been known to commit the singular mistake of placing them upon plants that possess a similar odour, but were totally unsuitable as food for the larvæ, in consequence of which they died of hunger almost as soon as they were hatched. The bee, again, employs its antennæ, or organs of smell, in searching for honey: the ants use these organs to point out to each other the locality in which they have discovered food; and to suppose that they do this by means of signs caused by sound, would be attributing to them a power of imparting information that could hardly be regarded as the result of instinct.'

How many eyes has a fly? 'Two!' will be the answer of the very first person you ask. In construction it has *five*, in use, more than *four thousand*. Here is the admirable description by our authors of the wonderful mechanism of this instrument of vision for a common fly:—

'The discovery by one of the authors of this little treatise of the existence of sacs behind the delicate membrane covering the pores, and also of the larger apertures already alluded to at the base of the third joint, may probably throw fresh light upon the nature of the antennæ. Meanwhile, however, we must continue to regard the question of their function as still unsettled, and content ourselves with observing that they possess some sensory function besides that of touch; either smell, hearing, or both.

'If the antennæ of the fly have proved a mystery to naturalists, equally so have its wonderful eyes been the subject of speculative inquiry. These are five in number, two being compound, and of comparatively enormous proportions; for they monopolize the greater part of the head, from each side of which they protrude in a semi-globular form. The remaining three are small, simple in their structure, and disposed in a triangle on the top of the head, between the two compound eyes. We shall direct your attention chiefly to the last-named, the compound organs. At the first glance, these resemble two small hemispheres, covered with a bright brown varnish; when you examine them more closely with a lens, the convex surface appears to be marked with a species of network, and, when placed under the microscope, this network is found to consist of a vast number of convex lenses, disposed in regular rows upon the projecting surface. These lenses, each of which forms the external surface of a simple, but perfect organ of vision, have been carefully counted, and their number amounts to 4,000; in other insects they are far more numerous.

'If we make a vertical section of one of these compound eyes, dividing it by an incision across the middle of its circumference, and examine it under the microscope, we shall find it to be constructed as follows:—Each simple lens or facet is double convex and hexagonal in form; and behind this is a six-sided, transparent pyramid, so attached to the facet, that the latter forms, as it were, the base of the pyramid directed outwards. Each pyramid is imbedded in a dark pigment; so that the light which enters one facet may not be dispersed, nor penetrate into the neighbouring one, and thus cause a confusion of rays; from each facet, or rather from the apex of each pyramid, a distinct nerve passes into the substance of the eye, and all these nerves meeting in one common centre, form a large nervous trunk, which conveys the image of surrounding objects to the brain. You will therefore see that a perfect image of external objects is admitted into each facet, which, together with its pyramid, partake of the character of a telescopic tube; and that these images most probably centre in one point, from which the various nervous fibres pass.

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'Until recently it was a question much discussed amongst naturalists, whether these remarkable eyes convey to the brain of the fly one or many images of the surrounding objects; and the existence of the three simple eyes already referred to, as being placed on the back of the head, by no means tended to the solution of this problem.

'Many were of opinion that each facet of the compound eyes, as also of the simple ones, conveyed a distinct image of external objects to the brain, just for instance as we see a series of images on looking through a toy multiplying-glass, which is a prism of many facets. It has, however, of late been shown that such is not necessarily the case; for, although it can be clearly demonstrated that each facet receives a distinct image of surrounding objects, yet, from the position of these facets, which do not all embrace the same view of the external field, there can be little doubt that the various images meet at a common centre, and are conveyed to the brain as a single picture of the surrounding field. We have only to consider the operation of our own eyes, to find a perfect illustration of this principle; for, although we look at one object with both eyes, and consequently a distinct image is reflected upon the retina of each, we do not see two objects, but only one distinct image is apparent to our sense. A still more remarkable example of the fusion of images is, however, found in the action of the stereoscope, where we actually have two objects, or pictures, the images of which first pass through two distinct lenses, and into our two eyes, and still only one clear and prominent figure is carried to the brain.'

They then reply to the question, why has this humble insect been so remarkably endowed?—

'You will perhaps inquire why such pains have been taken to provide the fly and other insects with so many hundreds of eyes, whilst we and the higher animals are furnished only with two of these organs. Many explanatory replies have been given to this question, few, however, being at all satisfactory; and experiments have of late been tried in connexion with the function of the simple and compound eyes (the former of which are composed of similar parts to the single facets of the latter), whereby we should be led to the belief that the two sets of eyes do not operate alike; namely, that the one set reflects distant objects, whilst the other enables the creature to examine those in its immediate vicinity. Further experiments will, however, be necessary before we can regard this as an established fact.

'Probably the existence of the compound eyes may be attributed to the circumstance that insects seek their food in the deep tubes, or dim hollows of flowers, and have frequent occasion to enter crevices into which the light but partially penetrates. A single image reflected in such localities would be faint and imperfect; whereas a series, collected, as we know those of insects to be, in one common centre, and thence conducted to the brain, would form one clear and distinct picture. If, on the other hand, the same mechanism were employed in the minute eyes of insects as concentrates the external rays in our own organs of vision, we mean the contractile iris, the disposable surface would be almost entirely absorbed, and little room left for the admission of rays; whilst it appears much more natural and in accordance with the general structure of insects (which affords numerous examples of a repetition of similar parts), that they should possess a number of simple lenses, than that the visual organs should be furnished with the mechanical contrivances attached to those of the higher animals. If this be so, we may say with Lyonnet, the great French naturalist, that if it pleases the Creator to construct for the bee or the fly 10,000 eyes, in order the more effectually to meet the creature's wants, it is as easy for him to do so as to construct a single lens.'

Means of procuring and eating food we will pass over for the sake of a long extract on wings. Our authors allude only cursorily to their anatomical construction, but describe in minute detail their powers of motion. Every one has some quaint notion of the marvellous extent of the endowment of insects in this particular. Our authors describe

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how it is possible to define them with the greatest accuracy. Thus, the fly is said to make 600 strokes per second with its wings; but as it is impossible for any man to count anything like 600 strokes in that time, it becomes a question how can anyone be sure that 600—neither more nor fewer—are made? This knowledge is attained not by the aid of sight, but by *hearing*, and in this manner:—

'When a spring is caused to vibrate a certain number of times, it emits a particular tone, and, as the number of its vibrations is increased or diminished, this note rises or falls in pitch. Now, this vibration being analogous to that of the wing of an insect, which also emits a musical sound, an apparatus has been constructed wherein a multiplying wheel, with a given number of cogs, against which a spring strikes, is made to revolve rapidly. A note being thus produced, varying in pitch according to the rapidity of the revolutions, the velocity is accelerated or retarded until this note is the same as that proceeding from the wings of the insect, and by an easy calculating process the number of vibrations may be thus ascertained.'

This, however, is not its greatest power of flight. When alarmed, its wings will make 4,000 strokes in a second, and carry it along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. 'Did the fly equal the race-horse in size, and retain its present power in the ratio of its magnitude, it would traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning.'

But, on every part of this little creature's body, the most minute care has been bestowed. Our authors, Dr. Hicks especially, having given to it a more than ordinary study, have been successful in detecting the precise localities of various organs, and in discovering new sets of nerves and other attributes. The following is a description of the poisers, or minor wings:—

'These appear to be rudimentary wings, are protected by a pair of horny scales, and, seen with the naked eye, they resemble two globules, which are kept in a state of constant vibration whilst the insect is on the wing. On being detached, however, and examined under the microscope, they present a club-shaped appearance, and their base is found to be studded all over with microscopic vesicles, disposed in regular rows upon the surface. Between these vesicles, as in the case of the antennæ, numerous hairs are interspersed with great regularity. It has been found that two large nerves proceed from one of the principal nervous centres in the insect (the thoracic ganglion) into the halteres; and from these, minute branches have been traced to all the vesicles upon the surface: from this it must be inferred, that these vesicles (as well as those in the wings, with which nerve-fibres also communicate) are organs of sense, and it is believed by the observers who discovered them that they are the organs of smell.'

The legs and feet come next under review:—

'The "tarsus," or foot of the fly, is subdivided into five joints, the final one being furnished with that remarkable apparatus which enables the insect to walk upon what appear to us perfectly smooth or polished surfaces, and also to progress in a position opposed to the laws of gravity.

'This apparatus consists of two moveable claws resembling a cow's horns in shape, which the insect can affix to any little eminences or depressions that present themselves in its course; and, further, of a pair of membranous expansions, termed "pulvilli," or, familiarly, pads, which, when magnified, resemble the broad termination of a child's battledore formed of parchment. Until recently, these pulvilli, which are furnished with innumerable hairs, were supposed to operate as suckers; but the higher powers of the microscope have revealed, at the termination of each of the numerous hairs that cover the surface, a minute

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xpansion, which is kept moist by a fluid exuding from the extremity; and the ·i·ef now prevails that, whilst each single hairlet serves as a sucking disc, the wo pulvilli themselves act as cushions for the preservation of the larger hooks ·hich would otherwise become abraded) in a similar manner to the soft cushions ·at protect the sole of a cat's foot, and enable it to tread so lightly.

'This view is strengthened by the examination of the foot of one of the large ·ater-beetles, in which these small suckers are developed in a remarkable degree; ·d also to some extent by the suckers that serve as members of locomotion in the ·r-fishes, and the terminal cushions upon the toes of the climbing-frog, in all ·which a power is imparted similar to that possessed by the house-fly.'

With the aid of the microscope, the circulation of the fluids in all he parts of animals has been fully ascertained. One remarkable ircumstance has been discovered with regard to the fly; viz., that in me portions of the body the blood circulates in cavities, *unconfined y any vessels whatever.*

There is quite sufficient in the book before us to explain one other ell-known characteristic of flies—their marvellous and constantly ncreasing number. If what our authors state be true, the only onder is, that we have not a plague of flies every summer. A fly ill lay from seventy to ninety eggs at a time, and, it is believed, is ble to accomplish this feat three or four times in the course of a eason. Assuming, say the writers, that the fly deposits eighty ova at ·itting, and that she performs this operation four times during her fe, Keller, the German naturalist, has proved it to be probable, or, e will say, possible, for a single female in one season to be the proud rogenitrix of upwards of two million flies. Some years ago, an old entleman called together all his *direct* descendants, and gave them a inner. They were nearly 200 in number, and that was thought be a circumstance worth recording. How the old gentleman dwinles in importance before the fly, who might summon her host of two illions in St. George's Hall, and give the Liverpool people a practical illustration of one of the choruses sung the other day from Israel in Egypt.'

It is time, now, to come to the death of flies, and we hope o be able here, also, to excite the reader's interest in, and symathy for, this worst abused of our summer guests. Of the umerous accidents to which it is subject we all know; of its iseases, we have hitherto known but little, and, indeed, we doubt hether many persons have thought of flies being subject to the common lot' of other created beings in this respect. Here our otation is not from the authors of the work we have had under view, but from a writer cited in the closing letter, Dr. Cohn, of reslau:—

'The subject of this paper is the well-known curious disease which prevails ong common house-flies at the period when the departing warmth of autumn duces them to seek shelter within doors.

'At this time innumerable dead bodies of flies may be seen adhering to the ndows, walls, shutters, &c., in all parts of the room; the dead insect, although y, and so friable as to crumble into dust upon the slightest touch, retains so far e attitude of life, that it is difficult, without touching, to believe that it is not a ring fly on the point of taking flight. Insects in dying usually draw up the legs,

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and cross them beneath the body; but in the case of the disease now under consideration, the dead body is supported upon the outstretched legs, whose feet retain their adhesive property, and by the protruded proboscis, with which the fly would seem to be sucking; and by which, even when the feet may happen to be detached, the body is still retained *in situ*. The dead flies in this condition are always surrounded with a halo, about an inch in diameter, composed of a whitish dust, which, upon examination, is found to consist of the spores (seeds) of a fungus. The abdomen is much distended, and the rings composing it are separated from each other, the intervals being occupied by white prominent zones, constituted of a fungoid growth proceeding from the interior of the body. Further examination will show that the whole of the contents of the body of the fly have been consumed by the parasitic growth, and that nothing remains but an empty shell, lined with a thin felt-like layer, composed of the slender mycelia of the innumerable fungi.'

Dear reader, henceforth despise not flies! If you have a disposition thereto, catch the first that excites your irritation, put him under a half-guinea microscope, and we have no question that after a few minutes you will let it go again to rejoice itself and perform its work. If you, in proportion to your gifts, would do half as much as your humble acquaintance to get rid of the abuses that surround you, you would be as happy and contented as it appears to be, and, doubtless, is.

We very heartily recommend the work we have been reviewing to our readers, and should be glad if they would use their influence to introduce it to the notice of every book society with which they may be connected. It is just the work for a family circle. We do not personally know the authors; if we did, we should beg of them to continue their observations on God's 'Humble Creatures.'

The true Method of Christian Progress.*

To roll a snowball and to grow an oak are not the same thing. Enlargement of volume is a result in both cases; but beyond this, they have nothing in common. In one, the result is wrought by an external force; in the other, by a vital force within. In one, the swelling bulk receives all that will adhere to it, snow, mud, or gravel, as it may happen, forming a promiscuous conglomerate mass; in the other, the new matter is carefully selected, taken up internally, digested, assimilated, and built into an organic, vital whole. In the snowball, there is, at no time, any internal power of production or self-enlargement. Not one of the particles in its cold body can it quicken or fructify; whereas in the tree there is a vital, self-active power, which can work, feed, and send out the extensions of growth, as long as it lives.

The same distinction holds in reference to every organic and vital

* 'Growth, not Conquest, the true Method of Christian Progress.' By Horace Bushnell, D.D., Philadelphia.

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being; it must have its increase by a law peculiar to vital being, that is, by its own internal activity and a development from within. Nor is this less true of the mind, or intellectual life, than of animal and vegetable natures. There is no true enlargement of the mind, no increase of intellectual stature, save that which is wrought in and through the internal activity of the mind itself. To be a receiver only of the world's knowledge, to pile up the treasures of libraries in the memory, to overlay the soul with borrowed ornaments, and crowd its capacity with borrowed opinions and arguments, is no better than to swell the body and shape it into proportion, by laying on muscles of cloth or of clay. The creative and mercurial energies of the soul itself must be called into action; the man himself must grow. He must learn to think, to wrestle with difficulties; his inventive and critical powers must sharpen their action. What he receives, he must receive as by digestion, and build it into the body of his intellectual being, by a process of internal assimilation. Otherwise his soul will only lie entombed in its knowledge.

So also with piety or Christian character. It must be a growth. Its increase and beauty must be wrought by the activity of spiritual life. Fires will not burn it into the soul. Statutes and penalties will not force it. Self-tortures and penances will as little avail. Sacraments and formal observances will not, of themselves, accomplish more. Its being is its life as a spiritual creature of God, quickened by his light and warmed by his love. Its volume is in its exercise, its aims, and objects, its internal struggles and conquests; by which it grows up into Him in whom it lives, showing first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear.

Thus far we have spoken only of those vital natures which are individual. But the same law holds in respect to society, at least in many of its forms. Society is vital and organic. The family, for example, is a living creature, an organic whole, having a power of unlimited increase in its own vital and prolific nature. A single family, proceeding thus from one parent stock, will suffice to people a nation,—nay, it has sufficed to people even the world itself. It is not like a a foundling hospital, which is peopled from without, by inmates gathered from the streets, and by no laws of production within its own nature; but it is one regular coherent growth, a vital organism, unfolding itself till it fills a nation or a world.

The same truth holds, with suitable modifications, in the civil state. The true increase of a nation is not that which is made by conquest and plunder, but that which is the simple development of its vital and prolific resources. Two centuries ago, there came over to these western shores a few thousand men. These were the germ of a great nation here to arise and come into the public history of the world, possibly as a leading member. Potentially speaking, these men had in themselves, that is, in their persons, their principles, their habits, and other resources, all that now is or is yet to be of power and greatness in our republic. They went to work with a degree of spirit and energy never before exhibited. Habits of virtuous and frugal industry

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were unfolded by a wise and careful training. Simplicity of manners, for the first time, appeared, not as a barbaric virtue, but as the proper fruit of simplicity in religion. The mental vigour, produced by the same causes, was yet further sharpened by the necessities of a new state of existence. Population multiplied, wealth increased, the forest fell away at the sound of their axes, the natives retired before the potent and prolific energy of Saxon life, as before the Great Spirit himself. Cities rose upon the shores; the waters whitened to the sun under the sails of commerce; the civil order unfolded itself, as it were naturally, from the germ that blossomed in the *May Flower*, and, behold, a great, wealthy, powerful, and free nation stalks into history with the tread of a giant, fastening the astonished gaze of the world,—all in the way of simple growth! We have made no conquests. We have only unfolded our original germ, the mustard-seed of our first colonization. There is no other kind of national advancement which is legitimate or safe. The civil order must grow as a creature of life, and unfold itself from within. If a nation will suddenly extend its boundaries and build up its splendour by conquest, as in the case of the Roman empire, or in the subjugation of Mexico by Spain, how different is the spectacle. The elements of the civil order, being piled together by mere accretion, are without coherency or unity. The public life does not fill the public mass, and, without the organic power of life, it is ready to fall to pieces at the earliest moment. Wealth itself is poverty; power is weakness; breadth is dissipation; numbers, discontent and anarchy. A nation built by growth is as different from a nation built by conquest, as the tree that stands erect, filled with vital sap, covered with joyful verdure, and, when the winter comes, tossing its bare arms victoriously to the storm, from a pile of drift-wood which the floods have heaped upon the shore to rot and perish. Accordingly the very word *nation* implies a nascent order and growth. It is no such pile of ruins as the external accidents of force and conquest may construct; but it is a birth, the unfolding of a vital germ through population, industry, art, literature, law, and religion.

These illustrations bring us to the Church of God. They are offered with no other design than to show forth, in a clear, intelligible manner, and, as far as their analogy will go, to substantiate a great and momentous truth, in regard to the increase of the Church and the spread of the gospel, of which the Church is the embodiment. According to the opinion of Christ himself, the Church is as a grain of mustard seed, and its future spread is to be as the growth of a tree. It is a creature whose vitality is spiritual life, and it can have its increase only by the same law which pertains in all organic living bodies, that is, *by development from within, not by external accretion.* It must be, not as the snowball, not as the foundling hospital, not as the empire hewn out by conquest, but as the tree rather, the family, the nation, growing by its own internal life.

There is no truth which the Church has, in all past times, been so prone to overlook, or in the neglect of which she has suffered so many

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and terrible disasters. In fact, almost all the desolations which have befallen the purity and success of the Church, have been wrought by attempts to propagate religion and extend the reign of Christ by forces and instruments that were really external to the Church, and not by virtue of spiritual life in her own bosom. And if other desolations are hereafter to follow, as we have too much reason to fear, these also will flow from the same fountain of mischief. And therefore it becomes the Church, now that she has undertaken in earnest to achieve the universal reign of the Redeemer, to inquire most carefully whether she is expecting to succeed by the vital power of her piety and by unfolding her own internal growth, or by the clumsy expedients of mechanism and by instruments that are carnal.

That we may have our eyes open to the fearful dangers that beset the Church, in her proneness to go after external means and instruments, let us glance a moment at some of the mischiefs she has suffered from this source.

First of all, she was seduced from her purity by an expectation of the splendid results to be secured by a union with philosophy. Christianity, the doctrine of Christ and him crucified, was true indeed, a good and heavenly truth; but it was too naked and bald, too destitute of learning and philosophy, to command the respect of the world. And what might not be expected from a union of the Christian doctrine with the wisdom of the schools! Then it would be both true and wise together —both pious and profound; and the whole world would be obliged to accept it speedily! 'We must give to the Greeks,' says Clement, 'who ask for that wisdom which is in esteem among them, such things as they are accustomed to.' Actuated by the same general design, the Church was moved to interweave her doctrine with all the various schemes of philosophy current in the world. She went out unto the world, to borrow the world's wisdom, that so she might gain the world. One teacher led her into the embrace of Gnosticism. Another wove her a dress out of the shreds and patches of the Greek wisdom. The Alexandrian teachers toiled, with incredible industry, to melt her doctrine into harmony with all the wisdom of all the schools of the world, promising thus to evolve, as the result, a scheme of universal truth. Nor is it to be denied that the Church thus drew to her bosom many nominal converts. The snowball rolled up rapidly, and became a tumid mass, amid the applauses of courts and schools; till at length it was found that Christianity was perishing under the very means that were extending her nominal dominion. Interpretation was become a gingle of conceits, truth a bundle of metaphysical vagaries, and the Church naught but a monstrous aggregation of scholastic rubbish, without spiritual life or unity—a conglomerate mass of dead and putrid members.

Next the Church, as if she had no power to live in herself, courted the alliance and protection of the civil State. Princes and thrones became her patrons, parliaments the guardians of her orthodoxy, tithes and excises the resources of her existence, prisons and tortures and fires and chariots of war the instruments of her power. Here,

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again, she spreads her empire, and enrolls nations as her disciples. Only it is proved in the end, that she herself has no existence save her name, no organic life of her own, no power, no purity, no fructifying element. The hand that moulds her is not her own. The strength that maintains her is external. If indeed she has become a great tree, there is yet no internal sap in her trunk: her branches are stuck on by civil enactments; her leaves made to adhere by the screws of torture; her flowers the garish, artificial ornaments of state formalities.

In connexion, too, with these endeavours to find a power out of herself, whereby she might strengthen her dominion, the Church has also courted an influence which is mechanical. We speak now of her endeavour to supply spiritual power by means of a grand artificial machinery of forms. According to the true idea of Christ in the economy of the gospel, the Church is to unfold herself outwards from the principle of spiritual life within. Forms reverse the order. They are resorted to as an extraneous power, which is to react on the religious spirit of the world, and build the Church inward, as it were, from without. First the forms are established, set up as an outward shell; then the world is to be taken within this shell, to be wrought upon by the external influence by which it is invested. The Church is thus to be built, not by a growth outward, but by virtue of instruments on the outside which are purely mechanical—bows, crosses, pictures, penances, vows, sacraments of a physical power, washings, and other carnal ordinances. Here again, as before, the effort is to make the Church powerful, by virtue of something external to the Church—by instruments as purely mechanical as thumb-screws or prisons. The Church in fact becomes a great ecclesiastical factory, running its thousand wheels to shape and polish and rub and grind the people into Christian disciples. The work is to begin on the outside, and it is expected to operate inward, and form, in this manner, a spiritual Church of God. The result we know,—darkness instead of light, credulity instead of faith, penance instead of repentance, superstition instead of piety, pride and bigotry instead of benevolence to man, the keeping of saints' days instead of the spirit of saints, triumphal pomps instead of spiritual liberty.

We see, in this brief glance, how it is that the Church has been trying in all ages to increase, not by internal growth, but by conquest and external accretion. She has gone after philosophy, after the civil and military power, after mechanical forms and instruments, after any thing and every thing external, by which she could hope to advance her dominion.

Nor is the reason difficult of discovery. How could she grow by the simple development of spiritual life, when spiritual life was extinct, or nearly extinct, in her bosom? How could the sap of the vine feed and extend the branches, when they themselves were not connected with the trunk? Man is naturally disinclined to faith, and therefore the Church, as the life of God abates and the carnal spirit enters, is ever flying to the senses to seize upon external aids and instruments, and commence building on the outside. Nor is it any matter how spiritual

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e the doctrines and religious tests held by the Church; we need
ly be sure that her piety wanes, to be also sure that, if she does any
ing for the cause of her Master, she will do it in some work of mere
tside industry. For she cannot exert more of spiritual life than she
s. The error may change its forms, but its mischievous presence
ist continue as long as the spiritual dificiency which creates it.
y, she is the more exposed to this error, in proportion as she is
re active for the truth without the spirit of action. Hence the
cessity of a thorough intellectual conviction of the great truth we
now asserting—a necessity which is rather increased than dimi-
hed, whenever she is engaged, as now, in great enterprises, to extend
r dominion.

But it may be suspected that our doctrine is one which really cuts
all such enterprises, that if the Church is to have her increase only
a vital growth or development, there is no longer any room for the
ployment of aggressive agencies. We must therefore go into some
strations, to show the true meaning and exhibit the spirit of our
trine.

Do we then maintain that the Church is simply to stay within her-
f and grow? Is she never to go forth to them that are without, to
ke no converts, traverse no seas, go not near the temples of the
ls? Is she to light her lamp, retire within her bushel, and stay
re till the bushel itself takes fire from the intensity of the inward
at, and the parts adjacent are illuminated by a spontaneous com-
stion that cannot suppress itself? We need not be reminded that
is was not the manner of the apostles. As little need we be in-
med that it is the genius of Christianity itself to go about doing
od. Nay, it is the genius of the tree also, that they go after
reign matter in the earth and air, by the reduction and assimilation
which, they fill out their volume and put forth their extensions. So
r even vegetable growth is aggressive. When, therefore, we main-
in that the Church has no legitimate increase, except by a vital
owth from within, we do not say that she is to be inactive, or that
e is never to act aggressively. We only say that all activity or
gression which exceeds the measure of spiritual life is fictitious and
ngerous; that whatever attempt she puts forth *without life* or be-
nd the compass of her own piety, is really not put forth by the
urch at all. She is not to deceive herself by such efforts. They
e forced and spasmodical, like the galvanic grasp of a hand that is
t off from the body. But spiritual life is not restrained within local
undaries. Its only limit is its degree. It quickens activities that
ach beyond the ocean, or across empires and continents, as easily
d as naturally as those that range within parish limits, or within
e disciple's own bosom. Whatsoever man or church is alive unto
od, is alive unto all that God has made. In fact, nothing is neces-
ry, nothing is now so much wanted, to increase and energize the
tivity of the Church in her aggressive plans, as more of spiritual
e. Hear, O ye people of God!—this is the language of our doctrine
-think not that ye can do in the flesh what belongs to the Spirit.

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The kingdom of Christ is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; how then will you roll it onward with your hands? Quit all formal charities and efforts that outreach your love. As your first offering bring your heart to your Redeemer. If your work is holy, let your spirit be gracious. If it be a work of love, let love animate the work. Be no more alienated from the life of God! The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment.

Under the pretext that the Church has no legitimate increase except by a law of growth, some have maintained, we believe, that our missionary expeditions are inconsistent with the true economy of the gospel. The Church, they say, must grow so as to roll over her boundaries, and thus have her extension only as she acts, by her virtues and her spirit, on the neighbourhood adjacent. But we must not imagine that the Church *has* any boundaries. God has given her the world. All that Christ her divine Head reigns over and claims for his own domain, is hers also. She never goes abroad, except as locomotion is predicated of her members. Locally speaking, there is no external region into which she may sally after conquests. The world is all her own. She is everywhere at home in it, as a nation within its boundaries, and her only problem is to unfold her resources on her own proper soil, and by the activity of her heavenly life, assimilate all that live to the person of her Redeemer. She is not a crusader, because she endeavours to fill her own domain. The very endeavour, *if actuated by spiritual life*, is in the nature of growth.

At the same time, it must not be withheld, that the great law of Christian advancement we are asserting is of a nature to suggest some uncomfortable, though, we trust, salutary suspicions, in regard to our present movements for evangelizing the world. The Church cannot be too fully aware that this new era of missions portends some serious result. If it is begun and actuated by a true apostolic piety, it will triumph. This we verily believe, though in spite of many discouraging symptoms, that fill us with uneasiness and profound anxiety. If it be otherwise, if the work is begun by a mere sally of impulse, and prosecuted only as a dull mechanical labour, apart from any real union to God, and without any sober apprehension of its agreement with his heavenly designs, not only will it fall to nothing, but the Churches engaged will either be prostrated or effectually revolutionized. The old vegetable, or rather mineral, habit of the Church, which preceded these efforts, is already broken up. Piety has now become more nearly, perhaps too nearly, synonymous with action. In our endeavour to persuade ourselves that we exist only for the accomplishment of benevolent works, we have at least learned to shape all our views of God and divine government by this principle. Theological changes, extensively imputed to other causes, have been really due, in the remoter sense, to a change in the practical habit of Christian life. If now our missionary enterprises fall to nothing, where will they leave us? We have swung our anchor, and the quiet, narrow bay that lies sheltered between original sin and divine efficiency, headed by Mount Predestination, is already so far behind us that only the top of the

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said mountain is visible. We can lie there on deck basking in the sun no more—that day is over. Our practical and theological habits are already changed, and if changed by efforts that must fail because there is too little of spiritual life in them to suffer their success, what shall be the result? Some new era of darkness, doubtless, analogous to that which an alliance of the Church with philosophy and the civil state and mechanical forms produced—a dark age of Protestantism. And what more appropriate or likely than that our speculations concerning God's benevolence, separated, by a failure of our plans, from all vital benevolence in ourselves, should bring us to our theologic and moral level, in that sea of water-gruel philanthropy, sometimes called Universalism?

Furthermore, is it not an appalling fact, that while the Church of God has been launching forth into undertakings so vast and holy, it has, at the same time, manifested so little corresponding growth in spirituality and faith in the Redeemer. How many of those who contribute to missions, and perhaps even bountifully, do it only as paying a church rental to the kingdom of heaven, without any earnest prayerful desire for the Redeemer's triumph! How few practically live for this object! In how few minds is the power of the world practically relaxed! In how many Christian bosoms has this work of missions lost all impulse, save that of mere engagement itself, and degenerated into flat formality! We have great societies on foot to prosecute and direct these undertakings. They were founded, we believe, in a spirit of faith. The new desire to propagate the gospel, in which they sprung, we believe was kindled from above. The blessing of God has visibly rested on their plans. But how manifest is it that these societies become mere dead machines outside of the Church, unless they are filled and penetrated, through and through, by the life of the Christian body. A mere society engine fed by money is as truly external to the Church as the Parliament of England or the Germanic Diet; and it is an instrument as irrelevant to the extension of the Church as any of the human expedients by which it has hitherto been corrupted. How often, too, and how earnestly, do the conductors of these societies testify the anxiety they feel, lest the inconstancy experienced in the flow of their resources may indicate the fact that they flow from no settled principle of love to the cause engaged in. Nor is it an auspicious sign if the Church, as we often hear, has reached her highest point or maximum in the scale of her contributions. This apparent fact may be due to commercial causes. If not, the sign is a bad one. It indicates a want of spiritual life; for life will never suffer a stand. Its very instinct is growth and extension. To be stationary is to die.

Is there not also much of very idle declamation on the subject of the press? As if God would offer to a man a mechanical engine for converting the world with least possible expenditure of piety; or as if types of lead and sheets of paper may be the light of the world. The press is a new tongue given to the Church. But if she talks more, she must for that reason live more; for talk, without the life to give it power

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and unction, degenerates into empty noise and clatter. The press, therefore, in order not to be another external instrument, as mischievous as State patronage or the mechanical forms of prelacy, must be attended in the Church by extraordinary gifts of holiness and self-denial, and worked, if we may so express it, by spiritual life. To hang any, the least expectation on the press, as a substitute for piety, or a piety-saving machine, is an egregious delusion.

We offer these suggestions, not to create discouragement, but to show the scope and spirit of our doctrine. It is much that we find nothing wrong in our objects, or in the means devised for their attainment. They only cease to come within the principle of growth by a deficiency of vital piety and faith in God—and deficiency *that* unmakes or vitiates every thing, even the sacrifices of God's altar. And is it not time for the Church to receive this lesson, to assure herself in every member, that if she extends her domain she must grow, and that if she grows she must live? Is it not time for the ministers of religion to preach despair and a curse to all dead charities,—to tell their flocks that this gift of power cannot be bought with money, that the Church is in jeopardy through her very efforts, and that all attempts to push her forward without piety or beyond it must end in disaster?

Some persons may be apprehensive that the spirit of our doctrine of internal growth is adverse to all suitable efforts to secure the conversion of those who are without. Rather is it the only sound law of such efforts. If they may not be actuated by a vital Christian love, or if they expect to prevail by other influences than those of Christian truth, they ought to be withheld. No one can doubt that instruments of bribery or torture, to gain men to Christ, are external to the Church, and essentially spurious. There are other instruments that are not more to be commended. If a great scene must be compassed; if a preacher who is noted as having a wondrous faculty to convert men must be sent for as indispensable; if a mill of mechanism must be planned, it would not seem that the Church, as a living embodiment of God's truth and Spirit, has much to do with the contrivance in any way. So of all efforts to bring men to Christ by means and instruments not included in Christian truth and the persuasive power of holy living. So again, if the whole attention of the Church is bent to this one object of making conversions, and there is no endeavour to cherish them after they are made; if nothing is valued but conversions, and these are taken as the measure of all good; if revivals of religion are sought, not for the reviving of piety, but simply and only for the subjugation of the unbelievers; then is it clear, that the idea of growth is lost in the idea of conquest. It is not spiritual life that prompts such efforts; for, if it has its presence in them, it would also move the Christian body in its own inward experiences and struggles, and make it something to have graces and attainments of its own. Rather must we judge, in such cases, that the Church wants some easier work than to grow herself unto God, and prefers rather to see a prodigious slaughter among them that are called sinners. Further-

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more, in these scenes of mere conquest, there are commonly found too many signs of a ferocious and fanatical spirit, to suffer the conviction that spiritual life, with its holy calm, its peaceful elevation, its genial affections, actuates the movement. We seem to look, not upon the burning bush where Jehovah dwells, but on a mere human conflagration, roasting and consuming all whom it reaches. Contrary to all this, when simple love to God is breathed out in love to men, and efforts to convert those without receive a strenuous and persuasive character from the fervour of this Christian love, the object here is not conquest, but assimilation, which is itself a function of growth. Or, if we call it conquest, it is such only in that milder and more figurative sense, which consists with a true Christian zeal. This is that conflagration which reveals the true presence of God, which burns and consumes not!

Our doctrine of growth excludes all efforts to reform the world by the mere force of public opinion. How many Christian reformers, for the want, shall we say, of a living piety and a confidence in truth, fly to the help of public opinion, as a shorter method, and one that lies within their range. Public opinion is their argument; to array public opinion against the practices they combat, their chief hope, and the main effort of their industry. I do not doubt the use of public opinion, in its place, or the validity of its power. But if it were possible to make public opinion the law and sanction of virtue, how does it appear that an alliance of Church and State is any more adverse to the purity of the gospel, than an alliance of the Church with public opinion, or a submission of the Church and of God's law to its patronage? And why may not the moral duties of life as well be enforced by the sword as by public opinion? No instrument of moral reform, surely, can be more essentially external to the Church, or foreign to its spirit, than the public opinion of the world. In the same view, all reliance on the progress of society, as being in itself a ground of hope to the cause of Christ, is vicious and deceptive, except as God is supposed to be himself the directing law of society.

By these illustrations, the spirit of our principle is sufficiently displayed. It forbids all substitutes for piety, and all hope of success without or apart from piety. It requires every activity to proceed from within. It commands the Church first of all to live,—demands of every Christian, who will add strength to the cause of Christ in the world, that he contribute first of all a holy life. It declares that bustle cannot save the world, represses all flippant zeal and forwardness, distinguishes the money-giver from the Christian, and warns the Church that she is about to perish by the magnitude of her schemes, if she cannot sustain them by a proportional measure of holiness and faith in God.

But we need to see the power and the animating grandeur of our principle, as well as its spirit and its lines of application. When we say that the Church is to have her extension by a law of growth, it is supposed that she has within herself certain prolific resources waiting for their development. It is with her as with a nation. As then we

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might show a foreigner the resources of future grandeur possessed by our republic, in our climate, our soil, our mines and forests, our rivers and ports, our constitutions and laws, our schools, the spirit of our people, the health and vigour of our stock; so, in like manner, we may lay open the resources of the Church—the heavenly nation—and show its capacity to fill and sway the world.

To begin with those least spiritual, there is in the Church, we affirm, a much greater capacity to generate wealth than there is in the world external to the Church. True piety is itself a principle of industry and application to business. It subordinates, according to its measure, the love of show and all the tendencies to extravagance. It rules out those licentious passions that war with order and economy, and hurry so many thousands into profligacy. It excludes those vices which prey upon the health and substance of their victims. It moderates that exceeding haste to be rich, by which so many overreach themselves, and even make shipwreck of their character. Piety is itself a basis of credit, and credit is capital. Transplant a Christian church into the wilderness, without money or resources, other than what they have in their own persons, and it will not be long before you shall see them in a condition of comfort, and displaying all the ordinary tokens of substantial opulence. A band of adventurers, thrown together in the same place, would soon be involved in scenes of violence and disorder, and, having no industry or laws to secure the rights and gains of industry, would probably perish. Nor is this a mere theoretical opinion, or one that we draw from our fancy. The history of our own New England yields the same lesson. Whence comes it, that upon her rocky and stubborn soil, under harsh and frowning skies, we behold so much of high prosperity and substantial wealth—so much of physical well-being and ornament? The fact is attributed, by some, to our sharpness and parsimony. But the real sharpness of which we hear is in the Church of God, which has cast the habits of our people, made them patient in their industry, given them character and credit, cut off profligacy and profusion, sent up its warmth into the frigid skies, and won from Him who is throned above them smiles of plenty, more genial than our niggardly climate seemed to offer. And, as to the parsimony, it is enough to ask, in what part of the world only equal in ability, so much is given, with so free a spirit, to every rational object of public beneficence and Christian charity? There are then mines in the Church of God that can never fail. A law of production is discovered, under her divine economy, which pertains nowhere else; and it is clearly seen that she can never want *resources* for any undertaking it is in her heart to attempt. The wealth of the world runs towards her, by a fixed ordinance of heaven. Wealth, too, is power. So that she is set on high, by her piety, to work her beneficent will, and extend her holy principles, by means of that which her principles have created, till she has both enriched and regenerated the world.

The same general principles and habits that secure a more rapid development of wealth, make it also sure, that more of personal talent

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will be unfolded in the Church than out of it. Furthermore, Christian piety is the friend of mental liberty and of education. The very principles of religion, too, require every man to educate himself as long as he lives, to make his ten talents twenty, his five ten. He cannot discharge himself to Christ, except as he multiplies his abilities. It will also be found, that Christian families abound with influences specially favourable to the awakening of the intellectual principle in childhood. Religion itself is thoughtful. It carries the child's mind over directly to unknown worlds, fills the understanding with the sublimest questions, and sends the imagination abroad to occupy itself where angel's wings would tire. The child of a Christian family is thus unsensed, at the earliest moment, and put into mental action: this, too, under the healthy and genial influence of Christian principle. Nor should we omit to notice how the soul of every disciple is, of necessity, exalted and empowered by union to God. Here he begins to partake the elevation of an angelic nature. All that is neglectful, low, passionate, and brutish, in his make, is refined away. His judgment is clarified, his reason put in harmony with truth, his emotions purified and increased in volume, his imagination fired by the objects of faith and hope. There is, in short, more of talent in a man, more capacity to think high thoughts and burn with great emotions, simply for being brought unto God. Nor would it be difficult to show, by a comparison of Christendom with the other parts of the word, and the more spiritual parts of Christendom with those that are less, that the Church, as a fact, has unfolded more of talent than the world external to it, and more in proportion to its spirituality. The Church is God's university, and it lies in her foundation as a school of spiritual life to energize all capacity and make her sons a talented and powerful race. And talent is the greatest of all merely human gifts. A great man has more of power over the world than a great army. He can march through obstacles that no army can force. If, then, we find that the Church of God has it in her nature to unfold double the talent unfolded without; to produce, out of a given number of persons, a twofold proportion of able and great men; it requires no special power in arithmetic to make it clear that she has such an advantage over the world as to make her ultimate triumph certain.

We find a third resource of the Church in the fact that she has, within herself, as a spiritual nation, a peculiar and distinct law of spiritual population. We verily believe that it is the plan of God, in the household covenant, to bring the law of family increase directly into the Church, and make it also a law of spiritual increase. Though we are painfully aware that the views of this covenant and of Christian education current in the Church have no practical agreement with our own. Indeed, if we advance our subject by this head, we not only need to cite, but to make the material of our argument, by first revolutionizing that unbelief or misbelief, through which, as it seems to us, the opinions of the Church, in reference to Christian childhood, are so injuriously preoccupied. This we cannot do, by any discussion within our present compass. And, therefore, we will

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only state or suggest our views of the subject, leaving it to our readers to weigh our suggestions by themselves.

We reject the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, as held by Episcopalians; first, because it makes nothing of faith in the parents, thrusting them away by the interposition of sponsors, and assuming that the priest may take any child and translate him at once into the kingdom of heaven by his own act; secondly, because there is no evidence that any child is or can be spiritually regenerated in the moment of baptism, and by virtue of that ordinance. In place of a doctrine so false and pernicious, we hold that children are, in a sense, included in the faith of their parents, partakers with them in their covenant, and brought into a peculiar relation to God, in virtue of it. On this ground, they receive a common seal of faith with them in their baptism; and God, on his part, contemplates in the rite the fact, that they are to grow up as Christians, or spiritually-renewed persons. As to the precise time or manner in which they are to receive the germ of holy principle, nothing is affirmed. Only it is understood, that God includes their infant age in the womb of parental culture, and pledges himself to them and their parents in such a way as to offer the presumption, that they may grow up in love with all goodness, and remember no definite time when they became subjects of Christian principle. Christian education is, then, to conform to this view, and nothing is to be called Christian education which does not. As Baxter, who was long perplexed with suspicions that his piety was only his education, because he could remember no time when he began to be exercised with right feeling, removed his difficulty by the happy discovery, 'that education is an ordinary way for the conveyance of God's grace, and ought no more to be set in opposition to the Spirit than the preaching of the word.'

We think it is no objection to this view, that the children of Christian families so often grow up in sin, and die in manifest impenitence. For it is nothing new that Christians fail of their duty and cast away their privilege. At the same time, we may safely enough indulge the suspicion, that a large share of those who seem to be renewed at a later period of life only experience a resuscitation of that holy principle which was planted in their childhood; for, if a child only receives the law of the house as good and right, it is difficult to conceive that it does not involve the germ of a right character. The Moravians, too, have very nearly realized our doctrine. As many as nine out of ten in that most interesting church, we are assured, have no conception of a time when they entered on a Christian life. Besides, the practical disbelief of our doctrine is itself a good and sufficient reason why our Christian families do not realize its results. It vitiates the whole spirit and aim of their education. It leads them even to discourage every ingenious effort of holy virtue in childhood. They take their own children to be aliens, even under the covenant—train them up *to be* aliens, and even tell them that they can do nothing right or acceptable to God till *after* their hearts are changed; or, what is the same, till after they have come to some advanced age.

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They are thus discouraged, and even *taught* to grow up in sin, which, if they fail to do, it is because a bad education is not able to accomplish its legitimate results.

Nor is our view any infringement upon the doctrine of depravity, in whatsoever manner it may be held. It only declares that depravity is best rectified when it is weakest, and before it is stiffened into habit.

Neither does it infringe at all upon the doctrine, that spiritual agency is the operative cause of Christian piety. Whatsoever the parent does for his child, is to have its effect by a divine influence. And it is the pledge of this which lies at the basis of the household covenant, and constitutes its power.

As little does it falsify the oft-repeated text, which declares that all are not Israel who are of Israel. This declares a fact, and the fact is, alas! too true; or, if it be supposed to speak of an electing purpose of God, God has no such purpose, irrespective of means and conditions, and the question is still open, whether parental misbelief and a failure of duty are not the reasons why the offspring of Israel are aliens.

On the other hand, it is the express direction of God, that children should be trained up in the way that they should go—not that they should be trained up in the wrong way, which, afterwards, they are to repent of and forsake. Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, not in evil and graceless impenitence. Faith, too, is to be an heir-loom in the family, and descend upon the child; the faith that dwelt first in his grandmother Lois, and in his mother Eunice, is last of all to be in him also.

This view, too, is the only one that gives household baptism any meaning, or any real place in the Christian system. We admit, in words, that baptism introduces the child to membership of some kind in the church; but we see no place for him there, any more than for a vegetable. We thus stand for a rite that is insignificant, or even absurd. Or, if we call it a dedication of the child, the child is only dedicated to our own unbelief, not to the grace of God; for we do not really suppose that the grace of God can have anything to do with it, till after it is of an age to dedicate itself. Is it not more reasonable to receive the rite as a seal of faith, a token of spiritual renovation, understanding that God has graciously included him in the covenant with us, given us the helm of his moral existence, authorized us to ask a rite for him before he is of an age to ask it for himself, and empowered us, by virtue of his own co-operation, so to guide him, that when we give him over the helm, we shall give it to him as a Christian youth? This is Christian education—not the Baptist scheme of individualism—which conceives it to be absurd for the parent to work anything spiritual in his child's infancy, lest he should not believe for himself, which tells the Church that after she has given existence, and the egg of immortality is produced, her motherly duty is, to copy the instinct of the Nubian ostrich, and leave it hidden in the sand!

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If, too, our view is false, or the current opinion is true, how miserable is the age of childhood! If it may not grow up in holy virtue—if it must grow up in sin, till it comes to some definite age, before it is a candidate for repentance and a new life, then, during that interval, is it seen to lie under a doom more dismal and hapless than any other we are acquainted with in this world. Capable of sin—incapable of repentance! This, too, of an age most amiable and lovely, and nearest to innocence! Might not the Church better say, in her Saviour's name, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and clasp it to her arms.

If our views on this head are admitted—if it is God's design in the household covenant that the children shall grow up to be Christians, and this result may and ought to be realized, then, most clearly, it is seen that there is a law of *spiritual population* in the Church, analogous to the law of physical population in states. This we verily believe, and we consider it to be one of the mightiest elements of growth and power in the grand economy of the Church; for it is demonstrable, that by virtue of this simple element of internal growth, the Church of Christ will soon fill the world. As the Saxon race, when they came to these western shores, *lived down* the native inhabitants, and rolled the tide of population over them, so if the Church were fulfilling the design of God in the household covenant, and training up the generations of her children in piety, she would, by this simple law of internal increase, and without a single conversion from without, overlive the world and make it her own. For it will be observed, that a large proportion of the world without are continually perishing by vice and extravagance, and, when they do not perish themselves, are entailing the effects of their profligacy on the diseased and half-endowed constitution of their families. This is not true in the families of the Church. Habits of holy virtue, too, as we have already shown, would secure the means of living in greater abundance, and thus make the Christian families, on the average, more vigorous and healthy. And thus, by a stronger law of increase, the Church must, at some day more or less distant, over-multiply the world, and take possession of the whole planet. What but this is the promise of the covenant itself, 'I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed?' The family of Abraham was identical with the Church, and the promise is, that it *shall* over-populate and fill the world.

A fourth resource of the Church lies in her capacity to unfold more of character than the world without. We here speak of character, not in its most internal sense, or as related to God, but of character as a power over men, to influence their feeling and command their homage. Christian character, in this view of it, is that which by principle and worth and beauty of feeling in one man, approves itself to another, and becomes a controlling and assimilative power over him. It is no easy thing to beget, in minds not brought up in society, even a sense of character. The million live and die without once conceiving it. But no man, however dull or rude, can become a

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Christian, without at least having some conception of character awakened. He must know himself and God, and himself as morally related to the moral goodness and excellence of God. He cannot smite upon his breast, like the publican, without a painful discovery of himself to prompt it; nor without so much as daring to lift his eyes to heaven, can he cry, with the publican, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner,' and not have felt, in some degree, the greatness and purity of God. Behold a vile, brutish person, bowed in tears, and trembling with inward horror, before the tremendous majesty and glory of God! Some elementary notion of character is there descending upon him, in that shuddering before Jehovah; it is the sense of character that makes him shudder. And how can a life be spent in holy communion with God, the infinitely perfect; how modelled after Christ, the only perfect life ever displayed in humanity, without attaining to a nicer and more heavenly sense of character, and receiving its impress. The principles of religion, too—truth, justice, rectitude, benevolence—are all such as need to lie at the basis of a good and great character. The feelings and manners of Christian piety—courtesy, gentleness, condescension, pity, gratitude, forgiveness, charity—are all such as cannot be dispensed with in the construction of a worthy and beautiful character. Then, consider the whole discipline of a Christian life as a perpetual exercise in character. No sooner does one become a disciple than he is put upon it as a study how to honour his calling; to be neither too much nor too little; to be just, and yet merciful; to be charitable, and yet judicious; when to resist enemies and when to suffer them; to be cheerful without being light; serious, yet not morose; when to argue and when to be silent; when to forgive and when to bring to justice; when to feel and when to reason; to have high emotions, and not be a framist; to be independent without obstinacy; to believe without credulity; to have high experiences without advertising closet transactions; to have a speech seasoned with salt, yet clear of cant; to be united to God and not disunited from man. How can a disciple be drilled in such exercises, all his life long, without becoming more or less expert in discriminating character in himself and others?

The Church, then, is to her disciples a perpetual school of character. We by no means affirm that all who take the Christian name become examples of moral excellence and beauty. Many seem never to have a thought about character, after they have once become satisfied of their conversion. We say of such, when they die, perhaps, that in the judgment of charity they were Christians, and truly our charity covers a multitude of sins. At the same time, there are unfolded in the Church innumerable examples of character from all the walks of life, such as cannot be found elsewhere—examples which dignify eminence and power, cause obscurity to shine, and make adversity smile—the gentle, the pure, the good, the upright, the firm, the heroic, the holy.

And how great a power is character! Out of God's own person and his truth there is no other so mighty and persuasive. It is that

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eloquence which man least knows how to resist. It provokes no resistance. Being itself only truth in life, it suffers no answer. If the beholder turns away to escape the homage he feels, its image still goes with him, to reprove his evil deeds, and call him every hour to God.

Truth is another of the resources of the Church, a power that God has deposited in her bosom to be developed there. Having the Christian Scriptures, she may, therefore, boldly say, what is denied to all the schools of philosophy, that she has the truth of God. Hence it comes to pass that, while they are ever displacing each other, and after their short day of splendour is over, retiring into oblivion, the Church still holds her place, gathers new strength from every assault, and stands erect as the pillar and ground of the truth. The great masters of philosophy and champions of infidelity die, by turns, into glimmer and darkness; but Christ the Messiah is the Sun of righteousness rolling up into noon and the fulness of day. Already has it been proved, by an experience of eighteen hundred years, that the Church's truth is invincible. It speaks to man, and its words have their own evidence in them. If reason reels away from its mysteries, reason yet returns dissatisfied without them. If human wisdom invents a better God, and a government more according to its mind, human wisdom is soon frozen by its own meager truth, and returns to Christ for warmth. Such is the Christian truth, the virtues it teaches so excellent, the hopes it offers so definite and so consonant to human wants; it brings God so near, and displays the divine feeling so attractively; it paints human character so truly, and offers a remedy so adequate, that if spurned or rejected, it will yet be sought.

We do not say that all the points of Christian doctrine are settled, or that nothing remains to be done to unfold their relations, and set them forth in the harmony of their reasons. Neither do we say that there is no disagreement about the essential truths of the Christian scheme. That were to maintain that its victory is already complete. We only say that God's everlasting truth is now in the bosom of the Church. There is a process going on, too, in the Church, from age to age, whereby her views of the Christian plan are being filled up, rectified, and systematized in their reasons. She is instructing herself also by her own lapses and apostasies. Almost all the possible errors she has invented and tried out. Those bold extravagancies of human learning, now so prevalent, and by which so many are, perhaps, unduly frightened, are among the last, and, we trust, not least fruitful efforts of aberration. Taken in the larger view, she is, in all these, only making her experiments to settle the truth, unmasking her artillery, drawing it forth into ranks and orders, and preparing by her lines of battle encircling the globe, to complete her warfare against unbelief, by a universal and sweeping defeat.

But the greatest of all resources possessed by the Church, to be developed by growth, is drawn from her internal union with, and participation of, the Divine nature—greater than either wealth, talent, internal population, character, or truth—greater than all together, and

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that, because it includes them all. The Church of God is a habitation of the Spirit, the body itself of Christ, and so the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. Let it not be deemed an irreverence if we speak of a progressive development of this *divine* element in the Church.

The piety of the Church is itself such. The life of Christian piety is the life of God; its growth a development of that life. When the holy life begins in a renewed mind, whether infant or adult, it is only a capacity or seed of future growth; that growth, but a fuller participation of the Divine nature, in its power, goodness, and beauty. The same is true of the Church in its collective capacity. The amount of her existence is measured—not by her numbers or the noise she makes—but by her participation of the life of God. According to her measure in this is she clear in understanding, benevolent in emotion, self-denying in action, patient in suffering, powerful in example. Additions of grace are indispensable to all increments of power. A small root cannot support a large tree. An army of spiritual invalids cannot vanquish the world. Union to God is the soul and success of all good efforts. Without this, we only drag the church on painfully after us, as if it were an idol car, by the pull of many hands. But if we are filled with holy piety, and earnest practical love to the cause of salvation, then the Church has liberty and inspiration, becomes itself a creature of life, like the wheels of Ezekiel, because the spirit of the living creatures is in it.

There is also another aspect to this growth of piety. Not only does the internal life of the tree extend its reach, but the outward bulk manifests the fact. The Church, in like manner, is, to the world's eye, a development of God. Being the body of Christ, she is, in some sense, though not in the sense of Mr. Brownson and the Papists, a perpetual Christ in the earth—in the sense, we mean, not of her political organization, but of her practical or internal spirit. By this she becomes the light of the world, as her Saviour was—a perpetual manifestation of the Spirit, or, what is the same, of the Divine nature. This, too, is the main source of her power over the world. It is not because she runs to and fro, because she strives and cries, but because she lives a life above nature—herein lies her capacity of impression. Without saying, 'This is God,' the world is moved as by the presence and power of God. Her Christ-like graces of love, purity, truth, and beneficence, are a divine atmosphere about her, and her atmosphere enters the breath and the blood, while her arguments only play about the head. To approach her, is to be convinced of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come. To be thus, in her Christian growth, a demonstration of the Spirit, to have the Divine nature flowing out thus impalpably but really on the world, gives her an *assimilative power* in the nature of vitality. So that if she gains a convert, whether at home or in the ends of the earth (for place is nothing), it is not by external conquest, but by virtue of her own internal life—the life of God.

Furthermore, there is, we apprehend, a certain fixed relation between those exertions of spiritual influence which are immediate, and

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those which flow mediately through the Church; else, why has not the Spirit left the Church behind, and poured itself, as a rushing mighty wind, into the bosom of the whole world in a day? There needed to be an objective influence, as well as one internal; else the subject of the Spirit would not know or guess to what his internal motions are attributable, and might deem them only nervous or hysteric effects, or, possibly, if a heathen, the work of some enchanter or demon. But the objective influence of a holy life, coupled with holy teachings *from the Church*, starts the contemplative powers, occupies the knowing principle, explains the *immediate* influence and its object, offers to view in its own holy exercises the moulds of exercises to be wrought in the observer, and, by its own assimilative and persuasive sympathies, gives to the new feeling in him its own heavenly type and form. If we are right in this view, if there is a fixed relation between the mediate and the immediate influences of the Spirit, such that one measures the other (and we could urge many additional reasons for the opinion), then are we brought fairly out upon the sublime conclusion, that the growth or progress of Christian piety in the Church, if it shall take place, offers the expectation of a correspondent progress in the development of those spiritual influences that are immediate. The mediate and immediate are both identical at the root. If, therefore, the Church unfolds her piety as a divine life, which is one, the divine life will display its activity as much more potently and victoriously without, which is the other. And as the kingdom of heaven, which was first as a grain of mustard seed, advances in the last days towards the stature of a tree, the more it may advance; for the Holy Spirit will pour himself into the world as much more intensely and profusely. Grant us, O God! that we may not disappoint ourselves of a hope so glorious, by attempts to extend thy Church without that holy growth of piety on which our success depends. Pour thyself in thy fulness, and as a gale of purity, into our bosom! Expel all schemes that are not begun in Thee! Let there be good desires in us, that our works may be truly good! And that thou mayest do thy will in the earth, do it in us perfectly!

We offer these thoughts to the public, not without having duly considered their import. We commend them to the special regard of all thoughtful Christians. Do we not give utterance to a great and salutary truth—one that ought to preside over all Christian plans and efforts, one that is a necessary guard against all Christian dissipation, and one that is specially needed in this day to stimulate that measure of piety which our undertakings presuppose and require? If what we have said throws a heavy shade of discouragement over all dead works and formal charities, can it be too heavy? At the same time, could we offer a truth that is more cheering to all that is worthy of encouragement?

It would be well if we might recur, in closing, to all the points presented in our enumeration of the resources of growth in the Church, and rectify some deficiencies and errors that are frequently noticeable

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in regard to them. We hope we have left an impression that more piety, a closer and more practical union to God, is indispensable. If we might speak of the talents of the Church, we would say, read the parable of the Talents. It is the duty of every Christian, as he hopes to be accepted of his Judge, to take his mind out of the napkin; to double all his powers by cultivation,—a duty that is grievously neglected, and one most intimately connected with the triumph of the gospel.

There is a great and lamentable deficiency of what we have called character. We have much to say (not too much) of the heart, the internal principle of religion, and the state of the disciple as related to God. But we either say too little, or what we say has far too little effect, of those charities, those duties of society, of good neighbourhood and good citizenship, in which human life is spent,—the kind and graceful feelings, honesty, mercy, generosity, — everything that is necessary to outward dignity and beauty;—in one word, character. Many Christians seem never to attain to a proper sense of character. Indeed, the attainment is a somewhat difficult one to those who have not been trained to it in their early education. The Church suffers an immense loss of weight and influence from this source. Those who are called Unitarian Christians, it will be observed, on the other hand, have much to say of character, and less of the distinguishing principle of piety, as internal. Nor is what they say without effect. If they encourage or leave room for the error of supposing that the substance of piety is made up of those individual acts, which are properly only so many manifestations of it, and not of internal principle as related to God, they do at least secure, in many cases, acts and manifestations that extort praise and respect. We have sometimes thought, that if a practical Unitarian and an orthodox disciple could be melted into one, they would make a Christian. This at least will do to illustrate our meaning. There needs to be more done for character—to produce a sense of character, what it is, what is necessary to it, and why it is necessary. A rude, graceless piety, a zeal that hurries by things that are of good report, is needlessly odious. If it be a well-tempered, it is yet an awkward instrument, wherewith to convert the world. Should not the preachers of Christ have more to do with his external life, which is itself the model of Christian beauty and goodness? Might they not often instruct themselves as well as their people by this model of character? If they had a nicer sense of character of themselves, might it not add much to the dignity and power of their ministry, as well as to their personal acceptableness?—moderating austerity, softening hardness, expanding contractedness, making the unworldly spirit amiable, assisting them to be accessible with dignity, and dignified without distance, and preparing them to be pastors, not drivers of their flocks—or in failure of that, driven by them.

In regard to family training we have more to say. We have spoken of the immense resource, the fertile capacity of internal growth possessed by the Church in her children, if trained up in piety

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according to the intent of the household covenant. By the prevalent misconception of this covenant, and of Christian education under it, we suffer manifold and grievous mischiefs. First of all we lose our children, which is too great a loss. Next, what is scarcely less deplorable, we pervert the style and habit of our piety.

One principal reason why we are so often deficient in character, or outward beauty, is, that piety begins so late in life, having thus to maintain a perpetual and unequal war with previous habit. If it was not true of Paul, it is yet too generally true, that one born out of due time will be found out of due time, more often than he should be afterwards—unequal, inconsistent with himself, acting the old man instead of the new. Having the old habit to war with, it is often *too* strong for him. To make a graceful and complete Christian character, it needs itself to be the habit of existence;—not a grape grafted on a bramble. And this, it will be seen, requires a Christian childhood in the subject. Having this, the gracious or supernatural character becomes itself more nearly natural, and possesses the peculiar charm of naturalness, which is necessary to the highest moral beauty.

It results also from our mistaken views of Christian training, that we fall into a notion of religion that is mechanical. We thrust our children out of the covenant first, and insist, in spite of it, that they shall grow up in the same spiritual state as if their father and mother were heathens. Then we go out, at least on certain occasions, to convert them back, as if they actually were heathens. Our only idea of increase is of that which accrues by means of a certain abrupt technical experience. Led away thus from all thought of internal growth in the Church, efforts to secure conversions take an external character, which is not proper to them. Accretion displaces growth. The Church is gathered as a foundling hospital, and lest it should not be so, its own children are reduced to foundlings. Immediate repentance proclaimed, insisted on and realized in an abrupt change, proper only to those who are indeed aliens and enemies, is the only hope or inlet of the Church. We cannot understand how the spiritual nation should grow and populate and become powerful within itself; nothing will serve but the immediate annexation of Texas!

Piety becomes inconstant, and revivals of religion take an exaggerated character from the same causes. If all Christian success is measured by the count of technical conversions from without, then it follows that nothing is done when conversions cease to be counted. The harvest closes not with feasting, but with famine. Despair cuts off Christian motive. The tide is spent, let us anchor during the ebb. It is well indeed to live very piously in the families, still there is nothing depending on it. The children will be good subjects enough for conversion without. The piety of the Church is thus made to be desultory and irregular by system. The idea of conquest displaces the idea of growth. Whereas, if it were understood that Christian education, or training in the families, is to be itself a process of domestic conversion, that as a child weeps under a frown and smiles

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at the command of a smile, so spiritual influences may be streaming into his being from the handling of the nursery and the whole manner and temperament of the house, producing what will ever after be fundamental impressions of his being; then the hearth, the table, the society and affections of the house, would all feel the presence of a practical religious motive. The homes would be Christian homes, and life itself a stream of genial piety.

Here, too, is the greatest impediment to a true missionary spirit. The habit of conquest runs to dissipation and irregularity. It is as if a nation, forgetting its own internal resources, were scouring the seas, and trooping up and down the world, in pursuit of prize-money and plunder, forsaking the loom and the plough, and all the regular growths of industry. Whereas, if the Church were unfolding the riches of the covenant at her firesides and tables—if the children were identified with religion from the first, and grew up in a Christian love of man, the missionary spirit would not throw itself up in irregular jets, but would flow as a river. And so much is there in this, that we do not believe it possible to produce a steady, patient, practical spirit of missions, except through the education of childhood.

We ask, then, of every parent, that he will seriously review his impressions on this subject. Let him study the ductility of childhood to parental influence, and observe how easily religious impressions are excited, and all the prejudices of the soul turned on the side of religion. Let him try the conjecture, how far God has made, or will, by his presence, make what is lovingly exhibited in his own life communicable or translatable to the childish mind. Dropping the idea of a technical experience, as proper to older persons, let him see how far, by the Divine aid, really good and right dispositions toward God and man may be called into exercise. And if he has hitherto considered Christian education to be synonymous with lecturing and reproof, let him consider the text, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged.' Let family religion be a domestic miniature of heaven, not a dull formality. Let him be there, as the gardener among his opening flowers, expecting their fragrance and beauty, not that they will all be thistles—expecting it, because God hath promised, and the dews of his grace are perpetually felt.

But we must not leave our subject in words of reproof and correction. The truth we have endeavoured to set forth is one of high promise to the Church. To see its whole import at a glance, imagine the Church of God to be a spiritual nation, founded or begun by a colony descended from the skies. It alights upon our globe as its chartered territory. Can this spiritual colony spread itself over the whole territory of the planet, and absorb all the human races in its dominion? You find that it can unfold more of wealth and talent, by far, than the present living races of inhabitants. It has within itself a stronger law of population, as well as a mighty power to win over and assimilate the nations. Its people have more beauty and weight of character to exalt their predominance. They have great truths for their armour of assault and defence, which the world cannot match or

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parry, and the superior wisdom of which they must ultimately yield to. And what is more than all, they are found to be all partakers of the DIVINE NATURE, which they have brought down with them to be unfolded in their history and make it powerful. Having in itself elements of power and precedence like these, not to believe that the heavenly colony will finally overspread and fill the world, is to deny causes their effects, and pronounce a sentence of futility on the laws of nature themselves. God, too, has testified in regard to this branch of his planting—THEY SHALL INHERIT THE LAND.

The Difficulties and Encouragements of Sabbath-school Work.

WE are under a deep impression that the magnitude and glory of this work have not yet been adequately unfolded and described. It is a work that challenges the best ability of the Christian world. We shall see this truth by a further illustration of the subject:—

I.

First.—The difficulties of the work. These range themselves under two classifications—those in the teacher himself, and those in the child. We shall take the latter class first. In children you have undeveloped intelligence, a depraved bias, and a great variety of character. A word on each of these points:—

We have to speak of the child's undeveloped intelligence. This every teacher meets with in discharging his duty. Our statement holds good, to say the least, in reference to the majority of those brought under Sabbath-school influence, and it is with this fact that we have to do, and not with any contingency in the work. When the teacher takes a child under his care, he finds its best nature imprisoned in the cell of ignorance and animalism, and the work of that individual is to thread his way up the avenue of that soul and introduce the light of heaven into it. We admit that the remark applies to adults as well as children, but with this difference:—In the case of adults you have judgment matured and reason in exercise; but in reference to children you have neither. The teacher has to unfold the bud of intellect into a perfect flower, and bring it into contact with the sun of eternal love. We conclude, hence, that in a certain sense the work of the teacher is more difficult than that of a minister of Christ. There are germs of glory in every child, but to develop these in all their beauty, and supply them with nourishment from the Fountain of life, requires the tact of no one less than that man who has himself been under the instruction of God's Spirit.

We feel, in the attempt to write this paper, as we have ever felt, that there is a 'something' about children of an indescribable character. Such, for example, is the elasticity of their minds, that they require a constant urging on, as it were, to a certain course of action,

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or all good impressions vanish as quickly as the dewdrop disappears before the beams of the rising sun. The mind of the child, like the sponge, is ready to receive, but the slightest external pressure will remove all that it has received. Souls live and grow upon thought—food, just as flowers, bloom with beauty by means of the sun, shower, and breeze; and the difficulty in the child's case is, to make it retain the thoughts communicated to its mind that it may grow thereby and unfold its beauties to the world. There is a difficulty in stirring the powers of the mind into action, and when done, of keeping up that action.

The greatness of the difficulty is enhanced, too, by the depraved bias of the child. It has elements in its constitution that are vitally opposed to infinite love. Say, for the sake of argument, that the element of good preponderates over the evil, our statement is not affected by the consideration, for as long as any particle of evil remains in the soul of man or child, it will stand opposed to goodness. Light and darkness, purity and impurity, can never agree. There is a corrupt fountain in the heart, and evil inclinations and tempers are streams flowing from it. The teacher has to purify that fountain, and ever to supply it with a flow of affectionate thought from the mind of his Lord and Master. This has to be done, too, for a mind incapable, to a great extent, by reason of its immature state, of seeing the immeasurable superiority of the spiritual over the material, and future glory over the false glitter of the present time; for a mind which, by reason of its depraved bias, has strong predilections for those things, which, in their tendency, are ruinous, and with a strong aversion to the great truths of Divine revelation that ennoble and give distinction to character.

Moreover, the teacher meets in the same class with a great variety of character. Take a class of twelve, and there are no two children alike; hence, at every step, the difficulties of the work increase. To adapt our teaching requires skill and patience. Some children are patient, some are passionate; some are quick, some are dull; some are cheerful, some are stupidly heavy; some are loving, some are obstinate and daring; some have retentive memories, and some have not. Now, all this variety of character has to be moulded and fitted for action in life, but it can never be accomplished by teaching all according to the same rule and making use of the same appliances for one as for the other. We should deem that physician very unskilful who made use of the same medicine for the fever as for apoplexy; for consumption as for cholera. We should condemn such a man as a most incompetent practitioner. In matters spiritual it is precisely the same. Here are two children under the care of a teacher for spiritual cure, with minds, temperaments, and tendencies altogether different. To treat these alike would be consummate folly. To treat a loving soul as you would an ill-tempered one would be to display great imbecility. And yet there is a great danger on the part of the teacher of showing favour to the one and disregard to the other.

The true-spirited teacher will show his real character in endeavouring to save the worst, and building up from the worst material

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a temple in which God will deign to dwell. There is little or no praiseworthiness in winning the affections of a loving child; but should a teacher lead a rebel to a recognition of our Divine religion, the victory gained will be a great one. It is in such triumphs that the glory of Sabbath-school work appears. That soldier who appears in uniform and assumes the air of a patriot in times of peace, but in the hour of anarchy and bloodshed abandons the field, has not the blood and spirit of a soldier. That sailor who is all brave and jovial in calm weather, but in the hour of storm leaves the reeling barque to sink beneath the black wave, has not the pluck of a sailor. That, in our opinion, is the real sailor, who will either save the ship or go down with her. That young man, too, has the blood and sinew of a teacher who feels that the greater the sinner, the deeper and stronger ought his affections to flow—the more defiant the child, the more intense ought his anxiety to be for the salvation of that child. There is charm—there is chivalry in such a teacher's life. He not only appears in uniform and rank on the Sabbath day, but he lives out what he professes. And although the three great difficulties hinted at in the work of the Sabbath-school be insuperable to any other spirit, yet he will triumphantly level them to the dust.

The next class of difficulties is in the teacher himself. It is difficult to realize the idea of a teacher at first to be thoroughly and constantly prepared for the work, and to live in sympathy with it. No right-minded teacher can deny the fact but what he has had to fight a hard battle with self before he could realize this thought. 'I have to discipline souls of priceless worth for the scenes of immortality.' Viewing his work from this standpoint, he has ever felt that such a work demands careful preparation to discharge it well, and that his sympathies can only go with it upon the following conditions:—

There must be pre-eminent piety. Without it, no real good can be expected. We expect no rain from clouds without water; nor do we expect streams of holy thought from a corrupt heart. A teacher without piety is like a system without a sun—like a flower without bloom, and like a tree without fruit. The individual worthy of the name of a teacher is like a richly laden tree in a garden, he affords fruit for all who like to take it. With goodness both men and children get enamoured. An epistle of Christ is easily read even by children. The teacher whose soul is filled with the light of heaven will be like the sun in creation, he will give light and beauty to all around him.

The teacher whose character we are sketching, will have a deep acquaintance with God. This can only be had by prayerful study and action. 'If any man,' says Christ, 'will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.' There are mighty thoughts in the Divine mind about every good work, but in order to know them, there must be action in life and earnest supplication. These are the two instrumentalities by which a man and his God are brought together. What we want to teach our juvenile population is,—to get lofty ideas of God. The most perfect idea of him has been brought down from heaven by

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Christ, and the teacher's object, who has seen it, is to take his class back upon its wings. In the revelation God has thus made, we find him a being possessed of supreme, divine excellence; and this is expressed by Robert Hall with unrivalled beauty. 'Our conception of God,' says he, 'is continually receiving fresh accessions by attracting to itself, as a centre, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, and happiness. It borrows splendour from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.' To understand this sentence, we must feel the grandeur of the truth contained in it in our hearts, and as it rises gradually up before our gaze, we shall ever rise with it, and yet it will eternally tower above us. The teacher who would live on the ascending scale must understand these things, and he will be able, step by step, to take his class into new and higher regions of thought, and to nearer approaches towards the standard of perfect excellence. This can be done by prayer and study, for it is a fixed law, that if we ask we receive, and that if we seek we find.

The advice of Cowper shall be ours—

> 'Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
> His works. Admitted only to his embrace,
> Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
> Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
> Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
> Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.'

II.

Secondly.—The encouragements of the work. We shall pen three.

1. It is a work for the good of society. We do engage in some enterprises which are simply for our own personal benefit, but Sabbath-school work is for the general good. The religious education of our juvenile population cannot fail to strengthen the future framework of society, and hasten the development of social excellence. The seeds of vice are generally sown in youth, and the harvest is reaped in advanced life, which is inevitably one of crime and infamy. To prevent such a work is the aim of every Sabbath-school, and that, too, by imparting right ideas of God, and the nobility of man's highest nature when ransomed and beatified by Christ.

We would here remark, that the Sabbath-school is doing what the State has failed to accomplish, that is, to make mankind feel the worth and immortality of good character. This country has had three schemes for the suppression of crime—the punishment of death, banishment for life, and partial forgiveness.

For a very long period, indeed, the punishment of death was the only treatment that offenders met with from the hands of the State. We scarcely need say that time has written Failure on the front of the scaffold. When men were most numerously executed, crimes were most numerously committed. Banishment has also been tried. America was the land for many a long year to which we transported our living vice, but when that country declared her independence, we sent it to Australia; and it is supposed that slavery has taken such a strong

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hold through the slaveholders springing up from such immoral ancestors. And in reference to Australia, this country saw at length a black cloud arising in the distance that threatened destruction to our interests and suspended its operations in that direction. Well, there is the system again of partial forgiveness [the ticket-of-leave system]: why, it is a miserable failure. The leaders of the land thought that gratitude would compel such offenders to act aright in future, but we have had evidence demonstrative that men of decidedly bad principles cannot stand too much kindness.*

Since these schemes have failed, what can be done to make our generation good? Give the young a religious education. That is the foundation for the future superstructure of society. The gallows sentiment, and punishment, can never correct.

Those persons who preach the gospel in all its beautiful simplicity to children in our Sabbath and ragged schools are striking at the root-evils of the world;† and if ever taxation and crime are to be reduced, we must commence at the foundation; that is to say, we must begin with children. Look for a moment at Ireland and Scotland in contrast. In the one instance a youthful and religious education has been entirely neglected, but in the other it has been attended to. What is the condition of Ireland? Why, its inhabitants are degraded, wretched, superstitious, and oppressed. Ireland has ever been the stronghold of the man of sin. What of Scotland? Why, the Scotch are decent, active, free, and intelligent. The physical advantages of Ireland over Scotland are great. The soil and climate of the former are much superior to those of the latter, but with this vantage ground, the Irish are distinguished for all that is low, a fact that must strike every reflective mind with the great importance of religious culture in the youth, and the truth of Solomon's declaration, 'That the soul be without knowledge is not good.'

2. The work is most successful. The work is God's, and his works are always prosperous. The flower never fails to blow, nor the landscape to bloom, nor the sun to shine; nor has Divine truth ever failed to advance the happiness of man. The true-hearted teacher may rest assured that he has planted his foot on reality. We feel honoured to be identified in opinon with the men who believe that real success in a work is not proclaimed by the jubilee of thousands who flock to see mountebank performances in the pulpit, and on the platform. It is only to penetrate below mere show, and you will see that success consists in the myriads of Divine influences that flow from the Sabbath-school centre to the world's circumference. Many a man will make a brilliant effort for once for some good object, and then retire to rest in solitude, and by some is applauded as a benefactor to the race; but we beg to dissent from the conclusion. That is the successful man who steadily pursues a course of Divine action for life. The virtue of such men's lives goes down to the very heart of society, and makes it throb with new life. We feel persuaded that all good

* *Vide* Hepworth Dixon's Life of Howard.

† *Vide* Hall's Discourse on the Advantages of Knowledge.

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teachers are doing this great, this God-like work. They are shedding influences on character, that the eye of God alone can read; influences that shall go down into the deeps of eternity, and continue to carry souls up to higher altitudes of glory when the plaudits of the vulgar shall be unheard amidst the thunderbursts of melody ascending from a ransomed universe to God and the Lamb.

We may refer the reader to some splendid characters who have been benefited by Sabbath-schools. A Harris, the author of 'Mammon,'—a Knibb, the liberator of the slave, and many others. Most of the sanctified genius and learning of the present age have been helped by good teachers. But enough on this point. Let us remark, that the greater part of Sabbath-school glory has yet to be revealed. It is, like the works of Nature, not seen either by one or two generations. The metal with which our best machinery is now formed was in the earth centuries ago, but men knew not its use. The water that propels our locomotives was in existence when the sun in yonder heavens baked the bricks for Nimrod to build the tower of Babel; but its use was unknown. The achievements of science give distinction to this age; but what the future revelations of nature and intellect may be no one can foretell. Nor can any man, however keen his penetration, tell what the future results of Sabbath-school work will be. The sun of its glory has only just broken through the morning clouds of ignorance and superstition; but it is destined to advance and unfold splendours that shall surpass the loftiest imagination. There is a depth of grandeur and significance in this great enterprize of making the young religious that requires the *light* which streams from God's throne to reveal it to our gaze.

Sabbath-school operations in our opinion are intended by Providence to affect the entire world. The truth of Christianity, by which the work is to be carried on, is eternal as God, and ever flowing in quiet, but nevertheless elevating power, like the springs of immortality. And that truth embodied in the lives and deeds of the young, one generation after another will affect at some future period the whole human family. To nations that are blackened by the burning sun of an Asiatic sky, or frost-bitten by the cold of Polar regions; to isles standing in all their created glory in the bosom of the great Pacific; and to continents on whose structures time has left the withering influence of its touch, and on whose inhabitants vice has left its brand of infamy, shall the Sabbath-school send forth its redeeming influence, and cease only with the introduction of the new heavens and new earth, and the joyful outburst of acclamation from heaven's responding spirits, 'The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all nations, and all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.'

3. Such a work is connected with personal distinction. The most ennobling thoughts spring up when labouring for the good of others. The highest degrees of intellectual illuminations have ever been connected with genuine labour for God. Many a stream of pacific sentiment and thought sent forth from the depths of a teacher's soul has flown back again in all the richness of a bright reward. The brightest chapters in every man's history are those filled with his godly

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deeds for others' good. Such men are prepared for greater developments of the Divine mind. Those who have laboured for Christ can speak from experience of the personal benefit derived. Reason is increased in power and glory by being brought into exercise. Labour will sublimate every faculty, and open fountains of intellectual pleasure to the labourer. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'

The sublime of all will be heaven. And what a heaven! Its breadth and length no spirit has ever scanned. Its beauties are untold, and its glories unsung. Thither the teacher wends his way. To this place of unlimited extent, in which Jehovah has erected his visible throne that radiates glory in which the wings of angels grow bright and glorious, the man who leads a sinner to Christ shall go. And in the rich coronal that encircles that brow that once palpitated on Calvary shall the Sabbath-school teacher be placed as a peerless gem, to shine with perpetual and increasing lustre; it may be to shed light on the destinies of infant spirits who shall occupy a part of the vast empire of our great Sovereign. Hence Daniel says, 'And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'

Friends and companions, engaged in the weal of humanity, let us say that yours is a great and honourable work. It is one to which an archangel would feel honoured to consecrate his powers. Be ye heroic in the field of action, for the reward awaiting you is beyond all price —a reward, the anticipation of which can make existence happy, and the possession of which can alone make immortality a blessing. The work under consideration is a progressive and a Divine work. As teachers you are sowing the germs of life and immortality, out of which many a faultless flower shall spring for the service of Christ, and fling its fragrance over the scenes of a paradise regained by 'the second Adam, the Lord from heaven.' Let us urge upon you to carry out the thought of the greatest of modern sages and scribes—

> 'The goal of yesterday
> Will be the starting point of to-day.'
> *Carlyle.*

Record of Christian Missions.

MR. MOFFAT'S VISIT TO MOSELEKATSE.

We think we cannot do better this month, in the absence of other information of much interest, than present our readers with a reprint of a portion of the journal of Mr. Moffat, detailing the particulars of his visit to Moselekatse's country. We derive it from the 'Missionary Chronicle.' Its interest is unique. Apart from the accomplishment of the great purpose of the visit, the securing of this great chief's acquiescence in the establishment of the proposed Zambese Mission by Dr. Livingstone, it is remarkable for its strange history of gospel success.

'In the conclusion of my former letter,' writes Mr. Moffat, 'I stated that I

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received a hearty welcome from my old, and I may add, faithful friend (Moselekatse), who, immediately after salutations were over, said, he hoped he should be able to congratulate himself with the hope that I had come to make a long sojourn with him.

OBJECTS OF THE VISIT EXPLAINED.

'I was gratified with having at an early period an interview with him on the object of my visit; that I was come to tell him that the great teachers in England having heard of his kindness to me, and willingness to be instructed, had resolved to send him two teachers. He promptly remarked, "You must come too. How shall I get on with people I do not know, if you are not with me?" and, snapping his fingers, added, "By all means, by all means bring teachers; you are wise, you are able to judge what is good for me and my people better than I do. The land is yours, you must do for it what you think is good," &c. I resumed, by adding that all I would ask was a place where there was a command of water, where the missionaries could live, make gardens, &c., and have many people to teach; that they would not look to him for food, but would plant, sow, and purchase what they might require. The subject was repeatedly referred to during my stay, and in no case did he deviate from what he assented to. I had now obtained the object of my desire—not that I ever doubted that the proposal would be acceptable, but I felt impressed with the importance of having from him a public sanction, so that, whatever might happen either to him or myself, missionaries might proceed to their destination with the greater confidence.

'During the whole period of my stay I continued to preach twice every Sabbath, besides many other opportunities being afforded of communicating divine knowledge, and which, like bread cast upon the waters, will, we are encouraged to hope, appear after many days.

'Feeling sure that, by the time messengers could arrive at Linyante, Livingstone would be there, or at no great distance, I requested Moselekatse to send a small party of men to that place, in order to convey letters, the Bible in Sechuana, and a bag of garden seeds, &c. Ten men under an officer were instantly sent off, with instructions that, should they find that Dr. L. had not arrived, they must descend the southern bank of the river till they should meet or hear something about him. Poor fellows, they would, from Dr. L.'s detention at home, search for him in vain, and I only hope some day to hear of the safe return of the party.

PREACHING TO THE MATABELE: THEIR MORAL DEGRADATION.

'The death of a human being is a very insignificant affair to the minds of these heathens. No more is thought of it than if a dog had died. There is no more inquiry in their minds as to where man goes, or what he becomes. The contrast in this case is now very great between them and the Bechuana tribes, who have had the gospel for so many years. It is, however, pleasing to see that when death and immortality are referred to, the attention of my hearers is more than usually fixed, and there is never the slightest objection raised to my holding Divine service. On one occasion, when it was extremely cold, so much so that Moselekatse did not expect that I should, as usual, call the people together, I stated to him that I should do so when the sun got warm. He remarked, "that my words were good—that it was God's service, and that I must know well what would please God, as I knew him, and knew what was acceptable to him; that he was glad I continued to teach, as my instruction were all good." "Blarney,"

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some might say; but blarney or no blarney, I was thankful that I needed not to solicit permission to perform an important duty, but was able to say, "I intend doing so and so." As we had in our company a number of good singers, the singing was as effectual in collecting the people as a bell in a steeple. The attendance was invariably good. The Matabele are a disciplined people, and during Divine service the most perfect decorum is maintained, and I cease not to hope and pray that the seeds of Divine truth scattered among them may bring forth a harvest which may not be reaped till long after I am gathered to my fathers. The sights I witnessed, mental and physical, the entire absence of all that is morally lovely and of good report, the reckless prodigality of human life, and deeds perpetrated with a moral turpitude which made me melancholy, but never once excited fear of my personal safety. To them the future is shrouded in darkness. They have, or rather some of them have, what may be called a glimmering idea, that when man dies he goes down to where the spirits of the dead are. Some think they become serpents; but after much inquiry I find that their thoughts on the future are something like the *ignis fatuus*, or so evanescent that they or their language fail to convey an idea on which one can fix the mind. The sum total of all their delightful aspirations is Moselekatse, and nothing but Moselekatse. At his orders, his warriors will any day rush into certain death. To die for the safety or the honour of Moselekatse, the son of Machobane, this is all their glory; yet, they admit that it would make men more happy if they could be made to live according to the doctrines they have heard from me.

Bleeding the Ladies of the Court.

'About the 20th October, the weather became exceedingly warm, and, living in the public cattlefold, the multitude of flies were very troublesome. Some of the king's wives had been complaining of severe headache, and made suit to their lord and master that I might relieve them by the use of the lancet. They knew that on my former visit I had bled Moselekatse, which had done him much good, and presumed he would allow the same operation to be performed on them. Two of their number, though apparently fat and hearty, were really suffering from an affection of the lungs and dizziness, while three others were suffering from incessant headache. Seeing nothing like a seat on which my patients could sit (the Matabele never saw a chair till I took them one), I ordered a camp stool to be brought from my waggon. On requesting one of the wives to be seated on it, she started aside, exclaiming, "No, no," adding, that the thing was impossible. I remarked that it was Ma—Mary's (Mrs. Moffat's) chair, and that, as she sat on it, why could they not do so. "No, no, no," was reiterated; adding, "We cannot sit on that seat, for Moselekatse has sat on it." After laughing at them, and they at my ignorance of the reverence due to their royal master, I sent for one of my water-barrels, on which one of the fat dames sat down. Though it is sometimes difficult to find the proper vein in a round fat arm, blood soon flowed freely into a broken calabash, to the surprise of all, and almost horror of the man whose duty it was to hold the vessel. After more than sufficient blood had been allowed to flow, I withdrew the bandage. "No, no," exclaimed my patient, "let it flow." I remonstrated, adding, "You will faint." "Atch, atch," she exclaimed; "I have drunk much beer this morning, and therefore I cannot faint." In a couple of minutes she laid her head down on my arm. A little cold water soon revived her, when I asked those who were looking on if they thought they were wiser than I was.

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The next that followed acted precisely in the same way, to the no little diversion of the attendants. Those, however, that followed, submitted with greater good sense to my judgment. It is the custom of the Matabele, when they intend to be bled, to fortify themselves for the operation by drinking quantities of beer. True, it does require some courage to meet the Matabelian phlebotomy. The operator raises the vein with an awl, and then cuts it asunder, and of course my way was comparatively painless. I have not been able to learn the precise number of Moselekatse's wives—probably between two and three hundred. They appear to be a thoughtless set, and of whom, it may be said, "they laugh and grow fat." One of his wives, the favourite, had been sick for a twelvemonth, and it required but little skill to see that she was a great sufferer. Having bled her twice, I brought her under a course of medicine for more than two weeks. She was restored. This circumstance of course produced a very favourable impression on Moselekatse's mind, and I dare say dubbed me physician to his Majesty.

GENERAL HEALTHINESS OF THE PEOPLE.

'A doctor would find it difficult to live among the Matabele, for I never met with a more healthy people. No cutaneous diseases, so prevalent among the Griquas and inhabitants along the Great River; no consumptions; pulmonary complaints exceedingly rare, rheumatism, &c. &c., and this the more to be wondered at, as the cold and damp eastern winds during winter, sometimes amounting to gales, are severe, and the transitions of temperature extreme. Epidemics occasionally prevail, and the fever, sometimes so destructive on and near the Ngami Lake, and the Linyante country, but it is not annual, nor so severe, which may be ascribed to the elevated character of the region inhabited by the Matabele. Not having, however, spent a whole summer in their country, I am unable to give any observations on that part of the season—the most critical. But from all I could learn, though the luxuriance is redundant, like most tropical regions, and the sun passing twice overhead during one summer, they say the summers are short, *i.e.* the heat does not oppress to the degree that might be expected; but this is only report. The tropical rains commenced before I left, and the thunder-storms were very heavy, sending down the rivers roaring like cataracts, while the atmosphere felt hot and steamy; but where the country is undulating and hilly, the water soon runs off into the many rivers running towards the north-west, and eventually north to the Zambesi, into which, after in many cases uniting, they empty themselves. At no great distance to the south-east of the present residence of Moselekatse, the rivers run towards the Limpopo, which is joined by the rivers Shashe, Belahale, and Umterikue, after which it is called Sabe, or Sabie, till it falls into the Indian Ocean, and which shows that the elevated country inhabited by the Matabele is that which stretches towards the Victoria Falls to the north. From its elevated position, which includes the mountain range of the Mashona tribes, it is perhaps the most healthy betwween the tropic of Capricorn and the Equator.

THE AIM OF THE MISSIONARY DISTINCT FROM THAT OF THE TRADER.

'Referring to my intention of looking out for a fountain, or suitable locality where missionaries might at once commence operations, Moselekatse said the land was before me; but as I had seen, though there was no want of water in the many rivers, there were no fountains. I embraced the opportunity of reminding him

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who the missionaries were; that their object was not to live only, nor to eat the food of the king; not to buy nor sell, except for the supply of their immediate wants; that their object was solely to teach him and his people to know and to serve the only living and true God; that he must on no account expect that the missionaries are to be directly or indirectly the means of supplying him with either guns or ammunition; that, if he entertained any such expectations, he must tell me at once, and I should pack up and be gone. I continued, "Ask of your officers, men, and warriors, what they have heard from me from Sabbath to Sabbath, and they will tell you the kind of work you must expect from a teacher. You must not be disappointed if every teacher is not able to do some things which you have seen me do. All men are not alike, even among the Matabele. To some God has given a mechanical genius, and to others wisdom of another kind. The missionaries who I hope will come may not excel in everything, but they will be wise, and, probably, wiser and better than I am, and whose work would be to make you and your people wise, and teach them how to escape the wrath to come." After I had said much more to the same purpose, he remarked, "You speak the truth. Some can understand and do things others cannot do; and about missionaries taking no part in obtaining for me supplies of ammunition, I say a law must not be broken. I confide in your judgment as to what I ought to expect." I then reminded him that I was now getting old, having been in the service of God, among the heathen like the Matabele, these forty years, and that I began to feel the toil of such long journeys, when I had to do so much with my own hands; and were it not the prospect of seeing missionaries established in this country, he should see my face no more, as I had much work to do for Jesus, the Son of God, where I was, and when I should cease to be able to serve Jesus in doing good to my fellow-men, I should withdraw into solitude, and think and talk daily of heaven, where I hope to live for ever. On hearing these words, he stared at me, and his wives and nobles stared, as if they thought I was raving. Poor things, they wonder how easily one can talk of death. Moselekatse said, "You are young—talk of death? why, you are vigorous as ever." I interrupted by saying, "You may think so, but *I* do not feel so, which makes me most anxious to do for you and your people all I can do before I die." He interrupted, with a succession of most emphatic negatives, adding, "You must not die, but live;" and then dropped the subject by introducing others which had been waiting to be brought forward by some of his nobles.

Parting Words with the Great Chief and his People.

'In the beginning of December, I began to think of preparing for my return home, and requested Moselekatse to mention some things which, on former occasions, he had manifested a wish that I should bring with me when I should return with the missionaries. I had warned him again and again that he must not expect that teachers would ever become traders; but I should, in the entire absence of means by which he could obtain some things which he expressed a strong desire to have, bring them with me, but only on condition that in future he must look out for foreign supplies to those whose business it was to trade with the natives, and I would especially urge on him the necessity of making arrangements to carry on a trade with those who intended opening up intercourse with the tribes on the Zambesi river. As he had during my visits obtained a knowledge of, and a taste

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for, various articles, and the value of many tools he had seen me use, he wished me to bring a waggon-load. I told him I could not undertake to do so, as I should not be able to find much room for more real necessaries than such as I and the missionaries were obliged to take for our own use. To this he promptly answered, "I am rich, and can pay for all, and send plenty of oxen to bring them, and to assist the missionaries on their journey hither." This I admitted, adding, that as to ivory, the distance was so far, and the roads so bad for waggon travelling, that I was afraid of a heavy waggon and meagre oxen, which might leave me in the desert; that I could have no objections to his doing as he had done on my last visit—pay the expenses of the journey. I assured him that anything beyond the expenses of the journey should be returned to him in value. I repeated what I had stated before as to what missionaries were. I could have no objections to further his wishes, and give his orders, as far as writing was concerned, but that he must look to traders who might be induced to go so far, and on no account to teachers, whose duty it was to impart to him and his people the knowledge of Divine things; that while I could assure him of their willingness to meet his wishes, they would on no account engage to supply him with anything in the way of trade; that as several individuals had approached his dominions for purposes of hunting and trade during my two last visits, aware, as he knew, that they were safe while I was at head-quarters, he might easily engage one of such to bring him the supplies he wanted, as he said he wished to imitate the white people; or the missionaries, when they came, might be able to point out some individual to whom he might commit his commissions, as they had done at the Kuruman in the case of Mr. Hume; and, further, if he entertained any idea that missionaries would be his agents in worldly things, he must tell me so, and he and I must now part company; that, much as I esteemed him, and much as I felt thankful to him for his many acts of kindness, I should much prefer not undertaking such a long and hazardous journey. I had come cheerfully, and would, if spared, come again with the teachers with increased pleasure, but then it must be for his soul's sake, and those of his people, as Jesus has commanded us to go and teach all nations. "How I love you!" he interrupted; "how can you say you would not come again? I wish I could reward you for your kindness. You have never tired of working for me since you came here, and as you did on your former visit. You give medicine to the sick, and you have cured my favourite wife. All the doctors in the land have been called, but they could do nothing. I pay, I feed them, but they are fools. My wives say, 'Let us have Moffat.' You help those who do not like to ask, and you have done many things for me and my people of which I only heard when they were done. You work the whole day, and write at night; when do you sleep?" As he found me rather stern in refusing anything but a small remuneration to defray journeying expenses, he told me he had sent some ivory to my waggon, which he begged me to accept as his thanks, as he had nothing else with which to express his gratitude. On the last Sabbath of my sojourn the attendance was large. The immediate prospect of separation led me to speak of a separation at the last day, which would be eternal. I recapitulated what I had said during the repeated opportunities which I had of addressing them on subjects of everlasting importance, and which I told them, if they did not believe, they would witness against them in the day of judgment. They would then see that the book (the Bible, which I held in my hand) was the book of God, which all

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mankind was bound to believe. My audience looked universally serious. Of course they could not help observing that I was so; and when the destinies of so many thousands of Matabele, who seem to be happy only while engaged in war, or in the contemplation of it, are taken into account, the heart must feel heavy. I have observed frequently among that people, that when the subject of war is discussed, when past deeds of valour or those in prospect are rehearsed, they become almost frantic, and exhibit a ferocity bordering on madness, while they conjure up scenes of rapine and blood, in the anticipation of which they revel and luxuriate. When the ebullition is over, they at once resume their wonted equanimity, while others may be seen with faces as grave as if they were in a charnel-house.

A Chief redeemed from Captivity.

'In a former communication I had occasion to make reference to Macheng, the paramount chief of the Bamanguato tribe. He is a young man about twenty-six years of age, good-looking, apparently of a mild disposition, and a countenance not wanting in intelligence. He is the son of Khari, the king of the Bamanguato tribe who was killed in an engagement with the Mashona, while Macheng was yet a child. During the irruption of the tribes to the north, occasioned by the overwhelming prowess and power of the bloody Chaka, the despot of the Zulus, the Bamanguato and other Bechuana tribes were scattered to the winds. Macheng, during his minority, with his eldest sister, afterwards one of Sechéle's wives, were under the care of Sechéle, who was at that time the head of but a small portion of the Bakuena. While Sechéle was on one occasion absent from his town in a foray against the Banguaketse, a handful of the Matabele fell upon his undefended town, killed many, destroyed property, and carried away captive youths and women, among whom were Macheng and his eldest sister. The latter, as on one occasion before, escaped by finding her way back through the interminable intricacies of forests; but young Macheng, a boy of about ten years of age, was destined to be a captive, and continued to be so for sixteen years, and but for my influence with Moselekatse, would have in all probability continued to be so, as others had been, to the end of his days. He was, as stated, placed at my disposal. This was a favour, as I know the truth of what Moselekatse said when I asked him, not for myself, but another, that it was contrary to the custom of the Matabele to return a royal prisoner to his people. I had wished Sechéle to have the honour of returning Macheng to his people, having felt some delicacy on the subject of interfering myself, not from any fear of Sekhomi, the usurper, but lest I might get involved in a quarrel to which Macheng's restoration might give rise. He had been allowed to remain with me during the whole of the time of my stay, as if he were one of my people.

'He knew that if he was not now delivered through my influence, his bondage was sealed. My assurance that I should not leave him was enough. A lively sense of the prospect of liberty, as well as quick observation, had convinced him that such was my influence with his justly-dreaded master, that I was able to fulfil what I had promised. I had only to give my testimony in reference to his expectations from Sechéle, to disabuse his mind, and to appeal to his former decision in giving over Macheng to be at my disposal, and that I should now, with his permission, willingly take Macheng along with me. After a long conversation on this, to me, interesting subject, the thing was settled. Macheng

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was called. He entered, I suppose, with bright hopes of the future. He sat down with the usual salutations. Moselekatse sat in his arm-chair, and, half laughing, said, "Macheng, man of Moffat, you go with your father. We have arranged respecting you. Moffat will take you back to Sechéle. That is my wish as well as his, that you should be in the first instance restored to the chief from whom you were taken in war. When captured, you were a child; I have reared you to be a man." Never before did tones so sweet fall on Macheng's ear. The attendants praised the greatness and goodness of their king. He ordered one of his councillors to go to his waggon (a kind of store-house) to bring some clothes. After the ceremony of dressing was over, and Macheng had sat down, he was again presented with a cup of the king's beer, and a fat breast of an ox (the king's portion) ordered for his supper. When I left the presence of the king, and while passing through the room to where my waggon stood, a shout was raised, "There goes Macheng; Moffat is taking Macheng to his people." On the 11th December, after a very great deal of trouble with oxen which had once been accustomed to the yoke, and others which were untrained, I was able to leave for home, at the same time that Moselekatse was leaving in one of his waggons for a neigbouring town. His object was to spend a season of mirth at an annual festival, which had been deferred till my departure. My journey homewards was not attended with anything beyond what is usual in a wild, uninhabited country. The late rains, which, most providentially for me, had held up, rendered travelling very heavy, from the ground being saturated. More than once I was compelled to pass the night in a quagmire, where the waggon had to be unloaded and conveyed piecemeal to higher ground.

Monthly Retrospect.

It is the belief of the west-end that nothing happens in autumn. It is the "dead season." Nobody is in town. The shutters of all the houses are closed, and the flunkeys are living on board wages; grass is growing between the pebbles, and everybody is yawning for the "season" to recommence. Such is west-end, but we are not west-enders, and are therefore heterodox on this point. Our belief is that the very best things happen in autumn. Politics especially having ceased to be the talk of the English world, and the hard, dry, mill-horse everyday work of the middle classes having become relaxed, people begin to look beyond their narrow circles and accustomed ruts for new impulses to work. It is the time for the development of the higher faculties—thought, feeling, and imagination; the time for the calmest contemplation of God's work *on* the world; the time for most unfettered intercourse with nature, for freest enjoyment of friends, for happiest and most entire realization of a sense of REST. This is our reading of autumn—to us pre-eminently the season of life, of enjoyment, of partial or entire repose from all irksome labour; of most welcome refreshment and re-created being. The "dead season" indeed! as if the world contained only pastrycooks, waiters, ladies' maids, and footmen, and the chief end of life was to attend balls, suppers, and routs, give good dinners, and eat *recherché* suppers!

Autumn is usually chosen for country festivals and demonstrations, why,

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we can scarcely tell, excepting it must be because people have less hesitation than usual in confessing to the possession of human feelings and sympathies in this season. Do we owe to this circumstance the opening of the Halifax and Stockport Parks? The Halifax Park was opened some time since; the Stockport Park a few days ago. May we say that the benefactors, Mr. Crossley and Lord Vernon, who have given to the people these great gifts, are greater *men* than four-fifths of our public rulers and politicians? They certainly, as far as one can judge, give proof of the possession of higher moral qualities. They are not great before the nation, because they possess no special superiority of intellect; or no special power of expressing their thoughts; but in a high sense they are great men. That *they* regard with more than common affection their less favoured brethren; that they are willing to deny themselves in a considerable degree for their sakes, seeking no published name or wide applause, affords indication of the possession of some of the choicest gifts which it is possible for man to have bestowed upon him. It has been called 'vanity' and worse to build a church, endow a school, or create a fellowship. On the same reasoning, the gift of a public park must be an egregrious exhibition of vainglory. Only a cynic, however, would so argue: we would rather look upon it as an illustration of human love and affection, of which we can scarcely have too many instances. Of its beneficial tendency we have a striking example in the case of Mr. Crossley. His regard for the people of Halifax has induced him to make this and other sacrifices for their welfare: they express their affection for him in their own way—the most delicate and suitable which they could have chosen—by erecting, at their own expense, in the park which he has given them a statue of himself. In the great hotel of Chamouni were inaugurated last year—when we happened to be present—busts of the first two travellers up Mont Blanc. Chamouni designates them her "benefactors;" how much more may Mr. Crossley and Lord Vernon be designated the benefactors of Halifax and Stockport?

Grantham, celebrated for its gingerbread, its spire, and its connexion with Newton, has also done itself an honour, by the erection of a statue to Sir Isaac, on which occasion the representatives of the world of triangles, rhomboids, and conic sections, dined together, and listened to an oration from Lord Brougham on the life and works of Newton. For a speech to a general audience, which must have been chiefly composed of Granthamites, the oration does not seem to have been a very fitting one. Lord Brougham spoke as he wrote some fifteen years ago, when the 'Men of Letters and Science' was published—as a philosopher of a philosopher. Of the man Newton little could be said, and the audience must have felt that, in regard to all the more human qualities, the orator who was speaking was greater by an almost infinite degree than he whose life was then being honoured. Newton offers the most remarkable example of how the exclusive cultivation of one power of the mind will almost annihilate all other powers. For twenty years he existed almost without feeling—simply a great living Calculator. Excepting in a few instances, this must be the law. Probably no one has attained to much eminence without, consciously or unconsciously, making sacrifice of half his nature. As the world exists, the exhibition of a marvellous excellence, in any one depart-

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ment of science or literature, seems to be impossible, without allowing a corresponding deficiency in nearly all others. There is a certain quantity of energy, 'life-power,' or whatever else it may be called, and no more. If a mountain has to be made, a valley must be made with it. The earth that creates the one is dug from the other. There is no absolute addition of quantity, only a different apportionment of the materials. In Newton's case the intellect reached the highest point to which it has ever attained. He who would attempt to follow in his steps must resolve on a sacrifice equal to that which Newton made.

It is the habit of newspaper and other writers to enlarge upon the advancement of the present age. Two very notable illustrations of the progress of society have occurred during the past month—Sir George Grey, the incarnation of finality, and Mr. Henley, the type of Toryism, have—*moved!* Sir George, who used to launch his little satires upon the possibilities of a penny press when the abolition of the newspaper stamp was under discussion, and who voted so obstinately against Mr. Milner Gibson's bill, has addressed the people in support of cheap newspapers. He advocates their extension, praises their conduct, and says he subscribes to one himself! His speech affords another indication also that the age is changing, and one that is a continual subject of remark in circles where plans of political and other agitation are discussed. We allude to the secondary importance of public meetings. There is far less advice now to go to lectures, and there is a growing indisposition to attend them. It is the most difficult thing in the world to 'get up' a good public meeting. Hence the advice to read, and the necessity for public societies accommodating themselves to the growing preference of the people to this mode of teaching. We, who have no hesitation in avowing our attachment to what are termed 'advanced principles,' have reason to rejoice rather than otherwise at this change. We have little fear of the people reading too much, and have sufficient confidence in the truth of our convictions to be fully persuaded that the more they read the closer they will come to a knowledge and persuasion of what is right.

But Mr. Henley also is moving—he, one of the rear guard of the old army who fought and conquered nearly half a century ago, under Sir Harry Inglis's banner, has come round to the acknowledgment that a reform in the representation of the people is desirable and necessary. What kind of reform Mr. Henley would like, he does not say. No member or supporter of the present Cabinet has as yet made any declaration on this head, but, 'something must be done,' is an acknowledgment which few expected to receive. For anything, however, that we can see to the contrary we are likely to be placed in the position of a man who has been voluntarily starving himself, but has at last come to confess that he had better have something to eat. He will not, however, say what he will have, and he angrily rejects everything that is offered him. In such a case the confession is practically worthless, neither the man nor his friends are the better for it; and the chance is that before long both will be held up to ridicule.

The Chinese treaty, for every particular of which the English people have as yet been indebted to foreign sources of information, seems to be everything that one could wish. It is a very good thing procured in a

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very bad way. Apart from its general character it is especially remarkable for the closeness with which the negotiators have followed in all the old paths. We have the old and mischievous system of a resident ambassador, the old diplomatic regulations, the old trade laws—just as if we were dealing with any European power. Not content with stipulating that we should have a Resident at the Chinese capital,' we lay down the condition that a Chinaman is to reside in London and conduct business at the Court of St. James's. In other respects the Treaty is the most remarkable that has been made in history; and must lead to a change more extensive than the world has seen since the first preaching of Christianity. There is now no barrier, that cannot be easily overcome, to the preaching of the gospel to every nation.

The work of consolidating our relations with China will devolve upon Christian men and merchants; something also will have to be done by the Missionary Societies. As soon as the path is opened we shall see the most enterprising—such as the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—appointing a missionary exactly fitted for the work, as it has already done in the case of British Colombia, and to secure an able man, has wisely given a much larger salary than usual.

India, however, will be the burden principally of statesmen for some time to come. Its finances are in a most dilapidated condition, and will need the speediest and wisest revision. So that, for years to come, India will be a bone of contention in the House of Commons, and, probably, a source of pecuniary loss to this country. From these and other evils, Mr. Bright would have those who can, escape by emigration. In a bold, but, as it strikes us, a somewhat angry letter, the member for Birmingham unsparingly denounces the class government of England, the oppression, to the poor man, of its rule, and urgently advises him to seek another and a better home. The 'Times,' having nothing else to say, returns to an old song, and cries 'un-English,' as though the evils were not un-English—whatever that may mean—and the denouncer of them the truest friend of his country, daring to risk any amount of abuse in telling the open truth.

We have been surprised that the third of September should have been allowed to pass without some demonstration in remembrance of Oliver Cromwell's day. There must have been few who allowed it to pass without a thought: there were very many who would have been glad of some opportunity for the expression of their feelings with regard to a man to whom England owes a large proportion of her present greatness, and English people a very large proportion of their present liberty. But no one seemed to think it a duty to take the initiative, and although more than one attempt was made by the press to excite some public demonstration, the day passed as though it were not one of the greatest in the calendar of English history.

The newspapers inform us that Baron Humboldt has just completed 'Cosmos;' and a day or two ago a paragraph appeared, stating that the Princess Louisa and Prince Alfred had called upon the great writer. It was a fitting thing to do—for royalty of rank to bow before royalty of intellect. May we not hope that the day is not far distant when Princes will not deem it an indignity to pay a similar respect to English Literature?

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

My Congregation and I:

PASSAGES FROM A YOUNG MINISTER'S DIARY.

. . . . . I am increasingly struck with the crude worship of intellect and culture which prevails in our body. It must appear very strange to 'outsiders,' especially considering how little wool there is to all this cry. 'These Independents,' I could fancy them saying, 'make so much splutter about talent and education in the ministry, that you might reasonably expect they would have something more to show for it in their pulpits.' Not all my dissympathy with the vulgarian, who thinks spirituality and syntax cannot go together, can prevent my siding, if I must take sides at all, with those who cry out for more men of God, rather than more men of books, as teachers and evangelists. . . . . What we want more than talent is, I think, intelligence; that clear-sightedness which springs from sincerity of soul. Things are very simple if we bring an open mind to them. One of my people to-day quoted Tennyson to me as a *Christian* poet, and seemed to have missed the pantheism of *In Memoriam*. When, after showing him what the poem really is, I wound up by quoting the first line of the last verse—

'That God WHICH ever lives and moves'—

he actually referred to the use of the (now) neuter relative in the Lord's Prayer, 'Our Father *which* art in heaven,' as being a parallel case. After I had got him to confess that the 'which' in *In Memoriam* was not only obviously exceptional and deliberate, but was to be read in the light of the rest of the poem, he said, quoting a remark attributed to Carlyle, and which he had heard, he said, from Mr. George Dawson, 'Well! Pantheism or Pottheism, what matters?' I explained that at least distinct perceptions were desirable, and the calling of things by right names; but my friend seemed to think haziness of brain rather good than otherwise, and was quite impatient of being asked for accu-

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racy of description. I have met many young men like him; and of all the crude admirers of crude pulpit talent, these are the crudest. If this friend can be kept off intellectual ballooning, and dallying with half-disguised ideas, from which he might strip the veil if he chose, I have great hopes of him, for he has independence and warmth of character, and, I think, real disinterestedness. Would not the care of a class in the school be a good discipline for him? . . . . .

. . . . I wish I could get *all* my people to think less of me as an officer, and to enter into frank and natural intercourse with me without reflecting about it. I shall try if I cannot make a cordial life among these brethren and sisters, a life lived upon the common level, supply the place of a good deal of study; or rather do more, and work results which no study *could* work. I see somewhere in the country a clergyman has been jumping in a sack with his parishioners, by way of showing brotherly love. Happy establishment, which (being secure of its revenues) can afford the contrast between the surplice and the sack! But I fancy some of my immediate brethren make the same sort of mistake as this clergyman,—that of trying to get up brotherly love, or, at least, a genial familiarity, by an occasional 'dodge.' It will not work. Nothing will work but *the thing that is*. As for being secure of revenues—I wonder whether, if the minister were to mingle more freely with his people, his salary would be grudged, or seem as if it were grudged to him? . . . . It is the doctor's bill and the lawyer's bill which are paid with the worst grace, is it not? . . . Let me try hard to seem to my flock less of a functionary, whose work has exceptional uses and special times and seasons, and more of a man, who is, on every human ground, worth his salt and standing-room.

. . . . 'Nothing is so deceptive as facts, except figures.' The reason, of course, is, that you never get the fact undiluted: an inference slips in unawares. Immediately before my settlement here, one of the old members, a grocer and tea-dealer, withdrew from the church; and as he had been heard to say that I did not preach enough to 'poor sinners' (*i. e.*, that the *words* 'poor sinners' did not occur frequently in my sermons), it seemed a safe statement of 'fact' to say, that he had withdrawn because he did not like my preaching. This I know was said, but it was mistaken after all. The plausible inference was just the wrong one. Our good friend withdrew, it appears, to begin preaching on his own account! He had saved a little money in business, which (or part of which, for he is the most 'canny' of Scots) he invested in a small place not far from his shop, and then turned it into a chapel; as exactly as possible imitating ours, down to a toy clock in front of a toy gallery,—which, however, fills half the place. I understand that he had been for some time on confidential terms with T. M. about his ministerial views, and had said that he thought he wasn't well treated by the deacons during the *interregnum*

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here when they were in want of supplies. They might have given him an opening, he thought, to test his gifts. (At the prayer-meetings his 'gifts' *had* been tested, and had not received the hall-mark of general acceptance.) He could point (I will put down his exact words as reported to me) to 'nineteen poor sinners between Roper-street and Chelmsford-square,' who had been turned to the Lord through his instrumentality; and he was *not* well treated by the deacons. Besides, they were a great deal too easy in letting members in. He met Miss ——, who joined the other day, and had a long conversation with her by Cold Bath Fields prison (it was November, and Miss —— is a delicate, consumptive child of eighteen, who would almost as soon encounter a wild buffalo as our friend,—to say nothing of the neighbourhood selected for putting her on the rack) and could not find the least savour of grace in her. Then, what was the good of having tasted that the Lord is gracious? Let your light *shine*,—*shine* was the word,—and the Bible was plain sense for poor sinners. No. Things were not as they should be at —— Chapel, and whether the Lord would appear for their improvement, *he* couldn't say. At all events, he did not wait to see. Having adapted and beautified his place—which he has actually christened New —— Street Chapel!—he opened it with three sermons, got up 'a recognition-service,' caught a couple of 'deacons,' formed 'a church,' and has, positively, a congregation. He sent me word the other day that he was now 'a co-worker with me,' and hoped I would engage to come to his first Anniversary Tea-meeting. He has been preaching on prophecy, and explaining the Number of the Beast in a way which I cannot really make out. I am almost afraid to put down, even in these pages, lest it should appear incredible to my own eyes, that he explains the 'score' in 'three-score' to mean, *score* with the pen, or underline the previous figure. How he worked out the whole sum my informant (*not* T. M., but a much more reliable person) could not tell me. But when it was suggested to him, that when applied to the original, this criticism would break down, because the word 'score' would not be found there, our friend, not in the least abashed, said he believed God took care of the translation of his own word, and that if he could get at the *Hebrew*, (!) he had no doubt he should find his reading of the prophecy borne out. It is creditable to his energy that he is taking lessons in that language of some poor Jew twice a week. But how shall I write what he said to me last Christmas-eve? As I passed his shop, I caught his eye, and went in. I found him up to his eyes in plum-picking, with two or three helps. 'Well, Mr. ——,' I said, 'you look very tired, I think—overworked, I suppose?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I've been up late picking currants and Valencias these three nights; *but it is through much tribulation, my brother, that we must enter the kingdom.*' ! ! !—Yet I must not omit to register, that as I was coming home once in the grey of the morning from the bedside of a mother dying with her week-old babe in her young arms, I met my poor friend, carrying under his arms a Bible a foot square in a green baize wrapper, and that, on my asking him where he had been, and *not* before, he told me he had been at

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Kentish Town (a walk of full seven miles from his lodging) all night, reading and praying with an old charwoman that used to have the minding of him sometimes when he was a child.

. . . . I often call to mind, in visiting my people, George Herbert's description of 'The Parson in Sentinel,' who, 'wherever he is, keeps God's watch: that is, there is nothing spoken or done in the company where he is but comes under his test and censure: if it be well spoken or done, he takes occasion to commend and enlarge it; if ill, he presently lays hold of it, lest the poison steal into some young and unwary spirits, and possess them even before they themselves heed it. But this he doth discreetly, with mollifying and suppling words: this was not so well said as it might have been forborne; we cannot allow this: or else, if the thing will admit interpretation, your meaning is not thus, but thus; or, so far indeed what you say is true and well said; but this will not stand. This is called keeping God's watch, when the baits which the enemy lays in company are discovered and avoided: this is to be on God's side and to be true to his party. Besides, if he perceive in company any discourse tending to ill, either by the wickedness or quarrelsomeness thereof, he either prevents it judiciously, or breaks it off seasonably by some diversion. Wherein a pleasantness of disposition is of great use; men being willing to sell the interest and engagement of their discourses for no price sooner than that of mirth; whither the nature of man, loving refreshment, gladly betakes itself, even to the loss of honour' . . . . The difficulty, in modern times, when 'the parson' and the people are more upon a level of culture, is to interfere as Sentinel for God in conversation, without doing, what I am most anxious to avoid, namely, wearing habitually the air of a functionary. I never go into company without feeling my want of really encyclopædic general knowledge. In this, I think, my brethren in the ministry fall short more than in what is usually meant by 'intellectual culture.' If I *could*, I would know the day's number of the *Times*, and the current number of the Post Office Directory by heart! Knowledge is power, aye, every scrap of it.

. . . . I was going to put down that too much, almost, is expected of me. Can I kill or make alive? But I ought to be thankful, yea, and I will be thankful, that I have got so near the hearts of my people. Last Lord's day morning I preached from Gal. vi. 2, 5, coupled together. In one part of what I said, I was running over hypothetical cases of social difficulty in this way—'you, oppressed servant, and you, ill-served master; you, disappointed father, and you, discontented son; you, weary teacher, and you, fretful scholar; you, jealous wife, and you, exacting husband'—and so forth. I little thought where my words would fall. During the week I have been appealed to by both husband and wife in a case of domestic difference, where both the parties have an idea that a

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little kind counsel can help them. It is a case where nobody (not even T. M., I do believe) would have suspected anything but harmony; there appears, however, to have been a great deal of quiet misery going on for years. I was taken quite unprepared. Generalities, I saw, were not what was wanted, but what could I say? The field of conjugal intercourse, on which differences so often occur, is quite withdrawn from observation, and I could see that I had before me a long story of suffering on both sides, with the leading incidents cut out. One practical counsel I could give, and I gave it. Try and let things *rest* for a time. Exercise the golden talent of silence only a little, and still small voices of help and consolation will find their way into your ears. You may tease and talk the most unhappy lot into being ten times unhappier than it is in the nature of things. This counsel may not be quite useless to my friends, but, on the whole, I felt that I was playing pilot in strange waters. I was a little disquieted all the afternoon. In the evening I called upon the Hendersons. The widowed mother is sinking. The daughter is gathering health and strength, and courage. I did not stay for much conversation, but when I came into the open air again, I felt as if I had more to say to the unhappy couple than I had before; and if they should come to me again . . . . I must leave off, for here are T. M. and Billings both together, with faces full of news.

. . . . Chalmers is a great, big, brawny writer; but his conscience, like his logic, seems to me often wanting in nicety. I have just shut up his 'Prelections on Butler and Paley.' He tells the students that, in his chapter on the Atonement, Butler is wanting in 'the *sal evangelicum*;' and there he leaves it. Now, if he made that remark, he was bound to follow it up by showing how, if Butler had introduced what he, Chalmers, deemed the *sal evangelicum*, he could have made out his 'analogy with the known course of nature.' . . . . Butler says, 'How, and in what particular way it (the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ) had this efficacy (for human salvation) there are not wanting persons who have endeavoured to explain; *but I do not find that the Scripture has explained it. Nor has any one reason to complain for want of farther information, unless he can show his claim to it.*' . . . What a truly Butlerian touch is that last observation!

. . . With what amazing flippancy some of us talk of being perfectly honest in the pulpit! I find perfect honesty in handling the Bible a thing beset with difficulties. Scarcely a text with respect to which there is not an association to be broken through, before I can feel my mind quite parallel with the meaning. Scarcely a scene in the life of Christ, in which it does not cost me a distinct effort to place myself accurately at the point of view of the narrator. And when I have satisfied my own mind, or approximatively satisfied it, I have another

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difficulty before me. How am I to present what I have thought out to the minds of my people, neither doing violence to my own conscience nor wounding theirs? The customary phraseology of our pulpits is an unweeded garden. If this, that, or the other expression do not cover a positive error, it may misrepresent my thought. . . . . I am afraid our 'experimental' hymn-writers have done infinite harm in puzzling and misapplying the language of Scripture. If a text fits in epigrammatically, or even smartly, with even a plausible show of meaning, in it must come—especially if it rhymes. How many hymns have made their way, almost solely in virtue of some positively *perverting* refrain of Scriptural language! People fancy they derive spiritual nurture from such compositions, when they really and truly relish them just as the child does its

'Ding, dong, dell
Pussey's in the well!'

I have known a friend to be always murmuring—

'By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm'—

and with what might pass for unction, too; when I have *seen* (I could not prove my perception,—I just saw the thing, and there an end) that the true secret of his pleasure in the verse was the (almost burlesque?) rhyme between 'wrestle' and 'vessel.' He asked me once if I did not think the verse beautiful. I said, 'No.' Why not? Chiefly because I did not understand the metaphorical leap from wrestling to sailing. . . . 'Oh-h-h!' And I shall never again stand where I did in that friend's good graces. . . . . These, and many more such matters, are trivialities concerning trivially-minded people; but it is not trivial that the hymn-book should be full of bad, muddling paraphrases of the richest portions of the word of God, so that when we take them for texts we can never feel tolerably certain of our aim. . . . . When will people understand what it is to be really 'Scriptural?' It would be an easy, though ungracious, *reductio ad absurdum*, of the common notion of a 'Scriptural' hymn, to compose a few, almost entirely 'Scriptural' in phrase, but full of very unprotestant, doctrinal error!

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The Old Believers of the Russian Church.*

(From 'La Revue de Deux Mondes.')

For a long time nothing has been known concerning the true character of that religious movement which has been, and still is, so fiercely opposed by the Orthodox Church. The variety of sects by which this movement is characterised scarcely permits us to discover the true idea of this somewhat confused phenomenon. The Government of Russia formerly omitted nothing to prevent publicity being given to the questions agitated between the Church and the Nonconformists, but at present two circumstances facilitate the study of those religious dissensions of which Russia is the theatre. The opposition now centres itself in one sect, known by the name of the 'Old Believers,' enabling us thereby to ascertain the ideas and appreciate the system of the Dissenters; and on the other hand, the Government no longer fears bringing to light the tendencies and progress of these sectarians, or 'Old Believers,' as those are called who, while accepting the *dogmas* of the Orthodox Church, reject its *rites*, and refuse to receive the changes introduced into the sacred text by the Patriarch Nikou. Until the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Alexander II., the Government carefully avoided all allusion to the numerous secessions which gave such umbrage to the clergy. It has at last departed from this reserve, and the Russian Government now perceives that there is something puerile in prosecuting, by a vexatious surveillance, every attempt to depict this curious phase of national life. Without officially suspending its opposition, the life and customs of these sectaries is now permitted to be written without Government interference. Some writings, which vividly retrace the struggle of these Dissenters against the administration and the clergy, point out for the writers of romance a new field in which new fame may be acquired. The two recitals which will especially occupy our attention bear the name of the counsellor of the court of Chetdrine,† and make part of a collection of provincial sketches, in which the life of the middle class and of the Russian peasantry is written with great truthfulness. The scenes in which the Old Believers figure are particularly remarkable. From having resided for a long while in those provinces to which the Government has for the last two centuries banished these sectarians, M. Chetdrine was able to study them in their own homes. Unfortunately he does not always speak of them with impartiality; he occupies himself too much with their weaknesses and singularities, and neglects to point out those precious qualities which more than redeem the former. In the varied population which he describes there are many exceptions which should be taken into account; therefore, having culled from the descrip-

* 'Provincial Sketches,' by the Counsellor of the Chetdrine Court. Moscow. 1854.—'Reports concerning the Russian Sectarians, addressed to the Emperor Nicholas.'

† The pseudonyme of M. Soltikoff, who was banished to Siberia for writing a novel condemned as seditious.

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tions of M. Chetdrine certain data as to the dangerous tenets of some communities among the Old Believers, we shall complete his pictures by documents emanating from the Russian Government itself, in which the good as well as the evil is fairly stated. But it will be necessary first to show how this sect, now the most remarkable amongst the many fragments detached from the Russian Church, was formed, and to make some remarks upon that change of ideas in the people of Russia which has led to so many secessions from the Church. Besides the 'Old Believers' there are a great number of sects, or religious communities, the greater part of which were not discovered till the close of the eighteenth century. These are the names of some of them: the *Jidootchina*, or *Judaists;* the *Donkobortsi*, or those who fight with the spirit; the *Molokani*, or milkdrinkers; the *Skoptsi*, or self-mutilators; the *Klisti*, or flaggelants; and the *Skakouni*, or jumpers. The *Donkobortsi* reject the sacraments, profess the most singular mysticism, and practise a community of goods and of women. The *Molokani* acknowledge the principal dogmas of Christianity without a community of goods to extreme limits. The moral doctrines of the *Skoptsi* and the *Klisti* enjoin the mortification of the flesh; but the former add to this doctrine a system of theology, and prophesy the coming of a Messiah who shall ascend the Russian throne, and convert all Europe to their belief. The Judaists are probably the remnants of a schism that spread to a great extent in the northern provinces of the empire in the fifteenth century. They are now very numerous in Siberia. The *Skakouni*, who appear very much to resemble the American Shakers, were discovered a few years since in the Baltic provinces, and in the suburbs of Petersburg. The only one of these Dissenting fractions that can prove dangerous to the state is the *Skoptsi*. These not only assert that the Imperial power is imbued with the spirit of Antichrist, but they expect, as we have said, a Messiah who shall come in thunder to their deliverance. It is not, like the 'Old Believers,' a heavenly beatitude for which they are looking; on the contrary, they anticipate the day in which their sect shall regenerate the world. The deputation of peasants who waited on Napoleon in 1812 was probably composed of *Skoptsi;* according to them Napoleon was the natural son of Catherine the Second, who, after being educated in Russia, had been sent into France. The *Skoptsi* affirm, even now, that Napoleon still lives in Turkey in a chosen retreat; but that he will reappear at the moment of their triumph as the Messiah's chosen vessel.

These facts, or statistics, the Russian Government always kept secret from the Emperor Nicholas. The officers charged with making the annual return of the population, knowing the feelings of the emperor towards the Orthodox Church, did not make out these various sectarians to amount to more than five or six thousand. On the other hand, the Dissenters neglected nothing to escape from the petty persecutions of the State. Even in the last century they took refuge in the depths of the forests, and lived there as hermits, forming secret communities in inaccessible places, only being known to their co-

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religionists by passwords which they took good care not to betray. At present, these pious frauds are become impossible in the interior of the country; but it is not so in Siberia. For nearly a century the Government having banished sectarians or schismatics into this country, their doctrines have spread with astounding rapidity. The greater part there live in villages, like the rest of the Christian population; those amongst them who seek a retreat can and do still hide themselves, as their ancestors did in Russia, in the depths of those marshy and old forests that cover the Asiatic part of the empire. The local authorities have much trouble to discover them, and do not generally put themselves out of the way to find out their retreat. The number, however, of these sectarians cannot certainly be less than from six to eight millions in the whole empire. The Old Believers, who form the large majority of these Dissenters, are found in the centre of Russia, in the Polish provinces, upon the banks of the Volga, in the midst of the plains which shut in the Caspian Sea, upon the shores of the White Sea, and throughout Siberia, from Irkutsk to Samaru.

The greater part of this population is composed of peasants and merchants; the latter, who are numerous, reside in Moscow, and in St. Petersburg principally. These Old Believers possess thirty-six convents; and most of these religious asylums are surrounded by hermitages hidden in the neighbouring woods. Now let us ask, what is there in this sect of the 'Old Believers,' which, in spite of persecutions, still remains so formidable? When we examine the history of this schism, we are at no loss to perceive that, taken as a whole, their *doctrine rests upon an essentially spiritually basis.* An ardent love of religious truth, an absolute submission to the duty it enjoins, and a profound veneration for the forms under which religion is symbolized—these are ideas which govern these schismatics; added to which, there is a justifiable distrust of, and a contempt for, the members of the Orthodox Church. Of all the accusations which have been brought against them, the most unjust and groundless is their blind attachment to the *letter* of Scripture, and a stolid indifference to the light which discussion throws upon religious subjects. Progress is the very motto of this movement in Russia; while the mass of the people by whom the Old Believers are surrounded lead a comfortable life in the heart of their villages, never troubling themselves about spiritual darkness and stagnation, the Old Believers discuss amongst themselves, and courageously proclaim their faith, not only in the country, but in the heart of large towns. When they seek for solitude it is not always for fear of persecution. Another feeling may actuate them. What they seek is liberty, to live according to their own convictions; far from men whose blind attachment to the precepts of the orthodox clergy, generally extortioners and libertines, inspire them with profound aversion. As to death, they fear it not; they often voluntarily expose themselves to persecution and pain; and, to merit the martyr's palm, they often torture themselves with their own hands.

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Without doubt, the history of such a sect must present us with many culpable abberations; but through all these we cannot but see a living protest against religious indifference, and against the intervention of a despotic power in those differences of opinion which belong only to the conscience. To be convinced of this, we shall glance at the origin and advance of this religious movement.

Before even Germany had risen at the voice of Luther against the disorders and the abuses of Romanism, the ignorance, the misconduct, the simony, and the extortion of the clergy, especially of the country priests, had excited a profound indignation amongst the Russian people, who have always been extremely susceptible of religious enthusiasm. These feelings broke out first in 1391, when a deacon and a layman, a sheepshearer (strigolnik) by trade, put himself at the head of this movement at Pskov; hence the men whom he led on received the name Strigolniks. This religious party professed at first nearly the same principles as those of the 'Old Believers' of the present day. The anathemas of the Church, and the persecutions of the civil power against this sect, only ceased in 1506. For more than a century the Russian Church had no severer conflict to sustain than the dissensions which reigned in its bosom, provoked by the abuses of its clergy. Then there came a second protest against the Church. These Dissenters professed a respect for the Old Testament, and for certain ceremonies practised amongst the Jews; the authors of this schism are the Judaists already named. Persecution succeeded in reducing these in 1503, about which time their name disappeared from history. Nevertheless, the lower orders were still a prey to secret agitation. The Russian clergy themselves were not agreed in certain articles of faith; and a council held in 1551 separated without accomplishing anything to remedy this spiritual anarchy. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the country was for a long time rent by civil war; and melancholy duties silenced religious discords, until peace being established, the Archbishop Nikou, favourite of the Czar Alexis, father of Peter I., thought it his duty to reform the Church. The changes he introduced were disapproved of by the people, and a portion of the clergy; the patriarch himself condemned them; but Nikou paid no attention to this opposition, and, when upon the death of the patriarch he was raised to the highest ecclesiastical dignity, he resolved to complete his reforms by submitting the sacred Scriptures to that revision which none of the predecessors of Alexis had been able to accomplish. This attempt of the new patriarch had a double object. There were, in fact, in Nikou two persons—one a *religious*, the other a *political* reformer. The first, not without reason, desired to restore to their primitive purity the rites and the sacred text of the Greek Church, more or less grossly corrupted since the Tartar invasion had interrupted the relations between the Russian and the Byzantine clergy. The second wanted to make, through the patriarch, a still stronger organization for clerical discipline, an authority that should rule in temporal matters as much as in the domain of conscience. The

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laughtiness with which Nikou attempted to carry out his reforms, and the distrust he inspired on account of his connexion with the most learned of the Ukraine clergy, who leaned to Romanism, explain sufficiently the indignation which his audacious undertaking excited throughout the country. It was in vain that he appealed from council to council, or to the patriarch of Constantinople; neither the sanction of councils nor the decision of the patriarch could convince his opponents, or calm their irritation. Not only a number of laymen, but a great many priests, even the bishop of *Kolomna*, enrolled themselves amongst the Dissenters. It was then that the schismatics took the name of Starovéres, or 'Old Believers,' and resolved to adopt none of the novelties introduced into the worship and the sacred writings by Nikou.

The struggle was not long in taking a formidable character. The ferocious Stenko Razzini, who, like nearly all the Cossacks, adhered to the old faith, stirred up those provinces to fight, which a century later Pongatchif devasted by fire and by sword. One of the Dissenting bands having seized the celebrated convent of Soloretz, situated on an island in the White Sea, the Old Believers of those parts established themselves there. Very soon after this the Princess Sophia, regent of the kingdom, had the imprudence to associate these Nonconformists in secret compact with her ambitious projects. Strong in this alliance, they hastened from their solitudes and retreats, and uniting themselves with the citizen troops of the capital, filled Moscow with scenes of pillage and of murder. Order was only re-established when the political chief of these malcontents, the Prince Kovanski, with the most guilty of his co-religionists, paid with their lives the penalty of their rebellion. Their execution struck terror into the greater part of the Old Believers, who at once fled from Moscow. From that moment persecutions commenced, but the spirit of schism only thereby became more violent. The reign of Peter I. contributed largely to strengthen the antipathy between the Government and the Old Believers. This sovereign having grasped the spiritual supremacy, the 'Old Believers' naturally threw upon him the guilt of the grievances they had received from his predecessor. In short, the pitiless enactments enforced against the Dissenters by Peter I. recall nearly the kind of punishments inflicted upon and the edicts published by the Roman emperors against Christians during the first three centuries.

The Old Believers, however, had not only to struggle with the Orthodox Church, but division sprung up in their own ranks. One point of conscience was sufficient to become a bone of contention amongst them. Was it allowable to have recourse to the ministry of those priests who had been ordained since the reforms of Nikou? This question was variously answered: one party of the Old Believers decided in the affirmative, that is, on certain conditions; another party decided in the negative. The Old Believers of the first party took the name of *Poportchina*, community with priests, which name they still bear. The centre of all their associations was established at Vitka, a Polish village, to which persecution had banished some of their chiefs. The Government

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for a long time tolerated the existence of this asylum of heresy; but in 1735, a division of Russian soldiers was sent to invest the place. All the inhabitants of Vitka, amounting to 40,000, were deported into Russia, and dispersed throughout the country. This expedition had not, however, all the effect that the Government had anticipated. The principal colonists of Vitka solicited permission to remove their church to the territory which had been peopled by their co-religionists in Russian Ukraine, near Staradout.* It was granted to them; the colony of Staradout soon became famous, and reckoned within its limits one convent, a great number of churches, and more than 50,000 inhabitants. The community of Vitka, on its part, was not long in recovering itself, and thus five years after its apparent destruction it had nearly regained its former importance.

The second branch of the 'Old Believers' who would not receive the ordained priests took the name of *Bezpopootchina*, communities without priests. Their development was not less rapid; and in the north of the country, on the borders of the Frozen Ocean, this division of the schism prevails most. The Old Believers who belong to *it* have for a centre a celebrated convent, called *Wiggottsk*, founded in 1694. Instead of priests, this community chooses from their ranks men of austere life, whom they invest with a sort of spiritual authority; but as these laymen could only give *one* sacrament, baptism, the result was, that the communities of this order abandoned the use of the other sacrament. In the sombre retreats which they chose, their fanaticism increased, and many minor dissensions appeared amongst them. The most celebrated is that of the Theodosians, which dates from the year 1706, and spread throughout the provinces of the empire to Siberia, and even to Poland.

Such are the most memorable facts in the past history of the 'Old Believers;' but although these two fractions differ upon so nice a point of conscience, they are thoroughly one in the hallowed memories of bygone days, and have both passed with equal fortitude through most trying stages of persecution, and are both likely to arrive at a more mutual forbearance under the auspices of the present reign.

We have now looked at these 'Old Believers' from a purely historical stand-point; to know their present and their private life we must return to M. Chetdrine. Under the form of a delightful romance, he gives us his observations and his recollections of this singular people, gathered during a long residence in their midst.

The first tale is a confession. We receive the confidence of a Russian Dissenter, in whose complex nature we see the struggle between bad instincts and generous aspirations clothed with a dramatic character. A life commenced amidst mystic dreams continues through strange wanderings, and is finally ended in the desolateness of volun-

* The Government was for a long while ignorant of the existence of this colony; but when the Swedes invaded Russia, the inhabitants of this district armed themselves and defeated a body of the enemy. The Emperor, Peter I., having learnt this, granted them the privileges of citizens, and the possession of the seignorial lands which they occupied.

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tary isolation; such are the materials on which M. Chetdrine constructs his novel of the 'The Hermits.' His leading character, the hero of the tale, Jakoff, hides none of his faults, but relates his periods of enthusiastic fervour, *alias* madness, with a most *naïve* frankness.

'My parents,' he says, 'were Christians* of an ancient date. About a hundred years ago my grandfather quitted the village where our ancestors reposed to come and work at the Government forges of Perin. He thus condemned himself to exile, like all the Old Believers, who emigrated in such numbers from Russia to Poland and Siberia. The country, though savage, was blessed by the Lord. We wanted for nothing; beasts of the forest and fish were in abundance. We lived there as in a real paradise. I remember it now with delight. There were no quarrels, no drunkenness, no vice. That which had resisted everything, resisted public-houses, which were then unknown, though now villages can scarcely be seen in which public-houses have not swallowed up everything. I remember perfectly my childhood. Scarcely did I know how to read when my whole life seemed to be at one with God. The lives of the saints especially attracted me. How many times during a sleep, preceded by pious reading, have strange dreams been mine. I have seen the blood of the martys flow; I have heard their edifying discourses; and have imagined that I could distinguish, as one apart, the terrible Czar Dioclétian. My great desire was to go and seek my salvation in some wild solitude, as our fathers did, who feared the tumult of the world more than the torments of hell. Heaven has heard my wishes. I have realized the dream of my childhood. My father, who now rests in the bosom of God, was a fine old man, whose countenance finely embodied stern severity with sweet simplicity. Worldly men really have no such faces! How is this? Every thing about his person seemed sacred: on seeing him, everyone involuntarily uncovered his head. Oh! he was a worthy man! About fifteen years before his death, a holy old man, named Agafanquìà, arrived from the convent of Staradout, and persuaded my father to consecrate himself entirely to God; from that moment he abandoned the care of the household to my now aged mother, whom he henceforth named his sister, and no longer interested himself in worldly matters.

'I remember how pilgrims came constantly to our house. God knows whence they came! There were some from Staradout, some from the banks of the Irgus, some from Kergenetz,† and even farther. My father received them all with respect, and never suffered them to leave empty handed. There were at that time among the *Christians* all sorts of dissensions, which grieved my father much; he would have preferred, I believe, persecution. The pilgrims who came from Moscow brought no consoling news, for there our own people held councils, but without being able to arrive at a better understanding. These tidings increased my father's distress, and he passed whole days praying and weeping. At last he decided on starting for Moscow; but God did not give him strength to arrive there. Messengers came and told us he was taken dangerously ill, in a village called Popourof, where he had been received by a rich man who had known him for a long time. My mother at once went to him and brought him back; but he had already lost the use of his limbs, and was dressed in coarse woollen cloth, that he might appear before God in the dress of angels. Only one thing troubled him, he would have preferred to have died with the martyr's crown, laden with chains and in the midst of tortures. I verily believe that this was the reason that induced him to set out on this journey. He died perfectly conscious, with a prayer on his lips, and a blessing for us. It is the remembrance of his end which has ever strengthened my faith. How *should* we be in error? I have often thought and said. If we were, my father, that excellent old man, with so much sense and reason, would not have persevered until the end in darkness. Besides, I

* This is the name the 'Old Believers' now take: they reject as an insult that of 'Dissenters' or 'Sectarians.'

† These names point out the principal centres of the schism of the Old Believers.

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believe that death gives a kind of clairvoyance. What, at the moment he was about to appear before God, would he not have listened to the voice of his conscience? Yes, that is what I have often said as I encouraged myself to follow his example.'

Thus begins this *naïve* confession. One can see what material the teachers of the Nonconformists find in the naturally religious tendencies of the Russian people. The severity of the administration, which wounds delicate instincts, only strengthens theirs, as the continuation of the tale clearly proves.

'Scarcely had my father breathed his last when the president of the tribunal arrived, by chance, in the village. Notwithstanding all our precautions he suspected something; he learnt, I know not how, that an Old Believer had just died without renouncing his faith, and he came to our house. "I should wish to know," said he, in entering, "the circumstances of this death—Who is the old man? Show me his passport." My father had not one; he considered it was a sin to have one. We had often talked about it together, but he always said that a passport and the seal of Antichrist were the same. The president was not a man to listen to reason on this point. "Give me his passport," he repeated. "Where can we get it? He has not one." "No passport! Then this is well understood. Now it must be known which of you has poisoned this old man. I should like to know the law which authorizes a man to die without receiving the sacraments." After speaking thus, he approached the dead body and began to insult it. I was young then, and my blood was warm, and it mounted to my cheeks. "How much does your honour receive," said I to him, "for insulting the dead?" The wretch began to laugh, and gave me a slight blow on the cheek.'

Disgusted by this gross insult the young man no longer hesitated to walk in the steps of him whom he had just seen die, at the commencement of a pilgrimage undertaken to meet persecution. He consecrated his last savings—a thousand roubles—to obtain from the magistrates authority to bury his father according to the customs of the Old Believers. He was an only son, and his old mother, with whom he lived, begged him to take a wife. The young fanatic remembers the advice of his dying father; he waits three years, then yields, and chooses a widow, of whose devotion his mother has boasted to him. But this marriage raises a new difficulty; shall the ceremony take place according to the rites of the Old Believers or otherwise? Prudence requires the adoption of a middle course, and so they are married at the Orthodox Church, and at the end of the ceremony some pilgrims, Old Believers, who arrive opportunely, give them absolution. The first months that follow this union are tolerably peaceful, but unfortunately they are succeeded by a series of sad adventures.

'For some time all went well at our home; every time the poor brethren arrived we entertained them cheerfully, and our *traga** did not fail. I began to like their conversations; between each bumper our guests made a short sermon, and my wife and self listened. Several months passed thus, and we were thoroughly happy; but it pleased the Lord to try me, and I fell under the temptation. I was still inexperienced, knowing nothing of the world in the midst of which I lived. My father was an excellent man, and there are many like him, full of faith and true Christians. These poor brethren came not to us for the sake of the Hallelujah or

* A drink made of barley and millet.

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he sign of the cross. No; if they retire from the world it is because they see Antichrist with all his bad attendants, and the memory of their ancestors is dear o them. These are the true descendants of the Princess Mychetski.* To spread heir faith, they are ready to bear everything, even death itself; but associated with them are mere adventurers, who are prepared to sell their convictions for any consideration. At the bottom these believe no more of the ancient faith than the new, although they are much listened to and followed, for the multitude are always the multitude. One of these men unhappily came to our village. He was a colporteur of images and holy books, who went from place to place, selling secretly his goods to the Old Believers. This commerce is tolerably lucrative, but, to succeed in it, it is necessary to be all things to all men. Adriailika, my new friend, seemed made expressly for this profession. He was a clever, lively fellow, who had already tried I know not how many trades, and at one time had belonged to a company of strolling actors. He repeated pieces of poetry in which the life of our hermits was depicted. With this man I had the misfortune to connect myself. Every time he came he begged me to accompany him; I consented at last, and in going through the country with him I learned to like tobacco and brandy. When my wife and my aged mother saw the change in my conduct, they overwhelmed me with reproaches, for the gratification of my sinful inclinations was now irresistible. The scenes which awaited me at home at length disgusted me with it, and one day I collected all my money and rejoined Andriailika, who was in a neighbouring village, and became a partner in his business. I soon learned his ways, and played my games as skilfully as he. They thought me a true saint; but, in my private life, may God forgive me, I lived like the greatest unbeliever, only I knew how to hide my life, especially from the eyes of the pious. My reputation spread even to Moscow, and a rich merchant sent word to me that, having learnt my zeal for the true faith and my prudence, he was disposed to charge me with serving our holy cause in a distant government, where our brethren had suffered much. To this end, he proposed that I should keep an inn, which should serve as a point of reunion and refuge for them. As we had not made our fortunes we resolved to accept this offer. With the needful money the merchant sent me, I established myself in the town of Jakoff.'

W. G. B.

(To be concluded in December.)

The Crystallization of Character.

The complaint has been made, that, in general, young people, growing up into manhood and womanhood, are a very disagreeable class of persons. The majority of the complainants, however, are gallant enough to make an exception in favour of the gentler sex, and allow that, all ladies being interesting and agreeable, peculiarly so are young ladies, just in the glow and pride of beauty. But this gallantry has its compensation; for ill-nature, deprived of one-half of its victims, has concentrated its fury on the other half, and young men are described as awkward, imprudent, impertinent, irresolute, as altogether in a very unsatisfactory condition. Perhaps it is true that they are so: at any rate, it is not to be wondered at that their seniors, who make the complaint, should think they have good reason for so doing; for the contrast is indeed great between the habits of thought and life

* This family has furnished many leaders to the Old Believers; the first lord of this name, who figures in this history, retired into the forests of Archangel, at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

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which the old and experienced have acquired, and the state of the untried youth, who can hardly be said to have acquired any settled habits whatever.

Old men, generally, have certain definite opinions upon the most important questions occurring and recurring in life; they walk in a certain definite course which they have marked out for themselves; and accordingly there is much precision and accuracy in their movements. The youth, on the other hand, has settled nothing as yet; the questions which life presents are, in a great measure, new to him, and have not so often been the subject of experiment that he knows exactly how to meet them on their recurrence. He has yet to sketch the map of his life. He does not know the work for which he is best fitted. He has not yet at all measured himself with society, scarcely even with his compeers. It is most natural, then, that he should be disagreeable to the older men. His uncertainty offends the old man's definiteness; his ignorance of a plan, the old man's knowledge of a well-delineated course; and his ignorance of his own relative powers makes him continually offend, by obstinately aiming at things which old men have long ago found to be beyond their reach. And these causes of offence are rendered still more mischievous by the known presumption and dogmatism of the youth, the airs which he assumes; which are not a whit less disagreeable because they can easily be accounted for and despised. Thus, not altogether unjustly, young men are regarded by the old as little better than compounds of presumption and weakness, with whom all sympathetic communication is impossible. And this feeling has, in certain quarters, increased to such an extent, that it has found an expression in the proposal made by a living satirist, as a remedial measure, to enclose young men in barrels, each one in his own, and keep them there till they become true men, and fitted to engage actively and manfully in the bustle of life.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, for society, this proposal is impracticable. The youth does not pass into the full grown man, as the chrysalis into the butterfly, by being simply left alone. The barrel project must therefore give way. Yet there are many who, to all intents and purposes, make the endeavour to put it into practice. They make no attempt to bridge over the gulf between themselves and the youth, but coldly strive to keep him at a distance. This is labour surely most fruitless and ill-judged. The very constitution of society compels an intercourse of a close and most important kind; and if it be the case that the influence of the old upon the young for good or evil is great in any system of treatment, then, instead of carelessly exercising it, it is surely worth some endeavour to turn it to good account. To this end it is obvious the older man must learn to do more than endure the youth. He must strive to become acquainted with the youth's condition; to become, as much as possible, his companion; to enter, by sympathy, into the perplexities of his circumstances; to deal tenderly with his indecision; to forbear with the want of solidity and strength, which is apparent in his character, and

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even with the presumption with which this want is accompanied. Then, but only then, will he be able to turn his own experience to the youth's advantage, and to throw in, at fitting opportunities, those lessons of wisdom it has taught him.

The peculiarity of the youth's condition lies in the process through which he is passing. When he first comes out (as the phrase appropriately is) into the world, he possesses vague, indefinite hopes, and cherishes vague, indefinite schemes. He knows neither his own capacities, nor the strength of those forces with which he must contend. He has not yet, with deliberation, decided for himself on what principles to act. His course, therefore, is tentative. He shifts about with every 'wind of circumstance.' Any strong original character he meets with may give his life a new direction. Any powerful book he reads may change the whole tenor of his thought. Irresolute and uncertain, he goes through his course of experiments, gradually learning a philosophy of life for himself. At length, some order emerges from the chaos. He ceases to be any longer liquid, impressible. His stronger tendencies and faculties acquire prominence; he settles, once for all, his purpose of life; the liquid mass becomes crystallized. He begins no longer to be impressed by external events, but to put upon them the impress of his own will. He begins to move about the world with the 'certain step of a man.' By and bye his experiments on life will not at all be repeated; he will not revert at all to his early speculations; he will have summed up the results of his experimental course, and, henceforth, with few variations, these results will be the guide-book of his life. In fact, he will ere long become the very man whom we have just described as finding the youth so disagreeable.

And it is needful that his character should thus crystallize. Life is sacred to action. The unresting forces in the world around, the very laws of creation, will suffer none to muse long on the threshold. We must consider it, then, as a provision in our nature, harmoniously related to the outer world, that the tendency is to settle down, to form fixed resolutions, to adopt principles of action. This process is generally beneficial, but it is also hazardous; for the constitution may then receive a bias, which it will afterwards be easier to regret than to alter.

It follows that temptation must be peculiarly dangerous to the youth. In a few years he will have resolved how to deal with it, and the certainty of his resolution, and his constant familiarity with it, will make him impervious to almost all attacks. But now the temptation comes to him in all its power. He has no basis in his own character upon which to fall back for the means of resistance. He must wrestle with it under no shelter, face to face, and hand to hand. And the very thing which makes him so secure if he resists *now*, is just what dooms him to all but irrecoverable ruin if he yields. As in an arithmetical calculation, an error at the beginning vitiates the whole, and multiplies itself through every process; so an error at this stage of life, once sown in the constitution, is a fruitful germ, and the corruption inevitably extends wider and wider over life. It may repay the labour

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to look for a little from the point of view at which the youth is placed, and consider how the temptation comes to him ere yet it is favoured or resisted by the influences of years; in short, to see amid what circumstances his character crystallizes, and what elements of danger he has to avoid.

It is the saying of one, himself a poet, that there is no poet like the heart of the day-dreaming youth, ere he is familiarized with the rudeness and roughnes of the actual. And how true this is! Before the youth even this poor and wicked world lies beautiful, shrouded in a halo of indistinct splendour. Whisperings of a lofty fate haunt his yearning heart, and the mysteries of life and death, thoughts about the great and unseen realities, are the companions of his journey. Unheard by others, angel melodies break upon his ear; his home is in other lands, with other skies, beneath more brilliant stars than those which shine on them. 'Glorious and immortal dreamer!' Happily ignorant of the demonic laws in nature which forbid his hopes, he builds his castle in the clouds. Nor are his hopes evil. That dreaming youth, in the ideal which he fashions for himself, can fancy no self sacrifice too high which he will not undertake. He thinks nothing greater than to be one of a forlorn hope in his country's defence; nothing better than to be a missionary suffering in distant lands all hardship and privation in the cause of Christ. His dreams may be of splendour and undying fame, but he woos them not, even in dream, at the expense of virtue and truth. His only wish is to ennoble and be ennobled by them.

Nor is it different when these vague and general aspirations assume a more tangible and achievable shape. He may then think of himself as rising in the calling in which he is placed; obtaining by energy and industry in his after life a position of influence and good fame, like that of the excellent veterans around him in life. In all these ideals he thinketh no evil. Whatever it may be with other parts of his life, his hopes as yet are pure. As we shall see, it is only after some longer experience of the world that the glory of the loftier ideal is dimmed, and deliberately or not the young man becomes capable of scheming a life of wickedness, or of abandoning all schemes and plans, content to drift from day to day, and from hour to hour, along and down the fretful tide of circumstance, heedless of everything except the passing pleasure.

But while the future is thus imaged so glowing and radiant to the ardent youth, he is beginning, on the other side, to be familiarized with the mean and paltry, the actual indignity of the present. By gradual and repeated stages, the actual grows upon and eclipses the glory of his ideal life, till at last that ideal all but fades away. Meantime he feels the bitterness of the contrast. As a youth, the actual has been forgotten in the ideal; as a man, the ideal may be forgotten in the actual; but *now*, while they dispute possession of his heart, they make him the prey of acute and burning misery—a misery that may become greater than he can bear, a sickness, a weariness of life.

Bitter enough are some of the ingredients in the cup he has to

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drink. He is boundless in desire; infinitely narrow in means. Meantime, at least, if living in a city, he sees, in exhaustless profusion around him, means more than amply sufficient for the realization of even his wildest dream. He is another Tantalus; the water may reach to his lip, but it recedes when he would drink. That in such case he is sorely tempted 'at one slight bound to overleap all bounds,' need cause no surprise. To repress the vehement desire, to fix the eye on the load-star of principle, to be patient till Providence discloses a path, and contentment takes the place of reluctant submission, is no easy task. And hence it follows that at this epoch, more than at any other, abandonments of principle take place. The bark of life reels to and fro in the tempest of passion; there is little wonder that shipwreck is so frequent. Too weak to continue the combat, the young man at length, consciously or unconsciously, gives up the true aim of his life. He no longer sets before himself the building up of a virtuous and holy life, as the end of his *individual* existence. He no longer proposes as a member of society to sacrifice himself in love for his brethren. He becomes discontented with the difficulties of the task, and, amid mingled disappointment and regret, finally yields to the sway of the mighty temptation. He gratifies his passion, and stifles the struggling aspiration for the good.

We do not speak now of those complete and manifest wrecks which are sometimes made; when the young man places himself at war with society and its laws; comes within the grasp of legal penalties, and becomes thenceforth an Ishmaelite, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. Wrecks may be made less manifest, but no less complete. There are courses which conceal the evil more dexterously, and lure the unwary to their destruction. In these the young man may remain a member of society, and yet, under a cloak of mingled self-delusion and hypocrisy, follow out a scheme of life no less immoral than that of his utterly disowned brother. For the sake of some supposed advantages, the young man endeavours to make some compromise with the demands of religion and morality. In this case he equally evades the true purpose of life. He proposes to himself a secular and temporal end, instead of a spiritual and eternal one.

The part which character plays in these decisions is not small. Difference of character produces difference in the form of the evil, though the substance remains the same. Like temptations have not like influence over every youth. It shall now be our endeavour, then, to mark out one or two types of character, and the dangers peculiar to each.

There are some in whom the *force* of character is not great, and who are thus naturally liable to be moulded by others. They accept very readily the dominant ideas of the circle in which they move. They sacrifice themselves at the altar of society; and the more respectable and decent the idol may be, the greater the danger of becoming a confirmed worshipper in its temple. From such worship the moral nature receives but a slight shock. The activity of the mind is less roused when there is nothing very obviously wrong.

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All of us are but too apt to conform without inquiry. The virtues of our fathers, their schemes of life, have been so eminently good, that our feeble conscience shrinks from asserting its right to follow the true path on its own account. We gladly accept, as an opiate to its scruples, the excuse of the excellence of existing things. We accept that excellence as we accept the worldly possessions of our fathers—only too glad to get them without labour of our own. We accept the letter, but not the spirit, while it is only the spirit that hath life.

Now it may seem at first sight strange to advise young men to beware of adopting without inquiry what is admitted to be good. But the reason is plain. A manner of life, as well as a belief, accepted upon authority, becomes an evil. Our faith must be our own; our lives must not be second editions of others. Our profession may be right, our theoretical principles most accurate, but for us they are not so, unless by our own deliberate acceptance of them for their own sake. Our faith, in theory, may be most sound, but it is not properly our faith, till, in the fight and struggle of daily life, we put it continually to the proof, and it becomes incorporate with our very blood.

There is no temptation whose power older men run greater risk of fostering than this one to uninquiring conformity. They themselves are content with their ideas and their plans, and are apt to forget that young men must pass through a long and difficult process in order to reach a like contentment. Forgetting this necessity, they require strict conformity to the rule, visiting severely the smallest transgression. This cannot come to good. Unless the young man is accustomed to walk for himself, to use his own eyes, to become the director of his own life, however moral and religious he may seem while under the protection of the influences under which he has been educated, he will grow up weak, irresolute; and when wrested, as he must be some time or other, from the familiar circle, his whole nature will collapse at the first contact with reality; the rude touch of the world's hammer will shiver to atoms the beautiful glass case in which his life has been enclosed. A youth so educated can at best only be a hot-house plant. So long as he is nursed and sheltered from every antagonistic power, he may exhibit blossoms and fruit, a certain illusive loveliness. But human life is so ordered that seldom or never is such sheltering possible through the whole term of existence; and the moment the plant is exposed to the natural succession of heat and cold, sunshine and storm, it withers under the strange inclement skies, and in the wintry blast.

But we turn from those whose characters, from original weakness, crystallize into the merely respectable. There are others, who are more akin to that youth whom we described as revelling in the dreamings of imagination. To them likewise the temptation is presented to accept society as they find it; for they find that if they cease to war against its schemes, or its dominant principles, they may under its shelter pursue their own selfish ends. And with one class the end is pleasure, with another fame.

To the first of these classes belong many who, in the beginning of

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their life, attract our admiration. They have a genuine love for the beautiful, and are well fitted to appreciate the magnificence of nature. Music, poetry, and painting are to them full of enchantment and delight. If they could but learn under what conditions only these can be truly enjoyed, and submit to these conditions, their lives might be crowned with the purest happiness and a noble luxury. But unfortunately they are too often over eager to clutch the prize—they forget the paramount claim of duty and its pre-eminent loveliness; and, while they do not take illegal means to obtain their pleasures, they at any rate take means that are immoral. By our supposition they, in their eagerness, make a compromise with society. Retaining the outward semblance of common men, actuated by common motives, working in the ordinary way, they are in reality devoted to their own peculiar and selfish aims. With them pleasure is the chief good. What in their case is the result of the crystallizing process? How in the end does life shape itself to them?

Alas! they have lost all true sense of life. They thought to pursue pleasure; but pleasure has turned upon them and mastered them. Slowly, gently, it has circulated its delicious poison through their veins. Slowly, but surely, the poison withers their faculties, their energy, their life. A stupor which they cannot shake off weighs down their spirits. The scent of the flowers in this garden of the enchanted land is narcotic. The dreamy influence colours their thought and their words, and in the spirit of their lives we hear half uttered and half sung the monotonous refrain of the Lotos-Eatero:—

> 'Ah! surely, surely, better is all rest from toil, the shore
> Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, the wind, the wave, the oar;
> Here rest we, brother mariners, we will not wander more.'

With another class, the end, as we have said, is fame. And to some natures this is the more tempting end. They have not the same exquisite sensibilities as the lovers of pleasure. They have, it may be, more energy. They feel even more keenly the contrast between their wish and their means. The iron enters deeper into their souls. And in this case they form the resolution steadily to make a name and influence for themselves. The ambitious man thinks not of benefiting society. Society is useful to him only as a lever for his own elevation. This lust of power, if unchecked, moulds his whole character. Around this his character crystallizes. And we need hardly say that when the process is complete, this man is not less to be pitied than the votary of pleasure.

At the outset we mentioned that the tendency of our nature to crystallize is a beneficial one, but that the process is hazardous. We have endeavoured to illustrate, in some measure, different forms which the danger may assume. We have seen how the original bias of the mind, the aim of the soul, may ultimately mould the whole character. We have seen how the love of ease or pleasure or fame may become engrained in the constitution, and, to all appearance, irremediably mar the crystal, making it nothing but a shapeless, chaotic, unlovely mass.

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It is depressing to look upon the vast numbers thus situated; who have not merely flaws in the crystal, but are throughout disfigured by the admission into the basis of their life of a false principle. On the other hand, there is no fairer sight on earth than of a man who has guarded against the evils we have hinted at, and faithfully wrought at the task of developing from his original capacities the appropriate character, the natural crystal. The question, then, comes to be, how this good result is obtained, for besides the avoiding of what is wrong —negative carefulness—there must also be some positive aim, some active means, adopted to accomplish in one's life a work so beautiful.

At first sight we may think these means must differ with every case, and in some measure, doubtless, they do. So long as man is finite there must be a variety of characters, and we cannot surely complain of a provision that thus diversifies life and makes it picturesque. In this sense there is a standard of excellence peculiar to every man, which he must attain by means that others have no need for. But whatever may be the diversities, there must enter into every character the element of the love of duty. This, as it is the mainspring of all goodness in action, is indispensable to the right formation and purity of the character. It harmonizes with the purpose for which character crystallizes, viz., that man may accomplish some work by his life; for, first, as in order to accomplish that work his character crystallizes, so in order to the crystallization he must, without any preliminary, begin just the work. The problem for him is not, 'What is my character? What really am I best fitted to do?' It is not unlikely simple meditation on these problems, without any actual trial, would yield no conclusion before the time for action went past. Life might slip away, while its possessor remains in painful uncertainty as to what sort of being he is. The problem is, 'What in the situation in which I am placed is it *now* my duty to do?' and this being found, surely not a very difficult thing, let him do it, let him cultivate a love of doing it, and in due time what capacity he has will appear, he will drop into the sphere of labour where that capacity is most effective, and life and character will be shaped harmoniously and beautifully. In calling out and strengthening this principle, the advisers of youth possess the means of most effectually influencing a character for good. There are moments of indecision and doubt in every life, moments of shrinking under some vain pretext from the imperative duty, and the very thing then needed is, the genuine voice of another to dissipate the half-unreal doubt, and replace the cowardice with courage. And at all times the company of one who knows what our duty is, and watches whether we do it or not, is a great incentive to its performance.

It only remains for us to say that there is also a danger of the character's acquiring too much of that angularity and incapability of change which belong to the crystal. Instead of consciously concentrating ourselves on a section of the whole circle of human activity, we are apt, unconsciously, to become absorbed in our particular circle, and not only not work in any other, but practically forget that others

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exist. It is, first, the old danger of daily thoughts, daily habits overcoming us, till we contentedly walk on in the course marked out by the intellect when it was yet alive in every part. In opposition to this, we do not affirm there should be the same impressibility as is needful to the growth of the younger man; but let the opposite extreme of unimpressibility be carefully shunned. Contractedness to a circle is besides often accompanied by the growth of an incurious contemptuous disdain of the flowing impulsiveness and lively fancy of youth, a disdain that often becomes a dislike of all exercise of a discursive imagination, and banishes the beautiful from the world of the mind. Yet in some measure, though under control, the fountain of fancy should be kept open even to the latest day. There is a youth of life that need never die. There is no reason why the fair vision of the early time, the keen and eager imaginings of more radiant worlds, should utterly fade, and, in presence of a thorough feeling of the livingness and solidity of the actual, become as the remembrance of a passing dream. While we are content, submissive to our lot, to support our life on an honest, indubitable basis of prose, we might yet crown it with the finest flowers of fancy, and our inmost thoughts might link us with the infinite and immortal. The harmonies that stole upon the ear of youth might yet again vibrate, and awaken the old warmth of feeling, and all that was sweet and fair in the morning land might attend the earthly wanderer to the dark and desert borders of his pilgrimage, and mingle with the foreshadowings of his heavenly home.

J. G.

The Castle of Saint Angelo.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YOUTH OF A POLITICAL PRISONER.

'THIS is no fiction,' as Diderot said of one of his tales; these are true reminiscences in the life of a young Roman, under the pontificate of Gregory the Sixteenth; and we are not, therefore, at liberty to give the name of the hero of this tale. Through his confidence we have been able to place in order the following history; we must and shall, however, allow him to speak for himself.

CHAP. I.

The year 184— was finished, and winter had just commenced. During the whole day, the weather was gloomy, and the Roman sky did not cease pouring down torrents of rain. I returned home, *vid* dell Orso, about midnight, and found my friend Grulio already in bed. Discontented with myself, with others, and with everything about me, I was a prey to painful and melancholy presentiments. I opened as usual some books, and turned over their leaves mechanically; my thoughts were elsewhere, or rather I was not thinking at all. Overcome with ennui and drowsiness I retired to rest, and soon fell asleep. My repose was of short duration. I was suddenly awoke by a dull

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noise which was being made at the door of the house. I listened, and was not a little astonished to hear the grating of a key, which some one was trying to introduce into the lock. I thought it was an attempt at robbery, and awoke Grulio by crying out, 'Who's there?' A rough voice replied, 'La Forza' (the magistrate). Far from calming me, this answer only increased my uneasiness. I arose, and looked through a little crevice in the door. At first I saw a person dressed in plain clothes, short, stout, and with a sinister countenance. It was Nardoni, since so celebrated in the annals of the Roman police. He was accompanied by two carabineers, one of whom carried a dark lantern, and the other a bunch of keys. Nardoni said, in a dry, polite tone, 'We have a painful duty to fulfil towards you. The most minute precautions have been taken by us to render any resistance on your part futile. Open the door, gentlemen, it is not your persons we seek; your liberty is safe.'

I then saw this was a domiciliary visit. Grulio had heard everything; and, having risen, was now dressed. After lighting a lamp, he hastily hid some books which formed part of our modest library. To give him more time, I pretended to be searching for the door-key, which I assumed to be lost. The police now began to lose patience, and I was obliged to let them in. Nardoni immediately went to my desk, and the two carabineers, followed by two of the sbirri, began to search my wardrobe, my drawers, and every piece of furniture which could contain anything. At once they took possession of all our papers and correspondence; as to books, they confined themselves to seizing the works forbidden by Rome,—Machiavelli, Bentham, J. J. Rousseau, and the History of Ten Years, by Louis Blanc, which I had just bought. One book, which might have compromised me more seriously, happily escaped their notice; it was 'Volney's Ruins,' which had fallen behind a table, and thus was not discovered. After seizing these things and a pair of pistols, as these gentlemen inquisitors were about to retire I protested against the whole proceeding, showing them a regular license, a copy of which I give below,* allowing me to buy, read, and keep by me, all, even forbidden books, the titles of which were not on my permit. Nardoni replied that he only obeyed superior orders, and withdrew with his myrmidons. A few days after I received a summons from the attorney-general requiring my attendance at the palace of the governor. This did not occasion me much surprise, and I was punctual in my obedience. There, before the inquisitorial authorities, I submitted to an examination which lasted for hours. I perceived that they had taken notes of, and read attentively, all my papers, correspondence, books and pamphlets. They demanded interminable explanations about most inoffensive

* 'Auctoritate S.Smi. D. N. Gregorii XVI. nobis commissâ, liceat N— attentis literis, testimoniabilis, et quoad vixerit, legere ac retinere, sub custodia, tamenne ad aliorum manus perveniunt, libros prohibitos de jure civili, canonico, naturali gentium et mercatorio. Item, grammaticos, rhetoricos, preticos, philosophicos, mathematicos, astronomicos, et rhetoricos profanos, exceptis operibus Dupuis, Volney, Potter, Bentham,' &c., &c.

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meetings, which by their novelty had excited considerable suspicion. The presiding judge attached great importance to a satire which I had composed on the celebrated dancer Cerito; perhaps he saw in it symbols of other actors. They then passed on to the forbidden books, and in spite of a fresh exhibition of my license, and of my earnest remonstrances, detained them. At last, to exhaust the subject, they questioned me upon the way in which I had spoken publicly *about certain miracles*, which it was said had lately taken place in Rome.

Having admonished me severely the examination was concluded, and I was dismissed with the intimation, that the Argus eyes of the police and of Government were on me. Of this I was soon convinced. One fine morning I received a letter, marked with the police stamp, brought by a gendarme, and which I opened with alarm. It required me at once to repair to a convent, and remain there in retreat for seven days. Knowing that such punishments were not unusual in Rome, especially for gay young men, I at once obeyed the orders of the Government assessor. I retired to Saint Eusebia, where I went through all the spiritual exercises prescribed by Saint Ignatius. One may judge of the conversion it produced by its effects. On leaving the convent after eight days' isolation, silence, fasting, prayers and sermons, society appeared a ridiculous, absurd, and inconceivable institution. I was astounded to see men troubling themselves about their families, and trying to satisfy themselves by attending to their own concerns. I was almost about to return and bury myself for ever in the convent of Saint Eusebia, but I resumed instead my customary habits, and followed my cloisteral seclusion by more than usual gaiety and dissipation. What then was my crime? What were the motives of the Roman Government in placing a young student under such rigorous surveillance? I have just said, they accused me of having publicly called in question certain alleged miracles. To understand that there could be anything serious or important in what I had said concerning them, we must recur to recent events. There had long been a secret but severe struggle between the liberal aspirations of many Roman youth, and the puerile, suspicious policy of the Pontifical Government. While studying for the law, I had formed an intimate friendship with several young Romans, of warm hearts and lively imaginations, with similar literary tastes and pursuits to myself. Full of the pride and confidence of youth, we made our entrance into the world, discontented with the present state of things, and certain of a better future. Our life was a mixture of generous thoughts and worldly dissipation. We rose late, breakfasted, showed ourselves at the university, then went and passed some hours at home, or in the fencing school. We read the newspapers or works of philosophy and history. After dinner we went to the theatre. After the theatre, which finishes, as every one knows, very late in Italy, we supped at a restaurant; and if the night was fine—and in Rome the nights are nearly always magnificent—we walked about the town, or went to the Forum, and upon the ruins of the ancient city we conjured up immortal memories. Sometimes we went to the Coliseum, and there we gave ourselves the

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strange and sublime pleasure of climbing those memorable walls with torches, whose red light we saw successively appear and disappear through the ruins, behind the broken columns, and among the arches, now covered with aged moss and parasitical plants, which thus decorate the most beautiful remains of antiquity, and the grandest monument the world can present. At other times we connected ourselves with a troop of walking artists, who went about the city improvising serenades under the windows of popular beauties and singers. We drank in harmony, love, and poetry, and breathed the air ever pure, soft, and balmy of this country; this classic ground of arts and the eternal inspiration of the beautiful. Among my friends there was one for whom I felt a particular attraction; his name was Raphael. He had a calm, reflective mind of artless sincerity, and was gifted with a wonderful aptitude for the applied sciences. Another friend, Grulio, of whom I have already spoken, was, with Raphael, the inseparable companion of all my pleasures, and the indispensable confidant of all my thoughts.

Grulio differed completely from Raphael; he was a poet, and somewhat of a dreamer; he was also more loving, more expansive, and more sensitive than any of us.

It was with these two friends that I passed the most delightful and the most profitable hours of my youth. Once or twice a week we met and read together the new literary works, which cannot be brought into Rome without great expense and incurring serious danger. Thus we read the works of Groberti, the Arnaldo-da-Brescia of Niccolini, and the last writings of Lammenais. Grulio has since played an important part under the late Roman republic, and Raphael is now one of the most celebrated barristers of the Roman bar.

At this period, throughout Rome people spoke of certain miracles said to be performed at the arch of the Cenci; and concerning these, some expressed themselves with much reserve and hypocrisy, and others with great openness and freedom. I was guilty of the imprudence of expressing my opinion concerning them ironically both at the 'Cafè Novo,' and the Sapienza (University).

My expressions, picked up by spies, led to a secret inquiry into my conduct and opinions, the result of which was the aforesaid domiciliary visit of Nardoni. These miracles, a source of so much trouble, arose from a cause common in Italy. On St. Peter's day, a report was spread in Rome that a Madonna, placed in a recess near the Jews' quarter, and exactly in the little street of the arch of the Cenci, worked miracles, and drew great crowds there. A mason, who got there on crutches, had heard a mysterious voice say to him, '*Throw them away*,' and suddenly he stood up and walked without difficulty. A blind man had suddenly recovered his sight, and the people had carried him in procession to his house, singing hymns and bearing hundreds of lighted tapers. All Rome immediately ran to do homage to this Madonna. They began with decorating the niche and the picture of the Virgin, encircling it with flowers, vases, and wax candles. About the fourth day, from curiosity I went there myself.

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At first it was impossible to see anything, the crowd was so densely packed; so eager was the ardour with which each tried to get near the little chapel, and so desirous was each one to obtain clear proof that he had paid his homage to the Mistress of the world.

At last, having succeeded in getting a chair, on which I could look over the heads of this crowd of fanatics, and freely observe all that passed, I saw around the chapel a noisy crowd of lame, blind, and epileptic people, together with the sick of all maladies and of every social rank. There were also children and young women who, weeping and crying, demanded, with great display of gesture and contortions, all kinds of favours.

In the midst of this noisy rabble, a woman of athletic figure, in perfect health, with her hair dishevelled, was perched on a sort of stool, which served her for a tripod; placed thus above the crowd, she acted both as interpreter and prophetess, exclaiming, from time to time, in a harsh, grating voice, which came out of a hideously toothless mouth, '*Maria santissima, voglia sua la grazia! Si vogliano la grazia! Viva Maria! viva Maria!*' And the crowd in frenzy answered her by the cry of '*Viva Maria!*' repeated a thousand times. On each side of the temporary altar had been placed two tables. Upon one were the *ex voto* offerings to the Madonna, and on the other a great number of crutches and other pœdic instruments belonging to those who, it was said, had been miraculously cured. Near another table was seated a penitent, with a register open to receive offerings in money, and to enter the names and qualities of the individuals alleged to have been the subjects of the miracle. To complete the number of these honourable and pious functionaries, about twenty young men, of bad countenances, carrying tin boxes in their hands, threaded their way, begging for the Madonna, extorting money from the credulous, and making fun of the cured, while thieves of all sorts gave themselves up without fear to their profession. A group was formed around a young girl who was sitting on a post; I drew near; 'See,' said they to me, 'here is a woman who has just been cured.' Addressing myself to the girl, I asked her if really she had just been the subject of such celestial bounty. 'Ah! yes, sir!' she replied, in a tone half mocking, half sad. 'But with what malady were you attacked?' 'I was lame, sir, and had my left side paralysed.' 'And now?' 'Now I am cured, though my left foot is rather benumbed.' I waited for the proof, but I saw that she hesitated to walk; she even noticed my determination not to lose sight of her. At last, tired of this sort of surveillance, she rose, made an heroic effort, and began to walk—'*incessui patuit.*' A vessel beaten by a tempest, tossed on all sides by contrary winds, never had such violent shocks and jerks as those which shook this unfortunate creature. Nevertheless the spectators of this extraordinary scene ran after her crying, 'A miracle, a miracle!' and pointing her out to all who were trying to follow her. This pious orgie was suddenly disturbed by a violent commotion. Piercing cries were heard, and the crowd began to take flight in the utmost confusion. I took refuge in a neighbouring house, and running up stairs, from a window overlook-

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ing the street, I discovered the cause of this panic. The altar was on fire, and it had at first been discovered in the chapel. It was probably the too great number of lighted candles that had communicated the fire to the drapery and veils with which the picture of the Madonna in repute had been so profusely ornamented. A new and thoroughly laughable scene now developed itself under my eyes: two or three hundred blind people (for all the blind people of Rome and its suburbs had come to ask mercy), on their knees around the altar, were singing psalms in a nasal tone. Not knowing what to make of the noise, confusion, and cries of despair which they heard on all sides, and over-excited by their novel situation, they suddenly rose, seized with an instinctive terror, took their sticks in their hands, and began to strike out on all sides. How shall this struggle between these poor creatures be described? One fell down, screaming as a blind man only can; another wanted to fly, but knocked himself against the wall, or got entangled among the chairs. Some, struck by the burning brands which fell from the altar, thought themselves in the midst of hell, and uttered diabolical cries.

The old pythoness, who served them for a celestial interpreter, tried in vain to get out of this rabble. Injured by the blows from the sticks of her protegés, she repeated her invocations to the Virgin, accompanying them with the most fearful imprecations. At the height of this singular fray, the crowd perceived that the fire had not touched the beams, and the street was soon filled again.

They tried to separate the combatants, telling them there was nothing to frighten them—neither devils nor hell; but it was with the greatest difficulty they were persuaded to put aside their sticks. The cure had indeed taken effect; already blind, they were now become deaf. The tumult being appeased, a tolerable number of the 'nuzzi' and 'fogliette' were taken to the neighbouring publichouses. Fear now gave place to the most noisy merriment and the most disgusting drunkenness, and the most obscene language succeeded prayers and Virginal invocations. The Government began at length to be uneasy about these popular assemblies occurring, and decided on taking a most energetic step, characteristic of a theocratic administration, to prevent their continuance.

The picture of the Madonna was ordered to be removed during the night, and transferred without pomp to the nearest church, Santa Maria del Pianto. The people ran thither in crowds, but every thing was done with order and decency; nevertheless, it was whispered that this translation was sacrilege, which, it was said, the Virgin avenged by continuing to work miracles. The most ardent devotees continued to frequent the ancient chapel, and passed whole nights there. In the place occupied, the other day, by the picture of the Madonna, the people now fastened a *little image of the Virgin*, before which the persecuted believers hung a modest lamp. I myself saw several persons respectfully approach the place where had been hung the picture, take off with knives pointed pieces of iron, and with their nails small fragments of plaster, or gather up the dust from the

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scraped wall, and carry away the fruit of this pious theft as a relic, or rather as an amulet.

Fanaticism suddenly broke out again. A report was circulated that *the little image* also worked miracles, upon which the Pope had the chapel of the arch of the Cenci closed, and its entrance guarded by carabineers. Thus finished the comedy.

Rome has always had a distinct character, and it needs a long residence in this city to appreciate its real nature. During the Pontificate of Pius IX. it was not uncommon to hear Romans express themselves with the greatest freedom on the most delicate matters in religion and politics. In public places, at cafés, and at meetings of young men, the most knotty questions were discussed with perfect independence; but this liberty, founded on a recognised tolerance, was in a certain sense negative, it did not proceed to action. Woe to him who should think of joining deeds to words, or practice to theory. The Government was then excessively cruel and mercilessly severe. A letter, an article in a newspaper, a suspected subscription, the possession of a forbidden book, alliance with a secret society, became suddenly a state crime, and was sought out, followed, and punished in a Draconian fashion. Still this liberty of speech was limited to certain places and to certain periods. In Bologna, for instance, the police were always rather tolerant; and at Rome strangers, even Italians, were less watched, and, during the Carnival, license of manners concealed boldness of ideas. The lowest classes of central Italy are fearfully demoralized. It is not, however, that morality in itself offends them; they look upon it as an article of luxury beyond their reach, reserved exclusively for the higher classes of society. In seeing the immense and unapproachable line of demarcation which separates them from the nobility and the opulent citizens, they do not consider themselves, as a matter of compensation, restrained by the severity of the principles which they hear preached in the churches. Thus, those infamous hotbeds of vice, the *trasteverino*, the *bagarini*, the *minenti*, and the *montegiani*, are openly and systematically depraved.

But Gregory XVI., who sat on the Pontifical chair, had passed all his life in a cell, and, therefore, knew little of the world. His theological works had at first procured him a cardinal's cap; afterwards they caused him to be decorated with the purple of St. Peter's. He thus found himself suddenly placed in a position foreign to all his habits, and of whose responsibilities he had not the slightest idea.

Mauro Capellari brought to the Papal throne all the good as well as all the bad qualities of the cloister; but the virtues of a monk are not those of a pope. Modesty, humility, frugality, a love of solitude and retreat, are not suited to sovereigns.

The son of a coal-merchant, educated as a Trappist monk, Gregory XVI. still was a monk, and only a monk, under the tiara. The predecessor of Pius IX., as temporal sovereign, was a being *sui generis*, without energy or experience. Scrupulous, full of false ideas of government, and ignorant of politics, commerce, the fine arts,

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and science, every change alarmed him; any enlarged idea terrified him. The well-being of his subjects was quite a secondary affair; indeed, it was a superfluity. From this stand-point every new project was to him a revolutionary idea, borrowed from Carbonarism, the devil, or hell. In other respects he did not neglect to ameliorate materially the condition of his people. The Romans never had so many hospitals, so many charities before; but what they needed he would not grant; commercial and industrial institutions, with the protection and encouragement that are given in the other countries of Europe to arts and professions.

In a word, the ruler of Rome knew nothing in theory or practice of the laws of social and civic economy. Tolerant in indifferent and doubtful matters, in politics his government was harsh, relentless, cruel, and sometimes iniquitous. The idea of passive obedience ruled Pope Gregory XVI.; he thought he was bound to govern *men* as he had governed *monks*, himself irresponsible and infallible. Thus his consistency was not the result of ambition, nor a matter of policy; it was solely a matter of conscience. He considered himself obliged, for the interests of society, to conduct himself thus towards all classes impartially. The ordinary transgressors of the laws protecting property, honour and life, might possibly find some indulgence from Gregory XVI.; but for the man who ventured to conspire against the Government, or who should broach a new idea, as his fault was unpardonable, so his punishment was eternal. He may have submitted to his punishment; he may have given unequivocal signs of repentance; all would be useless, for the liberated prisoner would always be regarded as a dangerous subject. An original sin of a new kind, made of the poor suspected one a political pariah, incapable for ever of possessing his former rights and privileges. A priest, also an old monk, powerfully assisted this crowned Cenobite in his government; this was Cardinal Lambruschini. In 1830 he was at Paris, as Apostolic nuncio, and had witnessed the *glorious days*. This spectacle produced a deep impression on the mind of the Italian diplomatist, and from that moment he vowed a bitter hatred of every thing liberal, and every thing French. He had an aptitude for business, which caused him to be considered by the illustrious Rossi one of the most clever political leaders of the day. Gregory XVI. and his minister arrived at the same end from two different stand-points. The one had the logical conviction that Roman Catholicism is and must be the enemy of all liberty; the other found in his fears reasons for justifying this dogma. The one feared the vengeance of God; the other, that of the people. In the meantime the Roman youth, sunk in compelled lethargy, lost the consciousness of noble instincts, and suffered themselves to be fatally led astray by the seductions of an effeminate and indolent life.

Gallantry, good living, and the theatre, absorbed the mind of the whole population. As to those who occupied themselves seriously, I will not say with political matters, but simply with literature and art, they were very rare. The Café Novo and the Corso were at that

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time the habitual rendezvous of all the liberal young men of the capital. This kind of club was strictly watched, the slightest speech was reported to the governor, and when forbidden words were uttered, by a person known for his resolution, the police immediately took measures to prevent the patriot words becoming patriot deeds. The Romish youth knew, however, the surveillance that was over them, and often took the enemy in his own snares.

On this subject I remember a very good anecdote. We were met one day in a small circle round the same table, talking politics, history, and literature, in one of the large rooms of the Cafè Novo. We noticed in a window a suspected figure, who was watching us. One of us, a spirited young man, said, in a low voice, 'I am going to rid you of him.' He got up, pretending to look for a newspaper, turned to the right and to the left, and finished at last by going and sitting by the side of the unwary man. 'Let me do it,' he whispered to him; 'I have them all, these young mad-caps; but two of us are too many here; they begin to notice us. Let me alone, I will answer for them.' The honest policeman, thus convinced, beat a retreat. As soon as he was gone an hurra of applause acknowledged the presence of mind of our comrade. In the midst of so irregular a life it was with a mad passion that one gave oneself up to love adventures. Until then I had not loved; some connexions as a student had for an instant occupied my attention, but without leaving any durable trace. But one day I met in a house where I was accidentally visiting a young lady, who made a deep impression on me. I will not say that I fell suddenly in love, but, at the sight of her, unknown emotions seized my heart violently. I knew nothing of the name, condition, or family of the young lady. Several days passed by, during which the thought of her filled my mind more and more, and one Sunday at church (in Rome courtships nearly always commence at church), I recognised her in the congregation. Accompanied by her mother, she united in the service with a modesty that touched me. Forgetting everything around me, I gave myself up to silent contemplation, when suddenly she raised her head. Our eyes met; her look transported me—I was in love. It was necessary then to know her, and to introduce myself. The church in which I had just met was one belonging to a convent of the sister St. Sylvester in Capite. I was therefore much chagrined when preparing to follow them, I saw those persons who so deeply interested me enter the parlour of the convent. In vain did I wait until evening at the door of the church. I left without seeing them again, and I returned home in a wretched state of mind. Her image now followed me everywhere. I wandered at random through the streets and promenades of Rome, attended all public meetings, visited the theatre and the Circus, and specially the church of St. Sylvester in Capite.

One Sunday in spring, after having explored in every sense Mount Pencio, the most beautiful promenade in Rome, if not in the world, I returned to the city sad and weary. Passing by the place of the Triton, then through the square of the Four

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Fountains, I turned towards the Quirinal. The elegant dresses of the promenaders and the crowd of carriages had no attractions for me. It was still day, but the glorious sun, too dazzling to look at, would soon hide his golden rays behind the pines and cypresses of Mount Maris. I turned aside into the church of the Sacramentale in the Monte Cavallo. In front rises the superb palace of the Pope, before which are the magnificent statues of Castor and Pollux taming their horses. The church, dimly lighted, was hung all round with drapery. Some sacred hymns were being beautifully sung by a choir behind the iron grating on each side of the high altar. These heavenly and touching voices were those of the perpetual worshippers of the Holy Sacrament, religious sisters, whose sole office it is to exhibit continually to the faithful the highest symbol of the Catholic Church. There, bathed in tears, I offered up to God the most fervent prayer I had ever uttered. I besought him to reveal his will to me, and give me strength to overcome my mental prostration. At this moment a white leaf fluttered through the air and fell close to the chair I occupied. It was a small engraving that had slipped from between the leaves of the prayer-book of an elegantly dressed lady. I hastened to pick it up, and immediately restored it, but, judge of my surprise when as this lady turned to receive it, I discovered her whom I in vain had sought so long. We recognised each other at once. The sanctity of the place and the solemnities of the hour affected me, and conquering my emotions I continued in prayer. [The young Roman ascertains at length the name and abode of the lady; finds that she is the daughter of a French officer who had been aide-de-camp to the Corsican general Cervoni, and that her name is Seraphina Clelia: she had been born in Spain, and was French in paternity, Roman in maternity, and possessed something of all three natures. By the aid of her brother, who was a distinguished pupil of the great Thorswalsden, he gains an introduction to the family; makes honourable proposals; and is accepted as the affianced lover of Seraphina, who responds modestly but genuinely to his affections, and they anticipate a speedy and a happy union. But despotism, ecclesiastical and political, gives the old Shakesperian phrase, 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' a new illustration.]

One evening, on the occasion of the *debût* of Madame Ristori, whose fame crossed the Alps at a later period, I was at the theatre with my friends; that night Fabri was to recite the classic song of Dante upon Count Ugolino. All listened with profound attention, because all knew those verses—they were household words at Rome. When he came to that part where the poet speaks of the Archbishop Roger, whom the immortal Ghibelleni doomed to eternal torments in hell, I perceived that the censorship of the press had erased the word *arcivescovo* (archbishop) in the line—

'E questi è l'arcivescovo Ruggeri,'

and made it read,

'E questi è l'Ubaldini* Ruggeri.'

* Ubaldini was the family name of the archbishop.

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Irritated at the mutilation, which to me was a profanation, I started from my seat, and shouted at the top of my voice the line as given above, and as written by Dante. The audience arose, and loudly applauded my courage, the representation was suspended, and I was immediately arrested by the police, but was liberated on giving my name and address in full. On hastening to the house I found Seraphina already apprised of what had occurred, and received her congratulations; but she highly disapproved of my conduct, and with tears besought me to be more prudent. Of course I promised, not knowing whether I should have strength enough to keep my word.

Liberty of the press does not exist in Rome; and if by misfortune a man is reduced to the necessity of publishing anything, he has to pass through most vexatious difficulties before he can obtain his imprimatur. Even the most simple books which in other Roman States are freely published, are mercilessly refused publication at Rome. Thus it is very common to see articles published '*with approbation*' at Bologna, Ferrara, Ancona, Ravenna; but if reproduced at Rome, they must pass through a fresh emasculation, so that the Pontifical Government possesses in fact a censorship of a censorship.

Over the theatre the Papal surveillance is still more severe. The proof sheets of even the music have to be submitted for approval, and an opera has to pass through three censorships. Notwithstanding all these precautions, there is a large sale of forbidden books at Rome. The police pretend not to know anything of those that come from a distance. As for books published at Rome, the capital of Catholicism, they are always regarded as official publications, so that every book coming from a church which says 'out of me no salvation, out of me no salvation,' is irreproachable.

My marriage with Seraphina was to be celebrated as soon as I had finished my studies, and had been admitted to the bar. No student at Rome can practise as a barrister until he takes out his doctor's degree. The time for my examination approached, and, thanks to my friend Raphael's assistance, I passed, and was made doctor in utroque jure.

Preparations were now made for our marriage, and devotionally to prepare for new anxieties and new relationships, Seraphina, according to Romish custom, retired to the convent of Saint Sylvester with one of her relations for religious exercises.

Returning home one evening, however, I was arrested by two disguised sbirri, who, by the aid of a dark lantern, gave me a Government summons to read. This authorized and required them to seize my person, and place me in the prison of the Madarri palace. Several other agents appeared at the same time and surrounded me, so as to make escape impossible. The cold sweat burst out on my forehead, and terrible apprehensions laid hold of me;—bitter regrets, melancholy separations and a fatal future: I endeavoured, however, to be calm and self-possessed. Followed by the sbirri I went towards the place of Saint Apollonarius, crossed the *agonal* circus, and in two minutes was at the palace. Being expected I was received by the superiors, and conducted to a little cell, out of whose window I could

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see the Russian ambassador's palace. In it I found a camp bed, a table, two chairs, and the 'Imitation of the Life of Jesus Christ.' They asked me if I wanted anything else, and receiving a reply in the negative, retired, leaving me alone to keep company with the tormenting and wretched thoughts of a political prisoner the first night of his detention.

(To be continued.)

S. R.

Walter Savage Landor.

In introducing a disgraced name to the readers of the 'Monthly Christian Spectator,' we believe we can do much better than apologize for a breach of etiquette. We can take occasion to put conscience through a little gymnastic exercise; to spell out with our friends a lesson in moral criticism; to which we shall only add, as Jean Paul's Quintus Fixlein did to his list of printer's errata, 'There are important consequences to be drawn from all this, and we advise you to draw them.' Let no one, however, think we are going about to 'palliate' Mr. Landor's offence against God and man in his share of a quarrel lately made public, or in the obvious antecedents of that quarrel. Palliation is a foolish process, adopted only by weaklings pleading for weaklings. We would do to others as we would be done by. If we were ourselves to commit a fault, what we should wish (not to say *claim*) would be, *to have it accurately stated*—that is all. But this is precisely the most difficult thing to get done. An unadulterated fact is rarer than an unadulterated pickle. He who knows 'all the circumstances, I tell you,' is, be sure, quite ignorant of the entire case. Every fact, too, is an opaque ball, with an inside as well as an outside, and even when you make a hole and look in, there is nothing you can see. He that is spiritual judgeth all things. But where is 'he'? Those who have, in our own observation of life, arrogated to themselves this title of spiritual, have been, without an exception, the coarsest of materialists. One or two simple souls we have indeed met in whom we have felt so perfect a confidence that it has seemed as if it might be a relief to lay bare our whole hearts to them, and whose judgments on others have borne the royal mark of irreversible truth. But they would have been slow to speak, and certainly would never have called themselves spiritual. We have also met one or two cases in which the mere critical intellect, joined to a soul less beautiful, has reached an equally *correct* result in judging of others. But on the whole, the capacity to get close to the real facts of character and conduct is the very rarest thing we know, and in administering blame men make their errors thrice more palpable by their cowardly artifices of 'palliation.'

The fault of Mr. Landor, in so far as the public has to do with it, is a fault of second childhood; of the period in which the restraints

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of the moral sense are not strong enough to deal with some of the impulses. The slowness with which pleas of this sort are admitted by ordinary critics of life arises from their not seeing where responsibility begins and ends. But the answer to that difficulty is—*What business is it of yours?* You are not required (far from it) to adjust the merits and demerits of your fellow-creatures with arithmetical precision. Guidance enough for practical purposes will not be missing if you fairly seek it; what goes beyond is demanded by—— your conceit, and not the law of God, written either in his word, or in the tables of the unsophisticated human heart. For some years past, Mr. Landor has shown signs of failing intellect; among which signs, his indiscriminating praise of bad poets, and his offer of a douceur to any one who would go and stab the King of Naples, have been prominent. His 'Last Fruit Off an Old Tree,' published in 1853, for the benefit of the Madiai, betrayed too plainly that the 'tree' was really 'old,' though the canting fry of critics found in it, as they hypocritically profess to have done in the 'Dry Sticks,' 'all the vigour of the author's earliest performances.' The filthy, libellous epigrams which formed the subject of the recent trial contained just talent enough to give plausibility to the cry, 'What allowances can be claimed by the man who wrote these clever things?' but they were, in reality, very weak, and contained a good deal more slime than salt. If, however, they had been much cleverer than they were, what then? That would not prove that the author's natural powers of self-control had not been weakened by years.

Suppose a man of mechanical genius to have devoted the flower of his days to inventing and bringing out engines which he believed calculated to add to human happiness. Suppose him to have shown, all through life, a love of practical joking, and now and then to have contrived a mischievous instrument and let it off in people's faces, but still to have kept bounds and passed for a well-meaning, 'eccentric' person. Now, suppose that at eighty-five he has a quarrel, and, behaving like a wilful child over it, invents several ingenious squirts, squibs, crackers, traps, fœtid detonating balls, and other implements of pigmy warfare, which he scatters far and wide, in spite of the expostulations of friends, and to the obvious, glaring injury of his own fair name. The question is, are we to expound the whole fair-written volume of the man's life by this obscure text, or are we to give the difficult passage the benefit of a liberal interpretation in the light of the past? Plainly, the man's power of governing himself is partly gone, and it is no answer to say that his engines are clever. Now, put mechanist put poet, and for crackers put epigrams, and you have the precise case of Mr. Landor. We need not stoop to 'palliations:' the facts are plain. We will do better,—proceed to give those of our readers, to whom Mr. Landor is little better than the shadow of a name, some information about him and his writings. He is one of the few men of letters who have not in our day been photographed and lithographed all over the country, and his works are not for circulating to the library readers.

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It is pretty well known that Mr. Landor is a man of fortune, and has divided his life chiefly between England and Italy. It may not be so generally remembered that early in the century he raised a body of troops at his own expense, went a-soldiering in Spain, where he received honours, and, on his return to England, was made a colonel in the Spanish army. He has always been a person to delight the 'healthy animalists.' He expresses in one of his 'Commentaries' profound contempt for those who sink the 'thigh' and the 'breast,' and think it correct to speak only of 'leg' and 'neck.' Immense energy and some turbulence are reported of him in his early days. At Oxford he was rusticated for firing off a gun in the quadrangle. At Rugby he was great in Greek and Latin verse, and also in riding, hunting, fishing, and shooting. Mr. Horne, in his 'Spirit of the Age,' tells an anecdote of his one day putting down (by might rather than right) a farmer who had summoned him to give up his net as a trespasser, upon which Landor, being much the stronger and more active, enfolded the farmer in the same, and delivered to him a speech which altered his views of the situation, before he released him. Mr. Landor has always maintained a self-enclosed sturdiness of moral bearing towards critics and the public, which, if not altogether amiable, is better than its opposite of facile, flimsy effeminacy. When his writing was given the cold shoulder by some of the critics, he showed his disdain of their criticism and their constitutions (and his sense of the connexion between the two) by offering (any one of) them a hot penny roll and a pint of stout for breakfast if they would write one of his Imaginary Conversations!! What could be done with such a man? Lead him, perhaps; drive him, never. Born under the law he is not. Good he may be; virtuous (in the usual sense of obedient to rule) he never will be. We have here, at best, a magnificent pagan, whose breeding, having fallen in Christian times, may touch his character here and there with a light and a softness foreign to his clime and parentage; but, after all, he is a wild man, *from whom you may expect all virtues of self-assertion, but none of self-surrender.* It is implied in this last observation that he is not a man of the highest order of genius. Add, that he is too much a scholar, and too much vowed to old-world models, to be as good a poet as he might be, and we have exhausted nearly all that can be said, in the way of cursory criticism, upon Mr. Landor. Mr. Landor has written Imaginary Conversations between great men and great men and women of all times: an Imaginary Examination of William Shakespere before Sir Thomas Lucy; a picture of Grecian lives and loves in 'Pericles and Aspasia;' one long, uninviting poem called 'Gebir;' several dramatic poems, confessedly empty of action, and not fit for representation; and very numerous 'minor' poems, epigrams, &c., of great and varying beauty. In all these works one feature is constanly discernible, which stamps the character of the man's mind, and places it in the critical rather than the creative order. *In* that order it ranks much higher than thousands of minds of the creative class, and takes precedence of them in Art-heraldry; but its place is clear. The feature is this,—that the procession of thought

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and feeling is always logical in its movement. Amid so much boldness and massiveness of effect, and with such muscularity of grasp in the master of the ceremonies, this is very striking; but so it is. The brain that works is never wholly sunk *in* its work; and in beautiful passages, where the dramatic illusion is *nearly* perfect, there is yet one little glimpse sure to be left you of —— Mr. Landor at the back, working away with all his might, to do what he might effect if he could only sink Landor altogether for a little space! We do not wish to turn a critical sketch into a homily; but our readers will perceive whereunto this might lead, if we gave it the reins. One word we must be careful to add: Mr. Landor's writing is by no means milk for babes; it is usually quite strong meat, with trimmings not of the Mrs. Trimmer school. There is one Imaginary Dialogue, between the 'Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti,' which is a bad imitation of one of Voltaire's (in the 'Dialogues Philosophiques') between the Emperor of China and Frère Rigolet, and shows that the Englishman does not understand the Bible as well as the Frenchman, though he is *much* the less profane of the two.

Mr. Landor's writings are voluminous and exceedingly difficult to represent by extract. We will give little that has not an intrinsic as well as an illustrative value. For the sake of its great lesson, exquisitely put in that last beautiful sentence, perhaps our readers will take, to begin with, from 'Pericles and Aspasia,' this letter of

'ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

'Pericles rarely says he likes anything; but whenever he is pleased, he expresses it by his countenance, although when he is displeased he never shows it, even by the faintest sign. It was long before I ventured to make the observation to him: he replied,

'"It would be ungrateful and ungentle not to return my thanks for any pleasure imparted to me, when a smile has the power of conveying them. I never say that a thing pleases me while it is yet undone or absent, lest I should give somebody the trouble of performing or producing it. As for what is displeasing, I really am insensible in general to matters of this nature; and when I am not so, I experience more of satisfaction in subduing my feeling than I ever felt of displeasure at the occurrence which excited it. Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other we may exercise. I foresee," he added, "that Alcibiades will be an elegant man, but I apprehend he will never be a polite one. There is a difference, and a greater than we are apt to perceive or imagine. Alcibiades would win without conciliating: he would seize and hold, but would not acquire. The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping and waking."'

Concerning Byron and Shelley, here are some very noteworthy sentences:—

'There was something in his (Byron's) mind not ungraceful nor inelegant although, from a deficiency of firmness, it wanted dignity. He issued forth against stronger and better men than himself, partly through wantonness and malignity, partly through ignorance of their powers and worth, and partly through impatience at their competition. He could comprehend nothing heroic, nothing disinterested. Shelley, at the gates of Pisa, threw himself between him and the ragoon, whose sword in his indignation was lifted and about to strike. Byron told a common friend, some time afterward, that he could not conceive how any man living should act so. "Do you know, he might have been killed! and there

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was every appearance that he would be!" The answer was, "Between you and Shelley there is but little similarity, and perhaps but little sympathy: yet what Shelley did then, he would do again, and always. There is not a human creature, not even the most hostile, that he would hesitate to protect from injury at the imminent hazard of life. And yet life, which he would throw forward so unguardedly, is somewhat more with him than with others: it is full of hopes and aspirations, it is teeming with warm feelings, it is rich and overrun with its own native simple enjoyments. In him everything that ever gave pleasure, gives it still, with the same freshness, the same exuberance, the same earnestness to communicate and share it."

'"By Jove! I can not understand it!" cried Byron. "A man to run upon a naked sword for another."'

'Innocent and careless as a boy, Shelley possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, and united, in just degrees, the ardour of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher. His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man (I believe) at present in existence. He was never known to speak evil of an enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another: and he divided his income of only one thousand pounds with the fallen and afflicted.

'This is the man against whom such clamours have been raised by the religious and the loyal, and by those who live and lap under their tables: this is the man whom, from one false story about his former wife, related by Mackintosh, I had refused to visit at Pisa. I blush in anguish at my prejudice, and ought hardly to feel it as a blessing or a consolation, that I regret him less than I should have done if I had known him personally. As to what remains of him now life is over, he occupies, if not the highest, almost the highest place among our poets of the present age; no humble station; and is among the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose-writers.'

One always likes to read about schoolboys, and there is teaching (and warning) against prigs in this anecdote of Rugby, appended by Mr. Landor to his Dialogue of Leofric and Godiva:—

'The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in my boyhood, has always much interested me; and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby. When I showed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and on his reaching the last line, his laughter was loud and immoderate. This conversation has brought both laughter and stanza back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads*; so heart-strickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if anyone else should wish another laugh at me.

In every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer,
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place!—W. S. L.'

Nonconformity has found worse advocacy in the casual writings of men of letters than this, from a Dialogue between Washington and Franklin:—

'*Washington.* In the proper choice of teachers, and in the right course of education, are to be found the best preventive laws against despotism. Wherever there is a political church, of whatever creed, supported by the shoulders of the people, whether against their will or partially with it, there will be much dissatisfaction and much intolerance. Unhappily most of Christ's doctrines are superseded or explained away. There is one indeed which was never in fashion, and which, where all are good, is among the best. *Commune with thine own heart in thy*

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*chamber and be still.** This if attended to in England and Ireland, would speedily send episcopal thrones into the lumber-room.

'*Franklin.* When certain men cry loudest they feel least. Indeed there is a great deal less of bigotry in the world than is usually supposed, and a great deal more insincerity. Our faith is of little moment or concern to those who declaim against it. They are angry, not at our blindness, but that the blind will trust his own dog and staff rather than theirs; and, what is worse, that he will carry the scrip. This is wilfulness: they would fain open his eyes to save him from the sin of it: and they break one or two bones because he will not take them for his oculists.

'*Washington.* Love of power resides in the breast of every man, and is well regulated and discreet in few. Accompanied by genius, it is likewise too frequently accompanied by pride and arrogance. Although it assumes to itself the highest character, it is really among the weakest of our affections. Christianity, in its unadulterated form, is perfectly adapted to control it: in its adulterated, it has been the main support of aggression and iniquity. If ever we reduce it in America to an *Establishment* (as people call it) its spirit flies, and its body so weighs upon us, that we cast it down, or let it slip quietly from our arms. For Christianity is in itself of such simplicity that, whoever would make an establishment of it, must add imposture; and from imposture grows usurpation.

'*Franklin.* Every mother, if left to herself, would teach her child what that child, during the whole of his lifetime, pays dearly for being taught, and what from such payment makes often an unkindly and unjust impression on him. He is obliged to purchase a commodity he does not require, and one which, sometimes it may happen, he has a larger store of than the patentee and vender. The most pious and moral men upon earth are the inhabitants of New England; and they are so because their consciences have never been drilled nor swathed, and because they never have been taught to divide their offering, the prayer and psalm on this side, the bag of wheat and truss of clover on that, between God and the ministers of the church.'

'Gebir' is unquotable, to any purpose, in small space. From the minor poems we should be glad to quote a beautiful dramatic dialogue between 'The Parents of Luther,' but it is too long. The following, to the memory of Southey, who had been Mr. Landor's friend, (and for whom some readers may remember he has recently had a battle with Emerson apropos of the passage in 'English Traits,' 'He (Landor) pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?') is surely very fine:

'Not the last struggles of the Sun,
Precipitated from his golden throne,
Hold darkling mortals in blind suspense;
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, tho' far above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.
Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!
Thus, O my Southey! poet, sage, and saint!
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
What voice in anguish can we raise,
Or would we? Need we, dare we, praise?
God now does that, the God thy whole heart loved.'

And this, to Charles Lamb's sister:—

'To the Sister of Elia.

'Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

* This 'doctrine of Christ' is from the 4th Psalm! Notice, too, how Landor-ish is that patronage of the gospel—'all are good.'

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'He leaves behind him freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears,
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.'

We cannot help a sighing smile over this apostrophe to 'Satire,' when we remember Mr. Landor's late blunders:—

'Satire! I never called thee very fair,
But if thou art inclined to hear my pray'r,
Grant the bright surface that our form reflects,
The healthy font that braces our defects:
But O! to fulminate with forked line
Another's fame or fortune, ne'er be mine!
Against the wretch who dares it, high or low,
Against him only I direct my blow.'

Here the great, brawny man dances a jig:—

'Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Heavily is Tsing-Ti laden
With one love, and three-score woes.
Sweeter than the herb Yu-lu,
Or the flowering Lan, are you. . .
What long eyes! and what small nose!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sands that your short feet have stray'd on
Turn to musk or ambergrise:
Every other girl's seem longer,
Ay, and darker, than a conger,
And they only make me sneeze.

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
All the verses ever laid on
Beauty's tea-tray, would fall short
Of your manifold perfection . .
And alas my recollection
Can perform but little for 't!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sadly do I want your aid in
Summing up amount so rich!
But if any little thing
Should escape your sigh-sore Tsing
Call him back, and show him which.'

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And here, the conscious Immortal shows through the jilted lover:—

'Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.'

It has been said that 'Gebir' contains only one fine passage, about a sea-shell—which Wordsworth appropriated! But that is a mistake. Take a specimen:—

'And now the chariot of the Sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which, when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpè close across the sea.'

And one more:—

'By all the gods I pity thee! go on;
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame,
For when a lover only hears of love
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,
With contemplation, with humility,
A tatter'd cloak that pride wears when deform'd;
Away with all that hides me from myself,
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise:
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt
Than from the barest folly of our friend.'

But after all, Mr. Landor,—though he despises sonnets and sugarplum poems,—is only the poet of fine fragments. For criticism, however, he does not care. With him what is done is done, and must speak for itself. Fiercely independent as he is, it is not to us that he is responsible for having approached Christianity in an attitude to which she yields nothing; for having absorbed as much truth as he chose, and misapprehended the rest. We are all apt, in our way, to do a similar, though not the same thing. In the course of nature, the old man will soon pass the dividing-gate which will shut him in where human eyes can never follow him, and human judgment never reach his ear. Though, upon second thought, the latter clause is more than we know of the dead.

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Weekly Penny Literature.

The Welome Guest.
The London Journal.
The Family Herald.
The Weekly Novelist.
The Home Magazine.
Reynolds's Miscellany.
The Guide.
Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper.
The Educator.
The Leisure Hour.
Sunday at Home.

We have placed at the head of this paper the titles of about a dozen publications which we have recently read, as well for our own information as for the purpose of being enabled to form some opinion concerning the popular literature of the working classes of this country. We have been so instructed and informed by our labour,—and it has been a far heavier and more unwelcome task than we even anticipated,—that we have thought it worth while to bring the results of our examination before a portion of the Christian public who may be willing to lend an 'attentive ear' to what we may have to say, and to whom some practical suggestions likely to lead to an improvement of a literature that is exercising so vast an influence over the largest class of readers in this country, will be sure to occur.

Lord Brougham, after careful inquiry, estimates the total circulation of the penny weeklies at not less than a million copies. We believe this to be an under-estimate, but a million copies a-week would reach a fifth of the adult population of England and Wales. Such a power is, or might be, almost as great a power as the pulpit: in one respect it is even greater for the teaching of one of these journals assists to mould the minds of more than half a million readers. Such an influence, rightly exercised, would be, next to the sacred Scriptures, the greatest power for good in the world. Reflect for a moment on this circumstance, and then read the book which enjoys such an advantage. It has nothing better to put before such a congregation—a congregation so awfully great that to imagine it is to break up the deepest fountains of tears, than the weakest 'tales of love and murder,' 'mystery,' and 'romance.' Duels and dungeons, runaway matches, and the exciting adventures of love-sick princes and romantic princesses, are the staple commodity supplied to this craving multitude. There is a little weightier material thrown in with this—Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to two gallons of sack—but this possesses, if anything, less moral element than the flimsier material. This is a motley collection of heavy facts—facts which are commonly as good for the moral nature as stones for the physical—occupying room and creating indigestion.

The majority of the papers whose titles we have quoted,—six, that is to say, out of eleven,—have, with only a single difference, all characteristics in common. They insert exactly the same kind of tales and exactly the same style of poetry; devote much the same space to 'Answers to Correspondents;' have each a column of 'facetiæ;' each a few strips of thought; and each a cairn of heavy, stony facts. It

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is just possible that the respective editors could tell the difference between the 'London Journal,' the 'Family Herald,' the 'Weekly Novelist,' the 'Home Magazine,' the 'Guide,' and 'Reynolds's Miscellany;' but if the titles were not pretty boldly printed upon each, we should be at our wit's end, after reading any number of copies, to tell which was which. When we are told, therefore, that one of these journals has a circulation of more than a quarter of a million, and when the publisher of another informs us that its circulation is so great that it has to be put to press three weeks before the day on which it is issued, and that, therefore, all answers to correspondents are obliged to be at least three weeks old, we cannot avoid asking ourselves the reason of this pre-eminent superiority? The only answer can be, that these are the oldest journals of their kind, and that the others have been projected in consequence of the enormous success of their predecessors. In all other important respects the difference of one from the other is as 'tweedle dum from tweedle dee,' if it were not that the last is a difference, not of origin, but of termination!

Amongst the six penny weeklies which we have grouped together, the 'London Journal' enjoys an unquestionable superiority. Its general contents resemble, in nearly all respects, the contents of the five other weeklies, but it alone has had the sagacity to seize on a superior literature of fiction. It commenced, two or three months ago, reprinting Sir Walter Scott's 'Kenilworth,' with illustrations (and very good illustrations they are), and the novel was completed in about twenty numbers. It is now reprinting 'The Fortunes of Nigel.' This is a great step in advance from the 'Castle of Otranto' style, which is that usually adopted by the novel writers for the penny weeklies. It is, at least, equivalent to lifting its readers from the 'Victoria' Theatre to the 'Princess's.' Sir Walter's fine moral instincts, his wit and humour, his insight into, and power of delineating human character, and his vast antiquarian knowledge, will educate his new class of readers to a higher and a better taste. Even his bad or prejudiced historical information may teach them that history may possibly be interesting, and induce them to enter upon its study.

The 'London Journal' excels also in one or two other respects. It has less of a tale-writing, and more of a miscellaneous literature, than some of its contemporaries. In the last number before us, that for October 23rd, only four pages out of sixteen are devoted to jealousy and duel, a very moderate proportion indeed, when compared with other journals. The rest of the contents need not shame a periodical of much higher pretensions. They are, an old classical English ballad; a sketch, with engraving, of the new statue of Sir Isaac Newton; an admirable story from Ben Jonson; and bits on domestic medicine, chess, gardening, statistics, &c., &c., &c., ending with those rare and curious 'Notices to Correspondents,' which have so largely contributed to the success of this class of periodical.

Fiction of the weakest, most sentimental, and most 'moving' character is, however, the staple productions of the weekly penny

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press. We present the reader with the exquisite titles of all the tales in the single current numbers of the other five journals whose names we have given:—

The Stolen Ring.
Edith; or, Truth and Trust.
Changes and Chances.
The Lost Treasure.
Look Out!
The Maid of the Lighthouse.
Martha Bell; or, The Old Abbey Farm.
The Wife and Sister.
The North Sea Rover.
Laurence Franzlin.
The Woman of the World.
The Emigrant's Daughter.
The Sepoys.
Alice Leslie.
The Twin Beauties.

Wonderful marriages; wonderful plots; wonderful imprisonments; wonderful escapes; wonderful lost children, cruel fathers, and dreadful robbers and pirates, are the principal characters in these tales. And then for action! A celebrated dramatic critic has said, that the three great rules for successful dramatic composition are Action, Action, Action! Why, there is enough and to spare in any one of these stories for half a dozen dramas.

It is important, however, to notice that it is this characteristic which obtains such great popularity, and such a vast circle of readers, for these journals. They are subscribed for mostly by servants and journeymen-workers, who, knowing little of the stimulus of society, read with avidity anything that will relieve their colourless lives. It is a lower stratum of the same class that, with the same hunger for excitement, crowds the 'Surrey' and 'Victoria' Theatres of London. They want 'pleasure,' and pleasure they will have. As it has not been supplied to them of a superior quality at a price they can afford, they seize the inferior, and are so glad to get it that it takes three weeks for the best presses in London to print one day's issue of one of these journals.

We have alluded to the universally 'wonderful' character of the tales which adorn these remarkable publications. The 'tales from Blackwood' are nothing to them, and that is saying as much as any one dare to say. Some twenty years or more ago 'Maga' inserted a story of the 'Iron Coffin,' which caused a horrible sensation at the time, but, 'Oh! horrible, *most* horrible!' our weekly journalists can improve even upon the 'Iron Coffin.' The utmost stretch of Maga's imagination did not reach to a *hot* prison, a prison such as we now have the pleasure of laying before the fancy of the reader: we quote from the delightful pages of the 'Weekly Novelist' for Saturday, October 30, a description which we have no doubt has been read at least half a dozen times by the most regular readers of that periodical:—

'Enrique said no more, but stood up to have the bonds taken from his feet, and when this was done, and the chain removed, he was led from the cell, two stout men taking him in charge, while two more politely waited upon Gomes. A fifth went ahead with the lantern, preceded by the official, while the sixth walked in the rear. Enrique could see but very little, for the only light he had was from the dim lantern, yet he could see that he was being led along a low, arched corridor of solid masonry, deep within the sides of which were sunken many doors. He

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fancied he was not going towards the place by which he had entered, and ere long he had confirmation of it, for they had come to a narrow, steep flight of stone steps, only wide enough for two men to go abreast. These they ascended, and they led to another corridor—still dark—but which, for some distance, had no doors upon its sides. By-and-by Enrique saw, a short way in advance, a point where the passage seemed to contract into a smaller arch. Perhaps this was the outlet—and yet he felt no fresh air. As he came up to the place he saw that this was an arch built within the passage, and he fancied 'twas of iron! In a moment after he had passed the iron arch he was stopped. Further progress was cut off, for only solid walls were about them.

'"Now we'll remove your manacles, and in a few moments you shall know your fate."

'As the official thus spoke, his attendants cast off the irons, and then left the place. The officer had already gone. Enrique heard a deep, dull crash, as of the falling of some ponderous body, and he started towards the arch. The lantern had been left behind, and by its light the youth could now see quite plainly. He gained the arch, and—that was all! A solid wall had intervened! He caught up the lantern and hastened back. A massive door of iron, thickly studded with bolts, barred up the passage. He examined it to see if it could be opened, for he had heard no bolt moved, nor had any other act of securing it been apparent. He cast his eyes over it, and a cold shudder ran through his frame, and the lantern dropped from his grasp.

'"What is it?" asked Gomez, in alarm.

'"See!" gasped Enrique, pointing to the sides of the iron arch. "This door has been let down from above! It slides up and down in these grooves! It is no hinged affair, to grow rusty and shut slowly, but its own terrific weight brings it to its place in an instant. And see how tightly it shuts."

'Gomez picked up the lantern, which had fallen in its proper position, and examined the door for himself. He found it just as his master had said. It had glided down, in neatly fitting grooves, from some space above the arch, and was firm and tight.

'"And the floor is of iron!" cried the esquire, after he had examined that portion of the place.

'"Ay—and the walls, too," responded Enrique.

'"And the ceiling," added the esquire—"that is iron as well."

'A further survey satisfied them that they were not mistaken. They were in an apartment about ten feet square, by the same in height. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling were formed by massive plates of iron, and the whole made into one secure mass by stout bolts not over an inch apart. Not an aperture—not even a chink of any kind, could be found!

'Gomez put down the lantern and gazed into his master's face.

'"And thus we are to die!" cried Enrique, clasping his hands upon his bosom. "Eleanor has failed in her mission!"

'"How long can we live here, allowing that no air can get in or out?" asked Gomez.

'"I know not, my dear Gomez. I am not skilled in such matters. Yet I think we shall want fresh air ere we want bread."

'"The thought of such a death is terrible, master."

'"Ay," returned Enrique, shuddering. "To die inch by inch—to feel young life ebbing away while the love for it grows stronger and stronger—to know that a tyrant—a villain of Satan's own coin—has the very heart that beats here within his power, to stop its pulsations at will—to know that sun nor moon nor stars, nor the sweet balmy breath of heaven, can cheer and sooth us more—and, alas! to feel that those bright, loving eyes will beam upon me never again—oh! 'tis fearful."

'The young knight leaned against the iron wall, and bowed his head upon his hands; and thus he stood for some moments.

'"It must be morning, Gomez," he said at length.

'"Ay—I should think so, my master."

'"And if it is, what then?" the youth mumured half to himself. "What hope have I in the morning?—It must be well into the day."

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'Another season of silence ensued, which was broken by Gomez.

'"How warm and sultry it grows here!" he said, wiping big drops of sweat from his brow. "Do you not feel it, my master?"

'"'Tis warmer than it was," returned Enrique, at the same time brushing the moisture from his own brow.

'"How close!" uttered the esquire, a few moments afterwards. "My very feet feel the increasing heat."

'"Your FEET!" exclaimed the knight, starting as though an arrow had pierced his heart.

'"Yes," said Gomez, astonished by the suddenness of his master's manner.

'Enrique stooped down and laid the palm of his hand upon the iron floor.

'"Terrible!" he ejaculated, "we are in the FIRE CHAMBER."

'"The *Fire Chamber!*" repeated Gomez, vacantly.

'"Ay!" resumed Enrique, almost in frenzy: "that cruel invention of Almanzor, which he invented to roast Christians in. Feel the floor! feel the floor!"

'Gomez stooped and laid his hand upon it, and found it hot!

'"Ah—see there! Look! Oh, look there, Gomez! See that red spot!—See the monster's hand in its fiery hue of blood!"

'Gomez looked, and in the further corner—the corner opposite the door—he saw a bright red spot which had not been there before; and as he watched he could see the curling atmosphere which circles up from great heat.

'"*'Tis red-hot!*" he gasped.

'"And 'twill be all red-hot ere long!" whispered his master, heavily.

'"Alas! alas!" ejaculated Gomez, clasping his hands. "Is there no help?"

'"The door!" cried Enrique, darting towards the arch. "Let us try it."

'Gomez quickly followed him, and they tried to find a place upon which to gain a hold. They lifted against the bolt-heads, but their hands slipped, and the huge door moved not a hair. In frenzy they tried to force their fingers into the mortice beneath the iron mass, but it was filled entirely up by the iron which had fallen into it. Then, as the frenzy grew stronger upon them, they kicked against the metal plates with all their might, and cried out for help.

'They could do no more.

'"We might as well try to lift the big peak of the Morens," gasped Gomez, as he fell back against the opposite wall, faint and weak.

'"There is no escape," groaned Enrique, as he turned from the door, and pressed his hands upon his brow.

'"See!" whispered the esquire. "See how it grows! Oh! Holy Virgin, how hot!"

'The knight gazed upon the red spot, and he saw that the whole corner had assumed the same fearful hue, forming a triangle of over a yard on each side. With glaring eyes the youth stood and watched the advancing demon. His breath came hot and quick, and great drops rolled down his face. The atmosphere of the room was heated to an intense degree, and respiration was laboured and painful.

'Once more Enrique rushed to the door and pressed his lips against its edge. He tried to draw in cool air from the groove, but only a noisome stench of rancid grease and rust greeted his senses. He laid his tongue upon the iron, but it was as warm as his own flesh. He turned his gaze upon the opposite corner, and the sides of the triangle were longer still. The place had become an oven, and the victims now breathed only in destroying heat.

'The knight turned his weakening gaze upon his faithful attendant, and saw that he was sinking upon the floor. The poor fellow's tongue was fearfully swollen, and he forced it out as though for fresh air.

'"We'll die together!" Enrique gasped, as he sank down by his companion's side. "Gomez—God have mercy on our souls!"

'Gomez tried to say Amen, but he could not. He could only return his master's embrace, and gaze up with a pious, prayerful look.

'In a moment more the knight himself was beyond the power of speech. The changes came quickly now. The heat of the red floor had absorbed all life-sustaining principle, and imparted its own fatal fervour to the walls and the ceiling. Enrique felt a terrific pressure upon his lungs—he gave one gasp—and he could

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breathe no more! Wildly he started to his feet, with the last effort of his expiring strength, for the floor beneath him had become insupportable. He threw his arms aloft, and tried in vain to expand his chest. There was no air to breathe, and the lungs could not move!

'Enrique de Moneva saw the red demon upon the floor—it spread—it grew—it took fantastic shapes—imps and demons seemed to leap out from the mass of torment—the brain reeled—the sight failed—and heat and night closed the scene of pain; for, all unconscious, the youth had sunk—a hopeless thing, without life or motion, at the feet of his esquire!'

We cannot quote more, but to relieve the feelings of the reader, may state that there is a *Deus ex machind* after this, and that the knight and his squire escape, not quite unscathed, but without having received any mortal injury.

'The Welcome Guest,' and 'Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper,' are of higher rank than any of the penny papers we have yet mentioned. We have reason to believe, however, that Mr. Cassell's useful and laudably ambitious little journal is the only one of these two which circulates to a great extent amongst the working classes—the 'Welcome Guest' enjoys higher patronage. We regret that we can discern no superiority in the literature of fiction published in Mr. Cassell's paper. There is perhaps not quite so much "blood and thunder" as in some other periodicals of a similar class, but the writing is inferior, and therefore little adapted to elevate the literary taste of its readers. The general contents of the 'Family Paper' are, however, of a superior character; they are chosen with great tact and skill, and evidently with a high and consistent purpose. We have no objection to give a voluntary advertisement of the contents of the last number before us, viz., for October 23rd:—The Blessings of Poverty—A French Lesson—A Chapter in Natural Philosophy on the Decomposition of Light—A Literary Notice of Charles Shirley Brooks (one of 'Living Celebrities') with an admirably engraved portrait—A Description, with two good engravings, of the Atlantic Telegraph—and A Sketch of Barcelona, with engraving. Besides these, there are three tales, or parts of tales, and the never-omitted 'Notices.' There is no one, however great may be his information or refined his taste, who could not read Mr. Cassell's paper with some advantage.

The 'Welcome Guest,' as we have already said, moves in a little higher circle. It is no secret that its editor is Mr. Augustus Sala; and it is less a secret that the 'Welcome Guest' originated in a quarrel with Mr. Dickens; Mr. Sala having been a principal contributor to 'Household Words.' The 'Guest' bears evidence of a higher order of literary culture being engaged in its production than in that of any other penny weekly. It is more original in style and in contents, but its single numbers lack variety. There are only three papers in the number for October 23rd, and one of these, occupying nearly half the space of the whole number, is from 'Debit and Credit,' which the 'Welcome Guest' is reprinting in its pages. It is obvious that this journal would not circulate to any great extent amongst the working classes, and perhaps it is not intended that it should. The sketches of manners and society which appear in its

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pages are, however, worth the whole number. Mr. Dickens himself could scarcely be more microscopically minute than the writer of these papers. In the number before us there is an article, descriptive of secret scenes at a fair, the revelations of which may startle some of our readers, who have no objection to taking their children to the American Circus at the Alhambra; or when in Paris, to go without their children to the Hippodrome on the Champ Elysées. With the assistance of the writer in the 'Welcome Guest,' we transfer the following two or three pictures from life behind the scenes at a fair. The first is descriptive of the way young ladies are educated for equestrian exhibitions:—

'Meantime, a man had brought the "bare-backed steed" into the ring, and was preparing him for rehearsal. This was done by means of an old saucepan full of powdered resin. Filling both his hands he plentifully anointed the back, flanks, and withers of the brute, to prevent madam from slipping. Next the man took madam's riding-shoes and submitted the soles to the same operation. All being now in readiness, Mr. Cracknell (in his shirt sleeves and smoking a short pipe) took his stand in the middle of the ring, armed with a tremendous whip. I never saw a longer whip than that of Mr. Cracknell. Presently, poor Poll, still in tears, her hair dishevelled, and without her coronet, slipped into her sandals, and in an instant sprung on to the resinous steed.'

'"Now, then," said the circus-master, "see if you can't get through it this morning without making a fool of yourself. Round you go! Bear out'ards with the left leg, hard, and keep your eyes striddy on the inside of the in'ard ear. Right you are! Now then, when I count six, spring up and for'ard as far as you can—you'll come down on his back right enough. One—two—three—four—five six—up! You won't do it—won't you?" and the next instant the long thong of Mr. Cracknell's whip coils lasso-like round the waist of the luckless Poll, and she is down among the tan. "You'll do it next time, I fancy," said Mr. Cracknell; and then turning to us: "You wouldn't believe that for the whole mortal six weeks I've had her I can't learn her to do nothing but go round and round that blessed ring; it's enough to aggravate a saint! Come!" (to Poll) "up you gets! no funking *now*. Four—five—six—up! Ah, I thought you'd do it that time;" and the facetious Cracknell turns to us with a grin and a chuckle.'

Next we have the secret of training horses to kiss—we believe this performance is one of the most loudly applauded of the entertainments at the Alhambra:—

'The pony and the circus-master were on the ground together—Mr. C. reclining across the pony's stomach. "Look sharp arter him now," whispered the scratcher-man, "he's going to do the kissing trick." I did look sharp after him. "Kiss me, my dear!" said Mr. Cracknell, and sure enough the pony turned his face instantly—not from affection, though, but because Mr. C. had inserted his sharp elbow beneath the shoulder blade of the poor beast, and thus produced spasms of agony that passed for kissing.

'The pony was now allowed to regain his feet, and Mr. Cracknell proceeded to "converse" with it. Previously, however, he had taken from his waistcoat pocket a ring which fitted the tip of his forefinger, the said ring being furnished with a tiny spike, bright and sharp as a needle. "Now, sir, ain't you much obliged to me for the education I've given you? (Application of spike to pony's ears—pony shakes his head). You wouldn't, eh? But suppose I was to die, wouldn't you fret very much after me? (Spike to ear again, and another shake of the head). You wouldn't, eh? I suppose then you'd be pleased? (Application of spike to pony's nose—pony tosses his head). You would, eh? Be off with you, you saucy little monkey."'

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And, lastly, how a dog is taught to smoke:—

'"Next dog!" exclaimed Mr. Welter.

'A whine was heard from the kennel of the politician, but he presently made his appearance, and stood sadly watching his master. His master took from his pocket the same little black pipe that I had seen between the dog's lips the day before. This time, however, Herr Welter dispensed with the nonsense of filling the bowl with tobacco; he just placed the stem between the bars of the fire-grate, where he allowed it to remain for about half a minute, by which time the *bowl* was so hot that Mr. Welter was fain to use the corner of a towel in taking it up. "Now, sir," said he to the dog, "come here and catch hold." The dog, slinking down on its haunches, hesitated. "Do you hear?" exclaimed the man passionately, and at the same time applying the scorching pipe to its nostrils. The dog, in an agony of pain and terror, snapped at it with his teeth, and began to "talk politics" in the most piteous way.

'"Drop it if you dare," said Herr Welter, balancing the loaded end of the whip over the dog's head.

'"He'll burn his tongue, won't he?" mildly remonstrated Mr. Cracknell.

'"He will, if he puts it in the way," replied the canine schoolmaster, laconically.

'The argumentative powers of the poor brute failed him as the pipe gradually cooled, and Mr. Welter finally took it from his lips.'

We dare say the engravings form a very powerful source of attraction to the class of readers for whom the penny journals are designed. In the estimation of the proprietors we know them to be generally indispensable, of which we need no further proof than the fact that it is not an uncommon thing for nearly £100 to be spent upon a single number. One is astonished at the correct drawing, good taste, and fine skill, displayed in most of the cuts which embellish these periodicals, and more especially the 'Welcome Guest' and Mr. Cassell's Paper.

Nor is poetry quite neglected. Professor Longfellow, Mr. Bayard Taylor, and other writers, are laid under regular contribution. The editors have the good sense and the regard for their readers not to insert much original matter of this kind, and if the poetry that reaches the table of the editor of the 'Welcome Guest' is a fair example of what is usually sent, they spare the public a heavy infliction by their forbearance. The following is a gem which the editor of that publication once received:—

'Whate'er our position may be,
It may be truthfully said,
That we can't fail to be happy,
If we are but contented.'

But the 'Notices to Correspondents' cannot be less attractive to the readers of the penny journals than even the romances. Romance! There is romance in almost every communication received. The 'situations,' to use a dramatic phrase, would fill nearly half a novel; and 'Punch' himself, in these his more degenerate days, is scarcely ever so amusing. This compound of Lord Chesterfield and M. Soyer; of the Model Lawyer and the Family Physician; of Tattersall and Mr. Spurgeon; of Sir Bernard Burke and Tom Cobbler; of the Statist and—the Fool, is peculiar to modern cheap literature. Imagine the

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'Spectator' giving directions for the removal of piggeries and grease spots, or the 'Tatler' discoursing learnedly on 'British port!' Alas, what a descent from the ancient dignities of the editorial chair!

Allow us, dear reader, the privilege of presenting you, as a first sample of the contents of these interesting columns, with the following sentimental budget:—

'Rosebud and Lily would be glad to know the first symptoms of love. We presume they are something of this kind—to dream of the *person* by night,' &c., &c.

There! We really can't go on, but in eight or nine of the journals we have read there are at least thirty answers of this description.

More mildly drawn is the following:—

'You should, of course, be polite to the daughter of your employer, but it is enough to bow to each once a day!'

Slightly different:—

'You should have the finger marks removed from your white satin braided waistcoat by rubbing with the crumb of stale bread!'

And still more different:—

'It is useless to preach against flirting!'

An injured editor's lament:—

'Little-minded people alone find fault with journals which not only advocate, but do all in their power to assist the self-education of the people: and those of the clergy who join in the cry against cheap literature are, to say the least, subject to the charge of acting from sinister motives—perhaps because they are only half-educated themselves; or, it may be, because they would usurp a priestly authority in secular matters, which the Reformation most wisely deprived them of.'

A flattered editor's vanity:—

'Our fair correspondent begs to assure us that now she has given "Reynolds's Newspaper" a trial of one month, she shall continue a "constant subscriber," and never take any other. She thinks there is no greater treat than to plunge into the review department and enjoy an intellectual revel amongst all the choice quotations from the many excellent and interesting works therein noticed. Then she likes the "literary miscellanea," in which there is always so great a variety of interest that she is quite astonished how it can be sustained week after week. Finally, she has come to the conclusion that "Reynolds's Newspaper" is the best family newspaper that is published.'

Sample of the variety of answers to the same question from various correspondents of one journal:—

'As to his hand-writing, it is what is called a good commercial hand.'
'As to the hand-writing, your own is the best,' &c.
'Cynthia wishes to know whether her hand-writing is like that of a gentleman? It is, to some extent; but it would be less so if she were to omit flourishes.'
'Your writing is good.'
'Your hand-writing is capable of great improvement.'
'Your writing is sufficiently good for an office.'
'Your hand-writing is very good, and you must be aware of it.'

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A plain receipt, not less plainly spoken :—

'Charles wants to know how to impart a swarthy tinge to his complexion. Try a bottle of Day and Martin's blacking.'

There, good reader, you have some fair average samples of the condescension and gravity of editorial wisdom in this nineteenth century.

On a general review of the publications we have selected for notice, we gladly confess to a feeling of encouragement with regard to the character of this great portion of popular literature. The latter are, as a rule, much better than the earlier, and the earlier have been improved by the improved tone of the latter. The working classes of this country have now, notwithstanding all the deficiencies of their periodicals, a better and a superior literature to that enjoyed by the highest classes a little more than half a century ago. But it is still a glaring and disgraceful want in the whole of this vast field of letters, that so far as any direct or indirect recognition of the Christian religion is concerned, they could all have been printed two thousand years ago. They have neither religion of sentiment nor religion of thought, nor is the spirit of religion breathed through any one of them. The only relations they recognise are relations to princes and robbers; to 'lovers' and friends; or to soap, hair-wash, and blacking. Such a thing as a Christian tone of writing is unknown to them.

The cause for this defect we need not go far to seek. The proprietors must believe that religious writing of any kind would not pay and in one sense we believe them to be right. Religious essays would be avoided by all the readers of these publications, but would they avoid reading a popular life of some of the early martyrs, or a well-adapted life of Buxton, Wilberforce, or Brainerd? Would they shun Bunyan and his 'Pilgrim's Progress?' Would they sneer at Livingstone? If they read with avidity the 'Pirate,' would they not read, if they could get it to read, 'Never Too Late to Mend,' or 'John Halifax,' or 'My Novel?' We are no believers in the inferior tastes of the working classes. Their rough vices are usually not one-hundredth part as vicious as the politer vices of the 'upper circle.' We believe that they have good sense enough to prefer good literature to bad, and virtue enough to admire good great men before bad great men. But there is nothing to create the taste for such reading. Neither the 'Leisure Hour' nor the 'Sunday at Home' does it; they circulate mainly amongst the middle classes, and they are branded with the mark of the Religious *Tract* Society. This work has to be done by an enterprising Christian tradesman, who would, we believe, find a better periodical to be a good investment, and to be a fine field of Christian usefulness. Until some one moves in such an enterprise, the comparatively empty trash of the 'Guide,' and the 'Weekly Novelist,' must be the garbage on which some millions of readers will be compelled to feed.

A general suggestion which we would make is, that it would be well for Christian preachers and pastors to look a little at this literature.

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It is a common habit to turn away from it in disdainful and supercilious contempt; but power is never contemptible, and any one of these journals has far more power with the masses than any twenty preachers that could be named. Perhaps it would be easier to reach the hearts of the more uncultivated if we studied a little more closely their favourite literature, as, for the reason that it *is* their literature, it deserves to be studied. If we had procured some knowledge of it in the past we might earlier have thought that it would be quite possible to improve it.

We do not, however, want strictly religious journals for the working classes. They would not read them. We want publications such as those before us, but imbued with a religious spirit, or such as Arnold described to his friend Hare when he wrote, 'I want to get up a real Poor Man's Magazine, which should not bolster up abuses and veil iniquities, nor prove to the poor as to children, but should address them in the style of Cobbett, plainly, boldly, and in sincerity, speaking the very whole truth in love.'

A Christian Common-Place Book.

THERE are few, if any, whose course of action in any particular matter has produced the effect they had in view, or has yielded all the fruit they expected to gather from it. There are few, if any, whose prosperity, whose comfort, whose safety, has grown out of their own carefully planned and deliberated measures; few, if any, who do not know that their advantages have proceeded from circumstances which they never had in view, which formed no part of their own plans, and over which their own course of action had no conceivable influence. Many of us may have been enabled to do something wiser, greater, better, than ever entered our minds — but this has not only often been without the consent of our own judgment, but upon strong compulsion and contrary to the tendencies of our will.

What shall we say to these things? There is nothing better than that a man should live in the feeling that it is not to be his purpose, but the purpose of God, that must stand sure. He may have plans and designs — indeed the business of life cannot well go on without them; but he must know that God is not bound by his plans, and is under no obligation to bestow his prospering blessing upon them. God has a plan of his own for every one of us. If our plans agree with his, well — he may bless them; but if not, he will either make them promote the purpose which he intends, and which we did not intend, or will try our faith by blasting our beloved plans altogether — that he may bless us in his own way, and lead us to safety, to usefulness, to blessedness, by paths that we know not of, and by ways that never did enter or could enter our minds. Let us not, therefore, be discouraged if our plans do not answer to our minds—if everything turns wrong upon our hands. We know that he is not unkind; we know that he does not forget us; and we have reason to hope that he only brings our own small plans and devices to nought because he has something of his own—something larger, something far better—in store for us. How many are they to whom God has not spoken comfortably until he lured them into the wilderness, where the soul, withdrawn from amid the ruins of its broken plans and frustrated hopes, is alone

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with him, sees him alone, leans on him only.

Oh, for the blessedness of that man who has been enabled to realize the most entire conviction—and that not as a theory, but as a practical truth—that God doeth all things well, and that his work is perfect! The grinding and low cares of this life have no place with him. He knows that all his affairs are guided by One who cannot err—that he is watched over for good by One who is never weary. Human friends may weary of him, and shake him off, if he becomes troublesome by his wants; but he heeds it little—his God invites, solicits, is gratified by the entireness of his dependence, and by the full and undivided burden of his cares. Strange is it that we are so slow to claim the rights thus given to us, and which we ought to regard as inestimable privileges. Yet how few are they, known to any of us, who do truly realize the many precious promises and gracious invitations to do that which can alone make this life tolerable. How few are they who realize experimentally the declaration of the prophet: 'O Lord, *I know* that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Or this: 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is in vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.'—*Dr. Kitto.*

Record of Christian Missions.

WHAT is the present state of the missionary cause in India, and what is to be its future? are the two questions which those who take the most active interest in missionary work are now asking. We are enabled, from the correspondence addressed to two or three of the larger missionary societies, to give some information in answer to the first, and, from a letter to the London Missionary Society by one of its agents, to cast a little borrowed light over the future plans for labour. God be thanked that, notwithstanding the terrible darkness that has hung over that land for the last two years, His cause has not suffered one iota! Cheerful news now comes in from all quarters, and the missionaries are bracing themselves for labour with unabated zeal and unabated confidence.

There is a singular omen of future success in the very first news that we quote. The mutiny, as we all know, broke out at Meerut, and at Meerut the first manifestation of the power of the gospel has taken place. The circumstances are narrated in the 'Panjaubee' newspaper as follows:—

'During one of the raids frequently rendered necessary in the neighbourhood of that station, a vernacular Bible was left in the village we allude to, whether by design or accident we do not know. It fell into the hands of a man who could read, and he began to study its contents. One of his neighbours noticed his attention, and bade him throw the book away, as the Feringhi Raj was at an end, and he need not trouble himself about books. The reader replied that he found it written in the book that "heaven and earth shall pass away, but his (my) word shall not pass away," and persisted in his researches.

'On the district settling down into a more peaceable condition, our friend had not only resolved on himself knowing some of the doctrines taught by his book,

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but induced others to follow him; and a number went into Mirut to beg for instruction at the hands of the missionaries. It was of course most gladly afforded, and the pleasing result is, that there is, at the present moment, a promising congregation of some sixty Christians in the village, who have obtained the services of a native catechist, and have organized local institutions that promise the most cheering results.'

The 'Bombay Guardian' furnishes information not more encouraging, but equally satisfactory. It states that more than 200 converts had lately come forward to receive baptism at the hands of the missionaries, at Chota Nagpur; and it also states that in another district the missionaries had received forty new converts to their churches within six months.

This is in connexion with the Church of England missions in the north-western provinces; but other bodies have some success to report. Mr. Williamson, of the Baptist mission, has been travelling through a portion of the district under his care, and records the generally favourable reception that has awaited him:—

'Having this time, as once before, taken a circuitous route, both to and from Deoghur, we had a better opportunity of making known the gospel in many Bengali and Sontal villages, in both of which we were welcomed, particularly the latter, where the gospel appeared to be listened to with lively interest. In two of these villages, on my asking the principal people, Mungees and others, if they would like a missionary to speak to them in their own language, and teach them the Christian religion, they replied that they would. I am sorry they have been so long neglected, and would strongly advise a mission expressly for them without further delay. Their idols are few compared with those of the Hindoos, nor do they appear much attached to them. They have no sacred writings, nor are they a priest-ridden people, like their Hindoo neighbours. And I am almost certain that had we laboured among them as we have done among others, our labours, through the blessing of God, would have been better repaid.'

There is a narrative in the 'Missionary Chronicle' of the ordination of a Brahmin to the work of the ministry at Vizagapatam, which harmonises with these results, and shows that the Spirit of God is moving upon the face of the waters all through India—north, south, east, and west being equally enriched by His blessing. The narrative is remarkable as containing a history by the Brahmin of the whole circumstances attending his conversion,—not the first of such history, of course, that has been written; but it is written in so cultivated a style that it deserves to be quoted for its literary merits. After stating how he first came to attend a missionary school, the Brahmin writes:—

'I was ashamed of the character of the Hindu gods, so that I could not look to any of them for salvation. While I was in this miserable condition, I fancied that I could find something in Vedantism to satisfy my mind. Alas! that abominable system undermines the very foundation of morality, and impiously charges the Most High with being the author of sin. I was so far led away in my mind by Vedantic notions, that I began to doubt whether there was any real difference between right and wrong. I foolishly tried to satisfy my own mind that what are called the First Truths in moral science in Abercrombie's book on the Philosophy of the Moral Feelings, were not true. The arguments that Mr. Hay used to show that God could not be the author of sin came home powerfully to my mind.

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Divine truth was gradually fastened upon my mind, I believe by the Spirit of God; so that I felt at last that I was a lost sinner. It appeared for a while too good a thing to believe that the great God would become a man to suffer and die for sinners. When my mind was filled with fear and dismay on account of my sins, I prayed to God without the mediation of Christ and found no relief. When, in the midst of the troubles of my heart, I tried to console myself with the contemplation of the glorious orbs in the evening sky, the thought would powerfully occur to me that I had no right to console myself with any thing while I remained an unpardoned sinner. For some time I had no peace in my mind. Nothing could make me happy. Through the mercy of God, the truth of the gospel became more and more clear to my mind, so that I believed that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the world, and that it was my duty to receive him as my Redeemer and Master. But there were many obstacles in my way, which seemed for a while invincible. The fear of man, the pain of being irrecoverably separated from my dear mother, sisters, and brother, and the like, greatly depressed my heart. It was providential that the English books that came my way contained some truth which recommended to my mind the religion of Christ, and encouraged me to become his follower. Even the few Scripture texts that I met with in "Robinson Crusoe" comforted my heart, and helped me to call upon God for help.'

The result was, that he found perfect rest where only rest can be obtained, and that ultimately he gave himself up to missionary labour. Are not all these facts more than encouraging? The Church of Christ here has, month after month, been praying for the witness of his Spirit in India, and lo, the answer to the prayer! The disaffected are made friendly; the ignorant are taught the way of life, and the proud in sin are humbled to the very feet of the Saviour.

We mentioned, a month or two ago, that a missionary conference has been held in India, and gave a general summary of its proceedings. In the 'Chronicle' for this month, there is a letter from Mr. Sewell, of Bangalore, who was appointed secretary to the conference, detailing some circumstances connected with the subjects discussed. Amongst others, and most important of all, was the reorganization of missionary stations. A general complaint hitherto has been, that the stations are too far apart, and the spheres of labour consequently too wide spread. As this subject bears very intimately upon future work, we quote Mr. Sewell's remarks:—

'There was one topic of great importance which occupied much of the attention of the conference, and which is of so much immediate interest to our own society, that I may perhaps be permitted to anticipate the views stated in the report. It refers to the system of occupying a large district, by keeping one or two missionaries only at its central town, with no other stations of the same society within one or two hundred miles distant. This system was very strongly and most unanimously disapproved. Partly from circumstances which could not then have been foreseen, and partly from the want of more correct views on the part of some of our early missionaries in India, our society has unhappily fallen into this error to a much greater extent than any other. Unfortunately, too, it is one extremely difficult to correct. Our Coimbatoor, Salem, and Cuddapah missions, were pointed out as prominent instances, but others might have been added. There was but one opinion in reference to such stations, that they ought

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either to be immediately reinforced or transferred to some other society. It is not meant, however, that these provincial towns should be occupied by four or five missionaries, as we might occupy the city of Madras, or a place like Bangalore, containing a population three or four times as numerous (with a variety of languages, &c.) as any of them. The idea is, that other stations *in the district*, and at moderate distances (say from ten to twenty or thirty miles), should be occupied around the central town, and the whole carried on as one mission. In many cases, these subordinate stations would require only a single missionary, who, being so near his brethren, would be able to hold frequent intercourse with them.'

Other writers speak in similar terms of this defect of organization, and entreat the societies to consider it.

British Columbia is likely to engage our attention for some time, and we are glad to notice that most of the societies are preparing at once to occupy this field. The Church Missionary Society has already sent a well-qualified and well-paid agent; the Propagation Society advertises this month for another volunteer in the same field; and the Wesleyan Society states that four missionaries from its body are to be sent, forthwith, to this new land of promise.

This is not the only place requiring 'more labourers,' however. Here is an appeal from South Africa. We quote from the Wesleyan 'Notices:'—

'A few days after our arrival here I was visited by an intelligent young chief, accompanied by a large retinue, the whole of whom were covered only with blankets, besides a quantity of beads, and such like. The object of his visit was to ask for a missionary to come and reside among his people. He told me he thought the people of England must have forgotten him, as he had been long crying for a missionary, as had his father before him; and now several had been sent out, but none for him. I told him he was not forgotten, and that missionaries were sent, not to individual chiefs, but to as many people as were within our reach, our commission from Christ being, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." I also informed him that if he and his people were at all accessible, I would visit them as soon as possible, and preach to them. After a long conversation, he thanked me for my words, which he said were very good, and told me that, although I looked very young, I was his father; and that, if I would visit and preach to him and his people, he would do as I said.

'This same chief also applied to our general superintendent, the Rev. William Impey, for a missionary, when he was passing through his country; and as he is at the head of a very extensive tribe, it was thought advisable to locate a native teacher amongst them, in connexion with this circuit, at a place nearly twenty miles from here.'

Lastly, this month, a bit of humour from a bishop, Selwyn, of New Zealand, describing an incident in his recent tour, the journal of which we have frequently quoted in this 'Record:'—

'Belleni.—Here the whole male population seemed to have come out to meet us. A large flotilla of canoes stretched across the track by which we were approaching the island. They appeared to be of the same race as the people of Santa Cruz; but less rude and noisy than their neighbours. We were glad to buy some small turtle from them, to vary our sea-diet; but while we plead guilty to

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having eaten turtle soup on board the *Southern Cross*, we hope that none of our friends will withdraw their subscriptions on the ground of the expensive and self-indulgent habits of the Melanesian mission, as the turtle cost a hatchet apiece, and were served out to all hands. You have heard, perhaps, of the gentleman who withdrew his subscription from a missionary society, because the missionaries were said to keep turkeys.'

Monthly Retrospect.

We suppose the Quarterlies in January will discuss the proceedings of the Social Science Conference, and, therefore, we, a Monthly, who are privileged to speak many weeks before our aristocratic contemporaries, need not be abashed at the idea that we are a little behind time. One may blush at being late at a dinner party, but if your business compels you to be late you may put a good face upon it, and look down any frowning visitor, or even a frowning hostess herself. The Weeklies look a little foolish occasionally, when the cream of the seven days' news comes the day after publication and the Dailies have almost forgotten all about it; but we all, let it be hoped, serve our purpose,—either to give the news with the most obvious reflections upon it, as do the dailies; to comment more soberly upon it, as do the weeklies; or to revive for an hour or two the things that are being forgotten, which is all that the Monthlies can pretend to do.

It must have occurred to the most superficial reader of the reports of the deeply interesting meetings of the Social Congress to remark upon the great difference between the tone of the speeches at St. George's, Liverpool, and the tone of speeches by the same speakers at St. Stephen's, Westminster. Here is nothing but conciliation, there is nothing but opposition; here is nothing but pure benevolence, there is nothing but the worst of party service; here all is patriotism, there all is selfishness; here the good of the multitude alone is sought, there all the people are willingly thrown over for the sake of a bit of private patronage; here is advocated a reform of all bad laws, there finality, routine, and red tape, stop the way of every improvement that may be suggested. It is a curious phenomenon, to say the least,—and we will only say the least on this subject,—that 'Finality' John—the very incarnation, in the House of Commons, of aristocratic pride, reserve, and hauteur—should so blandly propose at the opening of the congress a reform, leading almost to a revolution, in every department of

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public law. We can only explain the phenomenon by a consideration of the position of the aristocracy in relation to the people during the last two or three years. It has been a position that has been constantly deteriorating. The revelations of the Crimean campaign indicated the utter corruption and inefficiency of the governing classes. Every public inquiry that has since been instituted, down to the present Weedon Commission, has but furnished fresh facts in support of the correctness of the public sentiment. The result has been, a distrust of the class, and the assignation to all its members of a lower moral status than was, perhaps, rightly due to them. Most of the members of the governing classes—those especially who are brought into close and intimate relation to public affairs—seem lately to have become sensible of this change in their position. The press snubbed them; the House derided them or coughed them down; and they have fallen back in their distress, if not their shame, upon the open sympathies of the people. Half a dozen at once are found upon a working man's platform beslobbering them with praise of their manly virtues and their intelligence, not one—no, not one—of whom will be found voting in the House of Commons for a practical recognition of this virtue. They will still tax his only means of intelligence to save their own purses; and every one will seek his private interests at the expense of the public. Public men on platforms and public men in the House of Commons are altogether different persons. We believe that they are obeying their best and most natural instincts when before the people, and that their parliamentary and official lives are, to a great extent, constrained and artificial. We believe in their private honour and integrity, but these and other exhibitions constrain us to doubt whether they have the least idea of public justice. They are like certain Evangelical Church clergymen, who, upon one platform, will express to you their great love, and upon another will order a distraint upon your goods because you cannot agree to their ecclesiastical catechism. We think the best way in both cases is to accept their conduct as sincere. In one place they are very sincere men and Christians; in the other they are not less equally sincere oligarchs and persecutors. Meet them in each case as becomes their due, and their reception in the former may be instrumental in teaching them a wholesome and a very unforgetable lesson in regard to the latter.

We are glad that the people of Liverpool have done just this thing. Casting aside Lord John Russell's later history as a mere obstructive politician, they received him as a man of generally liberal views, of ripe scholarship, and of lofty and well-deserved position as a statesman. The reception was honourable to both parties; and while we feel that on one side there was

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a strong political end in view, we cannot but express our admiration of the generosity shown by the other. A churlish populace would have withheld any expression of popular feeling. Liverpool rose and gave three times three cheers. We take this reception to mean that any advances made towards creating a better understanding between the upper and lower classes, the lower classes are disposed to receive, not merely without jealousy, as would have been the case twenty or thirty years ago, but with gladness, and even gratitude.

Such meetings as those in Leeds and Liverpool cannot, in the end, but be productive of immense good. There may be a great and unavoidable 'waste of intellect' attending them, but so there is in newspaper writing, and an apparent waste also in the whole economy of creation. Scarcely a question, however, was discussed at either of these meetings that was not advanced by the discussion. Many of them were ripened quite sufficiently for being laid upon the table at St. Stephen's, and very many more obtained considerable increase of favour with the public. Discussed apart from all asperities of party feeling, every one having really a 'fair stage' in these out-of-door parliaments, they are likely to be received in the higher court with less opposition. 'Discussed at Liverpool' would be perhaps the best backing which any future bill could bear.

Ecclesiastical subjects have also received some freshening from the winds of controversy. The Church intends to fight for its church-rates. Shrewsbury clergymen and churchwardens have sounded the alarm, and in no very indecisive tone. The majority of the clergymen would, if they could, have 'no surrender,' but a few more liberal men, apparently of higher weight and position, candidly confess their desire to see the impost abolished. A funny churchwarden gave information that, to his knowledge, Dissenters never held the same opinions upon religious subjects for six months together, therefore, of course, they ought to be taxed for the support of the thousand and one opinions current in the Church! The 'Press' newspaper, on the same subject, stigmatizes the Dissenters' agitation as one excited by a miserable minority, and calls upon the public to put down at once all minority agitators who dictate to the Legislature; while the 'Record' chants a *miserere* over the indifference of the High Church party to this question. This waving of all the banners indicates that the next struggle is expected to be the final one.

The Bishop of Oxford, consistently bearing out the character indicated by his popular sobriquet, is fast endeavouring to remove the damaged reputation entailed upon him by the Boyne-hill inquiry. *He* in favour of the confessional—not he! Does not the public voice condemn it, and is

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not the *vox populi* the *vox Dei*? And so the burly bishop takes his stand upon the Bradford platform, and announces that, so far from being a confessionalist, he is a brother of the Puritans. Oh, yes! His sympathies are in a quite contrary direction! and amidst yells and hisses he goes on with his speech, and sits down at last amidst enthusiastic applause. Yet we doubt whether he is half as respected as he of Exeter, who unflinchingly, and in his latest breath, classes all Dissenters with infidels and blasphemers.

Foreign politics, as it happens, present now no point of doubt or difficulty. France, having bullied Portugal into acquiescence with her demands, has removed this chance of disturbance of the peace of Europe. All that awaits her is what has reached us for the Oude transaction—her Nemesis.—Prussian politics, like the character of the Prince Regent, are inscrutable. The near relations of the Prince to the royal family of England have induced a belief that he is liberally disposed, and the resignation of the Tory minister has tended to confirm the belief. But our impression is the reverse, and we shall not be surprised to see the initiation of rule as severe as any that a Protestant country can tolerate.

For ourselves we have work enough before us, and work which may chance to result in our being able to bear a better face before the world. The Reform and Church-rate Conferences, in November, and the discussion on Mr. Bright's speech, will be enough to dissipate the dreariest political gloom.

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

DECEMBER, 1858.

'Revision' of the English Bible.

The revision of the English Bible is at the present time a popular subject. A sense of its importance, and even of its necessity, is becoming extensively diffused, and men of great eminence are employing their talented pens in a way which they hope will prove both preliminary and preparatory to some great undertaking of this kind. It is not to be wondered at that in such a state of the public mind individuals should be excited to try their hands at the work of revision; and we have now to introduce to the attention of our readers a work of this class, which has just made its appearance.*

It will be nothing, we trust, to the prejudice of this work in the estimation of our readers, as it is nothing in our own, that it is published by Messrs. Holyoake and Co. A sufficient notoriety, indeed, attaches to the name of Mr. Holyoake to give a presumptive character to all the publications which issue from his press; the only honourable critical motto, however, is *Fiat justitia*, and we are not among those who would deny, even to the infidel school, an opportunity of making any contribution in their power to so great and diversified a work as the illustration of the English Bible. We will do our endeavour that the volume now before us shall have neither less nor more than justice at our hands.

A person who should take up this book, paying no attention for the moment to either the Introduction, which, of course, is at the beginning, or to the Notes, which are at the end, would find himself in the midst of passages selected from the Old Testament—its finest and most beautiful passages—grouped together under new heads, and sprinkled with new translations. He will soon find, however, that, on the one hand, he has not the whole of the Old Testament, while, on the other, he has something more, in sundry portions of the apocryphal books;

* 'The Authorized Version of the Old Testament Scriptures, revised, condensed, corrected, and reformed.' London: Holyoake and Co. 1858.

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he will find also that the passages he has are extensively dislocated, while there are no references to indicate either what passages are omitted, or whence those which are inserted are derived. If the reader looks to the Introduction for a solution of the enigma which is in his hands, he will not find it; it is to be found, however, in a passage of considerable length, inserted in the advertisement of the book, entitled, 'Plan of the work by the author.' In justice alike to the reader and the author, we shall here present the material portion of this passage:

'Perhaps the readiest way to afford to the reader some sort of general idea of the character of a work, of which the leading feature may be said to be, *the redistribution of the Old Testament Scriptures*, were, to lay before him, in a few words, the process pursued towards its compilation.

'Commencing with the historical Scriptures, the first step taken was, to efface, and then to withdraw, from the body of the work, one of all such portions as proved to have been a second time inserted; the Levitical law, the "genealogies;" titles to the several Books; headings to chapters, and numbers of the same, together with certain other scattered passages, and of which passages it is not to be presumed but that the most conscientious advocate for the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, upon calm considerations (that is, where capable of such), would very willingly consent to see them consigned to an eternal oblivion. This done, there was then displayed in continuous column, and exactly as it came to hand, all that which now remained to me of the Hebrew Bible. I then proceeded, in the course of an almost microscopic investigation, to the dissection of my now condensed volume; severing alike the text, at every break of continuity, inconsistency of sequel, or incongruity of context. So much achieved, the next thing done, was, to shuffle the whole together, exactly as one would the letters of an alphabet, and then to re-arrange afresh all this prodigious mass of mutilated and isolated matter. Which operation was repeated, not once, nor twice, but five and six times over: newer and more felicitous combinations being effected, in measure and proportion, as the compiler found himself to be becoming more profoundly imbued with the genius of the sacred and prophetic inspiration.

'A precisely similar course was followed in the case of each particular prophet. And, as it could not but be, that in the working up of so vast an amount of originally defective material certain fragments would present themselves for which no possible place could be found; such fragments, and such alone, sooner than to totally abandon, it was preferred to interweave, as best might be, with the nearest context which were offered of the next most kindred spirit. This character of ode will mostly be found to be inscribed thus, *Isaiah-Amos; Habakkuk-Micah, &c. &c.*'

The process here described (we cannot conceive why the description was not inserted in the Introduction) is, we should suppose, a novel one, and it is certainly as strange as it is novel. Such a reduction of the Old Testament Scriptures to a 'prodigious mass of mutilated and isolated matter' cannot but seem, we think, to our readers, as it certainly does to ourselves, as arbitrary and wanton a process as any literary Quixotism which can be conceived. No group of writings, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, was, we will venture to say, ever made the victim of such a vagary; nor, if such vagaries are to be sanctioned as legitimate criticism, will any writings in the world be ultimately secure of their integrity.

The ground which the author lays for his arbitrary mutilation and redistribution of the Old Testament writings, consists merely of the fact, which learned men long ago ascertained and acknowledged, that

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the Hebrew Scriptures bear marks of local inaccuracy and derangement; and he avails himself of the testimony of Lowth, Blayney, and other critical scholars, on this subject. It is obvious, however, that he greatly overstates the fact. Nothing that ever has been ascertained or conjectured by critics of adequate information and sound judgment can authorize such a representation of the case as the following:—

'The first thing which must occur to any reflecting mind in the contemplation of the Hebrew Bible, is the conviction that some very great catastrophe has, at some one period or another, overtaken these writings. The soul is awed; we are oppressed, we are distressed; fancy sickens: something tells us that we are standing mid the wreck and ruins of some world before the "flood;" that they *too* have been swept as with the besom of destruction. Babylon or Nineveh scarce lies a verier ruin, or a monument more touching to the foreboding and the deep-toned sorrows of the Hebrew lyre; for assuredly there is something inexpressibly sad in the burden of prophetic wail; it is unearthly; it is sepulchral; it is the last lay of the hopeless.'—P. vii.

This, we hesitate not to say, is a pure extravaganza, in which the author draws largely, we had almost said to an extent without a parallel, on the blended ignorance and credulity of his readers. To what an unwarrantable extent he carries his notion of the dislocations of Old Testament Scripture will readily appear from the examples which he himself adduces. Thus, he says,

'The first and most palpable degree of derangement to be evidenced of the sacred writings most clearly must be sought for in the historical portions. For instance, no man can question but that the twenty-sixth verse of the forty-sixth chapter of Genesis is the legitimate context to the seventh verse of the same; or disallow the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth verses of the fourth chapter of Exodus to have been, in some now unaccountable manner, deranged also. Few will not be disposed to consider the first verse of the third chapter of Genesis to be a sequel more felicitous to the seventeenth verse of the second, than that which is afforded of the eighteenth verse of the same.'—P. viii.

We have carefully examined these references, as our readers easily may after us, and we cannot hesitate to pronounce the notion of 'derangement' the merest fancy with respect to the whole of them. What, indeed, can open a wider field for a wanton imagination than a scheme of finding passages which may form 'a *more felicitous* sequel' to other passages than those with which the writers have conjoined them? Yet not more substantial than this is the ground on which the Old Testament Scriptures have been here 'mutilated and dislocated.'

Our readers may further test the scheme pursued by this author, by the following example of an Old Testament 'Ode' in two forms; first as lying in the Bible 'naked and mangled,' and secondly as 'recovered' by his sagacity.

'*The glory of the heavenly system.*

'Ps. xix.—The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

'2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

'3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

'*The glory of the heavenly system.*

'The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork. Day after day, utter they speech, and night after night, knowledge: there is no land, nor language, where their voice is not heard: their tale, it is heard throughout all the

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'4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

'5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

'6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

'Ps. civ.—Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

'2 Who coverest *thyself* with light as *with* a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

'3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

'4 Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire.'

earth, and their words at the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which, as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoiceth, and as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the skirt of the heaven, and his circuit to the end of the same, nor is there anything hid from his great heat. O Lord, my God, thou art very great, who hast covered him with honour and with majesty: who clothest him with light, as with a garment: who stretchest him out the heavens, as it were a canopy: who layeth the beams of his chamber in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: he walketh on the wings of the wind: who maketh his angels, spirits; his ministers, a flaming fire. . . .'—P. xi.

Here are the first six verses of the 19th Psalm, and the first four verses of the 104th, first 'dislocated' by being separated from the psalms to which they belong, and then violently placed together, simply on the ground, we presume, that they treat of the same subject, 'the glory of the heavenly system.' Why, if this were true, it would not justify the unwarranted apposition, since it is clearly possible, and indeed probable, that the same subject might have been celebrated in different odes, by different writers, or even by the same. The allegation, however, is not true. Any one at a glance may see that the portion of the 104th Psalm does not in any way relate to 'the glory of the heavenly system,' and that it constitutes an utterly inharmonious and ill-judged appendage to the portion of the 19th. The other examples given of so-called 'recovered' odes are not a whit more satisfactory than this. And this is the manner in which the entire volume is composed! We may notice here, in passing, that, in the Book of the Prophets, p. 132, there is inserted a chapter out of the 'Revelation of St. John.' May we ask the author to explain in what part of the *Old* Testament he found this? or why, if he touched on the New Testament at all, he did not proceed further?

We proceed to give our readers a sample or two of the new translations which our author has introduced. For clearness we shall resort to parallel columns.

'GENESIS iii. 1.

Authorized Version.	*Revised Version.*
'Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made.	'Now the devil was too subtle for any living thing which the Lord God had made.

'GENESIS iii. 16.

'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.	'Thy desire shall be to the mastery, yet thou shalt be ruled over.

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'GENESIS x. 23, 24.

'And Lamech said unto his wives, Adah and Zillah, hear my voice, ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech; for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt: if Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold.

'And Cain said unto his wives, Adah and Zillah, Hear my voice; ye wives of Cain, hearken unto my speech: for I have slain a man to my damage, and a young man to my hurt: if Cain be avenged sevenfold, truly Abel seventy and sevenfold.'

We have thus selected from the compass of a single page enough to show our readers how the matter stands. The author gives us new translations, not upon critical, but on purely conjectural grounds, and simply because he thinks they will make better sense. This principle is explicitly avowed in the following passage in the Introduction:—

'In illustration of this observation, I might refer to a passage in the first chapter of Isaiah; one which is probably as frequently quoted as any other in the whole Bible: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Nor does Lowth ever once appear to have been struck with this most patent incongruity, but very gravely proceeds to enlarge himself upon the properties of crimson and of Tyrian dye. In the agonies of remorse, a man might reproach himself, or another might reproach him, with the *blackness*, the *filthiness* of his depravity; but for either to talk of the *gaudiness*, of *red* sins or of *white* sins, were, to the last degree, absurd and preposterous. From the "*letter*" I appeal to the *spirit*; from the *text* to the *context*: for "sins," we should read *hands!*'—P. x.

Certainly, if an appeal from the letter to the spirit after this fashion is to be allowed, all necessity for critical investigation is at an end, and our Bibles will for ever be open to change and contradiction, according to the temper of the 'spirit' which may be brought to the interpretation of them.

Of the objection to which his repudiation of the Hebrew text exposes him the author is not wholly unmindful, and we will present to the reader the manner in which he both states and answers it:—

'To this it will be urged—But the Bible, in its present distribution and rendering (some few inconsiderable passages excepted), is in every way conformable to the earliest and existing manuscripts in the Greek, in the Hebrew, in the Syriac, in the Arabic, in the Coptic, in the Chaldee; and hence it cannot but be admitted that the Authorized Version is and must be, to all intents and purposes, a faithful transcript of the original Old Testament Scriptures.'—P. xxi.

To this, after an allegory which, to our minds, has no relevancy, he replies in substance :—

'A work such as the Hebrew Bible must be examined by the light of *internal, for it will admit of no other evidence*, and by that evidence *alone* must its every pretension be weighed, established, or disallowed.'—P. xxi.

Here a principle is laid down, which, if it could be substantiated, would clearly throw the Old Testament Scriptures into the hands of speculators and dreamers of every school, not excepting even the wildest. There is a vast difference, however, between assertion and proof, and we can only suppose that the author is either unacquainted with, or has been unmindful of, the evidence by which the history of

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the canon of the Old Testament is to be traced. The subject is too large and complex to be satisfactorily treated here, but a good compendium is readily accessible in Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia, under the article *Canon*.

In the assumed absence of all external evidence, our author forms a theory of the Old Testament Scriptures not very closely in harmony, we think, with the internal evidence. The last sentence in the book thus presents it to us:—

'In one word, the Old Testament Scriptures (roundly speaking) would appear to me to be a literature, unique and irrecoverable in its character; to have been exclusively begotten of, and peculiar to, one transient phase of our humanity, and that phase to have passed in the "latter days" of Rome imperial. And in this regard, perhaps, no where to be paralleled save of the *dramatic* writings of the Elizabethan age. Let but the same vicissitudes and lapse of time sweep o'er that *too*, no less gorgeous and inspired age, and, think you, will not the day come also, when will be seen, side by side with our immortal Shakspere, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, the *apocryphal* Rowes, Lees, Southerns; and Otway, as Malachi, accounted the last of the prophets?'—P. 466.

This compact expression of the author's biblical theory contains several particulars not unworthy of more distinct notice.

First, the Old Testament Scriptures are 'a literature;' secondly, they are a 'dramatic' literature; thirdly, they 'have been exclusively begotten of, and peculiar to, one transient phase of our humanity;' fourthly, they belong to 'the latter days of Rome imperial;' fifthly, they may be paralleled with the dramatic writings of the Elizabethan age;' and sixthly, they are in no other sense inspired than are the writings of 'Shakspere, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson.'

And does the author really believe all this? Yes, gentle reader, this is his creed, at least, the creed which he professes. The true inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures he, of course, utterly denies; he denies also their historical character. They are merely a literature, and a dramatic literature; they are also a comparatively modern dramatic literature. Thus, he says,

'I think that it were very, very difficult to establish that any portions of the Old Testament Scriptures are older than, if so old as, the first or second century of the Christian era; or that the *mass* of these writings had, in their integrity, any relation whatsoever, direct or indirect, to the Hebrew polity or race. As a *whole*, they may safely be pronounced to be the *least Eastern*, and the *most nervous and Saxon* literature now extant. They would appear to me to be pre-eminently of *Latin*, or, rather, of *Latin-Greek* descent; and one moment's consideration will satisfy any impartial man that the burden of these writings is perpetually rolling upon those two terrible judgments, which were for ever dangling over the "latter days" of ancient Rome—*democracy and the Northmen*.'—P. 457.

And in order to set forth these two 'terrible judgments,' Adam and Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, David, and Solomon, *cum multis aliis*, are made the subjects of allegorical tales, as 'personifications of humanity.' We must give our readers a few specimens of these.

On the trial of our first parents in the garden of Eden he thus writes:—

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'The allegory, or rather the allegorical fragment, which we are here considering (for some two or three would appear to have been confounded together) is figurative of the assumption of the use of *Reason*; of which the dawning evidence was an attempt to distinguish between "good" and "evil." From which epoch is dated what is commonly called, *The Fall of Man*: that is to say, the time when Man became "Man" in the sublimest sense of the term, *Humanity*; ceasing to inherit the kingdom of *eternal life*, tenanted, to this hour, of the Bedouin and the brute: eternal life simply meaning *the natural state of unreclaimed mortality*, which alone is eternal, or invariable in its character and transmission.'—P. 450.

And thus on the history of Jacob:—

'The history of *Jacob* would appear to embrace one whole cycle of humanity, or, the life of the "plain man." Civilization is traced from its first struggles in the womb, through the elder alarms, duplicities, and wanderings of the days of our pilgrimage, to our reconciliation and compromise with *Esau* in the "latter days," and our re-entry to the land in which our fathers were a stranger.'—P. 451.

On that passage in the sixth chapter of Genesis, where, announcing the deluge, the Lord says, 'I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth,' we have the following annotation:—

'In a sublimer sense, *Man* would here seem to be employed as the personification of all animated nature, and in the sense of "all flesh." This passage, with another which will presently be encountered, "all flesh, wherein is the breath of life," would tend somewhat to abate the more extravagant pretensions of our species, not only as regards particularity of origin, but exclusiveness of accountability. Man is far from being the only animal which has wandered, or apostatized from the original simplicity or savageness of his condition. And to the extent to which these animals, as the horse, the dog, the cow, may be said to have *lent themselves* to the pressure from without, so far may they safely be conceived alike to be answerable, for such, their apostasy.'—P. 451.

The author commences his notes on 'the book of the Prophets' in the following manner:—

'In the classification of Hebrew prophecy, I found two courses open to adoption. It was practicable either to have followed a *geographic* or a *specific* distribution. For instance, all those predictions which relate to *Tyre* could have been classed under the head of "Tyre;" similarly, those which relate to Egypt, Babylon, Zion, &c., could alike have been collected under their respective heads. Or, again, where the *specific character of gratulation, or denunciation* was, to all intents and purposes, *the same*, it were possible to collect all such predictions together; be the recipient Egypt, Babylon, Tyre, or any other state. This latter course has appeared to me to be the more judicious. In so doing, if these writings are to be *literally* and *historically* interpreted, I have erred: if, on the contrary, the names of these several states are but simply *allegorical substitutions* (as is the "Babylon" of the Revelations for the empire of *Imperial Rome*), and to which the key is now in a great measure lost, then have I well done.'—P. 455.

And, accordingly, he tells us, that 'the very elaborate "burdens" of Egypt, Babylon, and Tyre, severally represent the genii of refinement, feudalism, and commerce,' p. 455. Thus, 'the Bible is one gigantic romance, or rather a series of philosophical romances, more or less founded on fact.'

It would have been but reasonable, certainly, before such a sweeping and important conclusion was to be arrived at by the reader, to have

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given him some view of the nature and force of the internal evidence by which it may be sustained. No such attempt, however, has the author made. He treats us with a portion merely, and seems to think what, we suspect, he will scarcely find true, that thinking men will take the *ipse dixit* of a writer who does not even avow his name, as a sufficient basis for one of the most baseless and improbable speculations ever broached to the world. Assuredly there is nothing on the face of the Old Testament Scriptures to warrant such a conception of them. They at least profess to be *bond fide* historical books; and it is infinitely more natural and easy to take them as what they seem, than wantonly to imagine so vast a system of artifice and fraud as must destroy even the moral character of the writers.

In one instance, indeed, the author stands evidently self-condemned. In speaking of the prophetic books, he says, 'If these writings are to be literally and historically interpreted, I have erred.' Why, what does he himself do but 'literally and historically interpret' them, when he says, 'the burden of these writings is perpetually rolling upon those two terrible judgments, which were for ever dangling over the 'latter days' of ancient Rome—democracy and the Northmen?' We cannot see how this interpretation of Old Testament prophecy differs in principle from the application of it 'literally and historically' made to Egypt, Babylon, and Tyre. By his own showing, therefore, it is plain that the author 'has erred,' and we cannot doubt that 'those who think' (to use his own phrase) will make the proper use of his error.

In one point, indeed, his conjectural ingenuity has been sufficiently fortunate, namely, in assigning the 'two terrible judgments of democracy and the Northmen' (we say nothing of the good taste of representing them as 'for ever *dangling* over the latter times of the Roman empire') as objects of prophetical reference. It is the general belief that the irruptions of the northern nations on the Roman territory, and the French revolution of 1792, were contemplated by the Hebrew seers, although this is a very meagre and inadequate account of the scope of their visions. Sooth to say, however, our author scarcely seems to have made up his mind on this subject, for, in another passage, these *two* judgments are advanced to *three*:—

'In the contemplation of the Hebrew Scriptures, three several epochs should ever be present to the philosophic eye—1793; the early settlement of the New England States; and the incursions of the Northmen upon ancient Rome. There is scarcely a catastrophe, or combination of catastrophes, predicted in the sacred volume, which is not reducible to one or more of these three heads.'—P. 452.

In this passage we have not only the author's 'scheme of prophecy' flagrantly violated by the addition of a third event to the two previously specified, but entirely broken up by the addition of an event entirely out of keeping with the others. Grave as we, in common with all other members of the critical profession, are, we can scarcely repress a smile at the mention of 'the early settlement of the New England States' in this connexion. Until now we did not know

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either that this event was a 'terrible judgment,' or that it was ever 'dangling over the latter days of ancient Rome.' Certainly history is very much indebted to the study of the internal evidence of the Old Testament Scriptures.

It is one of our author's favourite arguments for the modern character, and Latin origin, of the Old Testament writings, that they are not in keeping with Oriental manners. Here, for example, is one of his notes:—

'As I do not remember, in the whole course of my life, to have ever read one single word of Persian literature or history, it would very ill become me to say that such a scene as the following could not have been enacted in an Eastern monarch's court. However, I may be permitted to observe, that such a supposition is utterly at variance with all *popular impression* of Eastern customs and manners. It is pre-eminently *Gothic* and German in its every tone and cast. How strongly does it not recall the *tenson* of the troubadour, as it may have existed in its best days? Did ever subject address an Eastern potentate as one of these young men is represented to have done? Whoever saw him fondling with his mistress? When were women there almost deified as it seems they were at this time? How eminently feudal and chivalric is the whole scene from beginning to end. My own impression is, that the recovery of German literature and history, manners and customs, as they existed, say, from the 600th year of Rome to the second or third century of the Christian era, would be found to throw a greater light upon the sacred writings than all the literature of all the East together, perished or preserved. In the very justest proportions, they may be said to be impregnate of three most famous schools—the *heroic*, or Greek; the *classic*, or Latin; and the *romantic*, or Saxon: none doth predominate; and none doth want. That their authors had *heard* of such countries as Egypt, Babylon, Judea, Tyre, &c., is evident, but farther acquaintance it is hardly possible to concede to them.'—P. 466.

No one, however familiar with the Old Testament, would find himself able to recollect a passage to which the earlier part of this note could be applied; and, accordingly, on looking to the portion on which the note itself is founded, the reader finds that it is not in the Old Testament at all, but in the Apocrypha, taken from the book of Esdras, chaps. iii., iv. Now, by the best critics, the apocryphal books 'are regarded as originally not of an earlier date than the second century, with interpolations which belong to the fourth or fifth.'* With respect to the passage on which he animadverts, therefore, the author's strictures may be just enough, but this proves nothing respecting the canonical books. Does this confounding of the canonical and the uncanonical books betray ignorance, or artifice? It seems to us that it must be ascribed to the one or the other; and, in either case, the author's claim to confidence is forfeited.

That the canonical writings of the Old Testament had their origin in the first or second century of the Christian era, is a conceit utterly at variance with historical evidence, and directly contradicted by it. Tried by all the critical rules by which other literary remains of antiquity are tested, they were in existence long before that period, as the author himself, had he condescended to study the historical evi-

* Kitto's 'Biblical Cyclopædia,' art. *Apocrypha*.

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dence, could not have doubted. But even on the supposition that there was no evidence of this kind, what explanation can the author give of the utter silence which succeeding ages have maintained concerning so extraordinary a fact as the generation of such a literature in the second century of the Christian era, until he himself has extorted from internal evidence alone? Of the date which he ascribes to the Hebrew Scriptures, and of the immediately following centuries, many writings are extant, and writings containing frequent references to the Hebrew Scriptures; but in not a single one of these is the theory broached of either the recent origin, or the non-historical character, of the canonical books, although the writers lived at a time when such things, if they had been true, must have been far more easily known and demonstrated than now.

We have said enough, we think, to satisfy our readers of the character of the work before us; but, before closing our notice of it, we will give one more specimen of the manner in which the author proceeds:—

'To demonstrate that to the aspect of but *one* period, or rather of one *character* of period only, were for ever directed the unvarying, the unwearied burden of the sacred, historic, and prophetic page, were hard indeed; it is a theory which can be but sustained *suggestively*, and it is one upon which the opinions of the learned must ever be divided. Addressing myself, rather, to the curious, the piercing and dispassionate, than to the ponderous, alarmed, argumentative, and grave, I shall attempt to sketch the train of thought which conducted me to such a conclusion.

'Firstly, it was perceived, that "as in Adam all died, so in Christ all were to rise again." From whence it was concluded that Adam, *previous to his fall*, and types of the one age; as also, that Adam, *after his fall*, and Christ, *previous to his* Christ, *subsequently to his resurrection*, were the one personification, and, as such, *resurrection*, were equally the one character of type. Adam, after his fall, pertained to the family of "sin" and of "death." Christ, till his death (as having taken on himself the sins of the world), was also of the family of "sin" and of "death." He rose from Adam's fall; which mystery was finely penetrated of the apostle Paul. Again: "A prophet," says Moses, "shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, like unto me; him shall ye serve." Hence, if Moses were to resemble unto Christ so must he unto Adam. These considerations afforded me a precedent for presuming that such parallels might, even yet, be farther pushed. Aware that "from Adam to Christ death reigned in the world;" conceiving, again, the "kingdom" of the "Lord's Prayer" to be one with that from which our first fathers fell, or were expatriated; I then concluded that Christ had proposed to himself the *re-establishment* of the *pre-Adamite* world; that is, *of a world before the "fall,"* and that that world was no other than the one to which it was forbidden to Moses to conduct the chosen race; the time was not yet. If this be once conceded, then must it necessarily follow, Christ's kingdom being the kingdom of the "stone," that the kingdom of the "stone" were *pre-Adamite* in its general character. Again: Solomon was the "son of David;" Christ was the "son of David;" hence were Solomon and Christ the *one* or parallel characters, for things which are equal to the same are equal to one another. If the "last days" were to be the days of Christ, and if those were to be as the "days of Noah," then must the "days of Noah" have been as the days of Christ, as the days of Moses, as the days of Solomon. If the times of Christ were the times of which "*all* the prophets did write;" then, not only did *all* the prophets write of *one* time, but, further, may their writings, *in their general character*, be naturally presumed to portray the times of Moses, the times of Noah, the times of Solomon,

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which, we have already seen, severally to answer to the times of Christ. Some by one link, some by another, every portion of the Scriptures may be shown, more or less distinctly, to refer, as I have already advanced, *to one common epoch*, or *to one common character of epoch*.'—Pp. vi. vii.

We are quite willing to leave this passage without remark; its extravagant license will be its own antidote. We may note the inconsistency of the author, however, in availing himself here of an argument which he elsewhere repudiates. Here he establishes a likeness between Moses and Christ on the ground of the declaration, 'A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you like unto me;' while in a note to which this very passage refers us, he says—

'How sadly this simple statement of Moses, here dignified to the rank of a *prophecy*, were misinterpreted of the authors of the New Testament, it is hardly necessary to say. Moses clearly meant, that after his decease, God would have a care to continue unto them a ruler, or a succession of rulers; and, accordingly, we are told that he did.'—P. 450.

A writer who will thus in the first instance condemn an interpretation as false, and immediately make use of it in argument as true, is either intolerably careless, or wilfully dishonest. In neither case is he trustworthy.

We shall now take our leave of this book, with the simple observation that its appearance is a suggestive sign of the times, as it regards the party from which it emanates. It has long been the fashion of the infidel school—we use the term infidel as descriptive merely—to cast reproach on the Bible; but it is their policy now to do it honour. It is now 'the grand old English Bible,' 'a literature glorious and unique;' imperfect, indeed, but, with all its imperfections, worth recovering at any cost. We take this as an acceptable confession that hitherto they have laboured in vain; and we shall see whether their insidious praise will do more to wean the hearts of men from the Bible, as containing the 'oracles of God' and the word of salvation, than has been done by nearly a century of cavil and abuse.

My Congregation and I:

PASSAGES FROM A YOUNG MINISTER'S DIARY.

. . . . Poor soul! The Sin against the Holy Ghost! How many times am I to listen to the same melancholy tale! . . . . I think the great mistake in dealing with these cases lies in what I may call 'topical applications,' or a treatment purely surgical. To meet them chiefly with direct arguments is like cauterizing a tumour or hacking away at it with the knife, instead of treating it as what it probably is—symptomatic, and aiming to corroborate the patient's system in

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general. It is a great point to withdraw the attention from the subject. My poor brother is like Mr. John Rhubarb, in the Spectator, who, whenever anything is to be said, done, or thought, humbly requests 'That Your Petitioner may have time allowed him to find how he does.' No, my brother, we refuse your petition point-blank; not a minute shall you have to call your own, if we can help it. We'll find out *how* you do by *what* you do. And, now, to provide you occupation! . . . . What an infinite help it would be in these cases of spiritual morbidity if there were a more genial Christian manliness and womanliness abroad; more heart-life and less creedism; more trust and less whim. People take their stand on propositions, and try to project brotherly love from that stand-point. 'I ought to love brother Smith, and I'll begin to-morrow, soon after breakfast.' Brother Smith rather wonders what is up, and nothing comes of it—

> 'So barren sands imbibe the shower,
> But render neither fruit nor flower,
> Unpleasant and ungrateful.'

And besides the formalism, there is often a muddle-headed asceticism puzzling the sentiments, and leaking out subtly in the intercourse, to such a degree that it is palpably dashed with insincerity, and spoilt by consciousness. Two or three friends laugh at a quaint story—but mingling with the healthy music of honest mirthfulness is the sound of a drag-chain in their thoughts, every clank of which seems to say, 'Be sure you do not laugh too heartily.' I have seen, more than once seen, a young brother or sister, leading a pure and gracious life, walking worthily, in 'the purple brightness of youth,' of the holy Name, challenged and confounded in the midst of some quite innocent unconscious enjoyment, with the question, 'Could you ask the blessing of the Lord upon this?'—or, 'Would you wish the Lord to appear in the clouds and surprise you doing this?' I have seen this, in cases where I myself should have confounded the questioner by simply replying 'Yes, I should'—or adding (if anything), 'my Lord would justly be wroth with me if he found me *thinking* at all upon such an occasion. Take back your question, my brother, carry it fairly round the four-and-twenty hours of your life, and you will see how false is your present application of it. The death's head at the feast is a pagan, and by no means a Christian idea. It says, "You have eaten of the tree, and now there is an unredeemed taint in every other fruit of the garden." But my Lord gives me back the promise of the life that now is, folded up in that of the life which is to come, and by my obedience makes me free.' . . . . Well, this is not going so far astray from what I began this note with as it seems. Poor J—— is harassed with doubts about the sin unto death; I feel satisfied that true, warm, unhampered social intercourse would be the very tonic he most requires, next to active employment; and when I look around my people I scarcely know three circles in which I think he would be likely to get it. To be taken clean out of

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himself is what he wants, and the half-life which is lived by those about him will only serve to quicken his wretched self-consciousness. . . . .

How very unsatisfactorily is the question between written and unwritten sermons generally conducted. There is evidently a vague, uncatechized impression on the vulgar mind that there is more reliance upon the Spirit of God, and therefore more probability of being helped by Him, in a spoken than in a written discourse. Yet if those who think thus would push their notion as far as it will go they would of course be compelled to make very destructive alterations in their customary belief on the subject of miraculous divine influence. Next, we have the equally vague, uncatechized idea that there must be more freedom and sincerity of soul in an extempore than in a precomposed discourse. It all depends. It is a *fact* that some men can think and feel most freely in the closet, and, having there given their thoughts and feelings a body, can fill it with *more* than the breath of its original life under the stimulus of a large number of listeners. 'Then, such people should not preach.' It all depends, again, on who *are* the listeners. All things are double one against another; and if there are those to whom prepared speaking (or reading) is the true extempore process, there will also be those who will find their account in being hearers. In point of fact there are; and it is no more opposed to genuine spontaneity that a preacher should write down his thoughts, than that a composer should write down his music, beforehand. Sydney Smith's sneer about 'warmed-up enthusiasm a week old' is natural enough from a man who was never lifted off his feet by an emotion in all his life—but life consists of a series of warmings-up. People talk of the 'dead past,' but there is no such thing. . . . This reminds me of a logomachy between two of my members concerning the question whether a sermon can be considered profitable which does not affect the mind beyond the hour. I was actually present while this was debated, and found it hard to get in a word of common sense, and to put the question—How *can* you tell, my friend, whether the effect of a sermon (or anything else) is permanent or not? When I was a child (said I) I used to have a very vivid, terrible vision of the Angel over against the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, counting up the last slain with his sword of fire. It had passed away from me, utterly. I had read the chapter in Chronicles often since, and again in my study the other day, without recalling the image. Suddenly, in the pulpit, last Lord's-day, while I was reading it aloud to my people, it had flashed up into my face, as fresh as if of yesterday. How foolish (said I) a man must feel who, having made up his mind that a particular discourse cannot influence his mind beyond the hour, finds out some day that it has stayed with him for years, and puts into his hand a clue of thought in the very hour of his need! . . . . To come back to sermons considered from another point of view. If the preacher is only master of his matter, so that

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the spirit of sympathy is free to play where it lists while he delivers it,—then, whether he reads it or speaks it matters in only this one particular, viz., that to read well requires greater skill in the mechanism of elocution than to speak well. To touch the heart of a multitude, it is not supremely necessary that a man (if he has something to say and a feeling heart besides) should extemporize. What is necessary is that his style should be objective, and his treatment human. Plenty of substantives standing for things tangible, and plenty of flesh and blood, and a man is sure to be listened to. The peculiar fault of Church of England preaching has hitherto been a dry didacticism, supposed to be 'chaste.' That of Dissenting sermons is propositionalism,—'appeals' being interspersed or tagged on, instead of the whole vein being lyrical. Our sermons are too long. The lyrical manner cannot ordinarily be maintained for three-quarters of an hour. Why not relegate the expository part of the sermon to its natural place in the reading of the word? . . . .

The ordinary Dissenting chapel is not favourable to solemnity of effect when you first enter it. It is not till after the service is somewhat advanced that the sacred calm comes down and broods over the people and the preacher. Of course the 'dropping in' of the congregation during the first half hour or so has much to do with this: when people are settled in their seats and have arranged their dresses, and their books, and had their coughing over, and let off some of their restlessness in the physical relief of singing, all becomes more propitious to serious emotion. But I myself have often felt as if the walls were too thin!—and the place too open to the street! Thick walls, well-buttressed (I have the Temple Church in my mind's eye as I put this down), with duplication, and even reduplication of doors,—which must not be, themselves, too high,—give a grave, solid, shut-out-the-world, *interiorness* of effect, while our flimsy, shakedown, nine-inch brick cubes give just the opposite. On the other hand, there may be great solemnity of effect in a large building of which the doors are flung entirely open, especially if there be a crowd pressing in. . . . But preaching in out-of-the-way places, such as music-halls, and lecture rooms, has this advantage, that numbers may go and hear who would never enter a chapel. I have actual cases in my thoughts; of persons, for instance, who have not been to a place of worship for years, scarcely all their life, and who would be ashamed to have it said, 'I saw So-and-so at —— Chapel,' but who have gone without scruple to hear preaching at places where their motive might be taken for mere curiosity. . . . . If the whole institution of preaching the gospel could be rid of the quasi-sacerdotalisms which too much cling to it, even among Nonconformist churches! Dissent would move all the more freely in its anti-Establishment struggles if it cleansed its own bosom of some perilous odds and ends of a bastard ecclesiasticism which afflict it with the consciousness that it is not quite true to itself.

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. . . . The news brought by T. M. and Billings were partly glad and partly sad. Glad, that Mrs. T. M. had just become the proud mother of a little girl—for which father and mother were both anxious, having hitherto had only boys. Well, I rejoice with them, as well as I can, at present. The *sad* news forced upon my mind the painful process of tracing to its true source that strange letter upon confession of wrong done. The story told me the other day was indeed one with the leading incidents cut out. T. M. and B. seem only to have got hold of some strange facts which they cannot piece together. I, alone, as far as I can see, know the real truth; death has taken away one of the actors; and the veil must be drawn. It is awful to look on life from such a watch-tower as even mine. You cannot get together a few hundred people without the raw red earth of the fallen humanity breaking out somewhere. . . . . Is it good for me to be alone, when a heartache of this kind sickens me, as it sometimes will?

I have often felt, with oppressive strength, the desire to get closer to the hearts of this congregation in general, and especially of the young in it. The young are a great problem for us all in the churches. There is a fact about our difficulties with them which we must look in the face. It is, that their warm, simple instincts revolt from the formal machineries so often put in motion in their behalf by their well-wishers. It certainly seems to me that the flower of the young men and women of our people do not attach themselves to the customary organizations. The ordinary 'Bible-class,' the ordinary 'Association,' takes up in its net the plodder, the talker, the self-lover, bent on 'improvement' and 'advancement,' the slow coach, the sordid dullard, —with, of course, some others of different mould. But for the most part, the bright, swift, beautiful souls, of both sexes, do not flutter to the lure. There is a subtle air of formalism and insincerity about such things which a fine spirit does not like to breathe. This is plain to those who have eyes to see: to those who have not, it does not matter: let them remain blind—better so—and go on doing good in their own way. But I cannot rest without trying to do something to bring me and my young hearers (especially—though I by no means exclude the old from my plans) into franker, freer contact. How many secret disciples, who now go to Jesus by night only, would be secret no longer, if the first barriers to open intercourse on spiritual topics were broken down for them! . . . This has weighed upon my mind for years, and at last I have made a very humble, simple effort in what I believe to be the right direction in this matter. Simple, I say, with emphasis, because the simpler the means of communication adopted, the better. Formality would be the very bane of what, to my mind, is wanted; so I have no 'class,' and no special service for 'the young.' It is not every young person who likes to belong to a 'class;' or to be ticketed *as* 'young.' Well, I have lately commenced a series of what I have called 'Fortnightly Evenings,'

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with as many of my congregation as choose to come—and I find that the young are beginning to like them, and to come in goodly numbers. Once a week would be too frequent; once a month would give time for the interest to cool; so I say once a fortnight, and make the 'Evening' about an hour and a half long. And thus I manage it. I gave out at starting that I should be glad to receive, up to a given Monday, written communications from any members of the congregation who might like to say a word to me upon any matters suggested by my sermons, or the events of their own lives, or passing events, or their reading, or their inner experience—the communications to be, preferably, signed with real name and address, though I did not absolutely insist upon that in all cases. Upon these communications, I proposed to comment on the following Thursday evening, and, as far as there was time, to enter into conversation upon them, if that should be wished. My idea was to make the whole thing as genial and human as possible, to exclude nothing but levity and wickedness, and to show a real desire to bring the hearts and minds of my friends into fresh, tender, vivifying contact with mine and with each other, as under the eye of God, and with the Cross of Christ in view. The first time, there was some shyness, and I had not many letters—but they were *all signed*, which pleased me greatly. One asked my opinion of 'making the best of both worlds' in reference to 1 Tim. iv. 8. Another, from a young lady, simply sent some verses from Keble's 'Christian Year,' adapted by the writer herself to congregational use, and asked whether I did not think them very beautiful. A third communicated to me the writer's doubts about the original sincerity of Kirke White's mind when he turned his attention to the church upon becoming too deaf to practise as a barrister or attorney. A fourth gave some thoughts, evidently based upon personal experience, of the relation of 'besetting sins' to 'besetting virtues.' And I had, on the whole, plenty to talk about on our first Fortnightly Evening, and felt that I had made a real step towards the end I had in view. The meetings have gone on increasing in interest, and the communications and the conversations to which they lead I have reason to reckon among the most valuable parts of my intercourse with my congregation. They have now been going on for six months, and in that time two of the attendants have, as it were, *glided* into communion, who would, in all probability, never have entered the pale by the ordinary path. I have found these Evenings so prolific in suggestion as more than to repay me for the time deducted from what I might otherwise spend in my study; and I begin to feel as if we were really a *sociable* people!

Mrs. Henderson has scarcely been buried five weeks when the daughter, who has lost father and mother within the year, finds heart and energy enough to arrange a little matter of business for two of the girls in the Staniforth family, by which they are materially assisted. This is pretty well for an 'insignificant' young lady. By the bye,

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my missionary friend has found his sphere, I do believe. He has gone into partnership in a house in a Midland county, and is making a model manufacturer and master—looking after his workmen like a good Christian, and discouraging, as much as he can, the entry of women and children into his mills. . . . . As for the 'insignificant' young lady, I have found her the key-cipher to a good deal of very perplexed writing in the facts around me. She talks of joining her friends on the Welsh border. But . . . .

One vice of preachers and commentators in general I resolutely set my face against in my own discourses and expositions. I mean (if I may so speak) that of *puffing* the Bible. What half-hearted feelings and what imbecility of brain must a spirited, intelligent hearer attribute to a minister who is always using such phraseology as—'We have in this exquisitely beautiful chapter'—'the Apostle here, by a most ingenious train of argument'—'the inspired penman having, by a path of inexorable logic, conducted us'—'few strains of ancient or modern poetry will be found to excel this'—'in these passages, of unequalled sublimity and beauty'—'the Saviour by this fine parable intimates to his hearers'—and so forth. Nor is the matter mended, but rather worsened, if the preacher introduces his praise by a circumbendibus, as thus—'the poet has told us that to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, is wasteful and ridiculous excess; yet we may be permitted to say that the verses before us'—&c., &c. It is not, indeed, that any portion of the Bible may not be *characterized*, like any portion of any other book, so that it be naturally, simply, and without parade and the air of being done of course and *ex officio*. What offends the rough-and-ready listener whose culture is a few degrees above the average is the *muliebris impotentia* of the stereotyped phraseology in these cases. The best way in which I can praise any portion of the word to my people is to read it as if I felt and understood it. The rest I leave to the laws of sympathy; and pretermit all compliments to inspiration. . . . . I marvel at the dull instincts, in these matters, of many whom I honour in my thoughts. Unless the thing sought to be recommended by it tend to flatter the pride or relieve the pocket, there is nothing which so disgusts the popular mind as quackery, or that which looks like it. I have seen a list of discourses 'to the Working Classes' headed exactly thus:—'Come early! Come in your working-clothes! Come and hear the gospel of the blessed God! Seats all free! No collection! Come!' What would an intelligent Secularist think of this? One can guess at what he would *do*,—procure a copy of the bill and send it to 'The Reasoner.' Still worse was another handbill of sermons which (with the alteration of the place of delivery only) was as follows:—'Jehovah Honoured! The Redemptorist Fathers Muzzled!

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Stoke Pogeis Protected!' These things are put forth with, apparently, the most absolute unconsciousness of their absurdity—but woe unto those by whose levity, vanity, and silly effervescence of nature such offences come!

I have found it serviceable to note how deeply laid in human nature, quite apart from positive faith, is the distinction between (if I might put it so in these rough memoranda) the Roundhead and the Cavalier type of character, and how inveterately the one always did and always does misapprehend the other. But we do not always keep that in mind. We take our own peculiar dialect into a quite foreign land without a suspicion that we shall not be understood. I call to mind the well-known story of Fox and Granville Sharpe. The latter, being soaked through with the prophetical speculation of his day, and an expert at bringing Daniel to bear on the last continental news, goes to the minister to talk over the state of Europe, and warn him of certain impending dangers. With perfect *bonhommie* he speaks as familiarly of the Little Horn as of France and of Rome. Fox listens a bit in patience; but at last breaks out, 'Little Horn, Mr. Sharpe! little horn? What *is* the little horn?' Well, an old playfellow of mine, of the Cavalier type of character, has just been with me (after a separation of years) to deplore his utter incapacity to make common sense of a pious book which has been lent him by a friend anxious for his soul. He brings the book with him, and laying it down open before me, with his finger on the passage, asks, with the same sort of despairing non-intelligence as Mr. Fox,—'Having the Son! He that hath the Son! What *is* having the Son?'—as ignorant of the beloved disciple as the minister of the brave prophet. The book had been injudiciously lent, of course. But such incidents are instructive. My friend is a man of positive genius and of a fine heart. Our mental trysting-ground is very wide indeed. He has all the simple superstition of a child in religious matters; but with all his reading, his insight, his unquestionable *heart*, he has no more understanding of a Puritan or of the Puritan spirit than this piece of paper has. Upon such points I can never get near him,—I never could. I doubt if twenty Whitefields and Wesleys rolled into one would enlighten him in the least. 'Ah,' says my friend T. M., 'it is the darkness of the natural mind.' Very good; *your* mind was dark once, but you always *understood* the message you heard—this other friend does not. You cannot get the thing into his understanding at all—it is like trying to beat up oil and water together. It has been tried, to my certain knowledge, under the most favourable conditions,—by a woman who was attached to him, and who thought she should be wrong to marry him, while his mind remained as it was. Quite without success! He has cried over her letters in my society, but he sees not an inch farther before him than he did. He is only a type of thousands . . . . Shall not the

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Judge of all the earth do right? . . . . But let us who teach and preach lay these things to heart, and see that we speak the truth which is committed to us not only in love but in simplicity. And let us remember the Pentecostal lesson, and speak, if we can, to 'every man in his own tongue in which he was born.'

The Castle of Saint Angelo.

(*Concluded.*)

Chapter II.

'My friends and Seraphina's family were a week without hearing of me, and they were on the point of supposing I was dead. The Government at length determined to break silence, and stated that my imprisonment was for a political offence. I languished for twenty days in the prison into which they had thrown me. There are no tortures which can be compared to those which I endured at the Madame Palace; badly fed, a wretched bed, without fire in the depth of winter, without a light, and without books, I was also kept in the most absolute ignorance of everything; I could not help reproaching myself bitterly for the imprudence which had brought me there; I cursed the past and dreaded the future.

'Præteritique memor flebam, metuensque futuri.'

After several months of waiting, my trial began. Every one knows that in Rome trials last an immense time; but, as in my accusation of belonging to a secret society, I avowed everything, save the name of my accomplices, and acknowledged having belonged to 'Young Italy,' my trial went on rather quickly; nevertheless, it was necessary to submit to endless examinations. My examiner was a man between fifty and sixty years, somewhat tall and corpulent. He wore a costume something between a priest's and a schoolmaster's; but I cannot exactly describe it, having never thoroughly seen the individual who was enveloped in it, excepting when seated *pro tribunali* and hidden behind an enormous desk. His head alone was entirely seen, and with reason, for it was the piece truly *capital* of this worthy personage. His face was fat, but long, and terminated suddenly in a very pointed chin; his jaws were at right angles, the cheek bones very prominent, and his nose ornamented with an enormous wart; all the rest of his countenance at the same time red and green, bilious and sanguine, showed a character very easily irritated. A red wig sat uneasily on his bald, uneven head. Surprise was redoubled when he opened his toothless mouth to question the accused. His enormous jaws worked as if they belonged to a skeleton, or to an automaton, and seemed moved by springs. His voice, moreover, had the art in

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pronouncing a single sentence of running over every note in the gamut, beginning with the treble and finishing in a cathedral bass. Such was the being, at once singular and grotesque, before whom I had to appear regularly twice a week; and as I could not always help smiling at the absurd questions he put to me, my inquisitor became more formidable and obstinate in his inquiries, and very many times he stated in his notes of the trial my 'seditious merriment.' During the whole time of my trial, I was rigorously kept by myself, but was allowed to correspond with my friends and family; my letters, however, passed under the governor's eyes. The thought of Seraphina almost killed me; and I was at the same time happy and miserable to learn that she was unalterably resolved to remain faithful. My sentence, a terrible one, was at length made known to me; *ten years' imprisonment in a fortress!* This was for me death preceded by martyrdom. All my family were overwhelmed; Seraphina fell ill, and almost died. A frightful fear tormented mè, that of being shut up far from Rome, in the Castle of Ancona, or Civita Castellana. I supplicated, I petitioned; and at length my friends having procured the mediation of persons in power, I obtained, as a great favour, permission to receive my punishment at Rome, and in the Castle of St. Angelo.

The Castle of St. Angelo is situated on the left bank of the Tiber, in front of one of the most beautiful marble bridges in the city. It was built in honour of Adrian, and served him for a tomb, so that it is still called Moles Adriana. The edifice had the form of a round pyramid, and was surrounded with an immense number of columns and statues placed alternately. The summit was surmounted by an immense pine-apple in bronze, which is still preserved in the museum of the Vatican, and which, it is said, contains the ashes of Adrian. In the middle ages, the popes altered little by little the character of this mausoleum. They despoiled it of its pillars, and took the bronze of their capitals to make cannons. As to the statues, the Romans made use of them at the siege of Alaric as projectiles against the barbarians. After the invention of gunpowder, the fortifications of Adrian's Mole were completed. Ramparts were raised, and furnished with pieces of artillery, ditches dug, draw-bridges placed, and the adjacent plain which stretches to the west, behind the fortress, was surrounded by enclosures. The names of several popes belong to the records of the Castle of St. Angelo; John II. was shut up and died in it; Benedict VI. was strangled there; John XIV. died in it from hunger; Gregory VII. took refuge in it when pursued and besieged by Henry IV.; Alexander VI. sought safety in it; and lately Clement VII. hid himself there, during the attack by the constable Bourbon, and only escaped in a disguise furnished by Benvenuto Cillini. Other persons have given an historical importance to this dismal castle. Crescenci, the predecessor of Rienzi, was hung there; Arnold de Brescia was imprisoned there; Cæsar Borgia submitted to a long detention in it; Charles of Bourbon was killed before its walls by a

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bullet fired from the steeple of San Spirito; Christina, queen of Sweden, levelled her cannons from it against the Villa Medici, now the French Academy of Fine Arts; Michael Angelo sent off from it the first fire-works known; and last, it served for a prison for the celebrated Cagliostro. A secret corridor, the work of the Borgias, connects the Castle of St. Angelo with the apartments of the sovereign pontiff, which are situated in the Vatican.

In the beginning of the spring, when I was scarcely twenty-five, I was transferred to my new prison in this ancient tomb, which was to bury ten years of my existence. I asked, on entering, permission to write to my family, my friends, and above all, to her from whom I had been so cruelly separated. The *castellano*, or governor of the castle, granted me this permission, on condition that my correspondence should be submitted to his control. I agreed, and began to write innumerable letters. Placed at first in a damp and dismal cell, I was soon transferred to a more comfortable chamber. The friends of my family had already spoken to the governor and officers of the establishment on my behalf.* My youth, my position, the gentleness of my manners, did not fail to win the sympathy of all. I must not omit saying, that my detention in the Castle of St. Angelo had nothing in common with the horrors of Spielberg, known to all the world by the revelations of Silvio Pellico. I was treated with some respect, and even with a certain kindness. I regulated my occupations; reading, study, the walk, my correspondence, and sometimes a conversation with my fellow-prisoners, filled up the hours of the day. The walk had, above all, especial charms for me, thanks to the magnificent panorama which spreads itself before the Castle of St. Angelo. From the summit, where there is a kind of platform, is seen the city, cut in two by the Tiber; on the right the Vatican; in front, and on the left, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the Capitol; then behind the city all the Roman Campagna, Tivoli, Frascati, the Apennines, and those thousand landscapes perched so artistically on the top, or nestled so invitingly on the sides of the neighbouring hills. On the days of great religious solemnities, I gladly exchanged my chamber for one of the cells made quite on the top of the fortress, near a chapel bearing the significative name of *St. Michael inter nubes.* I was there as the demon under the feet of the angel. I gave myself up to watching the mingled crowd pressing under the walls of the castle, and I felt a sort of melancholy joy in comparing this distant movement with my aerial retreat.

Notwithstanding these moments of forgetfulness, I was often weighed down with ennui and despair. I could not console myself with being separated from Seraphina, and I knew not what expedient to have recourse to, in order to see her. I thought of this one;—I had in Rome an aunt whose daughter was nearly of the same height

* The population of the Castle of St. Angelo may amount to two thousand persons; besides the condemned of every sort, the governor, several civil officers, and a tolerably numerous garrison resident in the fort.

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as Seraphina. My father, by reason of their title as relations, asked permission to see me with them, which was granted, after much difficulty. The rest is easily understood; Seraphina replaced my cousin, so that twice every month I could pass some minutes in company with my aunt and my betrothed. By degrees the officers of the castle became accustomed to the presence of these two ladies. The governor even granted me permission to accompany them to the chapel of the castle, where they had reserved seats.

In waiting, our youth passed away; but if I sometimes fell into dejection, it was not so with my betrothed one. All that she did to obtain my freedom could not be told. Strong in her virtue and in the holiness of her cause, notwithstanding the opposition of some of her relations, she dared to present herself before my judges, before the governor, and the authorities of Rome. She threw herself at the feet of the cardinal secretary of state to obtain a pardon for which I had declared I would never take a single step. Wherever she presented herself, her youth and beauty attracted notice, so that her name, once pronounced, conciliated the respect and esteem of the persons she addressed.

She could only, however, obtain insignificant promises, which were of no use. She resolved then to reach the Pope himself, and obtain an audience from him, but her request was refused. Three years passed thus away in useless efforts, which Seraphina hid from me, that I might not be discouraged. I had for a neighbour, in a cell near mine, the most clever forger that perhaps has ever existed. An educated, intelligent, hardworking, patient man, Alberti had all the good qualities of his bad profession.

For many long years he had followed the trade of forger, and had realized considerable sums of money, by means of pretended rare manuscripts, which he sold to strangers. He studied in the public libraries the fac-similes of the different sorts of writings belonging to the great men of Italian literature, especially Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso; and when he had succeeded in imitating perfectly the peculiarities which the autographs of these great writers presented, he set himself to transcribe them, and then announced them as genuine signatures, discovered, but found by him, at sales of scarce articles or at old book stalls.

His first attempt being crowned with success encouraged Alberti, and he went still farther, determined to imitate the style of Petrarch and Tasso.

With this idea, he procured old editions of Latin classics, and added to them marginal notes, which he said were in the handwriting of Petrarch. He succeeded also by dint of study and the gift of undisputed ability in perfectly imitating the prose of Tasso. It was not only in appearance that he had succeeded in imitating these writers, but even the sentiments, the ideas, the faults, and even certain new words which he had admirably caught. He invented in this manner the whole of an enormous correspondence between Eleanora d'Este

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and her unfortunate lover. He composed, besides poetry and sonnets, amongst others an ode to the famous bandit Sciarra, who had saved Tasso's life.

This clever forger, by the aid of these apocryphal manuscripts, succeeded in deceiving the most learned men of Italy. He was at last discovered by an unfortunate manuscript of Silius Italicus, which he said had once belonged to Petrarch, and whose marginal notes 'were upon the pages.' The idea of this forgery was very ingenious. It is known that Petrarch has treated in his fine Latin poem, 'De Africâ', of the two first Punic wars, and that Silius Italicus on his side has written on the second Carthaginian war. Therefore, starting with such a fact, we may easily presume that the Italian poet had commented on, if not copied, from him who had previously treated on the same subject. This calculation would have succeeded if he had not made an error of some years! In fact, the Spanish poet was only made known some years after the death of Petrarch, in 1414, by Poggio Bracciolini : thus he could not have been illustrated with notes by his pretended commentator. The fraud was discovered, and the trial of Alberti ended, as did mine, in ten years' seclusion!

Alberti was a very agreeable companion. His varied conversation, his distinguished manner, lively imagination, and obliging disposition, were a great comfort to me. Imitation to him had become a fixed idea, and showed itself singularly in the relations that now existed between us. I had made him acquainted with nearly all my secrets; he succeeded in deceiving me to a certain extent several times, but always in very harmless things, in fabricating letters in the name of my parents, friends, and even that of Seraphina. He showed me once a whole plan of forged documents, by means of which we should be able to escape, for, from the order of departure even to the passport, everything seemed to him easy to imitate, so much so, that he produced with an incredible exactness all the seals of the administration, in doing which a compass, some pencils, pen and ink, sufficed him for the exercise of his talent. Two other very mysterious personages were also detained in the Castle of St. Angelo. One of them, whom I may not name, belonged to a princely family, and was imprisoned for some reason which I have never well understood. The other was the Abbé Dominic, Abbé of Geneva, whose trial made so much noise in Italy.

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Meantime my health was seriously impaired; ennui, grief, and a sort of nostalgia had seized on me. The thought of having marred Seraphina's future life followed me with an obstinacy that sometimes unsettled my mind. I then made a melancholy resolution, resolving to sacrifice my happiness to that of my betrothed; I wrote to her, entreating her to renounce me, and bestow her affection elsewhere. Her fortune, her beauty, her virtues, would assure her a suitable marriage; while in sharing my fate she would only marry at the end of several years, an unhappy man, broken down by sufferings, and unable

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to give her the happiness which she deserved. Seraphina sent me for an answer a short letter, in which, after bitter reproaches, she said she would never consent to give me up, and that if I should not keep my word with her, she would retire into a convent.

The jailer, whose special charge we were, suffered himself to be easily moved by the soft sounds of that metal mentioned in the Figaro of Rossini. His physiognomy and his costume, which can never be effaced from my memory, were these—little, thick-set, and hump-backed, he wore a cap of black velvet, always on one side, and a blouse with large straight stripes of green and red. His close-fitting pantaloons reached to the legs of his boots, into which they were tucked. This singular dress was nothing in comparison with the peculiar expression of his countenance, pitted with small-pox. His shark's mouth, parrot's nose, jet-black whiskers, all contributed to give him a singular expression; and truly with his boiled fish's eyes, his complexion of wet sponge, and his dress of knave of spades, he was more like a caricature sketched by some whimsical painter than a real being. This was the man from whom was to be gained, by means of money, some extra hours of liberty. I knew it was at his own peril and risk; but for good ready money he had granted another prisoner the same favour which I wanted. Repulsed at first, I succeeded by degrees in making him accept my proposal. By means of my own economy, the sacrifices of my family, and Seraphina's generosity, I saved up a sum large enough to come to terms with my jailer. Twice a month he allowed me to go out of the castle, by a back door, under favour of a disguise. My absence was only to last four or five hours, and I gave my word not to exceed this limit. Everything was agreed upon, when just at the moment of putting it into execution, Gregory thought of imposing on me a new and very onerous condition. He would absolutely have an hostage for my person. My friend Julius generously offered himself, and the substitution was accepted. The jailer, overwhelmed by gold, showed himself easily satisfied as to the rest.

The thought of enjoying a little liberty made me calm, and almost restored my health. The month of May had just begun, and the sun shone in full splendour. The whitethorn, the violet, and the honey-suckle, scented the fields which surrounded the castle. There was in the air, that soft, enervating perfume, which intoxicated the head and heart. The wished-for moment had arrived, the gates were open to me. I felt myself with both hands. I ran, I drank in the air, then I stopped, I breathed, I ran again, anywhere, without direction, to convince myself that I was not in a dream. Suddenly the remembrance of Seraphina restored me to myself. I started at the thought. I ran to her house; no sooner had I arrived than we threw ourselves into each other's arms and wept. I returned at the appointed hour, in consequence of which Gregory granted me extra leaves, so that twice a week I passed the night out of the castle. At length, the keeper decided to trust me with the key of the little back door, by which I

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went out, but I always took care to return punctually before break of day. One night, having avoided three or four sentinels that were in my path, I arrived near a door, which I knew opened into the corridor connecting the Castle of St. Angelo with the Vatican. This door was not shut, so I pushed it gently, when it yielded. Curiosity made me go still farther; I advanced, determined to assure myself whether, as was said, the corridor, by means of a hidden door, led into the bedroom of the Pope. I had scarcely advanced a hundred steps when I heard behind me a slight noise, then a grinding of bolts and hinges. I looked round and saw a light coming near me. Not knowing what to think of this apparition, I quickened my steps, and continued to walk rapidly in the shade. By the aid of the feeble rays of the moon, which penetrated between the roofs and walls, I noticed in the middle of the corridor a large sentry box, standing in the exterior enclosure, in which I hid myself. A minute after I saw a man pass, carrying a lantern, then another enveloped in a large cloak. A ray of light falling on them, I recognised the Pope, preceded by his confidential valet Gaetinino! My judge and my persecutor was in my presence, and almost in my power, and I was obliged to make a superhuman effort to restrain myself. I fell frantic with emotion on the ground, and it was only the freshness of the morning air that restored me to consciousness. It was now time to regain my cell, and happily the entrance to the corridor was only shut on my side with two bolts and an iron bar, so that I could easily open the door. The recontre that I had with the Sovereign Pontiff in such a place, and at such an hour, was due to the trial of the Abbé Dominico Abbo. The examination of the accused took place at night, and to be present at it secretly, Gregory XVI. went sometimes from the Vatican to the castle, passing through the corridor where I met him. Declared guilty of assassination, Dominico Abbo was condemned a few days after to death, and executed in the same castle.

One Sunday, my aunt and Seraphina had come to the chapel of the fortress, when the greater part of the officers and prisoners were present. At the close of the mass, the officiating priest turns towards the communicants to bless them, and at that moment I rose from my place, and, taking Seraphina's hand, I went with her and knelt before the high altar. There, in a loud voice, I said, 'Reverend father, this is my wife.' Seraphina promptly replied, 'Reverend father, this is my husband.' I then rose, and turning towards the congregation, I said, 'Gentlemen, be witnesses of our union, legitimately and publicly contracted.' Every one has read in Manzoni's 'Betrothed' a similar project of marriage, attempted by Renzo and Lucia, but which failed in consequence of the terror of Abbondio. It might, perhaps, be thought by some that this way of understanding the seventh sacrament is a mere romance, and that in reality these marriages by surprise are not tolerated in Italy. Let such persons, however, undeceive themselves. In Rome, especially where the civil contract does not exist, they hold the *probable* doctrine (to use the

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expression of the casuists), that in marriage the contracting parties themselves are the only ministers, and the priest only intervents to give the nuptials benediction:—at Rome, I say, these clandestine marriages are very common; only the espoused encounter the excommunication, *latæ sententiæ*, but their union is not the less legitimate.

Unutterable confusion succeeded to the astonishment caused by our conduct. The officer on duty was enraged, and sent immediately a keeper to watch me, and seize on my person. Ordered to appear before the governor, Seraphina courageously withstood his menaces and reproaches. The attitude of the young wife, who gave such a noble example of constancy and devotion, produced a happy impression on the minds of some of the high government functionaries. The Pope himself was touched by it. Our adventure in the Castle of St. Angelo, and the conduct of Seraphina, began to be spread abroad. All the city was moved for the young heroine of this romance, which had commenced in the chapel of a prison, and was continued in the palace of the members of the Holy College. The youth of Rome warmly interested themselves in this affair, and nothing was talked of in the *salons* but our marriage. They made sonnets in honour of Seraphina, and, wherever she appeared, she was received with marks of admiration and respect. But the police beginning to be alarmed, made the governor of the citadel believe that the students would carry me off by main force, so that I was henceforth more rigorously kept under surveillance. My health soon suffered from this increased severity. I began to spit blood, and, after strong entreaties, I was transferred to the infirmary. The clergy and religious on their side took part in the debate, but solely from a canonical point of view; yet, though opinions were divided, all agreed that it was a new case, presenting peculiar features, that the marriage was valid, but that it involved serious consequences.

One last and great effort remained to be attempted; it was to reach the Pope himself, and obtain from him what his representatives refused with such obstinacy. Besides, Gregory XVI. knew perfectly our situation; Seraphina, who, although previous to our marriage had borne a formal refusal, was not now discouraged, and demanded an audience of the Pope. I say *audience*, though the word is incorrect; the Pope never grants an *audience* to women, only when he consents to listen to their complaints; he suffers himself to be approached at the hour of his walk in the gardens of the Vatican, or the Quirinal, and this is looked on as an accidental meeting rather than an arranged reception. Officers in high authority only can obtain for others this sort of interview in the open air, and hence the Prince Cardinal Massimo, who knew Seraphina's family, was entreated to procure a favourable opportunity for the young wife.

One day Gregory XVI. set out for the Gondolfo Castle, his usual residence during the autumn. A ray of hope shot through the soul of my indefatigable wife. Without loss of time she went with her mother to Albano, a little town situated near the Papal residence.

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Once installed near the pontifical castle, Seraphina's only care was to study the habits of the Pope, and when she had completely arranged her plan, to set about its accomplishment.

It was a lovely autumn evening. The Pope had, during the day, visited all the little towns which surrounded his residence, and everywhere had been enthusiastically received. At Albano, all the streets through which he passed had been strewn with flowers, disposed with the art which presides at an '*infiorata*,' as we say in Italy; immense quantities of flowers of all kinds are procured, their leaves are stripped off into large baskets, each one receiving a colour. By the help of certain strips of pasteboard, and some circles of wood, they make upon the pavement a mosaic of flowers and verdure of several centimetres thickness. Arabesques of all sorts are thus composed, emblems, in the middle of which are traced the initial letters of the prince, sovereign, or pope, to whom this homage is paid. When the '*infiorata*' is completed the road is closed; and the pope and his cortège have alone the right to disturb the elegant preparations.

The arrival of the Pontiff at Albano, with the ex-king of Portugal, Don Miguel de Braganza, had just been celebrated. In the evening the Pope walked to the Barberini Villa, situated at the gates of the Gondolfo Castle, his cortège following at a considerable distance. He walked slowly through a narrow alley, terminated in a semicircular form, like a terrace, and decorated with vases and fountains, from which was a magnificent panoramic view of the country. He had just arrived here, when a woman, clothed in black, her head covered with a long veil, rose from a stone bench, and threw herself at his feet. The old man, taken by surprise, stopped for a moment. Timid at all times, he would have retraced his steps, but Seraphina, seeing that on this interview depended all *my* future, and, therefore, *our* happiness, was the first to break silence; and, though briefly, yet with strong emotion, made known the object of her appeal, and uttered my name. At this revelation the Pontiff became pale with anger, and murmuring in Venetian some unintelligible words, attempted, by an abrupt movement, to rid himself of the importunate petitioner. She threw back her veil, and, weeping, caught hold energetically of the end of the Pontiff's stole. The moment was critical. Overcome by so many emotions, Seraphina fainted, and Gregory XVI., as became a man, supported her, and seated her on a bench. Suddenly, the Pope's cortège appearing, the platform of Barberini Villa beheld a curious spectacle:—The successor of St. Peter, holding in his arms a virgin wife, at the foot of a statue of Jupiter. The silence which the spectators of this scene preserved was only broken by a woman's sobs, who supplicated the Sovereign Pontiff in the name of Christ's religion, which he professed to represent, to give back her husband, whom that religion commanded to follow, to love, and to claim.

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Two days after this event I was summoned before the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo. He informed me that my solitary confine-

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ment was ended, and, after a long preamble upon the inexhaustible clemency of his Holiness, and the enormity of my faults, gave me to understand that I must not hope for a full and entire remission of my punishment, but that if I wished, my remaining five years of seclusion might be changed into exile. I asked for forty-eight hours to reflect. Perpetual exile, instead of five years of detention, was rather an aggravation of pain than favour; at the same time I reflected that even after the expiration of my five years' imprisonment, I might be sent to a distance from Rome, as a measure of security, and I therefore accepted the offer. The next day the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo opened to restore me to liberty, and I took leave of my companions in misfortune with tears in my eyes. I was soon with my new relations. Seraphina, beautiful as one of Raphael's virgins, was dressed with a grace which my captivity had made me forget. A rose, placed in her black hair, set off wonderfully her pale and expressive face. I threw myself into her arms, and, in that embrace, I forgot the agonies of the prisoner and the fears of the exile. Three days were granted us to make preparations for the departure; these I employed in going over Rome and its environs; and in revisiting those spots which had become a part of myself. I felt the need of carrying away, engraved on my mind's eye, the precious remembrance of that Roman Campagna where my earliest youth had been spent. I went with Seraphina to the Villa Barberini, and there she pointed out to me the spot where she had waited the passage of the Pontiff. Before quitting the Albanian hills we visited Mount Cavi, one of the highest summits of the Apennines, situated six or eight leagues to the east of Rome.

Purified by the elevation of the spot, refreshed by the morning breeze, and by a storm which had fallen two days before, the atmosphere was most cool and transparent. A column in front of us bore this inscription in Italian, 'Whoever thou art, if thou thinkest that man might be happy in some places a few moments, stop and contemplate.' What a picture, truly! On the right and left two seas, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, bordered the horizon. Before us was spread the province of Terracina; still further the kingdom of Naples and the Abruzzo, the Marchi, and the chain of the Apennines. Standing out from the sky, in irregular profile, Rome showed itself in the west; and among its edifices I distinguished perfectly the bronze angel on the top of St. Angelo, lately my sad abode. Our eyes rested long on the Roman Campagna, furrowed by the Tiber, bounded on the west by the plains of Nettuno, to the east by the neighbouring hills, while Cape Circeïum bordered our hills, on the side opposite to the eternal city. All this immense extent of land is full of towns, country houses, villas, tombs, ruins, and numbers of rivers and cascades. Our view extended as far as Villetri, and to the plains where Marcellus arrested Hannibal's march, near Rocca de Papa. Five or six lakes, transparent as crystal, reflected the landscapes around them, and gave to them an infinite charm. We remained some time before this fairy

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spectacle; with one glance of the eye we saw the remains of ancient Latin grandeur and the most remarkable works of art of modern Rome. The sun, which had just risen, gave a new aspect to the country. It brought out the various shades of verdure better, revealed the slightest sinuosities of the valleys, hills, grottoes, rocks, little country houses, modest villas, and isolated towers, by which we were surrounded. By degrees, as the day stole on, arose the hum of people's voices, the tinkling of bells, the horn of the shepherds, the bleating of the goats, and the bellow of bulls, to animate the silent beauty of the scene we were contemplating. In thinking that I beheld this sublime spectacle for, perhaps, the last time, tears came into my eyes, and I felt my heart full of sorrow and regret. Adieu, beautiful country of my childhood! Adieu, beloved Italy, fatally doomed to slavery! It is because I have loved thee too well that I must now tear myself away from thee! May our misfortunes be at least an expiation. May the future tell thee some day of the many tears shed, of the blood spilt by thy children for thy deliverance and regeneration.

I descended the mountain, leaning on the arm of my faithful companion. Her presence of mind restored me to calmness. I felt that amidst the misfortunes which were reserved for me in exile, the most essential part of my happiness remained.

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We left the Roman states towards the end of autumn, and directed our steps towards Tuscany.

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I did not know the deeper grief which was reserved for me in this wandering life. It was in Corsica, where we went after leaving Tuscany, that Seraphina felt, for the first time, the symptoms of that terrible malady, which was to make such rapid inroads on her. I cannot speak now of France, of the Balearic Isles, which successively received the poor dying one. Neither the climate, nor my care, nor the wish to live, could triumph over consumption. She died in my arms. It was for me a second and more painful exile. The efforts and fatigues that she had voluntarily imposed on herself, to procure my liberty, had occasioned too great an expenditure of energy.

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After having carried for some time into the different countries of Europe my grief and desolation, I profited by the amnesty given by the successor of Gregory XVI., and returned to Rome. I hastened to see Italy again; the sympathy that I found in my family, the movement which was then being made in favour of Italian independence, all seemed to promise a happy alleviation of my grief. I do not wish to enter into the details of a struggle which ended so sadly. After the events of 1847, I was again obliged to expatriate myself; and it is at the moment of embarking for America and of commencing a new career, that I throw this last look upon my past life and upon shores which I shall never again behold! . . . .

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In this narrative may be seen more than one feature in the life of the Roman youth at a recent epoch,—that want of energy, that indecision, and those trifles, those useless imprudencies, and a life sacrificed in the follies of a student;—in all these we see unfortunately the character and history of the modern Roman people.

S. E.

The Sinlessness of Jesus.

'Now here we see a young man, but little more than thirty years old, with no advantage of position; the son and companion of rude people; born in a town whose inhabitants were wicked to a proverb; of a nation above all others distinguished for their superstition, for national pride, exaltation of themselves, and contempt for all others; in an age of singular corruption, when the substance of religion had faded out from the mind of its anointed ministers, and sin had spread wide among a turbulent people, oppressed and down-trodden; a man ridiculed for his lack of knowledge, in this nation of forms, of hypocritical priests, and corrupt people, falls back on simple morality, simple religion; unites in himself the sublimest precepts and divinest practices, thus more than realizing the dream of prophets and sages; rises free from all prejudice of his age, nation, or sect; gives free range to the Spirit of God in his breast; sets aside the law, sacred and time-honoured as it was, its forms, its sacrifices, its temple, and its priests; puts away the doctors of the law, subtle, learned, irrefragable; and pours out a doctrine, beautiful as the light, sublime as Heaven, and true as God. The philosophers, the poets, the prophets, the rabbis,—he rises above them all. Yet Nazareth was no Athens, where philosophy breathed in the circumambient air; it had neither Porch or Lyceum, not even a school of the prophets. There is God in the heart of this youth. . . . . Here was the greatest soul of all the sons of men; one before whom the majestic mind of Grecian sages and of Hebrew seers must veil its face.'

Men have quarrelled, fought, and burnt each other over the question of Christ's nature, and Christ's teaching or doctrine; but unanimously almost, from the Pope of Rome down to Theodore Parker (from whom our quotation is taken), they have agreed that the *character* of Christ was transcendently perfect. But, even as the purest marble statue is sometimes seen spotted with the touch of insects, so some of the smallest of the tribe of infidels have touched the perfect life of Christ, and have attempted to leave the mark of their own impurity behind them. But the great body of even unbelievers have knelt before that incarnation of spotless purity, and have acknowledged it to be divinely perfect.

Now this universal homage to the sinlessness of Christ is a remark-

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able fact; remarkable on many grounds, but especially on this, that the character of Christ is altogether *unique*, nothing before or since ever having approached it within an infinite distance; and is not only supernatural, but truly and properly *miraculous*. For that there should arise a being having the nature of man, and yet not only perfectly free from all actual sin, but free also from the hereditary taint and bias towards sin, while every other individual of the race was a victim to the power of sin, this surely is a true miracle in the most proper sense of that word. Here was an interruption to the natural course of human nature; a suspension of the ordinary laws of human character; and yet men who flout the idea of a miracle in the natural world, who ridicule inspiration as involving a miracle in the intellectual world, have accepted this miracle of a sinless life without hesitation.

It will be interesting for us to inquire, what there was in the character of Christ which has now for him the supreme place he occupies as the Holy One; and then to make some attempt to ascertain what there was in his nature to account for his exemption from the ordinary corruption of human life.

Before Christ appeared the purest moralists of antiquity had never conceived the idea of such a life and character as his; and now that he has been here, we find it impossible to describe or paint the divine beauty of what he did and said. Painters have striven to put on canvas the countenance of the Saviour; yet we have never seen one to satisfy us, as expressing what must have been in that face. They have given intellectual faces, faces filled with love and meekness, agonized with suffering, faces of feminine beauty, but we cast them all away from us as tantalizing failures, with the feeling that the great original was beyond all the efforts of art and genius. A similar failure waits upon the attempt to describe in poetry or prose that sublime mind and character. We fall back from our highest conceptions, and own that such knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is high, we cannot attain unto it. A full and perfect sympathy with Christ would alone enable us to present a satisfying portraiture of him; but the depth and range of his sympathies were such as to preclude us from fully understanding his nature. If a hero should write the life of a hero, an artist the life of an artist, a politician the life of a politician, a sinless man alone would describe, in the dialect of a world free from sin, the thoughts and deeds of Christ.

The Gospels are but fragmentary sketches; that is all they claim to be; only one or two incidents of his life up to the age of thirty are mentioned. What a longing have we often felt that we could lift the veil of the daily life at Nazareth during all those years he spent there; that we could see him as a child with other children; whether he mingled as a boy with other boys, and how; and when he became a young man, what were his ways, and habits, and speech, with those around him—parents, brethren, and neighbours. The unwritten life of Christ affords to some minds subjects of absorbing meditation, just because the written life is so full of the grandest interest.

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The first words spoken of him and by him in the Gospels, inspire us with a sense of his greatness; yet not distinctively intellectual greatness; for though that was an element of all his utterances and deeds, we feel that it was but the fitting medium to reveal the grandeur of his moral and religious nature. 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business,' was his calm answer to his mother when she found him in the temple disputing with the doctors. An ordinary youth of great intellectual endowments would have come away from such a contest flushed with the sense of victory over his superiors; but though but little more than a child at the time, he had already apprehended his vocation, and felt the 'Father's business' was the great work of life. The religious, and not the intellectual, interest of the incident was uppermost in his mind.

We shall not attempt to prove that Christ was perfectly sinless; we shall assume that, and simply say that he claimed sinlessness in the challenge he gave to his adversaries—'Which of you convinceth me of sin?'—and that he produced the conviction that he was sinless on those who had the most intimate knowledge of him. 'He was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.' 'He was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin.' The sting of his betrayer's sin was, that he had traitorously sold 'innocent blood.' We wish to call attention to some characteristics of his holy life.

1. It was not *asceticism*. 'He came eating and drinking.' John the Baptist lived in the desert, had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his food was locusts and wild honey. He only came among men to preach repentance and righteousness, and then vanished from them into the wilderness, to be alone with his own solitary thoughts. But Christ lived among men and women on the freest terms, and sought no fictitious sanctity by shrouding himself in mystery and solitude. He went to a marriage feast; he promoted the festivity of the occasion by making wine when there was no more left. He went to the tables of the reputable and the disreputable; feasted with Simon, and fared with Zaccheus. He formed friendships with the little family of Bethany, and often retired thither at the close of the day. He did not disdain the grateful attentions of Mary Magdalene, even at the house of a rich man. Yet, in all these situations, how easily and beautifully does he blend the life of heaven with the circumstances of earth, and show the way to act on common as well as on great occasions. He was never dazzled by the splendours of the rich, nor repelled by the miseries of the poor, but was able always to separate man from the dress of circumstances, and to serve him, by speech or deed, as a divine, sinful, immortal creature. Purity and righteousness men usually stand in awe of; and great sinners will not face a man who has the reputation of great sanctity; but Christ, who in all his purity was so pitiful and condescending, was a magnet to the wretched, and drew to himself, by an irresistible charm, all whom the world passed by or cast out. Now this was the difficulty—to mingle with the throng of men and earthly passions; to

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affect no sanctimonious airs; to disdain no innocent joys; to be susceptible to all thoroughly human influences; and yet remain, in every circumstance, faithful to God, loyal to truth, pure in thought and speech, and firm to all the purposes of a noble life. And such, according to the Gospel narrative, was Jesus Christ.

2. It was not *negative*. Negative virtue is much esteemed in the world. If a man is pious, honest, truthful, temperate, self-reliant, the world will not condemn him for the want of love, magnanimity, and self-denial. The man who passes through the world comfortably, stocked with the *prudent* virtues—the virtues that never bring a man into antagonism with the vested interests of unrighteousness, falsehood, and injustice—that man shall have a monument to his memory, as a model of wisdom and virtue. This is the virtue of selfishness. But in the character of Christ there was not only freedom from sin, but positive holiness. There was a bright conjunction of virtues and excellences that seem only remotely connected with one another. No slanderer ever dared to breathe upon his unsullied purity; and yet his pity for the fallen was deeper and tenderer than ever beat in the bosom of the gentlest woman. His courage could dare everything in the cause of truth; could brand the rich hypocrite or sanctimonious Pharisee to his face; could dare death itself; it was the most manly, the most heroic the world ever saw; yet his fortitude and patience were as conspicuous as his courage—he could bear in silence and calm what would have driven other men into indignation and madness. There was indescribable majesty in all he did, not only when he calmed the storm, or raised Lazarus from the dead, but in his simplest word or act; and the world has never seen such childlike meekness and humility. Because there was such magnanimity, joined to such meekness and lowliness of heart, he has been the refuge of the guilty and penitent, and the attraction of the broken-hearted, in every age of the world since. Justice was in the arms of love, righteousness in the embrace of self-denial, in such wise in him that the world, as it grows, will honour him as summing up in himself all greatness and all goodness. And these various attributes were so evenly balanced, and so harmoniously blended, as to present before our eyes the model of a perfect man. His self-reliance was equal to every emergency; but who can separate it, even in thought, for a moment from that implicit dependence upon his Father, which he always openly acknowledged? So perfect is the adjustment and fulness of his whole character.

3. It was *progressive*. 'He grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favour with God and man.' 'He grew and waxed strong in spirit.' 'Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered.' In treating of a life so completely perfect as his, we are in constant danger of forgetting that, while it was divine, it was thoroughly, perfectly *human*. And, because human, it was necessarily progressive. 'But growth and increase do not necessarily involve transition from a state of greater to one of less deficiency—do not presuppose an inner antagonism of sin, or an overcoming of the moral and

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religious error connected therewith—all that they really imply is successive development, development according to time. And surely we are able to conceive of a perfect development, in thoroughly natural conditions, as being the free unfolding of healthful energies, whose native fulness constitutes them self-sufficient. . . . . We need not, and must not, however, suppose that anything sinful attached to him on the ground of his human finiteness, and of the kind of development which, according to the divine order, is inseparable from it; provided only, that he was perfectly what the nature of that state required him to be; provided that that which he was potentially became actual in him, in its own proper time and in a normal way. . . . . An orderly, faultless development, we must remember, is proper to nature, when interfered with by no inward or outward restraint. At its origin in God, nature is purity itself. We should be on our guard, therefore, against introducing anything unnatural into the spiritual culture of Jesus, by representing him as premature as a child, and ascribing to him, as a boy, the knowledge of truth—the moral earnestness and the depth of a man. That would be a miracle unworthy of God, monstrous and unnatural. At every period of his existence he realised just that measure of intellectual culture and moral life of which human nature is at that point capable, and no more. In a word, he was exactly and fully what a man can be at each successive step of his life. As he was a perfect man, so was he also a perfect boy and youth; and, of a certainty, no stranger to the modes of thought and observation which are peculiar to childhood and youth, yet all was characterised by a holy simplicity and beauty. His progress was like that of a beautiful flower, to whose free growth there is no hindrance; we should never dream of requiring from *it* that, whilst in the germ, it should bud, and, whilst budding, possess the glory of perfect bloom: but only that at each step in its development, it be then what in every step it should be.'*

4. The sinlessness of Christ was maintained in opposition to great temptation. As a man, 'He was tempted in all points, like as we are. He *suffered* being tempted.' He suffered temptation of various kinds in the wilderness; he suffered temptation when Peter suggested escape from threatening death; he suffered temptation in the garden in the immediate prospect of death. Now, here are two things—real temptation and pain in the achievement of victory.

In order to understand this, we must repeat that the human nature of Christ was real and complete. That is, he had all the passions and desires that belong to man as man. He was really and truly 'made like unto his brethren.' He had the love of life; he felt the passion of anger at injustice; he was susceptible to physical pain; he felt hunger when left without food. Sin, therefore, does not consist in having the natural passions and impulses, nor in feeling pain when these passions and impulses are denied their gratification. But when the will aban-

* Ullman's 'Sinlessness of Jesus.' A *safe* German work for any one wishing to see this subject rigorously and evangelically treated.

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dons the guidance of the desires, and they are gratified under forbidden circumstances, then sin has commenced, and the desires have become sinful. Let it be granted that Christ had this truly human nature, then there can be no doubt that he was really tempted 'like as we are.' And they were great temptations; *i. e.*, a strong appeal from without was made to the inward principles of his nature. The temptations in the wilderness were of this kind. We do not trouble ourselves here to arbitrate between the different theories that have been maintained in explanation of that remarkable passage of our Lord's experience. Most of these theories admit that in some way suggestions were offered to him from without, which called forth successive acts of resistance from his will. But the temptation in the garden must have been the climax of all his other temptations. But here again was that prompt reference to the divine will, to which he always yielded instantaneous submission. 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt.'

But the Scriptures affirm that he endured pain, that he suffered in obtaining the conquest. Is it meant that this pain sprang from the difficulty of the struggle; from any secret inclination towards evil coming into conflict with the stern decision of the will, which held his mind in suspense, and made it difficult for him to decide? This thought is not to be tolerated for an instant; that would imply a sinful bias utterly inconsistent with the perfect sinlessness of his nature. In supplying what we consider to be the true answer to the question, we cannot get out of our mind a passage in one of Robertson's sermons, and therefore we quote it:—

'There were in him all the natural appetites of mind and body. Relaxation and friendship were dear to him—so were sunlight and life. Hunger—pain—death—he could feel all, and shrunk from them. Conceive, then, a case in which the gratification of any one of these inclinations was inconsistent with his Father's will. At one moment it was unlawful to eat though hungry, and without one tendency to disobey, did fasting cease to be severe? It was demanded that he should endure anguish; and willingly as he endured himself, did pain cease to be pain? Could the spirit of obedience reverse every feeling in human nature? When the brave man gives his shattered arm to the surgeon's knife, will may prevent even the quiver of an eyelid; but no will and no courage can reverse his sensations, or prevent the operation from inflicting pain. . . . . So that in every one of these cases—not by the reluctancy of a sinful sensation, but by the quivering and the anguish of natural feeling when it is trampled upon by lofty will—Jesus *suffered* being tempted. He was "tempted like as we are." Remember this. For the way in which some speak of the sinlessness of Jesus, reduces all his suffering to physical pain, destroys the reality of temptation, reduces that glorious heart to a pretence, and converts the whole of his history into a mere fictitious drama, in which scenes of trial were represented, not felt.'

How are we to account for the character of Christ,—to what must we look for an explanation of the sinlessness of his nature and the holiness of his life? To two things mainly—to his uncorrupted human nature, and to the wonderful constitution of his person.

1. *To his uncorrupted human nature.* Universal man, with this single exception, has come into the world with a moral nature diseased at its very birth—biassed or bent towards evil in such a degree, that

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as soon as moral action begins every individual of the race begins to sin. We may vary the statement of this fact as we please, to suit our different theological systems, but the fact remains. We may account for it in such a way as shall square with our philosophy or theology; but the fact itself remains untouched, as a huge mournful fact in the history of the race. This is what divines call original sin. But now Christ was born into this world as an unfallen being, with a nature free from the universal depraved bias, a perfectly healthful soul, without any germ of moral disease in it. Once more for this world the question was to be tried in the person of Christ, which had been tried before in the person of Adam with such disastrous issue, *i. e.*—Whether a will created free would surrender or retain its freedom; and this time the solution of the question brought redemption to the world. The second Adam opened the gates of Paradise to a banished race. But still we have to ask the question, how was human nature restored to integrity and soundness in the person of Christ? How came he to be born pure, free from original sin, when all other persons were born subject to it? The only possible answer we can conceive is, that *his birth was miraculous.* A new special act of creative power was put forth in the production of the human nature of Christ. By no other conceivable means could he begin to be, as man, free from that moral disorder, which was the condition of every other creature's birth into the world. And in this way the Scripture represents this marvellous fact:—'The power of the Most High,' in some special sense, is the explanation given of the manner in which he came into existence here. He took our nature as it existed in Adam before he fell; he took our unfallen, not our fallen nature: but as this was out of the ordinary course of nature, it was a miracle of the most wonderful sort we are acquainted with.

This conclusion can be evaded in two ways; either by denying the perfect sinlessness of Christ, or by accounting for his sinlessness in some other way. In regard to the first way, all we have to say in defence of the perfect holiness of Christ is, that if the enemies of Christianity have generally acknowledged it, we are not going to argue for it with the professed friends of Christianity. And as to any other mode of accounting for his sinlessness, we say this—It must have reference to some influence exerted upon the childhood of Jesus; for if he was sinful, even at the earliest stages of his earthly being, we must give up the doctrine of his perfect holiness. But any change wrought upon the moral nature of Jesus, during his childhood, involves the miraculous as much as the theory which assigns miracle to the cause and manner of his birth, and, inasmuch as the Scriptures speak only of his miraculous conception, of his being the Holy Child Jesus, we prefer the record of inspiration to any conjectures on the subject.

2. The perfect sinlessness of Christ is also to be referred to the *wonderful constitution of his person.* Christ's human nature being born absolutely pure would be no infallible warrant that he would never, under any circumstances, be guilty of sin. Adam was created upright,

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and he fell. The possession of a moral nature implies the *possibility* of sinning. But Christ's nature was not simply human nature, it was divine as well. 'God was manifest in the flesh.' 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' 'I and my Father are one.' Now this mysterious union of the divine and human in the person of Christ is the guarantee that he was sinless and holy. Here are two all-sufficient grounds on which the structure of a perfect human life could be raised —a soul born pure and sustained pure by the presence of an indwelling Deity.

To maintain that there were no real points of contact between the two natures in Christ would be to deny the reality of the incarnation; or to assert that the contact was only such as takes place ordinarily between a good man and God, would be essentially a Socinian idea, abhorrent to all the teaching of the New Testament. And yet, if any one were to ask for an explanation of the real nature of the union, and how it could be effected and maintained, we would honestly tell him we do not understand it, and that we bow down before an awful, impenetrable mystery. We cling to a recorded and evident fact, and abjure all theory on the question.

Affirming, then, the complex nature of Christ—that he was Son of God, truly divine, and Son of man, truly human, and that there was a real, though mysterious, union of these two natures, we can now account for the phenomenon of such a life as his—beginning, continuing, and ending a perfectly spotless life. Because God was in Christ, the divine upheld and supported the human, and enabled it to exhibit the God-life before the eyes of the human race. Here is the great significance of the life of Christ—a manifestation of God to the world. It was a sublime sight, the spectacle of the perfect man showing us what our nature is when unfolded according to the will of the Great Creator; but He, the Redeemer, who has life in himself to bestow on the morally dead, who is *the Truth* itself for the enlightenment of the dark, who is the wonder-worker in the regions of the dead, amid the elements of nature, and in the wrecked chaos of man's spiritual being—he is more than the perfect man, he is the God-man—the Mediator between God and man—the Founder of the kingdom of God amongst men—the Sacrifice for the sins of the world—the Resurrection, and the Life, and the Judge of all mankind. May he draw us by the attraction of his love to himself, and assimilate our characters to his perfect life!

C. S.

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The Constitution of the Apostolic Churches.

By M. de Pressensé.

Whilst, during the first period of the apostolic age, the predominance of the miraculous element in the Church stood in the way of her acquiring a fixed organization, we can distinguish in the second period (A.D. 50—65) the essential features of her constitution. What had at first been but a sketch now receives the strokes necessary to complete the picture. Even the idea of the Church is formulated with a precision altogether new. So long as the Christians were held fast in the bonds of Jewish particularism they did not clearly comprehend that they were called to form a religious society quite different from the old theocracy. They felt that a tie of a very peculiar kind linked together those who had been baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, but they looked upon themselves rather as the true Israel than as the Christian Church. In proportion as Christianity extended its conquests within the bosom of paganism, their ideas expanded, and the true notion about the Church, the idea of the people of emancipated will (*de franche volonté*) gathered from the whole world, of a true humanity constituted anew in Jesus Christ, was one of the most precious results of the apostolic mission. Being no longer shut up within a single city, but spread beyond the walls of Jerusalem over the entire surface of the Pagan world, the Church ceased to be regarded as tied to purely external conditions. The spiritual fact disengaged itself from the material fact, and through the veil of the visible churches began to shine the invisible church, which transcends them all, and remains their ideal type.

It is this invisible church that Paul contemplates with the eyes of faith when he speaks of the pure and spotless spouse of Christ; she alone possesses the unity of love so often broken by the sin of the various visible churches. Doubtless the apostle knew too well the miseries of these churches, he had probed their sores with too courageous a hand to recognise in any of them the Church, 'glorious,' 'holy,' and 'without blemish,' of which he speaks to the Christians of Ephesus. He who characterised with so much energy the disorders which had broken out at Corinth and at Colossæ in the bosom of communities to which he yet gives the name of churches, must evidently have admitted the distinction between the visible and the invisible church. In his eyes the invisible church was the body of Christ, indissolubly united in all its parts, and deriving its substance from its Divine Head. Where he found rendings and schisms there he could not recognise this mystical body in its normal state. When he wrote to the church of Corinth, in condemnation of its divisions, the words, 'Is Christ divided?' that church no longer presented to him the faithful image of the ideal fellowship in which perfect union reigns; he drew a distinction, then, between the invisible church and these particular churches which do not reproduce its lineaments save

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with a certain amount of imperfection. With St. Paul the former is the Church, such as Jesus Christ wills her to be, in accordance with its type; it exists on earth in the same measure in which true faith and charity themselves are found there. It is the illuminated, celestial hemisphere of the visible church. Consequently, the invisible church is found in different degrees in each particular church, but is absolutely identical with none of them.

According to these principles, so simple and incontrovertible, it would be a serious piece of self-deception to see in the primitive Church a vast hierarchical establishment like the Church of the fourth century. She is no Mother Church—*Mater Ecclesia*—imposing the yoke of her external unity on each local church. This idea is quite foreign to the apostolic age. The invisible church is realized or incarnated in the particular churches. These churches organize themselves on their own account, on the same foundations, it is true, but with noteworthy differences as regards all that is of secondary importance; they are linked together amongst themselves, but the tie which they have formed is entirely spiritual; it is never a chain. Each of them is a little republic, a society of believers, an association of Christians, which governs itself in a sovereign manner without waiting for the directions or inspirations of other churches. Neither at Corinth, nor in Galatia, nor at Ephesus, does Paul invoke the authority of the Church, taken as a whole. The questions raised are finally resolved within the bosom of the local church; the local church is competent to govern itself as sovereign on condition of conforming to the truth. The conferences held at Jerusalem are no infringement upon this rule. It was necessary that the apostles should come to an understanding amongst themselves in the grave circumstances of the case. Besides, we have seen that the pretended council issued no absolute decrees; it contented itself with advising a compromise, which was not of an obligatory character.

It is impossible to discover in this period any traces of a general organization of the churches so much as bordering on an external unity. There are no common and periodical assemblies; above all, there is no centre of unity. Those who descry it at Rome are guilty of a strange anachronism. We know, too, how subordinate a part was played at this epoch by the apostle out of whom men have fabricated the head of the pretended ecclesiastical monarchy. If the churches had then, as at a later period, sought for a religious centre, they would certainly have chosen Jerusalem, which had been the glorious cradle of Christianity. But the church of this city, so far from exercising any great influence on the development of Christian thought during the age of St. Paul, did but follow at a distance the movement inaugurated by the great apostle. The churches planted in the bosom of paganism made no scruple of breaking with the usages of Mosaism; they did not deem themselves obliged, for the sake of uniformity, to preserve the forms of Jewish worship like the Christians of Jerusalem; but these divergencies in secondary matters did not

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hinder the preservation of essential unity; the theologians who pretend that these differences assume the shape of veritable opposition and declared hostility* deceive themselves no less than the partisan's of hierarchy. We have a touching proof of the union which subsisted between the churches of Asia Minor and Greece on the one hand, and those of Palestine on the other, in the liberal collections made in Galatia and at Corinth for the poor saints of Judæa, at the reiterated and pressing solicitation of St. Paul. The churches of Asia Minor, and of Macedonia and Achaia, sent delegates to Jerusalem for the purpose of carrying thither their offerings, and along with their gifts a living testimony of their brotherly love. Never was unity more real than at this time, when it was based on liberty without any restraint. The agreement which subsisted between the apostles contributed to maintain it. Peter writes to the churches founded by St. Paul in Asia Minor, just as Apollos, the disciple of Paul, writes to the Christians of Jerusalem.† Thus we have, in the first age, a true Christianity, based on a common faith, but exerting no pressure, unless we must except that of charity, upon the particular churches, which have each their own physiognomy and distinctive character. Men had not as yet invented this impersonal church, which is something different from the complex of the local churches and from the free association of believers, and which, claiming as it does a divine and arbitrary right to govern despotically the people of God, is not rooted in individual faith. The local church, or the congregation, united by a living tie to all the Christians scattered throughout the world,—that is the visible church of apostolic times. The grand and holy image of the invisible church is seen through the veil of the different local churches as the sun is seen through the clouds which obscure its rays; in order to contemplate it we must rise above the miseries and imperfections which find their way into these churches. The apostles knew of no other terrestrial realization of *the* Church than the local church or congregation.

Thus understood the Church could only be considered as the society of Christians. It opened its gates to believers only, or at least only to those who professed the true faith. It could not hinder false Christians from creeping into its bosom surreptitiously, but in principle it recognised as its members those only who named themselves after the name of Jesus Christ, and gave evidence of a personal faith in him. We have only to read the letters written by the apostles to the various churches to become convinced that they address themselves not to a confused multitude, in which indifference, or even unbelief, have found a place side by side with piety and a living faith, but to a fellowship of Christians, to a religious self-governing society, which does not lay claim to the possession of two classes of members—the converted and the unconverted. In such a society serious disorders can break out and

* The allusion is to the so-called Tübingen school.

† M. de Pressensé, it will be seen, is amongst those who attribute the Epistle to the Hebrews to Apollos.

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compromise it; hypocrites can gain admission into it; but we feel as we read these letters that these churches, on the whole, are Christian societies. If it were otherwise, what would be the meaning of those salutations with which they begin:—'*To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints*' (Rom. i. 7). '*Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints*' (1 Cor. i. 2). '*To the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus*' (Eph. i. 1). The general tone of the epistles, the subjects they broach, the discussions they institute on the most delicate points of Christian practice, absolutely preclude the idea that such churches were simply pedagogic institutions, designed to form, by the exercise of authority, faith in men's hearts. They are missionary churches, real *foci* of evangelization, spreading light all around them. The idea of a mere school, crowded with unconverted multitudes, falls to the ground before words such as these (1 Cor. vi. 1):—'*Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints?*'

The notion of the church, which regards it as the society of believers, follows from the general views of St. Paul as to the relation between the two covenants. Whilst the old economy was a theocracy linked to external and material facts, the new is essentially spiritual. In presence of the cross, national and hereditary privileges have been abolished. 'There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all' (Col. iii. 11). In other words, the new birth, or personal faith, is the only thing which can introduce men into the church. Paul, by combating so energetically the false teachers who wished to impose circumcision on the Christians, has, by this line of argument, excluded the idea of impersonal and traditional religion dependent on external position and transmitted by birth. He has not simply repudiated by his rejection of circumcision a Jewish form and ceremony; he has, over and above all this, repudiated a principle—that, namely, of a national and theocratic religion, handed down from generation to generation by right of inheritance. To inherit without appropriating stands for nothing in the Christian Church, whilst to appropriate without having inherited is sufficient for a man's salvation. Everything depends on this personal adhesion—that is to say, on faith.

Not only did each church in the apostolic age demand a positive and personal act of faith in the reception of new members, but besides it felt bound to expel from its bosom the impure elements which had penetrated into it, and which, in so far as they fell under human cognizance, could be discerned and eliminated. 'Purge out the old leaven,' wrote the apostle to the Corinthians, alluding to scandalous sinners who had crept into the ranks of the Christians.

The universal priesthood was a serious and real thing in the apostolic churches. Being composed of sincere believers they did not admit the distinction, too frequent now, between active and passive members. All the Christians were called to contribute, from their zeal

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and piety, to the general good. Offices exist, but they are far from entirely absorbing the activity of the church. They do not possess the importance which they will acquire at a later period, when the gifts of the Holy Spirit shall have lost their extraordinary character, and when the supernatural element shall have permeated more entirely the natural element in the Christian. At this period organization is constantly encroached upon by miracle, just as the banks of a flooded river are covered by its too impetuous waters. The boundary line between the ecclesiastical offices and the gifts vouchsafed to all believers is so faintly marked that Paul places them all in the same category:—'God hath appointed in the church first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.' Let us endeavour to distinguish, amidst the profusion which characterises the apostolic age, the diverse gifts from one another.

Christianity is the religion of grace. It teaches that all perfect gifts come down from God, who diffuses them by his Spirit. Not only does the Holy Spirit renew the heart by conversion, but he besides communicates to the believer the different aptitudes which are necessary to his glorifying God. At the same time we should deceive ourselves were we to fancy that there is any absolute incompatibility between the gifts of grace and the gifts of nature. The God of redemption is also the God of creation. The natural gifts are not nullified by the Holy Spirit; quite the contrary, he accepts them, and assimilates them, by purifying them and by communicating to them a heavenly virtue which turns them to the benefit of the Church. They then become *spiritual gifts*. The degree in which the supernatural element exists in these gifts may vary; it may be more or less intense. Sometimes even the natural element seems to be quite absorbed. It is so in the beginning of the apostolic age; but already in its second period the purely supernatural gifts wane; they tend to become subject to rule and discipline; whilst the gifts in which the natural aptitude penetrated by grace plays the principal part, become multiplied, and are ever acquiring greater importance. Starting from these general views, it is easy to establish a distinction between the various gifts enumerated by St. Paul.

The gift which most bears the stamp of the purely supernatural is the *gift of tongues*. It becomes modified during the second period of the apostolic age. They who at the Pentecost spoke foreign languages were understood by their hearers. This was no longer the case in the time of St. Paul. The gift of tongues seems at this epoch to have been an inarticulate mode of speech, a mysterious psalmody—a strange manifestation of that state of ecstasy, in which thought, sunk in the infinite, has lost all precision, having become submerged, so to say, by the outpouring of the divine influence. That is the conclusion to be drawn from the manner in which Paul describes the gift of tongues. 'It is like things without life giving sound, whether pipe or harp. Except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be

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known what is piped or harped?' By abandoning oneself withou restraint to religious ecstasy, it was possible to reach an ever higher pitch of excitement; to find delight in a psychological condition which was not without peril; and to develop in excess this gift of tongues which was of no use in edifying the Church. Accordingly St. Paul endeavours to keep it within due bounds. He does not even desire that any should give way to it at all, unless there should be in the assembly brethren capable of interpreting unknown tongues. This *gift of interpretation* was that one amongst the various manifestations of the gift of prophecy which still possessed a miraculous character, although it did not shut the man up to an absolute passivity, like the gift of tongues. The prophet was the organ of Divine inspiration: sometimes he foretold future events; sometimes he read men hearts, and augured their vocations; sometimes he taught with an extraordinary power, which revealed a special activity of the Divine Spirit. The language of the prophet was not calm, connected, and tranquil, like that of reflection. It bare no marks of premeditation, nor of the labour of thought. It was impetuous and thundering. Men were not to trust absolutely to the revelations of the prophets; St. Paul wills that they be controlled by the Church; for with the inspirations of the Spirit there might be mingled those of the natural heart. 'Let the prophets speak two or three,' he says, 'and let the others judge' (1 Cor. xiv. 29). *The gift of healing and of working miracles* belongs to the same category.* It was largely vouchsafed to the primitive churches; not to the apostles only, but indiscriminately to all Christians.

All these essentially supernatural gifts might be expected to be especially abundant in the beginnings of the Church, at the epoch of its creation and foundation. It is conceivable that they might reappear, though in a less degree, in times presenting a certain analogy to the first age, but it is a grievous mistake to consider these miraculous gifts as the necessary manifestation of the Holy Spirit upon earth. The permanent gifts are not the extraordinary ones; the permanent gifts are those which blend in admirable harmony nature and grace, the human with the divine element, and they are precisely those by which the apostles were pre-eminently distinguished. We place in this second category the *gift of teaching*, and that of *government*. The first sometimes applies itself to the practical side of Christianity, and it is then called the *word of wisdom*; sometimes to the theoretical side, and then it is styled the *word of knowledge*. The gift of government was naturally accompanied by the *gift of the discerning of spirits*; for at an epoch when the manifestations of the supernatural world were so frequent it was of the utmost importance to be able to distinguish true from false inspirations. The gift of teaching, like that of government,

* 1 Cor. xii. 9, 10. The gift of *faith*, spoken of 1 Cor. xii. 9, must be understood of this gift of miracles. It is evident that we cannot give to this word in this passage its ordinary sense. The faith which saves is not a special gift vouchsafed to some Christians only; it is necessary for all.

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evidently implied certain natural aptitudes, and could not be exercised without the concurrence of the moral and intellectual powers.

Such were the principal gifts vouchsafed to the Church. They existed anterior to the offices; nothing could be farther from the truth than to pretend that they were dependent upon office, and that they did not manifest themselves save within the framework of a determinate organization. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the Spirit of God never abdicates his sovereign liberty. The partisans of hierarchy do not deny that the miraculous gifts were vouchsafed to all the Christians; but they claim for ecclesiastical office the monopoly of the gift of teaching, the exercise of which, according to them, must have been regulated by an official and sovereign authority, under pain of introducing doctrinal anarchy. But this distinction is quite arbitrary. The synagogue already accorded this right to every pious Jew, although subjecting it to certain restrictions. It is not surprising that it has been extended by St. Paul to all Christians with the exception of women, who are bound to keep silence during the public worship. 'When ye come together,' he says, 'every one of you hath a doctrine, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying' (1 Cor. xiv. 26). This right was long recognised in the Church. In the eighth book of the Apostolical Constitutions we read:—'He who teaches, if he be a layman, must be well versed in the word.' It is not, then, possible to trace any line of demarcation between the gift of prophecy and that of teaching. The latter, like the former, belonged to the Church without any distinction in favour of the clergy. It remains an established fact that all the believers had the right of teaching during public worship. It is equally well ascertained that all took a certain share in the government of the community. They were called, as we see on occasion of the conferences at Jerusalem, to participate in important deliberations. The letters of the apostles put them all in charge of the great interests of the congregation. Discipline was an act of the community, and not a clerical decree. 'For I verily,' writes St. Paul to the Christians of Corinth, on the subject of the incestuous person, 'as absent in body, but present in spirit, have judged already, as though I were present, concerning him that hath so done this deed, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such an one unto Satan' (1 Cor. v. 3—5). The whole church is supposed to be joined in a council of discipline with the apostle, under the invisible presidency of Jesus Christ. No distinction is made; all the believers are called upon to pass the sentence of condemnation as a sovereign tribunal. The excommunication is pronounced in their name. In like manner it is in their name that the repentant sinner is restored to the church. The church as a whole forgives him the wrong which he has done to it by dishonouring it, and permits him to return into communion with the brethren. The power of the keys belongs thus, according to St. Paul, to all the Christians.

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Nor are the sacraments, any more than matters of discipline, a monopoly of the clergy. These principles were so deeply rooted within the Church, that a long time afterwards, at an epoch when it had undergone profound changes, it still, by the mouth of St. Jerome, bore a remarkable testimony to them. 'The right to baptize,' says he, 'has often been accorded to laymen in cases of necessity, for every one can give that which he has received.' 'At first,' we read in the Commentaries attributed to St. Ambrose, 'all taught, and all baptized, on all occasions.' As regards the Supper, Paul ascribes to all the Christians the benediction of the cup and the breaking of the bread. 'The cup of blessing *which we bless*, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread *which we break*, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?' (1 Cor. x. 16.) From all this it follows that the idea of a priesthood was quite foreign to the churches founded by St. Paul.

Nevertheless, we see in these churches divers ecclesiastical offices make their appearance; these offices even tend to assume more and more importance, but without ever becoming invested with the characteristics of priesthood. Paul has transplanted into the congregations gathered from the midst of paganism the simple organization, borrowed from the Jewish synagogue, which was in vigour in the churches of Palestine. We find again at Ephesus the same democratic constitution as at Jerusalem; a college of presbyters is nominated by the church; they are much more its representatives and its delegates than its masters. It is no Levitical caste which is organized; we have but to read the Epistle to the Hebrews to convince ourselves of that. Jesus Christ is there regarded as the sovereign sacrificing priest of the new covenant, living for ever and ever, the only Mediator between God and Men. He does not transmit to others a priesthood, which is perfect only because it is eternal. The blessed times foretold by the prophets were come when the law was to be witten on the hearts of all believers, when everyone, communicating directly with heaven, should have no longer need to submit to human teaching imposed upon him from without. Ecclesiastical office, seen from this point of view, could only be regarded as a service rendered to the Church—as a ministry. Those who are invested with it are not the lords, but the servants of their brethren. 'We are your servants,' said St. Paul to the Corinthians (2 Cor. iv. 5), 'for Jesus' sake;' showing by these words, which bear the stamp of a humility so touching, that the apostolate itself bore no analogy to the ancient priesthood.

The Office of Presbyter or Bishop.

Let us picture to ourselves the very simple mechanism of the institutions of a church like that of Corinth or Ephesus. Ecclesiastical office, already created elsewhere to meet real wants and to maintain order amidst liberty, would naturally be constituted in such a church very soon. We discover in the letters of St. Paul a precious indication of the manner in which it sometimes took its rise. The apostle speaks again and again of the church which is in the house of such and such a simple Christian. Such a church, or fraction of a church,

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was nothing else than a pious family with its home circle enlarged, and which had become a religious centre for its neighbours. Numerous believers, converted by its influence, were grouped around its hearth, and celebrated worship under its hospitable roof. The father of the family presided in the midst; he was the presbyter and the pastor, designated beforehand, of this little congregation. If within the same city or town Christianity made numerous conquests, these little domestic congregations ended by combining together, and it was in the natural order of things that, when an important church was organized, these *ex officio* presbyters, who through their zeal had become invested with the ecclesiastical charge before receiving any regular appointment, were placed at its head. Facts of this sort would naturally multiply in the apostolic age. The pastoral *office* sprung naturally out of the practice of the pastoral *gift*, which had preceded it, and which was often exercised, side by side with it, in perfect liberty.

Episcopal pretensions have often been founded on passages in the Epistles of Paul, in which the word 'bishop' is found. But it only needs to examine these texts attentively to discover that the two words 'bishop' and 'presbyter' are interchanged indifferently, and that, in the language of St. Paul, they are two synonyms used for the purpose of designating one and the same office. (See Acts xx. 17, 27; Tit. i. 5, 7; 1 Tim. iii. 1, 7.) Never does he mention three grades in the ecclesiastical hierarchy; he knows of but two—the office of presbyter or bishop, and that of deacon. (1 Tim. iii. 5, 8, 12; Philip. i. 1.) It is equally proved that several bishops held office at one and the same time in one and the same church (Philip i. 1; Acts xx. 18; James v. 14), which is incompatible with the notion of a bishop superior to the presbyters. St. Peter, in his First Epistle, carries so far this identification of the presbyter and the bishop, that he enjoins on the former the faithful exercise of what he calls the *episcopal office*, by watching vigilantly over his flock.

This identity of the episcopal office with the office of the presbyter so clearly follows from the New Testament that all Christian antiquity admits it, even at the period when the episcopate in the modern sense was in process of formation. 'The presbyter is identical with the bishop,' says St. Jerome; 'and before factions, at the instigation of the devil, began to multiply, the churches were governed by the joint advice of the presbyters.' If the name bishop has come into more frequent use in the churches founded in the midst of paganism, it is simply because ancient Greece thus designated certain magistrates whose functions in the sphere of the State presented some analogy to those of the presbyters in the sphere of the Church, since these heathen officials had to exercise a *superintendence* in the interest of the republic.

Not being able to base the episcopate on texts, attempts have been made to reconquer the lost ground by giving an exaggerated importance to certain exceptional and transitory facts in the primitive Church. The mission conferred by Paul on Titus and Timothy for the purpose of organizing the churches are called to mind; and in like

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manner the part played by James at Jerusalem is appealed to. But these facts, when properly understood, may more justly be cited against hierarchical ideas, instead of serving as any support to them. In point of fact, to speak first of Titus and Timothy, they present no analogy to bishops who govern a diocese; they are missionaries; or, as Paul styles them (2 Tim. iv. 5, cf. Eph. iv. 11), *evangelists*, called to guide in their first infantile steps the nascent and inexperienced churches; they exercise a truly apostolical power in all cases in which this power is needed. They derive their exceptional right from an exceptional position. They are no legates apostolical, invested with an official title, according to the absurd idea of Thiersch; they are simply the representatives of St. Paul, his fellow-labourers and friends. (Rom. xvi. 21; 1 Thess. iii. 2; 2 Cor. viii. 23.) They do that which it is their duty to do, and what all missionaries do. They exercise over the young congregations a superintendence indispensable at this period of their formation and birth, whilst they respect, as we shall see, the inalienable rights of the Christian people. They are no more bishops than the apostles. They are, like them, founders of churches, nothing less and nothing more. Their right results from the great responsibilities which they have undertaken towards these churches; or, to express it better, from the great love they bear them. Their authority is entirely moral, and demonstrates itself by its effects; it resolves itself into influence. The apostolic missionary cannot acquit himself faithfully of his task without exercising this authority, and is bound to water after having planted; to cultivate and to conserve that which he has shared in creating. He feels himself called on to sustain the fragile plant awhile which has not had time to develop its whole vigour and to grow without a prop, exposed as it is to every storm.

We have already explained ourselves upon the ministry of James at Jerusalem; it has no sort of analogy with the episcopate of the following ages, let the Fathers say what they will. He also is an apostle, and one of the most influential amongst the number, for all he has no regular nomination to appeal to like Paul; he is an apostle by virtue of his great piety, and of the divine power manifested in him. His diocese extends as far as his influence and his word will reach. Thus vanish before an attentive examination all the chimeras about an episcopal organization in the first century.

It is sufficiently difficult to determine what were the exact functions of the presbyters or bishops. They formed a council, which busied itself with the general interests of the Church: its authority was limited, and always held in check by the practical operation of the universal priesthood. They were, according to a beautiful image borrowed from Jesus Christ, the shepherds of the flock (1 Pet. v. 3). The gift of teaching, exercised freely by all the Christians, was not specially attached to the office of the presbyters; the only gift to which they could lay particular, though not exclusive claim, was that of *government*. In his letter to the Ephesians (iv. 11), Paul names the

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teachers after the pastors. There is no trace of two orders of presbyters hierarchically organized; nevertheless it is probable that the necessity of choosing as presbyters men apt to teach was very early felt in a time when false doctrines were rising up from every quarter. St. Paul insists that the bishop must be attached to the true doctrine, and able both to exhort according to his doctrine and to convince the gainsayers (Tit. i. 9; 1 Tim. iii. 2). To speak generally, towards the close of this period the office of presbyter or bishop begins to acquire a greater consistency. The purely supernatural gifts wane, and the exercise of the gifts of government and teaching becomes so much the more necessary. Anarchy, doctrinal and moral, threatens the churches. No course could be wiser than to organize them with greater solidity, and to place them in the condition natural to every society which wishes to live and to develop itself by giving them a determinate constitution and a stronger government. Not that the monarchical system was then put in the place of the democratic régime; there is no trace of any transformation of the kind. A single allusion (Rom. xii. 8) is made to a presidency in the assemblies, but it is too general to enable us to infer that one of the presbyters presided in any permanent way over the councils of the church. Perhaps the presidency belonged to all the presbyters by turns. The more important churches became, the more time must their pastors necessarily devote to them; a partial provision, too, would be made for their wants in order that they might be free to accomplish their task as it became more extensive and complicated. St. Paul insists frequently (2 Cor. ix. 10; 1 Tim. v. 7) on the duty of the churches to maintain liberally their presbyters or bishops. Yet nothing leads us to think that these had altogether given up labouring with their own hands; at all events they were not held under any obligation to do so by any scruple of conscience, for the distinction between profane and sacred employments had no existence for those who were bound to 'do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,' and who had before their eyes the example of the tentmaker who was an apostle. Moreover, the payments of the churches had nothing of a fixed character; they showed themselves much more concerned with the care of the poor than with the salaries of their pastors. The presbyter, or bishop, was not expected any more than any other Christian to dissolve family ties. Paul recognised the right of the apostles themselves to marriage, and to be accompanied by their wives on their missionary travels. The recommendations of a moderate asceticism which he gives to the Corinthians were meant by him to apply to all the members of the Church indiscriminately. The bishop ought to be the example of the flock, and to be particularly on his guard against those immoral connexions so frequent amongst the pagans. He was to be the husband of one wife, to realise the true Christian ideal of marriage, and to govern his family with a firm hand; he would then find in his domestic circle a valuable school in which to learn how to govern the church.

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The Office of Deacon.

Next to the office of presbyters, we find in all the churches founded by St. Paul the office of deacon. It carries us back to the institution of the seven deacons at Jerusalem; but like the other parts of the ecclesiastical organization, it acquired a more determined character during this second period. It received its appropriate name; it was called the *diaconate* (Rom. xii. 7; Phil. i. 1). Those invested with it do not seem to have taken such a direct part in the missionary work as the first deacons, amongst whom Stephen and Philip figured. They consecrated themselves more exclusively to the care of the poor and the sick, and made it their business to exercise that beautiful gift of *helping*, which St. Paul mentions in his letter to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xii. 28). They were the representatives of the charity of the church towards its suffering or afflicted members. We know that the deacons of Jerusalem had been chosen to serve tables. In the second period of the apostolic age, there were no longer any common meals save the agapæ, which were accompanied by the celebration of the sacred Supper. The deacons were charged with all that concerned this portion of the Christian worship; with their office of mercy was combined the duty of regulating all the outward details of the church service.

Deaconesses.

The churches of the first century had also established an office for women, for the purpose of employing for the good of the church the special gifts which God had vouchsafed to them. What ministry could have been better suited to them than that of the diaconate,—the merciful office of giving help and consolation? It is difficult to describe with exactness what the first deaconesses of the primitive church were. (Rom. xvi. 1.) They had, doubtless, their share in the distribution of the church's alms and in the visitation of the sick; doubtless, also, they had something to do with the agapæ, and lent their aid to the deacons in regard to everything that required their care in the celebration of worship. We know that in the second century the deaconesses assisted the women at the moment of their baptism. This custom, so convenient and natural, must have been already introduced in the church in the first century. The widows of more than sixty enrolled in the church books, of whom St. Paul speaks in his first letter to Timothy, were probably deaconesses. In fine, we could not understand as a whole the obligations imposed on them if we had to do solely with a sharply defined and regular ministry. On the other hand, nothing is more conformable to the spirit of the apostolic church than the giving employment to the activity of all its members, and the establishing of a holy reciprocity between the generous gifts bestowed on poverty and the precious services which poverty is able to render. The widow was far better fitted than the virgin for the office of deaconess, for she had had experience of human life; she was ac-

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quainted with its severest sufferings, and she found in her position an altogether special vocation for exercising the ministry of consolation.

The Servants of the Church Elected, not Appointed.

Under whatever point of view we consider it, ecclesiastical office always presents itself to us as a ministry, a service rendered to the church, and never as a priesthood. It is not imparted like a priesthood, but emanates from popular election, which guarantees its delegated character. We saw this, when the question was concerning the first office which became detached, so to speak, from the apostolate. The seven deacons of the upper chamber were elected by the church of Jerusalem. 'Look ye out from among you seven men'—such is the language of St. Peter, and he thereby consecrates for ever the right of the church. The nature of the office of presbyter equally implied election. St. Paul's charge to Titus and to Timothy to appoint presbyters (Titus i. 5; 1 Tim. iii. 1) is no derogation from this rule, for it is evident that in a young and inexperienced church the influence of the apostle, or of his representative, ought to preponderate. But never did this influence become transformed into despotic authority, and Luke shows it us in combination with the election of the church, when he says that Paul and Barnabas *caused to be elected* (Χειροτονήσαντες; Acts xiv. 23) presbyters in all the churches. The apostle presided over the election, but he did not suppress it. It is certain, besides, that the right of election was preserved intact during more than two centuries. The Coptic constitution of the church of Alexandria bears witness to the permanence of the right of election in the middle of the second century. But since it is incontrovertible that the second century did not invent it, and that its natural tendency was to become enfeebled and to wane, it follows from this that it must be traced back to the first century, and that it is of apostolic institution.

Imposition of Hands.

The imposition of hands which was conferred on deacons, on presbyters, and on evangelists, did not possess the character of an ordination. It was not reserved exclusively for the investiture with church offices. Jesus Christ had laid his hands on the children who were brought to him that he might bless them. Hands were laid on the sick in order that they might be healed. The imposition of hands was regarded as a solemn form of benediction; sometimes also it coincided with the impartation of the supernatural gifts peculiar to the apostolic age. At a later period it was conferred in the ceremony of baptism, in the celebration of the Holy Supper; and thence at the restoration of excommunicated sinners to the church. It was always accompanied by prayer. St. Augustine goes so far as to ask, 'What is the imposition of hands but prayer over a person?' Prayer, then, was the essential act. 'The neophytes,' says Cyprian, 'receive the Holy

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Ghost through our prayer, and the imposition of hands.' It had only a symbolical meaning, like baptism itself. It was an emblem of the grace communicated by prayer; and since all Christians have need of grace, it was conferred on all. Further, the prayer cannot be regarded from any point of view as a clerical act; it is the expression of the Christian feeling of the whole assembly; hence it follows that the imposition of hands could not have possessed, any more than the prayer which constituted its moral and essential part, a sacerdotal character. It was given in the name of the church. Tertullian acknowledged that the laity had a right to baptize; they, therefore, had also the right of imposition of hands. Meanwhile we do not deny that the imposition of hands may have had a special application when received by deacons or presbyters. It marked in a solemn manner their entrance upon their office, according to a usage borrowed from the synagogue for the new rabbis. But between the church's imposition of hands and that of the synagogue, there was the same difference as between the two institutions. It was, in fine, the prayer of the church which gave its value to the outward act; the church took an active and definite part in the consecration of the man who was destined to be her minister and representative. The person set apart seems, moreover, to have been called upon, from apostolic times, to make an explicit profession of his faith before the church; which, since its responsibility was concerned, had a right to know exactly the doctrine taught by its messengers. The outward act was so little regarded as communicating a sacred and indelible character, that the same man could receive the imposition of hands on several occasions. This fact, which is incontestable, absolutely excludes every superstitious idea.

Conclusion.

Thus, to sum up our observations, the ecclesiastical offices did not, during this second period, any more than in the first, constitute a new priesthood. They were not instituted directly by God in the way o authority, but were created one after the other, according to the manifest necessities of the Church. They are not of immediate divine institution, like the ancient priesthood, but they flow from heavenly inspiration, and are agreeable to the will of God. It is at all times necessary to be on our guard against the thought, that if the churches of the apostolic age possess a democratic organization they allow their liberty to degenerate into license. Revealed truth exercises in them a true authority. Paul speaks in his name the firm and energetic language of a representative of Jesus Christ. He does not impose the truth; if the churches reject it he has no means of forcing them to submit to its rule. But he declares that in rejecting his teaching, it is not him they reject, but God himself, and he proves it. He desires also that this truth, accepted in the churches, should abide, to be to them a touchstone by which to recognise heresy. If there is no outward organized authority in the Christianity of the first century, there is for all that an effective authority. Let us acknowledge, besides, that

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if each church has its own peculiar life and distinct physiognomy, there is nothing in the primitive ecclesiastical organization to condemn an ulterior federation of churches amongst themselves, and a synodal government, provided it can be reconciled with the liberty of the separate congregations. We are only bound to affirm that, in point of fact, this government did not exist in the first century. But the Church has the right, and it is sometimes her duty, to modify her organization in the course of time; to depart, in more than one respect, so far as details are concerned, from the type of the apostolic churches, on condition of not discarding the general principles of their constitution. For these principles are immortal, and are based on absolute truths.

Wichern and the 'Inner Mission' of Germany.

By Philip Schaff, D.D.

The most distinguished representative of *practical* Christianity in Germany, who converts the ideas of modern evangelical theology into deeds of charity, and goes forth from his study to the lanes of public life, the dens of misery, and the hells of vice, to do the work of the merciful Samaritan, and, as far as in him lies, to reclaim society to the gospel of peace is Dr. Wichern.

We do not hesitate to pronounce Dr. Wichern one of the greatest and best men of the age. He stands foremost in the ranks of Christian philanthropists on the Continent of Europe, and, since the death of Chalmers, we know of no English or American divine who equals him in fervour of spirit, and incessant activity of love to God and to fallen man. His name will ever be identified with the noble work of Inner Mission, and the regeneration of German Protestantism. History will assign him a place by the side of Vincent de Paul, the father of the Sisters of Charity, Augustus Hermann Francke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle, William Wilberforce, the emancipator of slaves, and other truly great men, who, filled with the love of Christ and generous sympathy for their suffering brethren, went about doing good, and became practical reformers and benefactors of the race.

The Rev. Dr. Wichern was born at Hamburg, in 1808, and is therefore now in the prime of life—although his grey hair gives him already a venerable appearance. He studied at Berlin under Schleiermacher and Neander, and still holds these teachers in grateful remembrance. He is a well-educated divine, of strictly evangelical, and yet truly liberal and comprehensive views, an earnest Christian, a dignified and accomplished, yet plain and unostentatious gentleman. He has an eminently practical genius, great power of organization, untiring energy, fiery and commanding eloquence. Even before he

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had completed his studies he felt a strong desire to devote himself to works of charity, in a free, untrammeled way. He has since amply proved to the world that this is his peculiar mission.

Destitute of worldly means, but full of faith in God, like Francke, he founded, in 1833, near the village of Horn, about three miles from Hamburg, a vagrant school, under the characteristic name of the 'Rauhe Haus.' It was, at first, an old broken-down farm-house; but it has grown since to be one of the most important and interesting benevolent institutions in the world. An English traveller calls it the 'House among the Flowers,' which is true, both in a literal and spiritual sense; and an American tourist, Brace, in his 'Home Life in Germany' (p. 96), states it as his impression, on a visit in the year 1850, that 'the friend of man, searching anxiously for what man has done for his suffering fellows, may look far in both Continents, before he finds an institution so benevolent, so practical, and so truly Christian as the Hamburgh Rough House.'

This noble establishment is a large garden full of trees, walks, flowers, vegetables, and adjoining corn-fields, with several small, but comfortable, wood-houses, and a neat, quiet chapel. It embraces various workshops for shoe-making, tailoring, spinning, baking, &c.; a commercial agency (Agentur) for the sale of the articles made by the boys; a printing and publishing department; a lithograph and wood engraving shop, and a book bindery—all in very energetic and successful operation. Many excellent tracts and books are annually issued from the institution, also a monthly periodical, under the title 'Fliegende Blätter,' which is, at the same time, the organ of the central committee of the German Church Diet for Inner Mission. The children are divided into families, each about twelve in number, and controlled by an overseer, with two assistants. These overseers are generally theological students, who prepare themselves here for pastoral usefulness. Many of them have already gone out to superintend similar institutions in Germany, Switzerland, and Russia, established on the plan of the Rough House. The general management is, of course, in the hands of Wichern, who is universally respected and beloved, as a spiritual father.

And who should not venerate the man who, from the most disinterested motives, picks up the orphan, the homeless, the outcast, from the filth and squalor, the dark cellars and vicious corners of Hamburg and other cities, to rescue them from temporal and eternal ruin, to transform them into useful men and pious Christians! He succeeded in some most desperate cases, with boys of whom the very devil seemed to have taken full possession. In this work he has gathered a rare amount of psychological knowledge and spiritual experience.

How strange! Dr. Wichern is one of the purest men; and yet he has a rare familiarity with the history and statistics of vice. He knows all about the horrible mysteries of society in such cities as Hamburg—one of the most corrupt in Germany—Berlin, Paris, and

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London. He spent once several weeks in visiting, with the assistance of the police-officers, the ill-famed quarters of England's capital, in close neighbourhood to the magnificent palaces of Regent-street and Westminster, and he told me he nowhere witnessed such appalling scenes of misery and wretchedness. What prompted him to acquire such knowledge was no idle curiosity, nor a morbid taste, but the love of Christ, who came to save sinners, and to seek that which was lost. He turns his large experience to the best account in his Rough House, which, for many wicked boys and girls, has become the birth-place of a new life, devoted to the service of God and the benefit of man.

I shall not easily forget the beautiful days I spent with this servant of Christ at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, under the hospitable roof of Dr. Varrentrapp, during the sessions of the seventh Evangelical Church Diet in September, 1854; the subsequent excursion we took to the Taunus mountain; the trip on the lovely Rhine; the visit to Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg, the noble patron of every Christian work, on his mediæval castle, Rheineck; and the last hours at Bonn, where we parted at the house of his friend, Professor Perthes, never to meet again, perhaps, on this earth. But I look back with equal interest to my first interview with him at the Rough House, in 1841, when he was yet little known, and that under the modest title, 'Candidate' for the holy ministry. I had then just graduated at Berlin as 'Licentiate,' and published a juvenile book on the 'Sin against the Holy Ghost,' in which he felt deeply interested on account of the subject. But I soon found out that he knew much more about it than I. We made an excursion to the worthy pastor Gurlitt in a neighbouring village, who had written an essay on the same topic. We conversed on the mysteries of sin and grace. He opened to me an awful abyss of human corruption, and gave me a horrifying account of two youths under his charge, who, although not over fifteen and eighteen years of age, had reached, apparently, the extreme of wicked rebellion against God, and come nearer the blasphemy of the Holy Ghost than anything I ever heard before, even Spiera's case hardly excepted, whose tale does 'harrow up the soul and freeze the blood.' Ever since, I followed his history with lively interest, and was greatly rejoiced to hear, a few years afterwards, and in a far distant land, that 'Candidat' Wichern was crowned with the highest academic honour, not for any learned work, but for his labours of love, and that he became the acknowledged leader of a powerful movement, which extends almost as far as the German name.

The year 1848, the year of bright hopes and gloomy disappointments; of noble deeds and dark crimes; the year which laid open the hidden diseases of European society, in Church and State; brought Wichern on the public stage, and gave to his ideas and plans of reform a national importance. He has a heart for German unity and liberty, and laments the political and religious dissensions of his fatherland. He deeply sympathizes with the sufferings and destitu-

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tion of the people, and follows even, with an eye of compassion, the thousands of his countrymen who leave their native home in discontent, to the extreme East, and extreme West, there to perish, alas! only too often in the cities of Constantinople, Paris, London, and New York, from want of the bread of life. He knows, moreover, that mere political reforms and reactions can effect no real cure of the many evils which produced, as their natural fruit, the gigantic emigration and the late revolution. He sees that a moral regeneration of society is necessary, and especially works of Christian philanthropy, which will relieve the sufferings of the poor and destitute, destroy the envy and jealousy of the lower against the higher ranks, and recommend Christianity to the great masses, now so fearfully alienated from it.

'For fifteen years,'—he said in his first speech on the subject of Inner Mission, at the first meeting of the Church Diet, on Luther's grave,—'for fifteen years past, the thought and hope has animated me with growing vigour and clearness, that our fatherland, the heart of Europe, might yet produce from its bosom a society and confederation of faith and love, offering itself as a sacrifice to the Church and the country—a society endowed with the resources of learning, the wisdom of statesmanship, the power of political and ecclesiastical government, and with the spirit of the eternal mercy of God, from which alone can proceed the salvation of nations. This hope appeared to most men a mere phantom. In Germany as it then was, this seed could not take root. The cover must first be removed from the eyes of all. This the hand of God has done in 1848: the abyss lies open, the ground is plowed and ready to receive the divine seed of a faith working by love, that it may grow up and unfold its glory. A day of God, a day of salvation for our church in our dear fatherland, has arisen with the revolutionary events. It will be known and felt that the Evangelical Church can and must become a church of the people (*Volks Kirche*), by penetrating the whole nation with the whole power of the gospel, and a new life-breath of God. If the Church is to become the fountain of the Christian life of the nation, it must, in its confederated capacity, make the work of Inner Mission its own.'

Our readers are already informed about the meaning of Inner Mission. It refers to domestic heathenism, which has crept into German Protestantism to such a fearful extent, and its labours to reclaim it to living Christianity. It comprehends, in one organic whole, the various efforts already commenced before by separate societies—but now carried on with more system and vigour—for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the poor, the sick, the widow, the orphan, the stranger, the emigrant, the prisoner, the travelling journeyman; the distribution of good books and tracts; the supply of destitute charges with the means of the gospel; the founding of Young Men's Christian Associations; the arrangement of courses of lectures on instructive and useful topics, to mixed audiences in large

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cities; the training of deacons and deaconesses; in fact, the whole field of Christian philanthropy. It has become almost co-extensive with practical Christianity. Its moving soul is that love which is as old as the Church, and whose fountain springs from the Cross. It does the work of the Church and for the Church, and with the most active members of the Church—but mostly in the form of free association. Hence the opposition of the High Church Lutherans to Inner Mission; for like the Romanists and Puseyites, they virtually identify the Church with the clergy, and disown every Christian work, however good and noble, which does not proceed from the clergy, and has not the official seal stamped upon it. But this principle of free association and lay activity in the Church—only think of the British and American Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies!—has become an irresistible power of the age, and opened a new chapter in church history. Even Romanism seems to be unable to suppress it altogether if we look at the various societies formed in 1848 under the names of Bonifacius, Boromæus, Pius, and at the singular fact, that the leading and most vigorous organs of the Roman Catholic press, even those of the Ultramontane party—as the 'Historisch-Politische Blätter,' 'L'Univers,' and 'Brownson's Review'—are conducted by laymen, generally converts from Protestantism.

The inherent life of the movement of Inner Mission, in connexion with the sanction of the Kirchentag, and especially the peculiar condition of affairs at that critical period, made it spread since 1848 with unusual rapidity all over Germany and Switzerland; and its popularity and vigour seems still extending and deepening, although a number of so-called evangelical societies which owed their existence to the charm of novelty and the excitement of the moment, have already gone the way of all flesh. Wichern gives the work a fresh impulse at every meeting of the Church Diet, of which he is, upon the whole, the most popular and interesting orator. He speaks without notes, with great freedom, energy, and fluency. He is perhaps somewhat too lengthy and prolix, but commands the audience nevertheless to the end. His generous zeal for a great and good cause, his noble figure, his earnest countenance, his blue eyes sparkling with the fire of genius and sanctified benevolence, never fail to make a deep impression, as he unfolds the the statistics of misery and crime, and calls upon the assembly to show their faith by works, and to stem the flood of infidelity, socialism, and revolution, by leading society back to practical virtue and religion, as revealed in the person and work of Jesus Christ.

The movement of Inner Mission does not propose any alteration in the creed and constitution of the Church. It rests throughout on the basis of the Evangelical Protestant confessions of faith, and differs therefore from Romanism as well as from mere natural philanthropy. But it may be called a practical complement to the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and to the modern evangelical theology—a noble effort to rebuild what rational and indifferentism have destroyed

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in the moral and religious life of the nation. It insists upon works of charity, but on the ground of the merit of Christ and the free grace of God.

Quite recently an important step was taken by the Evangelical Conference which assembled at Berlin in November, 1856, to embody a part of the work of Inner Mission, which was carried on thus far, as already remarked, mostly in the form of voluntary agency, in the regular machinery of the Evangelical Church of Prussia, and thus to give it an official and permanent character. We mean the introduction of the diaconate as a congregational office for the care of the poor and the sick, according to the practice of the apostolic church. Wichern and Fliedner were among the fifty-eight members of that Conference, elected by the king. They may regard this action, which will no doubt receive the sanction of the projected general Synod, as a triumph of their long and self-denying labours. But it will require some time till a sufficient number of efficient deacons and presbyters, or lay helpers of the minister in the exercise of pastoral care, can be found in a state church where the majority of congregations are either spiritually dead, as in most of the Eastern provinces, or at least composed of the most heterogeneous material. In the Western provinces, where the Reformed Church prevails, the office spoken of has long been established, and is more or less in successful operation.

Closely connected with the diaconate is the institution of female deacons or deaconesses, or, if you choose to call them so, evangelical Sisters of Charity. This should likewise be made a regular ecclesiastical office. It was agitated long before 1848, by Dr. Fliedner, an eminently practical minister, who is favourably known as the founder and director of the establishment of deaconesses at Keiserswerth on the Rhine. The celebrated Miss Florence Nightingale is one of his pupils, which alone should be sufficient to commend him to the favourable notice of Great Britain and America. By indefatigable exertions he succeeded to awaken a deep interest in this matter. Similar establishments have be founded since at Berlin (Bethania, with a magnificent building and rich endowment by the queen), at Jerusalem, in connexion with the Anglo-Prussian bishopric, at Smyrna, and at Pitsburg, Pa. (under the care of the Rev. Mr. Passavant, an active Lutheran minister), and have been mostly supplied with excellent and well-trained female nurses from the mother institution of Keiserswerth. Fliedner brought them himself to America, and to Jerusalem. All these institutions of Christian sisterhoods have proved a great temporal and spiritual blessing to the sick placed under their care. It has been asserted recently by a number of bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, that 'the Sisters of Charity in the Romish communion are worth, perhaps, more to their cause than the combined wealth of their hierarchy, the learning of their priesthood, and the self-sacrificing zeal of their missionaries.' (Memorial Papers, ed. by Bishop Potter,

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p. 61.) This may be greatly exaggerated. But it is certainly high time that the Protestant churches should begin seriously to consider the great importance of affording the large number of unmarried and unemployed females which are found everywhere, a proper opportunity to devote their peculiar talents and gifts to the service of Christ and humanity, in the discharge of the most tender and most endearing offices of charity.

To return to Dr. Wichern, we may state in conclusion that he has been called recently to Berlin as general superintendent of the prisons (on which subject he was consulted some years ago by the Prussian Government), and been offered a seat at the same time in the *Oberkirchenrath* and *Staatsrath*, the two highest councils of the Prussian Church and State. But it seems he has declined so far to give up his connexion with the Rough House, to which he devoted the labours of his first love, and in which he trained himself to general usefulness. He could hardly find a more influential, and at the same time a more independent position, than he occupies now.

If we now look over the field and prospects of practical Christianity in Germany, the question naturally rises—Is this movement of Inner Mission likely to continue much longer, either in a free, or in an official form; or will it gradually die away, especially if Wichern and Fliedner shall once have been called to their rest? Will the work of a radical regeneration of Protestantism, on its present doctrinal basis, which the movement aims at, succeed on a large scale; or must we look for a new reformation, which the Lord alone can bring about by his Spirit? Will the thirty-eight independent sovereignties, and as many State-Churches of Germany which now mar its unity and divide its strength, ever be merged into one free powerful confederation, so as to become the thinking head and the beating heart of old and ever-renewing Europe? Will that noble country ever flourish like a garden of God; or has it seen its brightest days, and fulfilled its mission to the world? Are the many signs of progress and improvement the rays of the rising or of the setting sun? Is not the new life of Christianity, after all, confined to a comparatively small number, and are not the masses of the people, in spite of all church diets, church counsels, church ordinances, church hymns, church books and church papers, fearfully alienated from the Church, and becoming more and more addicted to the degrading and disgraceful worship of Mammon? Are not the present agitations and commotions ominous of a new political and social convulsion that shall leave the revolution of 1848 far behind, and sweep away in its current church and state, priests and kings, to make room for anarchy and dissolution? Or are they the birth-throes simply of a new creation, and the final triumphs of the everlasting gospel of love and peace?

We cannot look through the veil of the future. But we do know that the recent revival of evangelical theology and religion which we have described in this book is not an empty dream, but a living reality, and that its conquests in the battle with error can never be

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lost. We know that the practical movements which resulted from it have been an incalculable blessing to hundreds and thousands of immortal souls. Though the tree should die in the land of its birth, its fruitful seed has already taken root in other countries, full of hope and promise. The African Church died away after she had produced her greatest divine and saint; but St. Augustine's theology and piety continued to live through the middle ages, and fertilized the soil of the Reformation, and are a rich source of instruction and edification to this day.

Dr. Wichern has adopted for his motto the words of the disciple who leaned on the Master's bosom: 'Faith is the victory which overcometh the world.' May the faith of the apostolic church, the faith which justifies and sanctifies the whole man, the faith which worketh by love, overcome all the countless and fearful foes who contend against it in the land of the Reformation. This is our concluding hope and prayer for Germany, and for the world.

The Old Believers of the Russian Church.

(Concluded.)

THE inn of Jakoff, transformed into a place of rendezvous for the Christian Dissenters, soon prospered. All the sectarians, who were summoned before the authorities, stopped there, before or after the examination. Sometimes this examination is put off for several weeks, and these adjournments turn to the profit of the inn-keeper, who, in giving the Old Believers an asylum, never fails to pay himself, either in money or in kind. The local administration is, at last, warned by the traitor Andrialika, who denounces his old companion, only to put himself in his place. The sectarian is driven from his inn. Reduced to a wandering and miserable life, he submits to the trial as a just punishment for his faults. His religious instincts are re-awakened, and he decides on entering one of those communities of solitary men, still so numerous in Russia—and this brings us into contact with a new class of Old Believers. The spiritual chief who admits Jakoff, the father Acafa, is nearly a hundred years old. The tents of the hermits who recognise his authority are scattered round his little house, which stands at the bottom of a wild ravine.

'I had no trouble,' says our hero, 'in following the rules that they followed. Prayer occupied one part of our day, and the other hours were passed in copying manuscript. When the weather was fine, the youngest went out to exchange our copies for provisions. Sometimes we remained shut up in our cabins an entire month, without seeing a human face. Never had I felt so happy, and I thought that I should like to finish my days in that state; but Heaven willed otherwise, and destined me to sustain long conflicts with this world, which Antichrist still

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governs. We had among us a hermit named Martémiane; of all our brethren, he pleased me the least. One day he entered the old man's house, followed by a peasant. "What do you want, and where does this man come from?" demanded Acafa. "He is from Zourdine." "What does he ask for?" "I should like to live here, holy father," answered the peasant; "the taxes are heavy, and I am afraid they will take my son for a recruit." "You have, then, a family?" "Yes, an old wife, two daughters, and a son." "Then it is the tax that brings you to us?" "I cannot say no," answered the peasant, somewhat troubled. "What is the use of all these questions?" rudely inquired Martémiane; "receive kindly all the sheep who come and join themselves to our flock, whatever may be the reasons that bring them." We met in council afterwards, and Father Acafa spoke against the admission of this family. Martémiane contradicted him with bitterness, and at last said, "You are too old to govern us. Upon what footing are we here. One hardly dares sneeze. See how the hermits of Pelox live. It is quite another thing: they fear nothing, and have made themselves masters of all the country." "Well, well," replied Acafa, "you are right. I see that I do not suit you—I am too old. I know very well what will come of it, Father Martémiane. Solitude wearies you. Well, so be it; let me return. Take another director, and suffer me to die in peace." We entreated him to remain, but these prayers were not sincere, at least the greater part. He refused; and we named Martémiane as his successor. Some time after God took Father Acafa to himself. From that moment everything changed. Many peasant families came and joined themselves to the first; the hermits began to visit them, and soon neglected the religious duties that Father Acafa had taught them. Each one began to keep what had been given to him, and to seek all the enjoyments of the world. Disgusted, I resolved to leave the community; and having collected my manuscripts, I went down the river, and arrived at a village called Lenof. Thence I went to the hamlet of Illinskoé, where I settled. My host was an Old Believer, but, fearing persecution, he followed outwardly the observances of the Church. He had a son named Mikalka, who employed himself in falsifying passports. The Old Believers brought them to him from far, and he excelled in making them passable. As I could speak freely in this house, I one day reproached the father for allowing his son to follow such a wicked business. "Where do you come from, friend, with good advice?" said he. "Remember," I replied, what is written in the holy books. Does not Christ himself say, he is a wandering man? He who takes a passport is not a Christian. And you allow your son to make false passports, which is still worse." "It is Father Acafa, without doubt," he replied, "who has taught you these things: with these ideas you will ruin us. You other hermits, what do you do in the woods? You are only good for saying prayers; that does not suit us: we wish to have places of refuge for rainy days. Life becomes difficult in the villages; sometimes superintendents, sometimes police, disturb us. After one of their searches, one wanders entire days, like a soul in torture; some are beaten unmercifully, others are carried away, I do not know where—they are never seen again. This is why we have resolved to found in the depths of the forest large communities, which, in need, could serve as a refuge. We shall make a postal service which will go from one village to another, so that, being warned in time of the slightest intention of the authorities, when they arrive they will find no trace of the Old Believers in the woods."'

The last pages of the tale show us Jakoff more and more weighed down with the conscious need of solitude; but it is no longer a cloister that he seeks, it is the monastic life in all its austerity; and the author takes leave of his hero at the moment when, eager to forsake the world, he sets out for the solitudes of Drienburg—there to terminate his life in ecstasy and prayer.

The other tale of M. Chetdrine, entitled 'Marfa,' sets more vividly before us, than this, the disorders with which the 'Old Believers' may be reproached. M. Chetdrine has sketched, with a vigorous hand, in

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'Marfa,' the stoical firmness of the sectarians in the midst of persecutions. At the end of the narrative, the author transports us into the midst of a group of peasants, whose conversation reveals their religious tendencies. Collected on the banks of a river, they wait the ferry-boat which is to transport them to the other side. A troop of young peasants come out from a neighbouring forest, who are going to pay the last duties to a 'Cenobite.' While all these groups, scattered upon the banks, furnish by their conversation many curious particulars of the Russian sects, a traveller lies hid at the bottom of his carriage, listening with an attentive ear to the conversation. He is a superior of the police, named Mark Ilarion Filoveritof. He is going through the district on confidential business; and the care with which he avoids the peasants convinces us that his mission concerns these sectarians. The ferry-boat appears at last; and the peasants direct their steps towards their village. The official takes the road to the town, and arrives there at the close of the day. This little town, which is a nest of Old Believers, presents a remarkable peculiarity; the male population seem so banished from it, that one only meets women there. They advance, covered with long tunics of grave colours, with a solemn and grave step. The town is perfectly quiet—no movement, no disputes in the street, no drunkenness. The official goes through the town, and gets out of the carriage at the post-house. At the same instant a man in uniform approaches him; it is the ispravnik,* whose portrait the author draws with great spirit. 'He was a little man, but very robust, with a low forehead; he had a bull's neck, and blood-shot eyes. When any one gave him secret information relating to his functions, he drew himself up, his eyes became fierce, like those of a wild beast scenting his prey, and he began to bite his lips. Sometimes he would joke, or relate a coarse anecdote, but even in these moments of gaiety there was something sinister in his physiognomy.' 'Will your worship begin the business?' he demands of the superior official. This latter affects to be greatly astonished at this question. Has the ispravnik then been forewarned of his arrival? He knows the mission with which he is charged! The *employé* cannot help showing some surprise. What is then the business which these two personages ought to inquire into so promptly? It is about an inquiry into the conduct of Marfa Kosmoona, who has been the superior of a Dissenting community of women in the neighbourhood. Unfortunately it is too late to proceed immediately with the inquiry, as the ispravnik wished. The night is dark, and the official is obliged to defer till the next day the visit that he intends to make to Marfa. The ancient superior lives in a house nicely built, and nice looking. On opening the official finds himself in a long, gloomy passage; and not knowing which way to turn, an old servant comes to his assistance. When she is a few steps from him she becomes pale, and shakes all over. As she pretends not to understand him, she utters piercing shrieks. An elderly

* Director of police.

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woman, still robust, and very tall, wearing a black saraphane,* her head covered with a handkerchief of the same colour, appears at the door of a neighbouring room; it is the mistress of the house. The first words she addresses to the official show us that she has been warned of his arrival, for she asks him if he wishes to make a search. This question is, however, very natural, for the sectarians are exposed to very frequent searches. The room into which the old superior takes Mark Ilariomovitch is light, and well arranged. A cloth covers the floor; and at the end of the room is a bed, surmounted according to the Russian custom with a pile of pillows. A man in a clerical dress is walking about the room; and whispering, which came from the bedside, indicated the presence of others. This man is drunk; and a somewhat curious scene takes place between him and the mistress of the house, who is visibly uneasy. He suffers some singular words to escape him; that of archbishop occurs frequently in the exclamations that he utters. However, he finishes by going away without the official being able to comprehend the sense of his words. Left alone with his hostess, Mark tries in vain to draw from her a confession on this subject, but she only tells him that this man is a priest, deprived of his office, and known to all the town for his misconduct. The official then makes Marfa Kosmoona understand that the object of his mission is to collect particulars concerning the Old Believers in that locality, and makes an appointment for the evening of the next day for the purpose. The ispravnik visits him at the post-house, and informs him that he has suborned an accomplice of Marfa named Magdalina. A meeting of sectarians had taken place during the night, and the ispravnik, hidden behind an oven, had heard the discourse. A merchant of Moscow, Mikail Trofcinitch, and Marfa Kosmoona, were present at this meeting, with the drunken priest, named Mitréitch. Now the name of the merchant is that of a man implicated in a criminal affair, which has necessitated the very inquiry in which the official is engaged. From conversations held at this nocturnal council, it appears that Mitréitch, the deprived priest, has decided to go over to the schism party, by paying 150, roubles in two payments, and eau-de-vie at pleasure for fifteen days. The merchant, who appears to be an old acquaintance of the two women, has only come to speak respecting the speedy arrival of an archbishop of the sect, who is to consecrate Mitréitch and some other priests. After having exchanged notes, the ispravnik and the official agree to act in concert. The next evening the examination of Marfa is to take place; and that is the moment to secure the accomplices. At the appointed hour, Mark goes into a distant chamber of the post-house, where they are to bring him the old sectarian. However, an unexpected incident troubles him; the man who was to be present at this inquiry as witness, the citizen Polovnikoff, has disappeared, and without him it cannot legally proceed. As he walks up and down this room, cursing this contretemps, the door opens.

* Long tunic.

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and a man in a close coat, with his hands tied before him with a cord, presents himself. The poor fellow has a seal in his hand, which he turns between his fingers in a sort of despair.

'"Here he is, your honour," says the soldier. "Who is it?" "The citizen Polovnikoff, your honour." "Ah, wretch!" exclaimed the official, "what has become of you?" The unfortunate citizen continued to turn the seal convulsively in his hand, trembling all over. "He had hidden himself in the garret, your honour, behind a pile of faggots. We found him by chance." "Have pity on me, your honour," stammered the citizen. "The magistrate's secretary hates me, because, being poor, I cannot make him a present. They choose me, because I am in arrears; it is a way of making me pay; but I have a wife and children." "What have you in your hand?" "A seal, your honour; as I cannot sign my name, I place it there, where they tell me." "Go and see if Kosmoona is come," said the official to the soldier.

'"Your honour," replied the citizen, when the soldier was gone out, "sometimes the gentlemen allow me to go to my work. I leave them my seal, and they make use of it as they think proper." At this moment the door opened, and Marfa Kosmoona entered. Nothing in her appearance indicated the slightest uneasiness, she crossed in the ancient manner, bowed stiffly, and appeared to pay no attention to the man. "This man asks," said the official, "permission to go away." "As you please, sir," she said calmly. "If you prefer to question me without a witness, that is your business; however, I believe the law forbids it." "Well," said the official to the man, "you must remain." "Why so, Marfa Kosmoona," asked the man, eagerly, "I am of no use. If I had thought of whispering a word, they would have turned me out of doors with a blow. Why will you mix me up with your affairs? I will leave my seal." "But if his honour," maliciously replied Marfa, "does not confine himself to a simple chat—if he brings an accusation against me—then a witness—?" "I repeat to you," said the official, "that I wish to confine myself to asking you some general information, but quite friendly." "Even in that case, sir," she replied, "it seems to me that a witness is never in the way. Besides, he will not die." "Have pity on me," exclaimed the man, "I have to work." All these supplications were useless. However, Kosmoona must have known that the presence of this man was of no use, and that his seal was sufficient. "May the Devil take these wretches," said the man, looking at her indignantly. "They are the cause of our being disturbed all the year through, whether for a search or an inquiry. Curses upon them all," added he, between his teeth, and throwing upon the official a look burning with anger. Having imposed silence on the man, the official somewhat cleverly led Marfa Kosmoona to relate her life to him. She expressed herself according to the habits of the sectarians, slowly, and using old terms. While speaking, she gesticulated with one hand, and with the other crumpled her handkerchief. "I was born at Moscow," said she; "my parents were of the old faith, but I was an orphan at an early age. My brothers, not knowing what to do with me, through avarice, sent me to a community of women, which then existed in its environs. The superior, who was called the mother Alexandra, was a severe woman. For the least fault, she put us in a cell, with irons on our feet and hands; but she was a true superior. You should have seen her when the merchants came. The superiors of other communities hurried to meet them with all the oldest sisters, as if they were starved. The mother Alexandra, on the contrary, made them wait a long time, and advanced slowly, with much majesty. We were not the only ones that feared her. When the nuns of other communities saw her at a distance on the stairs, they took care to put on a smiling face in order to please her. However, we liked her well, for she drew to our community money and provisions of all kinds." "Why had the merchants such affection for that mother?" the official adroitly asked. "I will tell you," exclaimed the unfortunate citizen. "The mother Alexandra was always ready to hide their misdeeds. Did one of their daughters make a *faux pas*, they confided it to the mother. Did a husband take a dislike to his wife, they shut

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her up in mother Alexandra's community." "Ah! old gossip that you are," added he, turning towards the sectarian. "Is it true," asked the official, in an indifferent tone, "that they brought girls by force into your community?" "You believe, then, the words of that drunken fellow!" replied Marfa. "Do you not see he has drunk a glass of brandy?" "Me drunk!" exclaimed the man, furious; "then you have forgotten the sister Varka. That happened, however, in your community, when you were superior! Yes; tell us that story." An attentive observer would have remarked that at the name of Varka the officer pricked up his ears; but he hid his feelings, and, turning towards Marfa, asked her, in a careless tone, "What is that story? Is there anything true in it?" "It is a very simple story," calmly replied the sectarian, but looking, for the first time, very distrustfully at the official. "About five years since, a merchant from Moscow, Michail Trofimitch, who was one of us, came to our community. It was in the autumn, at night, and the weather was bad. However, he asked for me, and would see me. I went to him; he did not leave me time to say good-day, but threw himself at my feet. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Have pity on me, mother,' he replied. 'My daughter Varka has dishonoured us. She has given herself to a heretic!' I tried to calm him; he entreated me to take his daughter, and lead her back into the right way. I received Varka; I do not deny it; but a father has ever the right." "And the child of Varka," replied the man, with earnestness, "what did you do with it?" "What did I do with it?" answered Marfa, unmoved; "what they do with the newly-born who die in coming into the world." "You suffocated it." "Will not your honour make this wretch hold his tongue?" exclaimed Marfa, rising. At this instant the door half opens, and a woman calls Marfa, in a trembling voice. "Mother, come quick, I have something to say." The old sectarian goes out, having first asked permission of the official. This latter rose, took up hurriedly a bundle of paper, pen and ink, which were by the window, puts them on the table, and runs to a neighbouring door. A young woman appeared; he made her sit down in a dark corner of the room, and reseated himself at the table. At the end of a few minutes Marfa Kosmoona re-entered, and told the official that as the ispravnik, having ordered her house to be searched, she wished to be present.'

The official refused, saying, that she had been submitting to an interrogatory according to law. He added, that he was sent to proceed against Marfa Kosmoona, accused of having decoyed the daughter of the merchant Michail Trofimitch, and suffocated the child to which she had given birth.

The moment the *employé* reveals his official mission, the old sectarian completely changed her bearing; she resumed that stoical firmness with which her co-religionists meet the demands of justice. The official, who is a clever counsel, is not put out by this obstinacy. Upon a sign from Mark Harionovitch, the woman advances towards Marfa; it is the merchant's daughter. Marfa becomes pale, but declares she does not know her.

'The young woman, enraged at this, relates with care her arrival at the community, and the sufferings they made her endure to compel her to take the veil; and that when she consented, they sent her to Siberia, to collect alms for the community. As to her child, she never knew what became of it. The old sectarian, on being questioned on this point, does not alter her manner, but says she knows nothing about what they ask her. The officer reads to her a letter bearing her signature, and addressed to the father of the young woman; she says in it, they have done with the child according to his paternal intentions.'

Marfa will not acknowledge this letter. Just then a great noise is

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heard in the streets; they bring in some prisoners, whom the ispravnik has taken at the old sectarian's house. A confused crowd follows them at a distance. The door opens, and the ispravnik enters, his face radiant with joy.

'"Your honour," says he to the officer, "we have succeeded better than I expected; we have taken in the same net the archbishop and the merchant of whom I spoke to you. They are bringing them in." This news produced a profound impression on Marfa; she fell back in her chair, leant her hands on her knees, and stretching forwards her body, her eyes fixed on the door, appearing to wait with anxiety the arrival of the prisoners. They were not long in bringing in one, whom the Old Believers called their archbishop.

'"Here is the archbishop," said the ispravnik, laughing, to the official; "I have the honour of presenting him to you." "Now," addressing the prisoner in a coarse tone, "tell us what you are called." This remark produced no effect upon the prisoner; he looked steadily at the ispravnik, but did not open his mouth.

'"Come, then," replied the ispravnik, "will you make haste; if not, we shall know how to make you speak." The prisoner still continued silent. "He is a real block," said the ispravnik to the official. "We have already kept him on the stool for half an hour, and I have even pinched his hands, but it is impossible to get a word from him." "Your honour," exclaimed Marfa, rising and approaching the official, "will you suffer such a scandal?" The official made a sign to the ispravnik, who went out of the room with a discontented air. "Good day, Andrei."

"'Larionètch," said Marfa, respectfully, to the sectarian, and bowing to the ground, "we meet in trouble," and large tears flowed down her withered cheeks. "Good morning, Mistress Marfa Kosmoona," he replied, with a calm and firm voice; "it seems that we have lived long enough. It is time that we rest in the bosom of Christ, who first gave himself a sacrifice for all men."

'"Pardon, Varka Mekarlorna," added Marfa, turning towards the young woman, "I have greatly sinned towards thee. Father," continued she, addressing herself to the officer, "what she has said is true; you can write more, but make haste." The young girl fell at the feet of Marfa, sobbing and uttering confused words. "Bring in the merchant," said the officer, who seemed in a hurry to finish. The merchant was brought in. He was an extremely tall old man, with a long beard and hard features. "Ah, there you are, said he, with a bitter smile, on perceiving his daughter, who had just risen; "it seems that, since our separation, you have learnt to betray your own kindred. Good day, Kosmoona," said he to Marfa, "your last hour is come. If your honour has any questions to ask me," continued he, addressing the officer, "I am at your service; but do not think to obtain anything by tormenting us, it will be lost trouble." "Think of thy daughter," said Marfa to him, "give her thy paternal pardon. Thou wilt know that if she has spoken it is not willingly." "Father," exclaimed the young girl in a voice choked by her tears, and kissing his feet. The merchant remained for some minutes sad, then he looked at his daughter, and one would have said that her despair touched him, but his face soon resumed its wonted serenity. "No, child," said he, sighing, and making a sign with his hand, "the time is passed to speak of that."

'"Live with God and think no more of us; we do not consider you as in this world. Well, your honour," added he, looking at the officer resolutely, "are you going to question us, or will they conduct us directly to the government room?" Upon an order from the officer, all the sectarians were led to prison.'

The clergy of the régime of the Emperor Nicholas had the most profound aversion for the Old Believers, and would continue hunting them out, as being already too much tolerated. The men who are at the head of the Western party, as this is called, and the greater part of

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those who desire reform, are as little disposed as the old Russians to sympathize with the schismatics. Nevertheless, the toleration which they have adopted makes it their duty to interest themselves in the sectarians, and so they represent them as men reduced to despair, by a sad catalogue of cruel persecutions, and which nothing can justify. That the Russian Government has persecuted the Old Believers with inflexible rigour in the last reign cannot be denied. The Emperor Nicholas was an autocrat, spiritual as well as temporal; and in his dreams of universal dominion, indulged the idea of imposing the orthodox faith upon all the people of his dominion.

Every one knows that he pushed the rigour of his political system to extremes. Like all despots, he considered that persecution might be as right for a religious opinion as for a political tendency. After having commanded a census to be taken of this sect, he ordered them, under severe penalties, to have all their future children to be baptized by the parish priests. Things went on in this way for several years to the great satisfaction of the emperor; but at length the minister of the interior, Count Provski, thought it his duty to tell him that, according to private information he had received, the number of the Old Believers was considerably increased. A special commission was soon ordered to go to the places frequented by the schismatics and ascertain the fact. It was not long in discovering that it was perfectly correct. To anyone who knows Russia, this is easily understood; the children of the Old Believers were registered as orthodox, but their parents continued to bring them up in schism. This discovery, which they took care to divulge, might have enlightened the emperor had he chosen; but instead, he persecuted the Old Believers with a rigour that went on increasing till the end of his reign. Many times it was a question whether he should apply to the countries of the Old Believers the system of terror that Austria formerly employed in Bohemia,—but the manners of our age not agreeing with these expeditions, the czar was obliged to confine himself to inflicting on them transportation to Siberia, imprisonment in convents, and various physical tortures. To these official penalties we must add one not upon the list, viz., the continued exactions to which they were subject.

The clergy themselves make no scruple of squeezing the sectarians, and ways are seldom wanting. The Old Believers of the large cities, especially Moscow, the centre of all Russian religious sects, pay considerable sums to the priests. The greater part of them, being merchants, are obliged to enrol themselves in one of the guilds, to be members of which it is necessary to present to the municipal authorities certificates of their having fulfilled all their religious duties. This obligation is a good windfall to the priests; they give the certificates for a certain sum; the dissenters pay handsomely to be exempted from the obligations of worship, and the priest certify nevertheless that they are fulfilled. Abuses of this kind are no secret; and thus the dissenters are a mine of gold for the priests and officials. The policy which Nicholas pursued to destroy the schism of the Old

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Believers only brought about this result, that they became more prudent. Forbidden to have chapels, they now meet by turns at each other's houses, bringing the necessaries for worship. Sentinels, armed with clubs, watch at the doors, and at their warning all disappear. In their houses they have back stairs, which allow them to escape from the search; secret closets, in which they lock their books, and underground places for those whom the police seek. This sort of mysterious life singularly tends to sustain the Old Believers.

'In the depths of the forest, and in distant provinces, Old Believers are still met with who live as hermits. Some years since, a police officer in the government of Nijui heard that an old man belonging to the schism lived in an hermitage in the neighbouring room. This man was, in fact, the only inhabitant of an old hut, and the only piece of furniture was a coffin. The officer signified to him that he must quit his hermitage, and re-enter the world. The old man entreated him to let him finish his existence in the place in which he had lived for more than half a century, for the world, he said, was given up to Antichrist, and it inspired him with profound horror. The officer was inflexible, and repeated his order, when the old man, seeing that he could not remain, prayed to be left alone a few minutes to make preparations for departure. The officer consented, and went away for about half an hour. At the end of that short delay he returned, but the cabin was in flames, with the old man in the midst, singing hymns. They tried in vain to save him; he died a martyr's death. When the noise of this voluntary *auto-da-fé* was spread in the country, the inhabitants looked upon the old man as a saint, and many were added to the schism.'

That which is evident from all the information collected concerning the character of the schismatics is, that the doctrines which they have obeyed for two centuries ought to be considered as a true protest in favour of religious independency,—in fact, it is the counterpart of Western Protestantism in its first phase. We must not, however, conclude that the schism of the Old Believers belongs to Protestantism. The greater part of the rights to which they lay claim are anterior to the sixteenth century, and date back to the period of the introduction of Christianity into Russia. The Old Believers have always marched at the head of the Russian people; their religious and social history attest this; and when the government shall have brought to a happy issue the enfranchisement of the serfs, it cannot help granting them the free exercise of their religious observances.

W. G. B.

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Fiji and the Fijians.*

The praise of a good book commonly finds its place at the end of a review of its contents. We shall, in the present instance, however, reverse this time-honoured custom; and at once say what we think of the work before us. It is the best, most complete, most thorough, and most interesting book of its class that we have ever read. It is designed to be a summary of all the information concerning the Fijians that a thirteen years' residence amongst them could obtain. But it is very much more than that. The writer is a Welseyan missionary, who, being something more than a missionary, has been able, not merely to collect together a certain number of facts, and place them under certain heads—and so to form a literary museum of Fiji curiosities—work which almost any one possessed of ordinary human faculties could do, but he has done what a person possessed of very special qualifications only could have done. He is a good geographer, and has the rare faculty of making his geographical descriptions interesting and intelligible, even to adult readers; and that we take to be one of the rarest gifts of a traveller. Scenery, under his hands, can really be imagined; and that can be said of few, besides Sir Walter Scott. His perceptions are acute; his sympathies broadly human; he inquires with carefulness, and narrates without exaggeration; his style is clear, very natural and consecutive, neither too bald nor too adorned; he unites, to the zeal and patience of a Christian missionary, the general information of a good reader, if not the cultivation of a scholar. He is, therefore, in the highest, and not the lowest and most conventional sense, 'good enough for a missionary'—one of a class, of which there are fewest in his own denomination, and most in the Episcopal Church; whose intelligence and ability recommend them as qualified to be teachers, as well as preachers of salvation. We commonly send none but inferior men to do the most difficult work that has to be done in the world; and we mourn at the want of success in missionary enterprise. But the Church sends its Oxford and Cambridge men to Tinnevelly; and Wesleyans send their foremost men to the cannibals of Fiji; and in both places we see harvests spring up, which cannot be reaped for the paucity of labourers. To have gone to Fiji, and only to have written this book, would have been a great work. To have been the means, in half a generation, of turning this very choicest refuge of Satan and his angels into a school of Christ, and the home of every Christian virtue, surely, no work, nor honour, can excel this!

We purpose to confine the present paper to the first volume of Mr. Williams's book, which relates to the islands and their inhabitants,

* 'Fiji and the Fijians.' Vol. 1. The Islands and their Inhabitants. By Thos. Williams, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by G. S. Rowe. 1858.

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leaving the second volume, on the results of missionary labour, to another month.

Two hundred years ago Fiji was unknown to Englishmen. The Dutch discoverer of Tasmania saw the islands in 1643; Captain Cook visited them about a hundred years later; Bligh, of the *Bounty*, in 1789; and, since then, a desultory intercourse of civilized people has been kept up. The first intimate acquaintance of the islanders with Europeans was, as has always been the case, an unfortunate one. With the Fijians, as with the Red Indians, the Hindus, and the Japanese, the result of their earlier knowledge of white people was utter abhorrence and hatred. Mr. Williams's tale amply accounts for this failing:—

'About the year 1804, a number of convicts escaped from New South Wales, and settled among the islands. Most of these desperadoes lived either on Mbau or Rewa, the chiefs of which allowed them whatever they chose to demand, receiving, in return, their aid in carrying on war. The new settlers made themselves dreaded by the natives, who were awed by the murderous effect of their fire-arms. The hostile chiefs, seeing their bravest warriors fall in battle, without an apparent cause, believed their enemies to be more than human, against whom no force of theirs availed, whose victory was always sure, while their progress invariably spread terror and death. No thought of improving and consolidating the power thus won seems to have been entertained by the whites. Had such a desire possessed them, the absolute government of the entire group lay within their reach; but their ambition never rose beyond a life of indolence, and an unrestrained gratification of the vilest passions. Some of them were of the most desperate wickedness, being regarded as monsters even by the ferocious cannibals with whom they associated. These lawless men were twenty-seven in number on their arrival, but, in a few years, the greater part had ended their career, having fallen in the native wars, or in deadly quarrels among themselves. A Swede, named Savage, who had some redeeming traits in his character, and was acknowledged as head man by the whites, was drowned, and eaten by the natives at Weilea, in 1813. In 1824 only two, and in 1840 but one, of his companions survived. This last was an Irishman named Connor, who stood in the same relation to the King of Rewa as Savage had done to the King of Mbau. His influence among the natives was so great, that all his desires, some of which were of the most inhuman kind, were gratified. The King of Rewa would always avenge, and often in the most cruel manner, the real or fancied wrongs of this man. If he desired the death of any native, the chief would send for the doomed man, and direct him to make and heat an oven, into which, when red-hot, the victim was cast, having been murdered by another man sent for the purpose.

'Soon after the death of his patron, Paddy Connor left Rewa. He was thoroughly Fijianized, and of such deprayed character, that the white residents, who had since settled in the islands, drove him from among them, being afraid of so dangerous a neighbour. At the close of life, his thoughts seemed only occupied about rearing pigs and fowls, and increasing the number of his children from forty-eight to fifty.'

The exquisite scenery of the islands of the Pacific has often been dwelt upon. These regions are gardens of Paradise for beauty and fertility; but gardens in which men depraved below the level of the brutes of the field have hitherto lived. No more forcible illustration of the fact, that natural and artistic beauty can of themselves do nothing to refine or elevate either the moral or intellectual taste, could be proved, than the case of the Fijians. Mr. Williams describes the scenery by which they are surrounded in the most animated language.

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'Among their attractions are high mountains, abrupt precipices, conical hills, fantastic turrets and crags of rock frowning down like olden battlements, vast domes, peaks shattered into strange forms; native towns on eyrie cliffs, apparently inaccessible; and deep ravines, down which some mountain stream, after long murmuring in its stony bed, falls headlong, glittering as a silver line on a block of jet, or spreading, like a sheet of glass, over bare rocks, which refuse it a channel. Here also are found the softer features of rich vales, cocoa-nut groves, clumps of dark chestnuts, stately palms and bread-fruit, patches of graceful bananas, or well-tilled taro-beds, mingling in unchecked luxuriance, and forming, with the wild reef-scenery of the girdling shore, its beating surf, and far-stretching ocean beyond, pictures of surpassing beauty.'

Of Somosomo, a principal island of the Fijian group, he says—'It is covered with luxuriance and beauty, beyond the conception of the most glowing imagination.' Similar is the testimony of Commodore Wilkes—'So beautiful was their aspect, that I could scarcely bring my mind to the realizing sense of the well-known fact, that these islands were the abode of a savage, ferocious, and treacherous race of cannibals.' Mr. Williams adds, in another part of the present volume, that the natives possess no faculty of sight for this prized characteristic of their abode. They do not see it; and when spoken to about it, have no idea as to your meaning.

The second portion of the present volume treats of the origin and polity of the people. The writer agrees with Pritchard, that the Fijians are connected with the darker races of Asia, and that they are of pure descent, there being many indications that they have been long isolated from other varieties of mankind. One of these is the fact that they are an unconquered people. Their government is their own, and they have never acknowledged a superior. In form, it was anciently patriarchal; but now more closely resembles the feudal state. The will of the king is law; there is no representation of popular interests; but a clearly defined recognition of territorial rights. The Fijians are also remarkable for a characteristic which has hitherto been considered a mark of superiority almost exclusively belonging in the East to the Chinese. Birth and rank give no influence; but, says Mr. Williams, 'a man is commended according to his wisdom. A crude suggestion, or unsound argument, from a chief of importance, would at once be ridiculed, to his confusion.' Here, however, the wisdom and justice of the Fijian government seem to end, for life and property are utterly unprotected. The strongest rules by virtue only of his strength, and the weak are literally devoured. Two examples of the arbitrary character of the government will, perhaps, be deemed sufficient:—'A Rewa chief,' states Mr. Williams, 'desired, and asked for a hoe belonging to a man, and, on being refused, took the man's wife! The other case is undoubtedly worse:—The king of Somosomo wished to collect the people belonging to the town in which he lived, that they might be directly under his eye. An officer, to whom the order was entrusted, was ordered to *bake* any who refused compliance!

One might expect, from these few indications, that the punishment of offences would be cruel and inhuman to the last degree. We have in

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this chapter a general summary of the punishments for various crimes, with some characteristic illustrations.

'Theft is punished by fine, repayment in kind, loss of a finger, or clubbing. Either fine, or loss of the finger, ear, or nose, is inflicted on the disrespectful. The other crimes are punished with death, the instrument being the club, the noose, or the musket. Adultery taxes vindictive ingenuity the most. For this offence, the criminals may be shot, clubbed, or strangled; the man may lose his wife, who is seized, on behalf of the aggrieved party, by his friends; he may be deprived of his land, have his house burnt, his canoe taken away, or his plantations destroyed.'

An instance of the mode and results of the punishment of death follows:—

'Sometimes a little form is observed, as in the case of the Vasu to Vuna. This man conspired against the life of Tuikilakila; but the plot was discovered, and the Vasu brought to meet death at Somosomo. His friends prepared him, according to the custom of Fiji, by folding a large new *masi* about his loins, and oiling and blacking his body as if for war. A necklace and a profusion of ornaments at his elbows and knees completed the attire. He was then placed standing, to be shot by a man suitably equipped. The shot failed, when the musket was exchanged for a club, which the executioner broke on the Vasu's head; but neither this blow, nor a second from a more ponderous weapon, succeeded in bringing the young man to the ground. The victim now ran toward the spot where the king sat, perhaps with the hope of reprieve; but was felled by a death-blow from the club of a powerful man standing by. The slain body was cooked and eaten. One of the baked thighs the king sent to his brother, who was principal in the plot, that he might "taste how sweet his accomplice was, and eat of the fruit of his doings." This is a fair sample of a Fijian public execution.'

War develops a degree of ferocity more than inhuman in this savage race. The following is one of the punishments of a prisoner:—

'A large bundle of dry cocoa-nut leaves is bound across the shoulders of the offender, so as to pinion him effectually. The ends of the bundle, which project several feet on either side, are then ignited, and the bearer of the burning mass is turned loose, to run wherever his torment may drive him. The exultation of the spectators rises in proportion as the agony of the sufferer becomes more intense.'

Another:—

'Captives are sometimes taken, and are treated with incredible barbarity. Some have been given up to boys of rank, to practice their ingenuity in torture. Some, when stunned, were cast into hot ovens; and when the fierce heat brought them back to consciousness, and urged them to fearful struggles to escape, the loud laughter of the spectators bore witness to their joy at the scene. Children have been hung by their feet from the mast-head of a canoe, to be dashed to death, as the rollings of the vessel swung them heavily against the mast.'

The celebration of triumph is thus described:—

'The return of a victorious party is celebrated with the wildest joy; and if they bring the bodies of the slain foes, the excitement of the women, who go out to welcome the returning warriors, is intense. This custom of the women greeting the conquerors at once suggests a comparison with Eastern, and especially Hebrew, usage. But among the Fijians, all that could be admired in the other case is brutalized and abominable. The words of the women's songs may not be translated; nor are the obscene gestures of their dance, in which the young virgins are compelled to take part, or the foul insults offered to the corpses of the slain, fit to be described. And who that has witnessed the scene on the canoes, at such a time,

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can forget it, or help shrinking with horror from the thought of its repetition? Dead men or women are tied on the fore-part of the canoe, while, on the main deck, their murderers, like triumphant fiends, dance madly among the flourishing of clubs and sun shades, and confused din. At intervals, they bound upon the deck with a shrill and terrible yell, expressive of unchecked rage and deadly hatred. The corpses, when loosed, are dragged, with frantic running and shouts, to the temple, where they are offered to the god, before being cooked. On these occasions, the ordinary social restrictions are destroyed, and the unbridled and indiscriminate indulgence of every evil lust and passion completes the scene of abomination.'

We pass over the admirable chapter—as admirably illustrated—on the industrial produce of the Fijians, with the remark, that the people are evidently not inferior to any savage race in their knowledge of the useful arts. They are expert, inventive, tasteful, and clearly capable, under civilized influences, of considerable, if not superior, attainments in the mechanical arts. Mr. Williams's description of 'the people' of Fiji is a very careful and clearly drawn summary of their national characteristics. Their physical developments are scarcely inferior to those of any race, while their mental powers are above the ordinary scale:—

'The aspect of the Fijian, considered with reference to his mental character, so far from supporting the decision which would thrust him almost outside of mankind, presents many points of great interest, showing that, if an ordinary amount of attention were bestowed on him, he would take no mean rank in the great human family, to which, hitherto, he has been a disgrace. Dull, barren stupidity forms no part of his character. His feelings are acute, but not lasting; his emotions easily roused, but transient; he can love truly, and hate deeply; he can sympathize with thorough sincerity, and feign with consummate skill; his fidelity and loyalty are strong and enduring, while his revenge never dies, but waits to avail itself of circumstances, or of the blackest treachery, to accomplish its purpose. His senses are keen, and so well employed, that he often excels the white man in ordinary things. Tact has been called "ready cash," and of this the native of Fiji has a full share, enabling him to surmount, at once, many difficulties, and accomplish many tasks, that would have "fixed" an Englishman. Tools, cord, or packing materials, he finds directly, where the white man would be at a loss for either; and nature seems to him but a general store for his use, where the article he wants is always within reach.

'In social diplomacy the Fijian is very cautious and clever. That he ever paid a visit merely *en passant*, is hard to be believed. If no request leaves his lips, he has brought the desire, and only waits for a good chance to present it now, or prepare the way for its favourable reception at some other time. His face and voice are all pleasantness, and he has the rare skill of finding out just the subject on which you most like to talk, or sees at once whether you desire silence. Rarely will he fail to read your countenance; and the case must be urgent indeed, which obliges him to ask a favour when he sees a frown. The more important he feels his business, the more earnestly he protests that he has none at all; and the subject uppermost in his thoughts comes last to his lips, or is not even named; for he will make a second, or even a third, visit, rather than risk a failure through precipitancy. He seems to read other men by intuition, especially where selfishness or lust are prominent traits. If it serves his purpose, he will study difficult and peculiar characters, reserving the results for future use: if, afterwards, he wish to please them, he will know how; and if to annoy them, it will be done most exactly.

'His sense of hearing is acute, and by a stroke of his nail he judges of the ripeness of fruits, or soundness of various substances.

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'Great command of temper, and power to conceal his emotions, are often displayed by the Fijian.'

On the other hand, the moral character of the Fijians, as may be gathered from the quotations we have already made, is anything but attractive. They have gone gradually from bad to worse, until they have arrived at a state, where it would be impossible to go further. Old men, says Mr. Williams, speak of the atrocities of recent times as altogether new, and far surpassing the deeds of cruelty which they witnessed fifty years ago. They deliberately and openly violate every commandment of the decalogue—murder, adultery, lying, theft, and deceit of every kind being the common and boasted practices of both sexes. Of these, Mr. Williams says, 'Atrocities of the most fearful kind have come to my knowledge, which I *dare* not record here. And it must not be forgotten that, in the case of murder, the act is not a simple one, ending in the first bloodshed. The blow which falls fatally on one man, may be said to kill several more; for, if the victim is married, his wife or wives will be strangled as soon as the husband's death becomes known, and often the man's mother will die at the same time. Then, again, if the deed is such as to justify the perpetrator's claim to receiving "a new name," other murders will be necessary to complete the ceremony. He and his friends must *silima*—"wash"—his club, if possible, within a few weeks of the first crime; that is, the club must spill more blood. Murder is not an occasional thing in Fiji; but habitual, systematic, and classed among ordinary transactions.'

Such a people are of course destitute of every human feeling. Parricide, fratricide, and infanticide are openly acknowledged. 'I have been astonished,' says the author, 'to see the broad breast of a most ferocious savage heave and swell with strong emotion on bidding his aged father a temporary farewell. I have listened with interest to a man of milder mould, as he told me about his "eldest son—his head, his face, his mien—the admiration of all who saw him." Yet this father assisted to strangle his son; and the son first named buried his old father alive!'

We have no desire especially to select the worst characteristics of this people; but where nearly all is bad, it is difficult to avoid anything that is not most revolting. The chapter on 'Manners and Customs' is full of details which, though narrated with scrupulous delicacy and with an evidently careful avoidance of all that might offend a fine taste, is not very quotable. We pass by the first portion of it for a few extracts relating to the burial customs of the Fijians and to cannibalism.

One of the humane customs of these islanders is the burial of their parents and others *before death*. This is an almost invariable thing. Mr. Williams says—

'In the destruction of their decrepit parents, the Fijians sometimes plead affection, urging that it is a kindness to shorten the miserable period of second childhood. In their estimation, the use of a rope, instead of the club, is a mark

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of love so strong, that they wonder when a stranger is demanded. In many cases, however, no attempt is made to disguise the cruelty of the deed. It is a startling, but incontestable fact, that in Fiji there exists a general system of parricide, which ranks, too, in all respects, as a social institution.'

Sick persons are treated in the same way:—

'Ratu Varani spoke of one, among many, whom he had caused to be buried alive. She had been weakly for a long time, and the chief, thinking her likely to remain so, had a grave dug. The curiosity of the poor girl was excited by loud exclamations, as though something extraordinary had appeared, and on stepping out of the house, she was seized and thrown into her grave. In vain she shrieked with horror, and cried out, "Do not bury me! I am quite well now!" Two men kept her down by standing on her, while others threw the soil in upon her, until she was heard no more.'

The most remarkable instance of this kind—the burial of a king before his death—was witnessed by Mr. Williams himself. We make no apology for the length of this quotation.

'The venerable chieftain grew feeble towards the middle of 1845, but not so as to prevent his taking an occasional walk. About August, however, he was obliged to keep his mat, and I often called and endeavoured to instruct without irritating him. I visited him on the 21st, and was surprised to find him much better than he had been two days before. We talked a little, and he was perfectly collected. On being told, therefore, on the morning of the 24th that the king was dead, and that preparations were being made for his interment, I could scarcely credit the report. The ominous word *preparing* urged me to hasten without delay to the scene of action; but my utmost speed failed to bring me to Nasima—the king's house—in time. The moment I entered, it was evident that, as far as concerned two of the women, I was *too late* to save their lives. The effect of that scene was overwhelming. Scores of deliberate murderers, in the very act, surrounded me: yet there was no confusion, and, except a word from him who presided, no noise, but only an unearthly, horrid stillness. Nature seemed to lend her aid to deepen the dread effect: there was not a breath stirring in the air, and the half subdued light in that hall of death showed every object with unusual distinctness. All was motionless as sculpture, and a strange feeling came upon me, as though I was myself becoming a statue. To speak was impossible; I was unconscious that I breathed; and involuntarily, or, rather against my will, I sank to the floor, assuming the cowering posture of those who were not actually engaged in murder. My arrival was during a hush, just at the crisis of death, and to that strange silence must be attributed my emotion; for I was but too familiar with murders of this kind, neither was there anything novel in the apparatus employed. Occupying the centre of that large room were two groups, the business of which could not be mistaken. All sat on the floor; the middle figure of each group being held in a sitting posture by several females, and hidden by a large veil. On either side of each veiled figure was a company of eight or ten strong men, one company hauling against the other on a white cord, which was passed twice round the neck of the doomed one, who thus, in a few minutes ceased to live. As my self-command was returning, the group furthest from me began to move; the men slackened their hold, and the attendant women removed the large covering, making it into a couch for the victim. As that veil was lifted, some of the men beheld the distorted features of a mother, whom they helped to murder, and smiled with satisfaction as the corpse was laid out for decoration. Convulsive struggles on the part of the poor creature near me showed that she still lived. She was a stout woman, and some of the executioners jocosely invited those who sat near to have pity, and help them. At length the woman said, "She is cold." The fatal cord fell; and, as the covering was raised, I saw dead the obedient wife and unwearied attendant of the old king. Leaving the women to adjust her hair,

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oil her body, cover the face with vermilion, and adorn her with flowers, I passed on to see the remains of the deceased Tuithakau. To my astonishment I found him alive! He was weak, but quite conscious, and, whenever he coughed, placed his hand on his side, as though in pain. Yet his chief wife and a male attendant were covering him with a thick coat of black powder, and tying round his arms and legs a number of white scarfs, fastened in rosettes, with the long ends hanging down his sides.

'The conflicting emotions which passed through my mind at that moment cannot be described. I had gone there to beg that the old man might be buried alone; but he was not dead. I had hoped to have prevented murder; but two victims lay dead at my feet. I came to the young king to ask for the life of women: but now it seemed my duty to demand that of his father. Yet, should my plea be successful, it would cause other murders on a future day. Perplexed in thought, with a deep gloom on my mind, feeling my blood curdle, and "the hair of my flesh stand up," I approached the young king, whom I could only regard with abhorrence. He seemed greatly moved, put his arm round and embraced me, saying, before I could speak, "See! the father of us two is dead." "Dead!" I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise: "Dead! No." "Yes," he answered; "his spirit is gone. You see his body move; but that it does unconsciously." Knowing that it would be useless to dispute the point, I ceased to care for the father, and went on to say, that the chief object of myself and my colleague was to beg him to "love us, and prevent any more women from being strangled, as he could not, by multiplying the dead, render any benefit to his father." He replied, "There are only two; but they shall suffice. Were not your missionaries here, we would make an end of all the women sitting around."

'Tongans were appointed to bury the king. The grave had been dug by the people of the place, and lined with mats, on which the Tongans laid the bodies of the women, and on them the once powerful chief. The shell ornaments were taken off his person, which was then covered with cloth and mats, and the earth heaped upon him. He was heard to cough after a considerable quantity of soil had been thrown into the grave. These latter particulars I received from those who buried him, as I could not, by my presence, seem to sanction the unnatural deed.'

The prevalence of cannibalism amongst the Fijians seems to be owing chiefly to the circumstance mentioned by the author, that it is a part of their religion. The gods are devourers of soul and body, and, after their fashion, the worshippers imitate the worshipped. Mr. Williams says that, 'Until recently, there were many who refused to believe in the existence of this horrible practice in modern times; but such incredulity has been forced to yield to indisputable and repeated evidence, of which Fiji alone can supply enough to convince a universe, that man can fall so low as *habitually* to feed upon his fellow-men. Cannibalism among this people is one of their institutions; it is interwoven in the elements of society; it forms one of their pursuits, and is regarded by the mass as a refinement.'

'Human bodies (he adds) are sometimes eaten in connexion with the building of a temple or canoe; or on launching a large canoe; or on taking down the mast of one which has brought some chief on a visit; or for the feasting of such as take tribute to a principal place. A chief has been known to kill several men for rollers, to facilitate the launching of his canoes, the "rollers" being afterwards cooked and eaten.'

Of the more conspicuous illustrations of this habit, we quote the following:—

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'Invited the people of that place to a friendly exchange of food, and slew twenty-three of their unsuspecting victims. When the treacherous Nggarans had gratified their own appetites by pieces of the flesh, cut off and roasted on the spot, the bodies were taken to Vakambua, who was greatly astonished, expressed much regret that such a slaughter should have grown out of his carelessness, and then shared the bodies to be eaten.'

Another case:—

'Captives are sometimes reserved for special occasions. I have never been able, either by inquiry or observation, to find any truth in the assertion that, in some parts of the group, no bodies are buried, but all eaten.'

One more instance, and our readers will have had enough:—

'When the slain are few, and fall into the hands of the victors, it is the rule to eat them. Late in 1851, fifty bodies were cooked at one time on Namena. In such cases of plenty, the head, hands, and intestines are thrown away; but when a large party can get but one or two bodies, as at Natewa in 1845, every part is consumed. Native warriors carry their revenge beyond death, so that bodies slain in battle are often mutilated in a frightful manner, a treatment which is considered neither mean nor brutal.'

We could go on quoting from the volume to an extent which, if the inclination were followed, could be limited only by the quantity of matter which it contains. We have assumed that we could not do better than give the reader as much of its contents as possible, and have, therefore, confined our paper to little more than a series of selections. We can assure him that there is scarcely a page which does not equal in interest the illustrations we have given, and we repeat, that the book is the most complete of its kind that we are acquainted with. In another paper we hope to take up the subject of the second volume—Christianity amongst the Cannibals.

Responsibility for the Moral Condition of others.

A SERMON TO THE CHURCHES.

The Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? The question manifestly implied, that he was in some sort responsible for his brother's well-being. Cain answers his Maker in the first place by a deliberate lie. I know not, said he, while he knew too well the field in which his brother lay weltering in his blood. Cain, moreover, observed the implication involved in the question, and he took occasion instantly to repudiate it. Am I, said he, my brother's keeper? God condescends neither to argue with the sinner nor to take notice of the insolence of his reply. He reveals at once his knowledge of the murderer's guilt; and pronounces the sentence which it deserved. 'What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground. And

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now thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from the ground.'

There seems thus to be a question at issue between man and his Maker. God holds us responsible for the effect of our conduct upon others. We declare that we are not responsible. What God affirms we deny. What is the truth in the case? Is God right, and are we wrong; or is God wrong, and are we right? Is the Judge of the whole earth a God of equity, or is mortal man more just than his Maker? This is the question which we are called upon for a few minutes to consider.

What is the truth in this matter, if we examime our relations to each other as men?

You say that you are not responsible for the result of your conversation and example upon others; that every one must take care of himself, and bear his own burden; and that all for which we are accountable is the result of our own actions upon ourselves. But I ask, do you not know that others are affected by your example, and that their moral character will be modified by what they hear you say and see you do? This you do not deny, but still you affirm, that no one can be either good or bad for another; that sin is the act of the individual sinner; that every moral agent is endowed with perfect freedom of will; that no one need be influenced by you unless he chooses; and, therefore, you can not be held responsible for the sin of your neighbour. Hence you hold, that though you acted with perfect freedom, and knew what would be the result of your actions—nay, though you deliberately intended to produce this result—you are in no manner morally accountable for the consequences.

Let us apply this to your own experience. Turn your eyes inward, and observe with care what you are at this moment. Examine deliberately your own character, and weigh with accuracy your own intellectual and moral condition. Go back to boyhood, and recall the various changes that have been wrought in you during your passage through life. You can well remember those critical periods when your biases, your objects, your aspirations, the governing principles of your character, underwent the most important modifications. You will recollect, if you care to recollect it, that those changes in character, by which so much of your subsequent destiny was determined, were to a great extent, if not wholly, the result of the associations which were then exerting a predominant influence over you. Some of the men whom you have known took care to summon you to high resolve, to breathe into your soul noble aspirations, and instil into your forming mind the principles of truth and honour, disinterestedness and humanity. Others, by example and precept, filled your imagination with pictures of wickedness; they took pleasure in liberating you from moral restraint; they enticed you into sin; they forged those chains of evil habit by which you are to the present moment held in bondage. How do you look upon these two different classes of your associates? Do you not love, and honour, and venerate the one, and hate and despise the

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other? You look upon the former as your dearest friends, and upon the latter as your worst enemies. The thought of the one fills you with gratitude, that softens your heart and makes you better; the thought of the other arouses within you a spirit of hate and revenge, which must be subdued into forgiveness, or it will make you worse. But why this difference, if the good have fulfilled and the wicked have violated no responsibility? If their precept and example have had nothing to do with your present condition, why should you lay your virtue or vice, your success or failure, at their door? Your own conduct, your own moral instincts, your own deliberate judgment, all give the lie to your theory; and you cannot but see that if others are responsible for your present moral condition, you are equally responsible for theirs.

But we will proceed to other illustrations. We will take the case of a parent. A family is growing up around him, and looking up to him as the model upon which their intellectual and moral character is to be formed. It is right that they should do so, for where else should they look for precept and example? On various occasions, to escape some trifling inconvenience, or to gain some transient advantage, he utters, or he tells them or his servants to utter, what he knows to be false; he makes a promise which he does not intend to fulfil; he speaks a threat which he does not mean to execute; or he terrifies a child by setting forth some danger which he knows to be fabulous. He smiles approbation upon some transaction which displays great skill but little honesty. He has never said so, but his children have imbibed the decided impression that he estimates men by their success, and not by their integrity. He talks to them very gravely about the excellence of virtue and goodness, but the deference which he pays exclusively to wealth and position show very clearly that he is not in earnest. His children imbibe his sentiments, and improve upon his example. He finds as they grow up to be men and women, that they have become adepts in all the arts of duplicity and cunning, and that they are putting in practice towards him the very lessons in which he was their first instructor. He is ashamed to observe, that they care far less than he considers respectable, for the means by which wealth is acquired, so long as the end is attained; and that their associates are men whom he would hardly notice on 'Change. His sons are the companions of sharpers and profligates, and his daughters the wives of adventurers and debauchees. When, and where, and by whom were the germs of all this wickedness and misery nourished?

Take another illustration. Here is a man engaged in extensive business, surrounded by junior partners, clerks, and the various classes of young men employed in a large mercantile establishment. They look upon him as their acknowledged head, whose opinion will determine their position when they enter upon life. They hear him express opinions to a customer quite at variance with those which in confidence he expresses to them. They, not unfrequently, record transactions, which are sadly in violation of the precept, 'Thou shalt

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love thy neighbour as thyself. A neighbour is pressed for money, and a profit is realized out of his necessities, which must not be mentioned out of doors. All this, and much like it, is of course confidential, and is never spoken of elsewhere. Here it seems to terminate and be for ever forgotten. But does it terminate here? Alas, the poison is already at work, corrupting the principles of all those young men. The lesson has been learned by all to whom it has been taught, and the practice commencing where the teacher left it, soon grows into habitual dishonesty. You may trace these men into subsequent life. One becomes wealthy by practices which brand him as a sharper. Another loses all character by a shamefully dishonest failure. One flees his country as a defaulter, and another is convicted of forgery. It is fortunate for the chief if these lessons are not practised on himself, and his account of stock, at the end of the year, does not discover discrepancies hard to be accounted for. Was not this man the keeper of the souls of the young men in his employ? When, and where, and by whom were these seeds planted?

But look at the history of every day of our lives, We are always talking, and men are always hearing us. We are always acting, and men are always seeing us. Every word that we speak, and every act that we perform, is contributing something to form the character of the men around us. They are made either better or worse by their intercourse with us, and we cannot prevent it. The effect which we produce on them they will reproduce in their intercourse with others. Thus the fountain of moral influence which we open will flow on, growing deeper and broader even unto the end. In the broad daylight of the judgment morning, all this complicated network will be completely disentangled, and the part which each man has borne in forming the character of his neighbour will be traced back distinctly to its author.

Here let us pause for a moment, to observe the light which is thus thrown upon the sinfulness of sin. It would seem, from all that we know, that moral evil is in its nature infectious, and by necessity reproduces itself for ever. That a single sin must mar our own moral nature, and create a tendency to sin, which, unless corrected, must for ever gain strength, can be easily shown. That it must from our social nature produce the same effect upon others, is also evident. Thus it is that the sin of our first parents is the cause of all the sin and misery that have cursed our race to the present day. Every one of our own sins partakes of the same character. What must then be the desert of the sins of a lifetime? What mortal man can measure, much less make reparation for, the mischief which he has wrought in the universe of God? Surely, by the deeds of the law can no flesh be justified. Well for us is it, that our help is laid upon One mighty to save. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin: for he hath magnified the law, and made it honourable. This is the only and all-sufficient hope for a sinner.

The bearing of the subject is yet more impressive on those who

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profess to be the disciples of Jesus Christ. Let us look at it briefly in this relation.

It is manifest that the children of God are continued on earth, for the express purpose of being keepers of their fellow-men. They were such under the old dispensation. He expected his chosen people to testify for him, and exemplify the superiority of the true religion over every form of idolatry. He looked for the fulfilment of the obligations which they had assumed, when they separated themselves from the heathen, and became his people. Surely, said he, they are my people; children that will not lie, therefore he was their Saviour. When they did not fulfil their obligations, but suffered the lamp of piety to go out in their temple, so that they had shed no light upon the surrounding darkness, but through them his name was blasphemed among the Gentiles, he swept them away from the land which they had polluted, and blotted them out of the catalogue of nations.

The teachings of the New Testament are yet more explicit, frequently repeated, and set before us with every variety of illustration. Our Lord represents the world as going to decay, and his disciples as the salt by which it is preserved from decomposition. The world is a mass of unleavened meal; Christ's disciples are the leaven by which it is excited to universal fermentation. The world is a dark room; they are the lamp by which it is to be lightened. The world is shrouded in starless midnight; they are the city set upon a hill, by which the far off traveller discovers his direction and reaches his home in safety.

The meaning of all this cannot be misunderstood. We are here taught that our title to discipleship must rest on something more than mere quiescence, having our religion to ourselves, and doing no harm with it. If this be all our piety, we are salt that has lost its saltness, good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot. We are lamps hidden under a bushel, which are just as good as no lamps at all. Christ teaches us that his disciples must be something better than a mere negation; they must exert a real and positive agency on the world around them. The salt must diffuse its saltness. The city on the hill must scatter light on those near and those afar off. It is by thus doing that we give evidence of our discipleship, and if we do it not, he will say unto us, I never knew you. Christ imposes upon all his disciples the duty of being in this sense the keepers of their fellow-men.

The reasonableness of all this is self-evident. In order that the world should be converted unto Christ, it is necessary that every man should be convinced of the truth of his doctrines, and the authority of his mission. An abundant proof of this may be logically made out, on the principles of historical evidence. But this evidence can reach not one in ten thousand of the human family, and among those whom it reaches, prejudice will cavil where the understanding can make no reply. Christ intended the *conversion of sinners* to be the standing miracle by which it should be proved that he is the messenger from the Father. When men, by belief in him, are transformed from sin,

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to holiness; when the lascivious become chaste, the passionate meek, the selfish self-denying, the covetous liberal, the proud humble; when men are seen trampling upon the idols to which they lately bowed down in subjection, here is a moral victory which nothing earthly can account for. The power which conquers the world must be derived from something the world knows not of. Men may reply to an argument, but there is no reply to a life changed from sin to holiness. It is a fact which every man can observe, which every man can comprehend, and which can be accounted for by nothing but the power of the Spirit from on high; and that Spirit acting only through the words of Christ, teaches that Jesus is the Messiah sent of God.

Nor is this all. The Spirit is sent to convert men in answer to the prayers of the children of God. They are the medium through whom the Spirit is imparted to men. God converts the world through the instrumentality of his own children. But their prayers are in vain, and their efforts are a dumb show, unless they proceed from a holy and loving soul. God has thus made the progress of his cause on earth, the salvation of a world perishing in sin, to depend on the holy and consistent lives of the disciples of his Son. For this reason again he declares that each one of us is the keeper of his brother.

Not only are we taught our responsibility in this matter; the most solemn judgments are denounced against those who neglect to fulfil it, or who, by their example or precept, lead others into sin. This is what our Lord means by offending, or being a cause of offence or stumbling to others. He declares that it were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our necks, and we be cast into the sea, than to be guilty of this sin. Nay, he urges us to cut off a right hand, or pluck out a right eye, rather than do it. In other words, he teaches us that we must suffer any privation, lose any advantage, or deprive ourselves of any pleasure, rather than by our conduct or example be the means of ruining the souls of our fellow-men. In a word, we are forbidden to do or to leave undone anything by which the salvation of our brethren may be endangered. The apostle Paul carried out this precept to the letter. He knew, as well as we, that meat commendeth us not to God, for neither if we eat are we the better, nor if we eat not are we the worse, yet said he, if meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, is offended, or is made weak. It is in this spirit that the Master holds us to be the keepers of our brethren.

And now suppose a professed disciple of Christ to commit any of the sins of which I have before spoken. He does more than lead men into sin; he stupefies their consciences, and teaches them to do evil without remonstrance from within. Looking upon him as a practical exponent of the law of God, they flatter themselves that what he does is not forbidden, and they may therefore do it with impunity. Suppose a Christian parent to be thoughtless about his word; in fits of passion

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to give way to violence of manner and rashness in utterance; suppos him to labour more for wealth and position than for Christ and his salvation; suppose him to allow successful wickedness to pass unrebuked, and unpopular piety to be made a matter of ridicule, his children will of course follow his example. But this is not all. They will naturally conclude, either that he is no Christian, or that all this is consistent with Christianity; that there is in it nothing morally distinctive, and that in fact it is all a pretence. Another disciple is a merchant, attentive upon all the ordinances of religion, sound in the faith, and ready upon all proper occasions to exhort men to repentance. But follow him to his place of business, and you may find him grasping with an overreaching eagerness for gain, forgetful of truth in his representations, selfish and unfeeling towards those in his power, and capable of littleness, nay of meanness, in financial negotiations. That the young men around him will imitate his example, there can be hardly a doubt. But more than this: they will learn to associate the most solemn truths of religion, and the most devout profession of piety, with selfishness and trickery. The gospel itself becomes to them an offence, and to awaken them to repentance becomes almost hopeless. Who has hardened their hearts and stupefied their consciences? Was not this man the keeper of the souls of his brethren, and how has he kept them?

Suppose a disciple of Christ does none of this, but contents himself with doing nothing for his Master. His most intimate friends declare with truth that he never warned them of their danger or pointed them to Christ; while they know that he believes them to be, at every moment, in danger of eternal death. He converses with the freedom of a friend on every other subject, but never utters a word about personal religion. They would gladly receive his advice and listen to his warnings, but on this subject his lips are closed in unbroken silence. They ask, Can he believe the religion which he professes? If we believed him to be in so imminent a danger, we could not let him go unwarned. Thus his very silence hardens the hearts of men. They arrive at the conclusion that there is, after all, no great danger to be apprehended from a life of irreligion, and they go on in impenitence to eternal death.

Again, the word of God teaches us that if any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Hence, when a man professes to believe in Christ, nothing is so marked as the entire change of his moral affections. The pleasures, the amusements, the ambitions, the gains of the world have lost their charms, and he turns from them with aversion, for they were ruining his soul. His affections are placed on things above, and thence he derives a happiness of which he had before no conception. Happiness was before only a shadow, now he has found the substance. His soul, wearied in the chase of that which satisfieth not, has now found rest in the bosom of God.

But what if this disciple at any time forgets all this, and mingles as before with the world? He enters into its amusements, and drinks as

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deeply as ever of the cup of its pleasures. The meeting for prayer is deserted for the ball-room, the theatre, the opera, and the card-table. In fact, in all but his profession, so far as man can see, he is just the same person that he was before. Men put these two things together. They say, Here is a man who has tried both sources of happiness, and we have tried but one. After a deliberate trial of both, he comes back to that which we have always chosen. From an adequate knowledge of both, he determines that the world is the better portion. After all this talk about religion, he evidently believes that there is nothing in it. Is not this a natural and reasonable conclusion? And who is responsible for the production of this result? Who furnished the facts from which this conclusion is drawn? When God shall ask, Where is Abel thy brother? will not thy brother's blood cry out against thee from the ground?

And now, if all this be so, what remains to be done? Does it not become us to form a more definite conception of the character, and estimate more truly the responsibility, of a disciple of Christ? Shall we not humbly repent of the carelessness of our lives and the worldliness of our motives? Shall we not once more lay upon our shoulders the forsaken cross, deny ourselves, and follow in the footsteps of Christ? Shall we not, as Christ did, make the salvation of souls the object in reality for which we live. There is much land to be possessed, and we are well able to possess it? Let us thrust in the sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe.

The encouragements to Christian effort were never so great since the apostolic age as they are at this moment. The field is the world, and it is all white to the harvest. At home we may labour under the protection of law, and abroad the heathen are waiting for the gospel. Encouraged and refreshed by what we have seen, let us enter with tenfold earnestness upon the work of the Lord, and give him no rest until the sun of the day of Pentecost again rises upon the earth. Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season shall we reap if we faint not.

The Benefactions of Little Christel.*

I.

Going home from the house of God,
The flower at her foot, and the sun over head,
Little Christel so thoughtfully trod,
Pondering what the preacher had said.

* I suppose the story of Good Little Christel, which I have seen in English prose, and which I have here done into verse (with such alterations that its old friends will hardly know it again!) is of German origin.

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'Even the youngest, humblest child
Something may do to please the Lord:'
'Now, what,' thought she, and half-sadly smiled,
'Can I, so little and poor, afford?'—

'Never, never, a day should pass,
Without some kindness, kindly shown,'
(Little Christel looked down at the grass,)
Rising like incense before the Throne.

'Well, a day is before me now;
Yet, what,' thought she, 'can I do, if I try?
If an angel of God would show me how!
But silly am I, and the hours they fly.'

Then a lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And Christel thought, as he rose to the blue,
'Perhaps he will carry my prayer to God;
But who would have thought the little lark knew?'

II.

Now she entered the village street,
With book in hand, and face demure,
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

The child had a windmill that would not move,
It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain,
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

Poor baby beat the sail, and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door;
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow;
Thinking, 'Happy windmill, that has but to whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so!'

III.

No thought of herself was in her head,
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by,
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

'O happy brook!' thought little Christel,
'You have done some good this summer's day,
You have made the flower look fresh and well:'
Then she rose and went on her way.

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IV

But she saw, as she walked by the side of the brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its course,
And the gurgling water seemed to say, 'Look!
I struggle, and tumble, and murmur hoarse!'

How these stones obstruct my road!
How I wish they were off and gone!
Then I would flow as once I flowed,
Singing in silvery undertone.'

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet;
She moves two stones, she comes to the third,
The brook already sings 'Thanks! sweet! sweet!'

O then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, 'What is it to God he says?'—
And she stumbles and falls, and cannot rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.

The little brook flows on as before,
The little lark sings with as sweet a sound,
The little babe crows at the cottage door,
And the red rose blooms, but Christel lies drowned!

V.

Come in softly, this is the room;
Is not that an innocent face?
Yes, those flowers give a faint perfume—
Think, child, of heaven, and Our Lord his grace.

Three at the right and three at the left,
Two at the feet, and two at the head,
The tapers burn. The friends bereft
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and red.

Who would have thought it when little Christel
Pondered on what the preacher had told?
But the good wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and cold!

VI.

Then a little stream crept into the place,
And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touched the corpse on its pale round face,
And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide:

Saying, 'I am a river of joy from heaven,
You helped the brook, and I help you;
I sprinkle your brows with life-drops seven;
I bathe your eyes with healing dew.'

Then a rose branch in through the window came,
And coloured her cheeks and lips with red;
'I remember, and Heaven does the same,'
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

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Then a bright small form to her cold neck clung,
It breathed on her till her breast did fill,
Saying, 'I am a cherub fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill.'

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
And said, 'Who put these flowers in my hand?'
And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child,
Not being able to understand.

VII.

But soon she heard the big bell of the church
Give the hour, which made her say,
'Ah, I have slept and dreamt in the porch,
It is a very drowsy day.'

TO THE READER.

CHRISTMAS again! Eight years of wedded life to our readers! Well, what has been your experience of our literary connubial happiness? Perhaps, if the reader were closely pressed, we should receive for answer, after, of course, a general expression of gratification and enjoyment, a catalogue of faults, of which we ourselves have been too keenly conscious, and the mention of which by others would only, but deservedly, dishearten. For, however clearly we may perceive our own defects, and however ingenuous we may be, in acknowledging them to our own hearts, we do not like to know that our friends have been watching and taking stock of them. We may have good reason to believe that, in this respect, we are seen by others as clearly as we see ourselves, but our *amour propre* is shocked at the audible declaration that such as we are, with all our faults, vanities, and weaknesses, such we seem to others to be. Therefore, if you are a friend, spare us, O reader, and add not to our general discontent with ourselves through the year, and our especial discontent at Christmas, by weighing us down with our loads of faults.

We say this to indicate the kind of response one naturally expects to receive in reply to the question we have put at the head of this address. No man or woman, on asking his or her espoused and honoured partner, what has been the individual experience of connubial happiness during eight years of married life, would dream of putting

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such a question if there were a thought that the answer would be an unfavourable one. Better keep the subject in the back-ground a great deal! We, however, have no doubts or fears in this matter. We could not have enjoyed our own life if we had not known that our readers were enjoying theirs. We should have 'given up' long ago if we had not an assured consciousness that we could rest in their affections. Hitherto, our reward has been our work, and this its most prized result—that those for whom the work has been wrought have, with all its defects, accepted it.

But a retrospect of mere labour is, of all things, the most humiliating. Who can take satisfaction in it? Not a particle of work but has its spot or flaw, to which distance lends not 'enchantment,' but depreciation. Nothing done that could not have been done better—nothing,—so, sometimes, it seems, literally nothing done at all! If we and not God were the real workers, what a failure would be everything that is done under the sun! But when there is the consciousness that we are 'workers together with Him,' we know that a real and eternal success must attend all that is attempted to be wrought.

How far our work in this journal has been His, to whom we owe life, and breath, and all things, no man can tell, but we can look back upon much of it—much that has been done during the twelve months that are just closing—with both satisfaction and joy. We, ourselves, are the stronger for it; it has helped us onward; and we have a confident trust, that to others it has ministered similar strength and happiness.

It has been the lot of the 'CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR' to be very often placed in circumstances of apparent antagonism to many existing forms and institutions. Not looking upon everything connected with churches, chapels, religious society, and religious societies, as they at present exist, with an eye equally prejudiced in favour of defects and beauties, it was thought that friendly counsel and criticism from within, might possibly be productive of less harm, if not more positive good, than that rougher handling, which must one day come from without, when defects shall have so long existed as to become constitutional, and, having become constitutional, will be defended as being both necessary, and, it may be, ornamental. Hence, 'George Warrington,' 'Poverty and the Pulpit,' 'Modern Congregational Literature,' 'A Word concerning the London Missionary Society,' and some similar papers, which may possibly have displeased many who, like

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Lord John Russell, are devout worshippers, not only of our great constitution, but of every bit of dust and cobweb that has become attached to it. Now, shall we confess, that we have not an atom of partiality for dust and cobweb? Yet, what is the use of such a confession? Better wipe all away, and say nothing whatever about it!

We can, however, easily, and we think correctly, understand the position of those who deprecate any criticism, be it just or unjust, on existing institutions. There is an exact parallel, in this respect, between religious and political society. To lay hands on the bishops in the House of Lords, in St. Stephen's, and to lay hands on certain half-hereditary dissenting magnates elsewhere, excites in different sections of society exactly similar sensations of horror. Plead, in the one case, the good of the State, and in the other the good of the Church, and, if anything, you make matters worse. If you are doing a good thing from very conscientious motives it is best not to mention conscience at all. If you are conscientious your conscientiousness will inevitably make itself felt; if you are not, all the declarations in the world will have no effect on those who may differ from you. So we can only say—What we have done we have done, and we have no wish that it should be undone.

To live to criticise, however, is the very farthest from our ambition. We suppose no animal would deliberately choose to be one of those ants who, in the south of France, are just now making a living by nibbling away the beams and foundations of houses. One must be smiled upon sometimes. Even sour and cynical Mr. Scrooge (Scrooge and Marley) could not live for ever upon his vinegar and pepper, still less—we apologize for the juxtaposition—could the amiable readers of the 'CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.' In the papers on the 'Means and the Method of Life,' on 'Prayer,' on the 'Sermons in Trees,' the 'Songs of Novalis,' a 'Sunday Morning's Musings,' 'Family Union and Responsibility,' the 'Leaves from a Minister's Diary,' 'The True Method of Christian Progress,' the 'Sinlessness of Jesus,' the 'Benefactions of Little Christel,' and our 'Christian Common-Place Book,' we hope they have found springs of spiritual strength and joy.

Travel braces, freshens, and wonderfully rubs down provincial and insular egotism and narrow-mindedness. Christians in their Christian life suffer from these no less than as men and women they do in their social life. May we hope that their acquaintance through the 'CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR' with the 'German Pulpit' and the 'German

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Theologians"—Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Twesten, Nitzsch—and the 'Old Believers' of Russia, will have both informed and gratified them? These are lights of the present. 'Master Harry Smith' and 'John Milton,' like two suns shining through the painted oriel windows of an old cathedral, have shed their rich and many-coloured beams from the past.

Questions and persons of the day we cannot avoid in literature any more than we can in society—we would not if we could, and we could not if we would—and, therefore, we have not thought it amiss to discourse with our readers of the 'Indian Question,' the 'Statics of Dissent,' the 'American Revival,' 'Government Education,' 'Preaching to the Poor,' 'Mr. Spurgeon,' the 'Moral Influence of the Fine Arts,' the 'Present Tactics of the Jesuits,' 'Pew Rents,' 'Sabbath Schools,' 'Colleges,' 'Weekly Penny Literature,' and the 'Revision of the Bible.' And with our work we have not judged it unbecoming to tell of our 'Holiday and Dream.'

And so, like travellers at the end of a journey, or hunters at the end of a long chase, we might recall all the incidents of our history and progress. But we have travelled, and are not at the end of our journey; we have hunted, and have not yet heard the 'view hallo!' In our further journey we shall hope to take the reader through a choicer country than he has yet seen, and, for his better entertainment and instruction, we may add considerably to our company as we go along, both of old friends and new. What else we intend we shall say not, but *do*. Whatever it may be, and whoever may address you, may we alike aid and be aided in the search for 'more light,' and the yearning for 'more love,' light on our path *here*, love to the Christ THERE!

Record of Christian Missions.

A Hindoo Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Tinnevelly.

The following narrative, taken from the 'Mission Field' of the Propagation Society, and communicated by the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, will be read with equal surprise and interest. While very general ignorance—or, at all events, very scanty and imperfect information—exists as to the effect of Christian missions in India, a most competent eye-witness comes forward to show that his own native converts are taking active measures to spread the faith which they have received among their heathen neighbours. The movement which Dr. Caldwell records is in every way

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a most remarkable one. He describes a public meeting of 600 native Hindoos, assembled for the purpose of organizing a Missionary Association; and conducting their business with an order and decorum, and expressing their sentiments with a force and fervour, that might serve as a pattern to our own parochial associations.

'The district of Edeyenkoody,' says Dr. Caldwell, 'may be divided into two portions, of unequal extent, and unequal in Christian progress. The portion which lies to the east of the Nâttâr river is by far the smaller of the two, but churches and schools abound in it, and Christianity has made encouraging progress in it; whilst the country to the west of the river, though much more extensive, is still almost entirely heathen. The Christians belonging to the eastern part of the district have not been wholly unmindful of their duty towards their heathen brethren in the west, but it seemed desirable to set on foot some system of effort which should bid fair to produce larger results. Accordingly, I recommended the congregations in the east to combine together, and form themselves into a regularly organized society for spreading the gospel in the west. The people generally entered into the plan with commendable zeal, and appointed a native committee (one-third of the members to be native teachers, and two-thirds private members of the congregations) to carry it into effect. It was desirable that the work of the society should be commenced by a public meeting, for the purpose of interesting the people at large in the plan, and also in order to collect the necessary funds; but before the meeting was held, the *âlôsanei sangam*, "the council of deliberation," or committee, assembled twice to arrange preliminaries and lay down rules. One object I had in view was to initiate the people into the art of transacting their own affairs themselves, and therefore I was very careful in those meetings of committee to content myself with the least possible amount of guidance. A native committee was an unheard-of novelty amongst them; and yet I must say that the sensible suggestions which were made by many of the members, the intelligence and patience with which rules were discussed and moulded into shape, and the unselfish missionary feeling which they evinced, would have done credit to a committee of Englishmen. It was agreed that the society should be called the *Edeyenkoody Society for the Propagation of the Gospel;* that the missionary should be *ex-officio* president and treasurer, and Gnânapragâsam, catechist, the secretary; that the society should undertake to support the four native catechists now employed in the west, and meet the various expenses connected with the five small congregations already established there, besides employing additional teachers and itinerants as opportunity offered; and that "whilst the spiritual oversight of the congregations belonged, as before, to the missionary, it was the part and duty of the society not only to manage all pecuniary affairs, but also to interest itself in the work, and to procure all necessary information about its progress."

'One of the resolutions adopted might possibly supply a useful hint to committees in high places. It was as follows:—"That every fortnight two members of the committe, one of whom shall be a catechist and one a 'laymen,' accompanied, if possible, by a member of the society who is not a committee-man, shall pay a visit, at their own expense, to the scene of the society's labours in the west, and shall there spend at least four days in going from village to village, conversing

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with heathens and Christians, and endeavouring to further the objects of the society. After their return they shall relate to the committee what they have seen and done.

'The inaugural public meeting was held last Wednesday (4th August). It was held in the middle of the day, when all work ceases in native villages, and was attended by about 600 persons, who had come in from every part of the district, Considering both the nature and the object for which the meeting was held, and the manner in which it was conducted, it was beyond comparison the most interesting native meeting I ever attended. After prayer, and the singing of that fine Tamil hymn, "Go forth, thou mighty word of God," I explained at length the objects for which the society had been established. I pointed out the neglected condition of the people in the west, up to the foot of the Ghants; showed that the obligation of endeavouring to enlighten those people devolved especially upon the Christians of this district, their nearest neighbours (*adduttaran*, in Tamil, means not only "a neighbour," but "one to whom duty belongs"); and then reminded them that the reward which European Christians were expecting to receive for all that they had done for them was to see them exerting themselves for the benefit of their fellow-countrymen; that the time had now come when they should endeavour not only to stand alone, but also to propagate the gospel to all around; and finally, that they should only give freely what they had received freely, but should give in the proportion in which they had received.

'Then commenced the most interesting part of the meeting. The native committee had determined that no catechist, no person receiving a salary for teaching or preaching, should speak at the meeting, but that the speaking should be confined to members of the congregations, or "laymen," as we should call them in England, in the belief that this was the best plan to awaken the sympathies of the mass of the people; accordingly, six members of the congregations (small farmers, small traders, &c.), who had been appointed for the purpose by the committee, now stood up in succession, and addressed the meeting. As they spoke I jotted down the principal ideas contained in each address, and now present them in an English shape. Without exception, they spoke good Tamil as well as good sense; it would therefore be unfair to render their good Tamil into ungrammatical "nigger" English.

'The first speaker was Gnánakan, of East Tanuvey, a young man who had some educational advantages. Amongst other things he said,—"The funds of the English society by which Christianity has been introduced and fostered amongst us are furnished not by the Queen or by the East India Company, but by private persons like ourselves, some of them rich, many of them very poor, who voluntarily give their money for the spread of the gospel. Those persons will not give less for missionary purposes because of the establishment of this native Missionary Society. They will be glad to hear of its establishment, only because it will set them in some small degree free to extend the blessings of Christianity in other directions. It is not sufficient to give our money to this society. The object it has in view is the conversion of heathens, but we cannot convert heathens by money. It is necessary to make known the gospel to them, and to convince them of the infinite advantages we have derived from being Christians, and of the infinite mischiefs they endure from being heathens. It is also necessary that we

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should adorn the gospel by our example. Our Christian example will exert a greater influence in the world than our contributions. The publican did more for the advancement of the kingdom of God by his humble penitence than the Pharisee by the 'tithes of all he possessed.'"

'The next speaker was Christadiân of Kodavily, a young man who earns his daily food by his daily labour as a palmyra-climber. He was converted to Christianity about five years ago, shortly before I left the district for England, and has proved himself a consistent, zealous Christian ever since. Though he had enjoyed fewer advantages than any of the other speakers, and was the poorest in worldly circumstances, his address was the most fluent and lively of all.

'Amongst the things he said, I noted down the following:—"Though I was brought up as a heathen, I have the honour of being able to read. I learned to read in the Mission-school, established in a village near mine. One of the great excellences of Christianity is, that it brings with it education and knowledge, wherever it comes. It is the true light. Let us endeavour to spread amongst our neighbours what has enlightened ourselves. Freely we have received the gospel; let us freely teach it. The more you draw water out of a well, the more copiously it will flow, and the better the water will be; but if you cease to draw, the water will corrupt, and the well will dry up. Heathens give largely for vain, idolatrous, and sinful objects (of which he mentioned several local instances); let us give still more largely for the best object of all; the spread of the Gospel-Good should not show itself less zealous than evil."

'The next speaker was Daniel of West Taruvey, the youngest of the speakers, the only son of a most excellent Christian man, who died during my absence. It was a great pleasure to every one to see this young man following in the footsteps of his worthy father, who had once spoken at one of our meetings. I noted down the following remarks:—"Formerly all the good we did, or attempted to do, was through the instigation of the missionary; henceforth we must endeavour to do good of ourselves. The Gospel is a remedy for all sin and for all sorrow; it is a remedy for every sort of want and distress; and, therefore, in spreading the gospel around, we adopt the most effectual plan for removing misery and promoting happiness. We were sinners, and God had pity upon us: we should, therefore, have pity upon our brother sinners."

'Daniel of Aneikoody spoke next, the only one of the speakers that had ever addressed a meeting before. Amongst other things, he said:—"We should heartily accept and enter into this great plan of extending the Christian religion in our own neighbourhood. When we were heathens, Christians in England combined together for our help, though we were at such a great distance from them, and sent us missionaries to preach the gospel to us: should we not then feel it our duty to combine together for the help of those who are so near at hand? Christians in England will be delighted to hear that we have commenced to follow their example; we have yet much to learn. Our fellow-countrymen who are Romanists are certainly very heathenish in their practices, yet they have learned to give much more liberally than we do to ecclesiastical objects. We must determine to bear no longer the shame of being behind them. It is not only for heathens that we should be anxious; we should care also for the spiritual welfare of our fellow-Christians, especially for those of them who have shown themselves so little worthy of the

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Christian name that they have neither attended this meeting nor contributed to the Society's funds."

'Arumeinayagum, one of the headmen of the village of Edeyenkoody, and a sort of churchwarden, now followed, and spoke with much ease and at considerable length. He said:—"God will have respect to the offerings we make this day; for the object for which we give our money, the object which this society has in view, is one which is precious in his sight. If heathens are converted, the glory will accrue to God alone, for the conversion of a soul is God's work.

' "If we spend our money on an earthly object, however good and charitable that object may be—though, for instance, it were for the building of a choultry (a rest-house for travellers)—yet our money will be lost at last; for, sooner or later, the object for which we have given it will perish; but the money we spend in spreading the gospel of Christ will never perish, but will abide and be profitable for ever Our other money will disappear, but this will become part of our treasure in heaven. What an honour it will be to us if we are the means of converting ten souls! God said to Cornelius, 'Thy prayers are heard, and thine alms have come up for a memorial before me:' if so, we may be sure that what we give for the spread of the gospel, and what we do to spread it, will come up before him for a memorial, and bring down a blessing upon ourselves."

'The last speaker was my domestic servant, Zacharias, who has been in my employment ever since I baptized him, thirteen years ago, and who had now been appointed to speak, like the rest, by the native committee. He said:—"Christians in Europe have set us an excellent example by caring not for their own souls only, but for ours. They care not only for us, but for all the world; and they have their reward, for the world has been given to them as their inheritance. It is high time we should imitate their example. We were once children, incapable of doing anything without help, but we are now men, and we ought to show that we are men by thinking, forecasting, and acting for ourselves. This society having now been establisded, we should take an anxious interest in its progress. Just as people in England are always inquiring what has been done with their money, and what fruit it has borne, so we should not merely give our money to this society, but should follow up our gifts with our inquiries and our prayers.

'I must confess I was very agreeably surprised at the character of the speeches. The novelty of hearing a series of addresses delivered by private members of congregations doubtless contributed something to the effect produced; but the speeches themselves contained so much sound sense, and were delivered with so much freedom and power, that, instead of making people feel nervous, as had been expected, it was a pleasure to listen to them.

'The collection followed, when the head men of every congregation, the head boy of every school, the chosen representatives of every class of the people, came up to the table in succession, and deposited the sums which had already been collected in the various villages, and which had now only to be made over to my care as treasurer. The sums realized in ready cash, including a few stray items paid in a few days afterwards, amounted to 308 rupees, which, when multiplied by 7 (to give the comparative value of money in Tinnevelly, as estimated by the price of grain), will be found to be equivalent to a collection of 215*l.* made in England! Considering the failure of the usual supply of rain for several years past (only

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twenty-four inches of rain fell here during the last two years!) and the famine prices which now prevail all over the Presidency, I could not but thank God, and take courage at the realization of so handsome a sum.

'The Madras Diocesan Committee has promised the new society an annual grant in aid, so that, with what it raises on the spot and what it will receive from Madras, it will have the means of vigorously commencing work at once.

'I cannot but regard it as a circumstance well worthy of remark, and as a striking illustration of the benefits accruing to ourselves from the efforts we make for the good of others, that whilst the eastern congregations were getting up a society and making a collection for the spread of the gospel in the west, an unexpected movement towards Christianity commenced amongst the heathens around their own doors. In almost every village where there is a congregation there is also a considerable proportion of heathens, and, in most instances, those who remain in heathenism are more wealthy, as well as more numerous, than the Christians.

'In *eight* of such villages, during the past three weeks, we have had the pleasure of receiving accessions from heathenism, and the movement appears to be extending.'

Monthly Retrospect.

THE first effect of Mr. Bright's speeches having passed away, we can now examine them, and weigh their influence with a cool and dispassionate judgment. On the majority of reformers, and we dare say on the majority of the readers of this journal, their immediate effect, apart from an exciting sense of the nerve and strength of the speaker's eloquence, was to add intense feeling to already active thought. We had, most of us, long ago, arrived at the conviction to which Mr. Bright gave so forcible an expression; our judgments had concurred, with those of the most sincere reformers, as to the point at which it was desirable to stop, in our present demands upon the Legislature; there was an understanding that the judiciously drawn, and admirably expressed programme adopted at the Guildhall conference, was to be taken by Mr. Bright as the measure of the reform which he would propose, but none, or very few of us, had got further than this intellectual conviction. We had thought, and thought the matter over, had passed through all the processes of argument on either side that was necessary to strengthen our conclusions, but here we feel that we must stop. We had a country to re-conquer, we had made up our minds as to the limits of the territory which we should obtain, but we had neither the martial spirit to fight, nor a commander to lead. The effect of Mr. Bright's speeches at

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Birmingham has been to rouse the dormant spirit of reform. We have now got past the first stage of agitation. We are not only convinced that it is desirable there should be some change in the legislative power of this country, but we have been wrought to the determination to have the change. We are thoroughly, openly, and earnestly committed to an agitation, which we know must a successful one, because we do not intend to relinquish it until our end is gained. We owe this to Mr. Bright, and owing it we say, he has done such service to the cause of good government, as all statesmen and patriots should be eager to recognise.

For, we do not hesitate ourselves to confess that we have a sense of great, although not immediate or early danger to the Government, and ultimately to the liberty of this country, from the low opinion that has long been entertained of the morality, honesty, and capabilty of those who have for the last hundred and fifty years wielded the executive power. The extravagance, waste, and recklessness; the shifting of duty and responsibility; the off-hand official contempt with which inquiries have uniformly been met; the obstinate resistance to every improvement; the accumulating revelations of official delinquencies; have induced a deep, although it may be an exaggerated feeling, that the country would be the better without the influence of the upper classes. It does not matter, any more than it mattered before the French Revolution broke out, whether the general conclusion to which this feeling would point be false or true; the feeling is there. And so well did Mr. Bright know of its existence, and so admirably did he express it, that the phrase by which he characterised one of its aspects—'a gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy'—was ringing through all Englahd for days after it was uttered, and will ring for months, both within and without Parliament, before it is dropped. Unhappily it has been accepted as by no means an exaggerated description—unhappily, because we think the opinion is now, on the whole, strong enough; and that, without a much more decided expression of it, we may hope to see a giving way of the late exclusive system of government. It happens, however, that the prejudices of a people commonly last beyond the time which gave occasion to them, and long after a reform we shall doubtless see a degree of class prejudice exhibited which will prevent any harmonious feelings. But should there be a blind opposition to necessary and judicious changes the country will have to thank Mr. Bright for the strength of sentiment and feeling which may enable the people immediately to overcome it. Unless they can do this, and if the feeling be allowed to fester, a wound will probably be given to the country such as,

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if it do not endanger its robust health, will be felt as a grave calamity. If Mr. Bright, by an early warning, can prevent this he will deserve well of all the people, but most of those who are now so unscrupulously abusing him.

The formal acceptance of the leadership of the liberal party, offered to the member for Birmingham, on behalf of the Parliamentary Reform Committee, at the second Guildhall conference, held in the early part of November, was only what could have been expected after the Birmingham addresses. Perhaps no man ever 'took office' with such unreserved power, or with such an unreserved expeersion of confidence. Yet, we dare say, there were few there and few represented there, who did not feel that, while they could rest, as against a rock, upon Mr. Bright's unswerving purpose of mind, they would be glad of some secret explanation of the honourable member's strange and futuitous hallucinations regarding the working of the liberal, or rather democratic, principles in the United States. What books can Mr. Bright have read, who can he have seen, to get such an impression as he communicated to his Birmingham audiences? It is almost as wide of the mark of what a correct impression should be as if Mr. Bright had taken the case of Russia and described her mild despotism, as we should describe that of France or Naples. His strange want of correct information on the character of the political contests in the United States is perfectly extraordinary for a man of his large acquaintance with politics. Mr. Bright has committed the grave error of taking theory for fact. There is nndoubtedly a very perfect political constitution in the United States, but its working is anything but perfect. With all the protection to the citizen which the laws afford, there is a vast amount of democratic despotism. With all the liberty of voting there is an immense deal of tyrannical pressure. With all the exclusion of an aristocratic class, there is the most odious aristocracy of money—a MANCHESTER ARISTOCRACY, whose influence, because it has been self-acquired, may be perfectly legitimate, while it is often exercised in the most illegitimate fashion. Mr. Bright should visit America, and take part, as we ourselves have done, in a presidential contest; we are afraid that he would break his idol on his return.

Another exaggeration in Mr. Bright's speeches had reference to class legislation. It is unquestionably the case, we think, that the legislation of the last ten or twelve years has been in favour of the interest of the working classes. The taxes that have been remitted have been those which bore with greatest pressure on the poor, while the tendency of every

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discussion in the House of Commons in which the interest of the class has been referred to, has been to recognise and establish their social claims. The reluctance to admit their claim to political power is easily understood, but thanks to Mr. Bright, and those who are working with him, there is now a prospect of this reluctance being overcome. This desirable consummation, however, will not be hastened by coloured or unjust assertions Of intentional misrepresentation Mr. Bright is utterly incapable; but his strong passions, and impatient endurance of injustice, may bend even his great judgment.

What a characteristic reception has been given to the new Reform programme by the press! The *Times* engaged a "special engine" to bring Mr. Bright's speech, and then pooh-poohed it! Most of the London daily papers, and not a few of the weeklies, set themselves in opposition to it, but the country journals at once and unreservedly committed themselves in its favour. This, to the best of our recollection, has always been the case. The London dailies are, with one or two well-known exceptions, always ultra-conservative in their tone, their constituents are conservative, and they are less likely to offend by uniformly opposing *every* new reform movement while it is new, than by too quickly giving in their adherence. The *Times*, however, has been rapidly coming round to the right quarter. Early in November it asked the impudent question, 'Who wants a Reform?' and on the 26th of the same month it gives insertion to an impressive article, demanding a real reform—the very point on which Mr. Bright most insisted! 'Punch' and the 'Saturday Review' will, of course, soon follow, and so far as the press is concerned, Mr. Bright will then have it nearly all his own way.

Side by side with the Reform agitation will come the Church-rate struggle, and the new and admirably conceived measure to be introduced by Mr. Duncombe, for taking the freehold of parish churches out of the hands of the parson and transferring it to the parish, a measure, the discussion of which will open up the whole question of Church Establishments, and, for the first time, bring the two parties to an issue in the House of Commons. We are greatly mistaken, if this bill do not at once command the eager attention of statesmen of all parties. Looked at from a strictly Dissenting point of view, it seems, at first sight, to involve an inconsistency, and a formal inconsistency it does involve, but no more. It is a bill for practical statesmen, the majority of them there can be no doubt will at once see that it is exceedingly 'inconsistent' with a Church Establishment.

Bishop Tait has delivered a model address from a Christian 'overseer' to

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Christian ministers. Very earnest, very faithful, and very true to himself, it is one which will add greatly to his moral influence. As the bishop is still a young man, we may also hope that he will be able to walk manfully free of the meshes of that dangerous net which is always cast around liberally-disposed bishops. Of the utterance of the new Metropolitan on Church-rates and the Church's mission, we certainly cannot complain. It is of no use to argue with such a man, he must occupy a different 'standpoint' before he will be able to look at these questions as we look at them. Left to his own Christian faith, he is far more likely to find his way to what we consider to be the truth, than he is to be argued into it. If he should not arrive at our conclusions at last, we have no doubt that his practical Christianity will be as entirely and as freely voluntary, as if there were no law-supported sect.

We connect together the only two continental subjects requiring notice —the proposed withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, and the trial and condemnation of Montalembert. Although apparently not noticed by the press, we have little doubt but the Montalembert trial is the fourth act of a single drama; the first having been the refusal of the Pope to crown the Emperor; the second his refusal to listen to the emperor's representative on the Mortara case; and in these two acts the leading parts are played by the Pontiff; the second two, then, are being played by the emperor. For the first he strikes Rome by the withdrawal of his protection; for the second he revenges himself by committing to prison, for a fictitious offence, the leader of the great Catholic party of France. That is to say, if the late prosecution has had the Emperor's personal sanction, which we are half inclined to doubt, it seems to us that so astute a monarch could scarcely commit himself to so grave a blunder, with the approbation of his judgment. The real truth probably is, that, as in the case of the 'French colonels,' the Emperor is made to play into the hands of those on whom he is dependent for his authority; and he has not the courage, like Cromwell, to rid himself of his ill-advisers, and take the consequences. We can all see the final result, and fear for the peace of Europe, that it is not far distant. Will it come in time for Kossuth's 'Ten Years?' Then hope for Hungary and Italy!

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